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BENTLEY'S

MISCELLANY.

VOL. VII.

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WOODCUTS.

BENTLEY'S

MISCELLANY.

JUNE, 1840.

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Guy Fawkes in Ordsall Cave

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

GUY FAWKES.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

BOOK THE FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

AN EXECUTION IN MANCHESTER, AT THE BEGINNING OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

More than two hundred and thirty years ago, or, to speak with greater precision, in 1604, at the latter end of June, it was rumoured one morning in Manchester that two seminary priests, condemned at the late assizes under the severe penal enactments then in force against the Papists, were about to suffer death on that day. Attracted by the report, large crowds flocked towards the place of execution, which, in order to give greater solemnity to the spectacle, had been fixed at the southern gate of the old collegiate church. Here a scaffold was erected, and near it upon a heap of blazing coals smoked a large cauldron filled with boiling pitch, intended to receive the quarters of the miserable sufferers. The place was guarded by a small band of soldiers, habited in their full accoutrements of corslet and morion, and armed with swords, half-pikes, and calivers. Upon the steps of the scaffold stood a square-built, ill-favoured personage, whose office it was easy to divine, busied in spreading a bundle of straw upon the boards. He was dressed in a buff jerkin, and had a long-bladed knife thrust, into his girdle. Besides these persons, there were two pursuivants, or state-messengers, — officers appointed by the Privy Council to make search throughout the provinces for recusants, Popish priests, and other religious offenders. They were occupied at this moment in reading over a list of suspected persons.

Neither the executioner nor his companions appeared in the slightest degree impressed by the horrible tragedy about to be enacted, for the former whistled carelessly as he pursued his task, while the latter laughed and chatted with the crowd, or jestingly pointed their matchlocks at the jackdaws wheeling about them in the sunny air, or perching upon the pinnacles and tower of the adjoining fane. Not so the majority of the assemblage. Most of the older and wealthier families in Lancashire still continuing to adhere to the ancient faith of their fathers, it will not be wondered that many of their dependents should follow their example. And, even of those who were adverse to the creed of Rome, there were few who did not murmur at the rigorous system of persecution adopted towards its professors.

At nine o'clock, the hollow rolling of a muffled drum was heard at a distance. The deep bell of the church began to toll, and presently afterwards the mournful procession was seen advancing from the market-place. It consisted of a troop of mounted soldiers, equipped in all respects like those stationed at the scaffold, with their captain at their head, and followed by two of their number with hurdles attached to their steeds, on which were tied the unfortunate victims. Both were young men — both apparently prepared to meet their fate with firmness and resignation. They had been brought from Radcliffe Hall—an old moated and fortified mansion belonging to a wealthy family of that name, situated where the close, called Pool Fold now stands, and then recently converted into a place of security for recusants; the two other prisons in Manchester —namely, the New Fleet on Hunt's Bank, and the gaol on Salford Bridge, — not being found adequate to the accommodation of the numerous religious criminals.

By this time, the cavalcade had reached the place of execution. The soldiers had driven back the throng, and cleared a space in front of the scaffold, when, just as the cords that bound the limbs of the priests were unfastened, a woman in a tattered woollen robe, with a hood drawn over her face, a rope bound round her waist, with bare feet, and having somewhat of the appearance of a sister of Charity, sprang forward, and flung herself on her knees beside them.

Clasping the hem of the garment of the nearest priest, she pressed it to her lips, and gazed earnestly at him, as if imploring a blessing.

"You have your wish, daughter," said the priest, extending his arms over her. "Heaven and Our Lady bless you!"

The woman then turned towards the other victim, who was audibly reciting his litanies.

"Back, daughter of Antichrist!" interposed a soldier, rudely thrusting her aside. "Don't you see you disturb his devotions? He has enough to do to take care of his own soul without minding yours."

"Take this, daughter," said the priest who had been first addressed, offering her a small volume, which he took from his vest, "and fail not to remember in your prayers the sinful soul of Robert Woodroof, a brother of the order of Jesus."

The woman put out her hand to take the book, but before it could be delivered to her, it was seized by the soldier.

"Your priests have seldom anything to leave behind them," he cried, with a coarse laugh, "except some worthless and superstitious relic of a saint or martyr. What 's this? Ah! a breviary—a mass-book. I 've too much regard for your spiritual welfare to allow you to receive it," he added, about to place it in his doublet.

"Give it her," cried a young man, snatching it from him, and handing it to the woman, who instantly disappeared.

The soldier eyed the new-comer as if disposed to resent the interference, but a glance at his apparel, which, though plain, and of a sober hue, was rather above the middle class, as well as a look at the crowd, who were evidently disposed to take part with the young man, induced him to stay his hand. He, therefore, contented himself with crying, "A recusant! a Papist!"

"I am neither recusant nor Papist, knave!" replied the other, sternly; "and I counsel you to amend your manners, and show more humanity, or you shall find I have interest enough to procure your dismissal from a service which you disgrace."

This reply was followed by a murmur of applause from the mob.

"Who is that bold speaker?" demanded a pursuivant from one of his attendants.

"It is Master Humphrey Chetham of Crumpsall," was the reply, "son to one of the wealthiest merchants of the town, and a zealous upholder of the true faith."

"He has a strange way of showing his zeal," rejoined the pursuivant, entering the answer in his note-book. "And who is the woman he befriended?"

"She is a half-crazed being called Elizabeth Orton," replied the attendant, "who was scourged and tortured during Queen Elizabeth's reign for pretending to the gift of prophecy. She was compelled to confess the imposture she had practised on the people, and uttered her recantation within yonder church. Since then, she has never opened her lips."

"Where is her abode?" inquired the pursuivant.

"She lives in a cave on the banks of the Irwell, near Ordsall Hall," replied the attendant, "where she subsists on the chance contributions of the charitable. But she solicits nothing; and, indeed, is seldom seen."

"Her cave must be searched," observed the pursuivant; "it may be the hiding-place of a priest. Father Campion was concealed in such another, when he so long eluded the vigilance of the commissioners. We shall pass it in our way to Ordsall Hall to-night, shall we not?"

"We shall," answered the attendant.

"If we surprise Father Oldcorne, and can prove that Sir William Radcliffe and his daughter, both of whom are denounced in my list, are harbourers and shelterers of recusants, we shall have done a good night's work."

At this moment, an officer advanced, and commanded the priests to follow him.

As Father Woodroof, who was the last to mount the scaffold, ascended the steps, he looked round and cried in a loud voice, "Good people, I take you all to witness that I die in the true Catholic faith."

And, amid the deep silence that ensued, the executioner performed his horrible task.

The execution over, the crowd began to separate slowly, and various opinions were expressed respecting the revolting and sanguinary spectacle they had just witnessed. Many, who condemned—and the majority did so,—the extreme severity of the laws by which the unfortunate priests had just suffered, uttered their sentiments with extreme caution; but there were some whose feelings had been too much excited for prudence, and who inveighed loudly and bitterly against the spirit of religious persecution then prevailing; while a few others of an entirely opposite persuasion looked upon the rigorous proceedings adopted against the Papists, and the punishment now inflicted upon their priesthood, as a just retribution for their own severities during the reign of Mary. In general, the common people entertained a strong prejudice against the Catholic party,—for, as it has been shrewdly observed, "they must ever have some object to hate;" but in Manchester, near which, as has been already stated, so many old and important families, professing that religion, resided, the case was widely different; and the mass of the inhabitants were favourably inclined towards them. It was the knowledge of this feeling that induced the commissioners appointed to superintend the execution of the laws against recusants to proceed with unusual rigour in this neighbourhood.

The state of the Roman Catholic party at the period of this history, was indeed most grievous. The hopes they had indulged of greater toleration for their religion on the accession of James the First, had been entirely destroyed. The persecutions, which had been suspended during the first year of the reign of the new monarch, were now renewed with greater severity than ever: and though their present condition was deplorable enough, it was feared that worse remained in store for them. "They bethought themselves," says Bishop Goodman, "that now their case was far worse than in the time of Queen Elizabeth; for they did live in some hope that after the old woman's life they might have some mitigation, and even those who did then persecute them were a little more moderate, as being doubtful what times might succeed, and fearing their own case. But, now that they saw the times settled, having no hope of better days, but expecting that the uttermost rigour of the law should be executed, they became desperate: finding that by the laws of the kingdom their own lives were not secured, and for the carrying over of a priest into England it was no less than high treason. A gentlewoman was hanged only for relieving and harbouring a priest; a citizen was hanged only for being reconciled to the Church of Rome; besides, the penal laws were such, and so executed, that they could not subsist. What was usually sold in shops and usually bought, this the pursuivant would take away from them as being popish and superstitious. One knight did affirm that in one term he gave twenty nobles in rewards to the door-keeper of the Attorney-General; another did

affirm, that his third part which remained unto him of his estate did hardly serve for his expense in law to defend him from other oppressions; besides their children to be taken from home, to be brought up in another religion. So they did every way conclude that their estate was desperate; they could die but once, and their religion was more precious unto them than their lives. They did further consider their misery; how they were debarred in any course of lives to help themselves. They could not practise law,—they could not be citizens,—they could have no office; they could not breed up their sons — none did desire to match with them; they had neither fit marriages for their daughters, nor nunneries to put them into; for those few which are beyond seas are not considerable in respect of the number of recusants, and none can be admitted into them without great sums of money, which they, being exhausted, could not supply. The Spiritual Court did not cease to molest them, to excommunicate them, then to imprison them; and thereby they were utterly disenabled to sue for their own." Such is a faithful picture of the state of the Catholic party at the commencement of the reign of James the First.

Pressed down by these intolerable grievances, is it to be wondered at that the Papists should repine, — or that some among their number, when all other means failed, should seek redress by darker measures? By a statute of Elizabeth, all those who refused to conform to the established religion were subjected to a fine of twenty pounds a lunar month; and this heavy penalty, which had been remitted, or rather suspended, since James came to the throne, was again exacted, and all arrears claimed. Added to this, the monarch, whose court was thronged by a host of needy Scottish retainers, assigned to them a certain number of wealthy recusants, and empowered them to levy the fines,— a privilege of which they were not slow to avail themselves. There were other pains and penalties provided for by the same statute, which were rigorously inflicted. The withdrawing, or seeking to withdraw another from the established religion was accounted high treason, and punished accordingly; hearing mass involved a penalty of one hundred marks and a year's imprisonment; and the harbouring of a priest, under the denomination of a tutor, rendered the latter liable to a year's imprisonment, and his employer to a fine of ten pounds a-month. Impressed with the belief that, in consequence of the unremitting persecutions which the Catholics underwent in Elizabeth's time, the religion would be wholly extirpated, Dr. Allen, a Lancashire divine, who afterwards received a cardinal's hat, founded a college at Douay, for the reception and education of those who intended to take orders. From this university a number of missionary priests, or seminarists, as they were termed, were annually sent over to England, and it was against these persons, who submitted to every hardship and privation, to danger, and death itself, for the welfare of their religion, and in the hope of

propagating its doctrines, that the utmost rigour of the penal enactments was directed. Among the number of seminarists despatched from Douay, and capitally convicted under the statute above-mentioned, were the two priests whose execution has just been described.

As a portion of the crowd passed over the old bridge across the Irwell connecting Manchester with Salford, on which stood an ancient chapel erected by Thomas de Booth, in the reign of Edward the Third, and recently converted into a prison for recusants, they perceived the prophetess, Elizabeth Orton, seated upon the stone-steps of the structure, earnestly reading the book given to her by Father Woodroof. A mob speedily collected round her; but, unconscious seemingly of their presence, the poor woman turned over leaf after leaf, and pursued her meditations. Her hood was thrown back, and discovered her bare and withered neck, over which her black dishevelled hair streamed in thick masses. Irritated by her indifference, several of the by-standers, who had questioned her as to the nature of her studies, began to mock and jeer her, and endeavoured by plucking her robe, and casting little pebbles at her, to attract her attention. Roused, at length, by these annoyances, she arose, and fixing her large black eyes menacingly upon them, was about to stalk away, when they surrounded and detained her.

"Speak to us, Bess," cried several voices. "Prophesy,—prophesy."

"I *will* speak to you," replied the poor woman, shaking her hand at them, "I *will* prophesy to you. And mark me, though ye believe me not, my words shall not fall to the ground."

"A miracle! a miracle!" shouted the by-standers. "Bess Orton, who has been silent for twenty years, has found her tongue at last."

"I have seen a vision, and dreamed a dream," continued the prophetess. "As I lay in my cell last night, meditating upon the forlorn state of our church and of its people, methought that nineteen shadowy figures stood before me—ay, nineteen—for I counted them over thrice—and when I questioned them as to their coming, for my tongue at first clove to the roof of my mouth, and my lips refused their office, one of them answered me in a voice which yet rings in my ears, 'We are the chosen deliverers of our fallen and persecuted church. To us is intrusted the rebuilding of her temples,—to our hands is committed the destruction of her enemies. The work will be done in darkness and in secret,—with toil and travail,—but it will at length be made manifest; and when the hour is arrived, our vengeance will be terrible and exterminating.' With these words, they vanished from my sight. Ah!" she exclaimed, suddenly starting, and passing her hand across her brow, as if to clear her sight, "it was no dream—no vision. I see one of them now."

"Where?—where?" cried several voices.

The prophetess answered by extending her skinny arm towards some object immediately before her.

All eyes were instantly turned in the direction which she pointed, when they beheld the figure of a soldier — for such his garb proclaimed him — standing at a few paces' distance from them. He was wrapped in an ample cloak, and his broad-leaved steeple-crowned Spanish hat, decorated with a single green feather, pulled over his brows, seemed, like his accoutrements, which differed in some respects from those of the troopers previously described, to denote that he belonged to that service. He wore a polished steel brigandine, trunk loose, and buff boots drawn up to the knees. His arms consisted of a brace of petronels thrust into his belt, from which a long rapier depended. His features were dark as bronze, and well-formed, though strongly marked, and wearing an expression of settled sternness. His eyes were grey and penetrating, and shaded by thick beetle-brows; and his physiognomy was completed by a black peaked beard. His person was tall and erect, and his deportment soldier-like and commanding. Perceiving that he was become an object of notice, the stranger cast a compassionate look at the prophetess, who still remained gazing fixedly at him, and throwing her a few pieces of money, strode away.

Watching his retreating figure till it disappeared from view, the crazed woman tossed her arms wildly in the air, and cried, in a voice of exultation, "Did I not speak the truth? — did I not tell you I had seen him? He is the deliverer of our church, and is come to avenge the righteous blood which hath been this day shed."

"Peace, woman, and fly while there is yet time," cried the young man who was designated as Humphrey Chetham. "The pursuivant and his officers are in search of you."

"Then they shall not need to go far to find me," replied the prophetess. "I will tell them what I told this mob, that the day of bloody retribution is at hand, — that the avenger is arrived. I have seen him twice,—once in my cave, and once again here,—even where you stand."

"If you do not keep silence and fly, my poor creature," rejoined Humphrey Chetham, "you will have to endure what you suffered years ago, — stripes, and perhaps torture. Be warned by me—ah! it is too late. He is approaching."

"Let him come," replied Elizabeth Orton, "I am ready for him."

"Can none of you force her away?" cried Humphrey Chetham, appealing to the crowd; "I will reward you."

"I will not stir from this spot," rejoined the prophetess, obstinately, "I will testify to the truth."

The kind-hearted young merchant, finding any further attempt to preserve her fruitless, drew aside.

By this time, the pursuivant and his myrmidons had come up.

"Seize her!" cried the former, "and let her be placed within

this prison till I have reported her to the commissioners. If you will confess to me, woman," he added, in a whisper to her, "that you have harboured a priest, and will guide us to his hiding-place, you shall be set free."

"I know of no priests but those you have murthered," returned the prophetess, in a loud voice, "but I will tell you something that you wot not of. The avenger of blood is at hand. I have seen him. All here have seen him. And you shall see him; but not now—not now."

"What is the meaning of this raving?" demanded the pursuivant.

"You had better pay no heed to her talk, master pursuivant," interposed Humphrey Chetham; "she is a poor crazed being, who knows not what she says. I will be surety for her inoffensive conduct."

"You must give me surety for yourself, Master Chetham," replied the officer. "I have just learnt that you were last night at Ordsall Hall, the seat of that 'dangerous temporiser,'—for such he is designated in my warrant,—Sir William Radcliffe; and if report speaks truly, you are not altogether insensible to the charms of his fair daughter, Mistress Viviana.

"What is this to thee, thou malapert knave?" cried Humphrey Chetham, reddening partly from anger, partly, it might be, from another emotion.

"Much, as you shall presently find, good Master Wolf-in-sheep's-clothing," retorted the pursuivant, "if you prove not a rank Papist at heart then do I not know a true man from a false."

This angry conference was cut short by a piercing scream from the prophetess. Breaking from the grasp of her captors, who were about to force her into the prison, she sprang with a single bound upon the parapet of the bridge, and utterly regardless of her dangerous position, turned, and faced the officers, who were struck mute with astonishment.

"Tremble!" she cried in a loud voice,—"tremble, ye evil-doers! Ye who have despoiled the house of God,—have broken his altars,—scattered his incense,—slain his priests. Tremble, I say. The avenger is arrived. The bolt is in his hand. It shall strike king, lords, commons,—all! These are my last words,—take them to heart."

"Drag her off!" cried the pursuivant, angrily.

"Use care—use gentleness, if ye are men!" cried Humphrey Chetham.

"Think not you can detain me!" cried the prophetess. "Avaunt, and tremble!"

So saying, she flung herself from the parapet.

The height from which she fell was about fifty feet. The water was dashed into the air like jets from a fountain by the weight and force of the descending body. The waves instantly

closed over her; but she rose to the surface of the stream, about twenty yards below the bridge.

"She may yet be saved," cried Humphrey Chetham, who with the by-standers had hurried to the side of the bridge.

"You will only preserve her for the gallows," observed the pursuivant.

"Your malice shall not prevent my making the attempt," replied the young merchant. "Ha! assistance is at hand."

This exclamation was occasioned by the sudden appearance of the soldier in the Spanish dress, who rushed towards the left bank of the river, which was here, as elsewhere, formed of red sandstone rock, and following the course of the current, awaited the next appearance of the drowning woman. This did not occur till she had been carried a considerable distance down the stream, when the soldier, swiftly divesting himself of his cloak, plunged into the water, and dragged her ashore.

"Follow me," cried the pursuivant to his attendants. "I will not lose my prey."

But before he gained the bank of the river the soldier and his charge had disappeared, nor could he detect any traces of them.

CHAPTER II.

ORDSALL CAVE.

After rescuing the unfortunate prophetess from a watery grave in the manner just related, the soldier snatched up his cloak, and, taking his dripping burthen in his arms, hurried swiftly along the bank of the river, until he came to a large cleft in the rock, into which he crept, taking his charge with him, and thus eluded observation. In this retreat he continued upwards of two hours, during which time the poor creature, to whom he paid every attention that circumstances would admit, had so far recovered as to be able to speak. But it was evident that the shock had been too much for her, and that she was sinking fast. She was so faint that she could scarcely move; but she expressed a strong desire to reach her cell before she breathed her last. Having described its situation as accurately as she could to the soldier, who before he ventured forth peeped out to ascertain that no one was on the watch — he again raised her in his arms, and by her direction struck into a narrow lane skirting the bank of the river. Pursuing this road for about half a mile, he arrived at the foot of a small eminence, covered by a clump of magnificent beech-trees, and still acting under the guidance of the dying woman, whose voice grew more feeble each instant, he mounted this knoll, and from its summit took a rapid survey of the surrounding country. On the opposite bank of the river stood an old hall, while further on, at some distance, he could perceive through the trees the gables and chimneys of another ancient mansion.

"Raise me up," said Elizabeth Orton, as he lingered on this

spot for a moment. "In that old house, which you see yonder, Hulme Hall, I was born. I would willingly take one look at it before I die."

"And the other hall which I discern through the trees is Ordsall, is it not?" inquired the soldier.

"It is," replied the prophetess. "And now let us make what haste we can. We have not far to go; and I feel I shall not last long."

Descending the eminence, and again entering the lane, which here made a turn, the soldier approached a grassy space, walled in on either side by steep sandstone rocks. Proceeding to the further extremity of this enclosure, after a moment's search, by the direction of his companion, he found, artfully concealed by overhanging brushwood, the mouth of a small cave. Creeping into the excavation, he found it about six feet high, and of considerable depth. The roof was ornamented with Runic characters and other grotesque and half-effaced inscriptions, while the sides of the rock were embellished with Gothic tracery, amid which the letters I.H.S, carved in ancient church text, could be easily distinguished. Tradition assigned the cell to the priests of Odin, but it was evident that worshippers at other and holier altars had more recently made it their retreat. Its present occupant had furnished it with a straw pallet and a small wooden crucifix fixed in a recess in the wall. Gently depositing her upon the pallet, the soldier took a seat beside her on a stone slab at the foot of the bed. He next, at her request, as the cave was rendered almost wholly dark by the overhanging trees, struck a light, and set fire to a candle placed within a lantern. After a few moments passed in prayer, the recluse begged him to give her the crucifix that she might clasp it to her breast. This done, she became more composed, and prepared herself to meet her end. Suddenly, as if something had again disturbed her, she passed her hand once or twice rapidly across her face, and then, as with a dying effort, started up, and stretched out her hands.

"I see him before them!" she cried. "They examine him, —they adjudge him! Ah! he is now in a dungeon! See, the torturers advance! He is placed on the rack—once—twice they apply the engine! Mercy! he confesses! He is led to execution. I see him ascend the scaffold!"

"Whom do you behold?" inquired the soldier.

"His face is hidden from me," replied the prophetess; "but his figure is not unlike your own. Ha! I hear the executioner pronounce his name. How are you called?"

"Guy Fawkes," replied the soldier.

"It is the name I heard," rejoined Elizabeth Orton.

And, sinking backward, she expired.

Guy Fawkes gazed at her for some time till he felt assured that the last spark of life had fled. He then turned away, and placing his hand upon his chin, was buried in deep reflection.

THE LETTER-BAG OF THE GREAT WESTERN.

BY SAM SLICK.

We have pleasure in here presenting our readers with a communication forwarded by Sam Slick, through the "Letter-Bag of the Great Western" (which by this time is open for delivery to the public).—[Edit.]

LETTER FROM A STOKER.

Last nite as ever was in Bristul, Captain Claxton ired me for to go to Americka on board this steemer Big West un as a stoker, and them as follered me all along the rode from Lunnun, may foller me there tuo if they liks, and be damned to em, and much good may it do them tuo, for priggin in England aint no sin in the States, where every man if free to do as he pleseth, and ax no uns lif neither, and wher there is no pellise, nor constables, nor Fleets, nor Newgates, and no need of reforms. I couldn't sleep all nite for lafeing, when I thort ou they'd stare wen they eard i was off, and tuck the plate of Lord Springfield off with me, and they looking all round Bristul, and ad their panes for there trouble. I havent wurk so ard sinse I rund away from farmer Doggins the nite he was noked off his orse and made to stand, and lost his purs of munny as he got fur his corn, as I av sinse I listed for a stoker. Ime blest if it arnt cruel ard wurk ear. I wurks in the cole ole day and nite, a moving cole for the furniss, which never goes out, but burns for ever and ever; and there is no hair; it is so ot my mouth is eated, so that what I drinks, smox and isses as if it wur a ort iron, and my flesh is as dry as ung beef, and the only consholation I av is Ide a been ung beef in ernest if they ad a nabbed me afore I left Bristul, all owin to Bill Sawyer peachin on me. No wun would no me now, for I am as black as the ace of spades as was, and so is my shurt, and for clene shetes, how long wood they be clene and me in them; and my skin is cracked like roastid pig, when there be not fat enough to baste it, or yu to lazy to du it, which was often your case, and well you cor hut for it to when I was out of sorts, whic was enuf to vex a man ast risked his life to get it; and then my eyes is soar with dust as comes from the cole, and so stiff, I arent power to shute them, because they be so dry, and my mouth tasts sulfur always, as bad as them as go to the devil in earnest, as Sally Mander did. I have no peace at all, and will not be sorry when it's over; if i survive it, blow me if I will. I smells like roste beaf, and the rats cum smelling round me as if they'd like to ave a cut and cum agin, but they will find it a tuf business and no gravy, as the frenchman said who lived tuo hull weaks on his shuse, and dide wen he cum to the heles, which he said was rather tuo much; but i can't say I like their company a morsel more nor Bill Sawyerses, and blast me if I donte be even with him, if he comes to Americka, for that gud turn he did me in blowing on me for the silver wich if he adnt dun ide a bin living at my ease at ome with you, and may be married you, if you and the children ad behaved well, and showed yourselves wurthy of it; as it is i can't say whether we are to mete agin or not; but I will rite to you when I lands the plate, and let you no what my prospect is in my line in New York. Then my shuse is so ard, they brake like pycrust, and my clothes wat with wat cum'd out of me like rain at fust, and the steme that cums out like wise, which is oncredibill, and wat with the dust as cum out of the cole, is set like mortar, and as stiff as cement, and stand up of themselves as strate as

a christian, so they do; and if I ad your and in my and it wood melt like butter, and you that is so soft wood run away like a candle with a thief in it; so you are better off where you be than here till I cool down agin and cum tuo, for I'me blest if I woodn't sit a bed a-fire I'me so ort. This is orrid wurk for him as has more silver in his bag than arf the passengers as, and is used to do as little wurk as the best of them is. I 've got urted in my cheek with a stone that busted arter it got red ort in the grate, and flew out with an exploshun like a busted biler; only I wish it had been water insted, for it would have been softer nor it was, for it was as ard as a cannun-ball, it noked down tuo of my teeth, and then noked me down, and made a smell like searin a 'orses tail with red ort irn, which is the cause of its not bleeding much, tho' it swelled as big as a turnip, which accashuns me to keep wun eye shut, as it 's no use to open it when it 's swelled all over it, for I can't sea. If that 's the way peepul was stoned to death, as I 've eared when I was a boy, when there was profits in religion, it must have been a painful end, as I no to my cost, who was most drowned holden my ed in a tub of water to squench the red ort stone, which made the water tuo ort to bear any longer, and wen I tuked it out it was tuo much eated to old in my and. My feet also looks like a tin cullindur or a sifter full of small oles, w'ere the red ort sinders have burned into the bone. Them as node me wunce woodn't swear to me now, with a ole in my face as big as my mouth, that I adn't afore, and too back-teeth out, as I had afore, and my skin as black as ink, and my flesh like dride codfish, and my hare dride wite and frizzed with the eat like neager's, or goose fethers in ort ashes to make quills, and me able to drink a gallon of porter without wunce taking breth, and not fele it for ewaporation, and my skin so kivered with dust and grit, you could sharpen a knife on it, and my throte furred up like a ship's biler, and me that cood scarcely scroudge thro' a windur, that can now pass out of a kee-ole, and not tear my clothes in the wards. Wun cumfut is, I was not see-sick, unless being sick of the see, for I have no licker in me; for whatever I eat is baked into pot py and no gravy, which cums of the grate eat in the furniss; and burns raises no blisters, for they ain't any watter inside to make wun, only leves a mark, as the ort poker does on the flore; and wen my turn cums to sleap, it 's no longer trying this side and then that, and then rolling back again, a-trying and not being able, for thinking and talking; but sleap cums on afore I can ly down, and all the pelisse at Bo Street woodn't wake me no more than a corps, wen I am wunce down in ernest. If I wasn't in a urry, I 'd stick them up with wurking like a orse in the mail, that runs day and nite and never stops. It woodn't be long 'afore I'de nock off a bolt, or skru, or nut, or sumthing of that kind, which ud cause them to let out steam and repair, which wood give half a day's rest to wun, but as it's the first and the last of my stokering, why the sunner there is an end to it the better. No man cood identical me with a safe conshience, and no perjury, so if the yankees spend their munny, as I ar hurd till sinse I tuck passage, on thur backs insted of carrying it in their pockets, i may return after a short alibi, to you and the children, which will depend on ou you aul up in time, and keaps out of Low cumpany; that is, barring accidents, for there is no noing what may appen, for them as carry booy nives behind the kapes of their cotes, and pistuls in their pockets, insted of pistoles, are ugly custumers, and a feller may find himself delivered of a mistake afore he noeth where he is, for they are apt to save the law a job are them nives, so they

are, and I'de rather trust to a jug missing fire, or not hitting his man, anytime to side-arms, for them big wigs oftener ang fire than ang a man. They are bad things them cut and thrusts, for both sides, as Tom Hodge used to say, "He who stabbeth with his tung, is in no danger of being ung, but he who stabbeth with his nife is damned apt to loose his own life." When you receive this litter go to Blackfriars to the swimmers, and in the four foot of the bed, in the left room in the garrit as I used to use when bisnis called, you will see the same oller is in your bed sted, and take the gold sneezer as is there, which will raise the wind; and be careful, as there is no noin' when we may meet, or whether I will av time to send you any Blunt or no, which will depend on how you conduct behind my back; i don't mene this by way of discouragement, but to int you are too fond of drink, and keeping company with needy mizlers, to kepe secrets for any wun without bringing him to the crap, and now that I'me in another wurld I expect you will give luse to your one inwenshuns, which will be the ruin of you yet, as well as of them as has the pleasure of your ackwaintance, in wich case you don't ear agin from me, and I luk for sum wun as nose how to place a proper valy on advice when they gets it, which wasn't your case for sum tim gone. My present sitivashun has all cum of not noing ou to be silent, or bill Sawyer cudn't av ruined me in my business; but never mind, it's a long lane that has no turn in it, as the chap sed to console himself in the tredmill. Remember me to Jim Spriggins, who is the primest ruffin cove I ever shared a swag with, tell him I'me no transport, tho' I'me bound over the watter, for I'me just visiting furrin parts as the gents do on account of having lived too free at home, and that I ope to nap many a reader yet, of providence blesses our undertakings. So no more at present time from your loving friend,

Bill Holmes.

FROM AN AMERICAN CITIZEN TO HIS FRIEND AT BANGOR.

Dear Ichabod,

As I shall cut off to Harrisburg, Pa, to-morrow as soon as I land, and then preceed to Pittsville, Ma, I write you these few lines to inform you of the state of things in general, and the markets in particular. Rice is riz, tho' the tobacco market looks black; cotton is lighter, and some brilliant specs have been made in oil. Pots hang heavy in hand, and pearls is dull. Tampico fustic is moderate, and campeachy a 37 504 mos. Whalebone continues firm. Few transactions have taken place in bar or pig, and iron generally is heavy. Hung dried Chili remain high, but Santa Marthas are flat. The banks and large houses look for specie, but long paper still passes in the hands of individuals and little houses in the city. This all the news and last advices. But, dear Ich, what on airth are we coming to, and how will our free and enlightened country bear the inspection brand abroad? Will not our name decline in foreign markets? The pilot has just come on board and intimated that the vice-president, the second officer of this first of countries, was not received with due honour at New York. He says that the common council could not ask him to thread an agrarian band of Fanny Wright men, Offin men, Ming men, and all other sorts of men but respectable men, for he would have had to encounter a slough of Loco-Focoism, that no decent man would wade thro'. It is scarcely credible that so discreditable an event should occur in this empire city, but it is the blessed fruit of that cussed tree of Van Bruenism,

which is rotten before it is ripe, and, unlike other poisonous fruit, is not even attractive in outward appearance, but looks bad, tastes bad, and operates bad, and, in short, is bad altogether. But of all the most appalling information I have received per this channel was that of the formation of twenty-four new hose companies. "What," said I, "twenty-four new hose companies? Is the stocking business going ahead? Is it to cover the naked feet of the shoeless Irish and Scotch and English paupers, that cover with uncovered legs like locusts this happy land, or is it for foreign markets? Where does the capital come from? Is it a spec, or has it a bottom?"—"No," said he, shaking his head; "it is a dark job of the new lights, the Loco-Focos. To carry the election of chief engineer of the firemen, they have created twenty-four new companies of firemen, called hose companies, which has damped the fire, and extinguished the last spark of hope of all true patriots. It has thrown cold water on the old fire companies, who will sooner resign than thus be inundated. This is the way the radicals of England wanted to swamp the House of Lords by creating a new batch of Peers baked at once, though the persons for Peers were only half-baked or underdone; but they did not, and were not allowed to glut the market that way. How is it this stale trick should become fresh and succeed here in this enlightened land, this abode of freemen, this seat of purity, and pass current without one solid genuine ingredient of true metal? It is a base trick, a barefaced imposition, a high-handed and unconstitutional measure. It is a paltry manœuvre to swindle the firemen out of their right of election. Yes, Ich, the firemen is swamped, and the sun of liberty has gone down angry, extinguished in the waters of popular delusion. Then, for heaven's sake, look at Vixburg. Everything looks worse and worse there. In several of the counties they have quashed all the bonds, in some there are no courts, in others the sheriffs pocket the money, and refuse to shell out to any one. In one instance a man tried for the murder of his wife escaped because he was convicted of manslaughter; and in another, a person indicted for stealing a pig got off because it was a chote. They ring the noses of the judges instead of the pigs. From cutting each other up in the papers with pens, they now cut each other up in the streets with bowie knives, and, in my opinion, will soon eat one another like savages, for backbiting has become quite common. The constitution has received a pretty considerable tarnation shock, that's a fact. Van Burenism and Sub-Treasuryism have triumphed; the Whig cause has gained nothing but funeral honours, and a hasty burial below low-water mark. In England, Biddle retiring from the bank has affected the cotton trade, and shook it to its centre. They say, if it paid well, why did he pay himself off? If it was a losing concern, it was a loss to lose him; but all are at a loss to know the reason of his withdrawing. I own I fear he is playing the game of fast and loose. The breaking of that bank would affect the banks of the Mississippi as well as the Ohio, and the country would be inundated with bad paper, the natural result of his paper war with Jackson, the undamming by the administration of the specie dammed up by him for so long a period. Damn them all, I say. However, Ich, if we have made a losing concern of it, the English have got their per contra sheet, showing a balance against them too. They are going to lose Canada, see if they ain't, as sure as a gun; and if they do, I guess we know where to find it, without any great search after it either. I didn't think myself it was so far gone goose with them, or

the fat in the fire half so bad, until I read Lord Durham's report; but he says, "My experience leaves no doubt on my mind that an invading American army might rely upon the co-operation of almost the entire French population of Lower Canada." Did you ever hear the like of that, Ich? By gosh, but it was worth while to publish that, wasn't it? Now, after such an invitation as that, coming from such a quarter, too, if our folks don't go in and take it, they ought to be kicked clean away to the other side of sun down, hang me if they hadn't enough. It is enough to make a cat sick, too, to hear them Goneys to Canada talk about responsible Government, cuss me if it aint. They don't know what they are jawing about, them fellows, that 's a fact. I should like to know what 's the use of mob responsibility when our most responsible treasurers fobbed five millions of dollars lately of the public money, without winking.—Where are they now? Why, some on 'em is in France, going the whole figure, and the other rascals at home snapping the fingers of one hand at the people, and gingling their own specie at them with the fingers of the other hand, as sarcy as the devil. Only belong to the majority, and you are as safe as a thief in a mill. They 'll carry you thro' the mire at a round trot, as stiff as a pedlar's horse. It 's well enough to boast, Ich. of our constitution afore strangers, and particularly afore them colony chaps, because it may do good; but I hope I may be most particularly cussed if I would't undertake to drive a stage-coach and four horses thro' most any part of it at full gallop.—Responsibility! what infernal nonsense! Show me one of all our public defaulters that deserved hanging, that ever got his due, and then I 'll believe the word has some meaning in it. But the British are fools, that 's a fact, always was fools, and always will be fools to the end of the chapter; and them are colonists arnt much better, I hope I may be shot if they are. The devil help them all, I say, till we are ready for them, and then let them look out for squalls, that 's all. Lord, if they was to invade us as our folks did them, and we was to catch them, we 'd serve them as Old Hickory did Ambristher and Arbuthnot, down there to Florida line—hang 'em up like onions, a dozen on a rope. I guess they won't try them capers with us; they know a trick worth two of that, I 'me a-thinking. I suppose you 've heard the French took a pilot out of a British gun-brig; when called upon for explanation, they said they took this man-of-war for a merchantman. No great compliment that, was it? but John Bull swallowed it all, though he made awful wry faces in getting it down. As our minister said, suppose they did make such a blunder, what right had they to take him out of a merchantman at all? and if it was a mistake, why didn't they take him back again when they found out their error? He was such an everlastin' overbearin' crittur himself in years past was John Bull, it does one good to see him humbled, and faith he gets more kicks than coppers now. It appears to me they wouldn't have dared to have done that to us, don't it to you? Then they took one of their crack steam frigates for a Mexican. Lord, that was another compliment, and they let drive into her and played the very devil. Nothing but another mistake ag'in, says Bullfrog, upon my vird and onare very soary, but I did not know you, my goot friend; no, I did not, indeed, I took you for de miserable Mexican—you very much altared from de old time what went before—vary. It was lucky for Johnny Croppo our Gineral Jackson hadn't the helm of state, or he'd a taught them different guess manners, I 'm a thinking. If they

had dared to venture that sort of work to us in Old Hickory's time, I hope I may be skinned alive by wild cats if he wouldn't have blowed every cussed craft they have out of the water. Lord, Ich, he'd a sneezed them out, cuss me if he wouldn't! There is no mistake in Old Hick, I tell you. If he isn't clear grit-ginger to the back-bone — tough as whitleather, and spunky as a bull dog, it's a pity, that's all. I must say, at present, our citizens are treated with great respect abroad. His excellency the honble the governor of the state of Quimbagog lives at St. Jimses, and often dines at the palace. When they go to dinner, he carries the Queen, and Melburne carries Duchess Kent. Him and the Queen were considerably shy at first, but they soon got sociable, and are quite thick now. He told the company there was a town to home called Vixburg, after — (Melburne says ahem! as a hint not to go too far — Governor winks, as much as to say, no fear, I take you, my boy,) so called from Vix, scarcely, and burg, a city, which place had become famous throughout America for its respect for the laws, and that many people thought there was a growing resemblance between England and it. Melbourne seed the bam, and looked proper vexed; and to turn the conversation, said, "Shall I have the honour to take wine with your Excellency Mister Governor of the State of Quimbagog in America, but now a guest of her most gracious Majesty!" They say he always calls it an honour when he asks him and pays him the respect to give him all his titles, and when he asks other folks, he says "pleasure" and just nods his head. That's gratifying now, aint it? The truth is, we stand letter A. No. 1 abroad, and for no other reason than this—the British can whip all the world, and we can whip the British. When you write to England, if you speak of this ship, you must call her the Great Western *Steamer*, or it may lead to trouble; for there are two Great Westerns,—this here ship, and one of the great men; and they won't know which you mean. Many mistakes have happened already, and parcels are constantly sent to his address in that way, that are intended for America. The fact is, there is some truth in the resemblance. Both their trips cost more money than they were worth. Both raised greater expectations than they have fulfilled. Both returned a plaguy sight quicker than they went out: and between you and me and the post, both are inconveniently big, and have more smoke than power. As soon as I arrange my business at Pittsville, I shall streak if off for Maine, like lightning, for I am in an everlasting almighty hurry, I tell you; and hoping to see you well and stirring, and as hearty as brandy.

I am, dear Ich, yours faithfully, ELNATHAN CARD.

P.S.—Keep dark. If you have a rael right-down clipper of a horse in your stable, a-doing of nothing, couldn't you jist whip over to Portland on the 20th, to meet me, in your waggon? If you could, I can put you up to a thing about oil; in which, I think, we could make a considerable of a decent spec, and work it so as to turn a few thousand dollars slick. Gineral Corncob will accommodate us at the bank with what we want; for it was me helped him over the fence when he was nonplushed last election for senator by the democratic republicans, and he must be a most superfine infernal rascal if he turns stag on me now. Chew on it, at any rate, and if you have a mind to go snaks, why jist make an arrant for something or another to the Bay, to draw the wool over folke's eyes, and come on the sly, and you will go back heavier, I guess, than you came by a plaguy long chalk, that's a fact.

Yours, E. C.

THE WISHING WELL,

ISLE OF WIGHT.

BY ABRAHAM ELDER, ESQ.

In answer to our inquiry respecting the Wishing Well, Captain Nosered gave us the following account of it.

"The Wishing Well is a small spring of water that runs on the edge of the brow of the very steep hill that looks over the Undercliff, a little to the eastward of Ventnor. The superstition respecting it is, that if a person walks quite straight up to it from the low ground beneath without once looking behind him, and then drinks of the water, he will have any three wishes that he makes granted to him.

"It is, however, a feat not often performed. In the first place, the ascent is extremely steep, and the grass very slippery; and, although falling down does not forfeit the privileges of the water-drinker, yet should he fall, it would be very difficult to avoid looking behind. For, even if the person should not happen to turn partly round in his fall, he will be very apt to forget himself for a moment, and look at the sea and the country beneath. I do not know why it is; but while resting during an ascent of a steep road we have always a natural, and as it were, instinctive inclination to turn round; which, as I before observed, is in the present instance destructive of future prospects. Supposing all these accidents and inclinations surmounted, and the brow of the hill reached, ascending in a straight line, without inclining to the right or left, or looking round, the chances are greatly against coming exactly upon the little spring; and, if you find yourself upon one side of it, it is clear that you cannot get to it without turning, which, as I observed before, forfeits the right you would otherwise possess of having your three wishes accomplished.

"Since I have been an inhabitant of Violet Cottage," continued Captain Nosered, "I have not heard that any one has gone through the ceremony so exactly as to have obtained his three wishes."

"But, then, you should bear in mind, sir," observed the Antiquary, "that the spot is so frequented by strangers visiting the island, who are here to-day and gone to-morrow, that the thing might have happened over and over again without its having of necessity come to your knowledge."

"Your observation, Mr. Winterblossom, is a very correct one. For instance, when I was first married to my dear Florilla," (here Mrs. Nosered gave a smile of approbation,) "we took a honeymooning tour round the Isle of Wight. Did not we, love?" (here another smile and a nod.) "Well, when we got to Ventnor, where we drank tea and slept, we determined to visit the Wishing Well the next day after breakfast, and to wish for a boy," (here Mrs. Nosered put her hand before her face, and turned a little on one side, to look as if she was blushing.) "Well, after breakfast we started, and soon arrived at the bottom of the Wishing Hill; but, alas! it was far too steep for Florilla's delicate limbs, (she was a large, fat, red-faced woman, at the time the Captain related to us this story,) "so I was obliged to leave her at the bottom of the hill, and see what I could do for the family by

going up to the spring, and drinking and wishing by myself. I was wonderfully successful in the ascent. I never looked once behind me; though Florilla in all her charms was seated at the bottom of the hill, smiling probably, and looking up towards me. Well, sir, I came straight upon the well at the top of the hill; I took some of the water up in the hollow of my hand; drank it; I then sat down, and wished for a boy. No boy came, however, — as the saying goes — in the due course of time. About two years afterwards, indeed, we had a little girl. —Jane, my dear, give Mr. Winterblossom a little more sugar in his tea. That 's her, sir. Why it did not turn out right I cannot tell. Perhaps there is no real virtue in the well. Perhaps I failed in some small particular. But, somehow or other, it often strikes me, that if Florilla could have managed to have got to the top of the hill, and we had there drunk and wished together, it might have been otherwise."

Here Jane presented the Antiquary with a cup of tea, and Mrs. Nosered carried one to her husband, and, under pretence of whispering something into his ear, she gave him a little small kiss upon his left cheek; I suppose to thank him for calling her "dear," and talking of her charms before company,—which is more than any wife has strictly a right to expect. I was not, however, forgotten in this amiable distribution of tea; for the younger daughter, Charlotte, brought me my cup. Charlotte was, indeed, really beautiful. She had a small elegant nose—not looking downwards—which I admire above all things. Her light brown curls hanging down in long ringlets, and the ends of these silken tendrils resting upon her delicate and white bust—for she wore a low gown, being dressed for the evening. Heaven and earth! what would I have given for her to have whispered something into my ear after the manner of her mother. But, to return to my story. We sipped our tea, and stirred it, and then sipped again, Florilla looking complacently upon her husband; the Antiquary watching Jane as she spread and sliced the bread and butter; while I was feasting my eyes upon the beauty of the sweet, dear, Charlotte Nosered.

After the Antiquary had finished his tea, he continued knocking his spoon backwards and forwards in his empty cup—in deep meditation, doubtless, for he was deaf to frequent invitations to another cup. At length he turned to Captain Nosered, and said,

"I think you observed, that when you got to the top of the hill you tasted the water,—and then sat down,—and then wished for a boy?"

"Just so."

"Pray did you turn yourself round when you sat down?"

"Undoubtedly I did. The hill is so steep that if I had sat down the other way, I should probably have rolled head over heels down to the bottom of the hill."

The Antiquary made no answer, but gave a significant nod, and then changed the conversation by requesting Mrs. Nosered to supply him with another cup of tea.

At length I ventured to put in my word, and I said to the Captain, "Then, sir, if I understand you rightly, you have tried the well yourself, and it has failed; and you have never heard of anybody else who has been more successful; although, of course, as Mr. Winterblossom well observed, the thing might have happened without its having of necessity come to your knowledge."

"You have quite misunderstood me, Mr. Elder," said he; "what I

stated was, that I was not aware that anybody had obtained his three wishes *since I had been a resident in Violet Cottage.* There is, however, a man living close by, who a few years before I came to reside here drank of the wonderful well without making any fatal mistake, and had his three wishes all granted to him in due form. Shall I go out with you in search of the man, or shall I tell you the story my own way. I am quite at your service, whichever you choose."

Here the Antiquary and myself put our heads together in consultation.

"The Captain tells a story well," said the Antiquary.

"That he does," said I. "Besides the man may be a blockhead; which would destroy the romance of the thing. Besides, he will require about half-a-crown for his story; and, besides, I think it is going to rain."

The fact was, that I thought the society of Captain Nosered's family would be more agreeable than that of the man of the Wishing Well. So the Antiquary acquainted Captain Nosered that we should much prefer hearing the story in his own words.

Captain Nosered began as follows:—

THE STORY OF THE WISHING WELL.

"John Chaw, the hero of my tale, at the time of his celebrated visit to the Wishing Well, was about twenty-two years of age. He was a labourer in the employ of Joseph Bull, a farmer, who lived not very distant from this place. John looked after his cows, and occasionally drove his waggon: but, having heard a number of curious stories about the Wishing Well, he determined to visit it, and see whether he could not, by wishing, better his condition. It was a smart walk from Farmer Bull's, and he had very little time to spare from his business; so he started a little before his breakfast-time, carrying his breakfast with him in his pocket. When he got to the Undercliff below the hill, he looked out for the tuft of grass that marks where the little spring oozes out from the brow above. He marked well the direction in which it lay, and walked straight for it. He never looked back; and he never turned at all to the right or the left all the way up. He then took some of the water up in the hollow of his hand, and said, "I wish as I was richer than any man in the Isle of Wight, and so here goes." He then drank some water. He then repeated his wish. After which he laid himself down upon the grass to rest himself a little, for the weather was very hot. Presently the hill, the Undercliff, the sea, and the sky, faded gradually from his sight, and he seemed to be shrouded in a kind of grey mist. At length he thought that he could trace the figure of an old woman in a loose grey cloak, standing with her arms extended over him. In her right hand she held a long, thin, straight, white stick. The figure got plainer and plainer, till her form had become quite distinct, when she said to him,

"'What's your wish, sir?'

"'Why,' said John Chaw, 'I wish as I was richer than any man in the Isle of Wight—that's what I wish.'

"The old woman answered, 'Very well,' and then touched his forehead with the end of her stick. 'Any other wish?' said she.

"'Nothing else at present,' said John Chaw. 'I should like that wish to soak in a little first.'

"'As you please, sir,' said the old woman, and her form gradually got fainter and fainter, till at length it disappeared altogether. The mist began to clear away, and John Chaw saw again the Wishing Well beside which he had laid down, the Undercliff, the sea, and the sky. So he got up, and walked down the hill, wondering all the while whether the old woman meant really to give him any money or not. However he did not go straight down, but took an easier way, which led him into the path that leads from Ventnor to the rock that is called the Pulpit Stone. Here he met with an elderly gentleman, who had apparently been taking a stroll to the Pulpit Stone, and was returning to Ventnor. He followed the old gentleman for about a hundred yards or so, when the latter suddenly appeared to be taken very ill, for he tottered a little, and then sat down on the grass by the side of the hill. John Chaw went up to him, and asked him 'whether he found himself unwell?' John Chaw offered to assist him home; which offer was accepted, and they went home to the old gentleman's lodging at Ventnor. Mr. Ballicalli was the old gentleman's name, and he took a great fancy to our hero, John, and he asked him to stay with him, and take care of him. The next day he said to him, 'Mr. Chaw, I feel that I have not many days more to live. I have spent the greater part of my life in India, and I have got no friends and few relations in England, and those few I do not like. I have taken rather a fancy to you, and, for want of a better, I intend to make you my heir.'

"'I hope you will live many a long day, yet,' said John Chaw, wishing to appear civil.

"So Mr. Ballicalli wrote to his lawyer in London, saying that he felt himself but poorly, and that Mr. Chaw was to be his heir; and, for fear of accidents in the mean time, he sent for a lawyer from Newport to make his will. The will was made, and Mr. Ballicalli died. And John Chaw, in compliance with the old gentleman's request, became Mr. Ballicalli Chaw. A day or two afterwards down came the lawyer from London, an elderly man in a brown wig, with black short gaiters, and acquainted Mr. Ballicalli Chaw that he was now the proprietor of a large house and fine park in Northumberland.

"Off goes John Chaw to Northumberland, and arrives safely at his great house. Lots of footmen to wait upon him, in blue coats and red small-clothes. John Chaw was as happy as the day was long. He had porter and purl, and beans and bacon for breakfast; got drunk regularly after dinner, and smoked his pipe in the evening. Many jolly companions visited him, and partook of his good cheer. Many of the squires in the neighbourhood called upon him, and almost everybody called him 'sir.' But, what pleased him most was, that Lord Thingummy, and his sister, Lady Kitty Thingummy, called upon him, and told him that they had the greatest pleasure imaginable in making his acquaintance. His Lordship told him that there was only one thing wanting to make Mr. Ballicalli Chaw completely genteel,—that was, marrying a lady of rank: and after a little while he went so far as to hint that Lady Kitty was very much prepossessed with his personal appearance and amiable manner. The upshot of all this was, that shortly after Mr. Ballicalli Chaw was married to Lady Kitty Thingummy, on condition, however, of his dropping the name of Chaw, which she did not consider sufficiently genteel.

"Here commenced our hero's misfortunes. In the first place, Lady

Kitty, although of a high family, was extremely ugly, squinted, was very proud, and had the temper of a devil.

"John was obliged to cut all his merry companions, because they were vulgar. He was obliged to give up his porter and purl, and beans and bacon for breakfast, because they were vulgar. Getting drunk upon ale at dinner was vulgar, and John did not like wine. Smoking of an evening was the vulgarist thing that ever was heard of. John's great delight in former days used to be playing at skittles for a pot of beer: but skittles, he was told were, if possible, still more vulgar than clay pipes. Besides, he had the greatest difficulty in finding people to play with. Lady Kitty would not hear of his playing with the footman. This he thought the hardest thing of any; for, 'what are footmen for?' he would argue, 'if it is not to please their master.' However, the thing was pronounced to be vulgar, and so there was an end of it. He might, however, have a billiard table, if he pleased, and so he immediately ordered one. But this did not help him a bit; for, who was there to play with him? Unfortunately for John also, Lady Kitty's relations were even more proud than she was herself. *She* cut all John's friends and relations, because they were vulgar; and *her* relations cut Lady Kitty Ballicalli, because Mr. Ballicalli was *so* vulgar. Thus, between the pride of Lady Kitty and Lady Kitty's relations, John hardly could find anybody to speak to.

"Day after day he used to walk about his great park by himself, staring at the old oak trees and the deer, without knowing what to do with himself. Even in this, however, he was sometimes interfered with; for walking (or, at any rate, walking much) was vulgar. Two or three days a-week he used to drive with his wife, in their coach-and-four, along the turnpike-road, to the market-town and back; more for the purpose of showing off their grandeur, than for anything that they had to do there.

"This rumbling along in a carriage, instead of taking his natural and wholesome exercise on foot, as he used to do, went sorely against the grain with the unfortunate Mr. Ballicalli.

"Once or twice he seriously thought of rebelling, and throwing his gentility overboard altogether, and living comfortably and merrily with his merry vulgar companions again. But notwithstanding that he had what he called a successful scrimmage now and then, the influence of the wife in the end always prevailed. For instance, once he swore he *would*, and he actually *did*, go down to the village pot-house, and have a game at skittles: and he made all the folks that he found there as drunk as fiddlers, into the bargain. Such a life, however, he led for a fortnight afterwards, that he never showed fight upon that subject again. John Ballicalli began to think that a person may be very rich, and very genteel, and yet not be very happy, after all. In short, three months had hardly elapsed before he had made up his mind that he had not gained anything by his change of circumstances.

"One night he was lying tossing about in bed, bewailing his unfortunate condition. 'I just wish,' said he to himself, as he turned over to the other side, 'that I was back at the Wishing Well again, plain John Chaw, servant to Farmer Bull.' You will observe that he turned over as he wished this. Well, instead of resting his other side comfortably upon the feather bed, he turned over, and over, and over, very quickly, upon something very hard. This awoke him. When he opened his eyes he found himself rolling over and over down the very

steep pitch below the Wishing Well. He was very much frightened, for he thought that he should be knocked to pieces long before he got to the bottom of the hill. He said to himself, 'I only wish that I may get safely to the bottom of the hill.' While he was wishing this he gradually got his legs before him, and, in consequence, he did not roll over any more, but slid gradually down the steeper part of the hill, and arrived safe and sound at the bottom of it.

"John was now more puzzled than ever he was in his life before. How in the world did he get from Ballicalli Park, in Northumberland, to the Wishing Well at Ventnor, without his recollecting anything about the journey? 'But, then, to be sure, the rolling over and over had,' as he expressed himself, 'put his head in such a whirr that he was so giddy he could hardly stand, and that probably put the recollection of the journey out of his head. He thought, however, that probably he should find both his carriage and his wife waiting for him at the hotel.'

"He walked down to the hotel, and inquired of the waiter whether Lady Kitty Ballicalli was within? The waiter had never heard of the name.

"'Is Mr. Ballicalli's carriage here?'

"'Whose carriage? asked the hostler, who was standing by.

"'My carriage,' said John, drawing himself up, for he was rather offended at the hostler's familiar tone.

"'Your carriage, Jack Chaw!' shouted the hostler in a loud fit of laughter. 'So you have been a-losing Farmer Bull's waggon and team; I would not be in your shoes for summut!'

"John now walked down to the cottage, where he used to live with his mother and sister before he grew rich; in short, he was so puzzled that he did not know where else to go to. At first he thought to himself, 'perhaps they will be a little huffy at first, and think that I have not used them well in not asking them to Ballicalli Park, and making fine ladies of them. But, when I explain it all to them, and how particular Lady Kitty is, they must at once see that this would have been altogether out of the question. Then I did send them a twenty pound note now and then, which Lady Kitty said was all that persons in their rank of life could possibly require.

"John then went on to think that they would not canvass his conduct so closely, but would be overpowered by the honour of a visit from the rich Mr. Ballicalli, of Ballicalli Park, in the County of Northumberland. When he came to the cottage his mother was standing looking out of the door.

"''Ods boddykins!' said she, 'John, where in the name of goodness have you been all this blessed day? Farmer Bull has been kicking up such a rumpus about you. Horses and cows not tended to, and the pigs not fed. Farmer Bull actually fed the pigs himself, as Billy was not in the way either. It's a pretty go, indeed, to put your breakfast in your pocket and walk off nobody knows where, instead of coming comfortably home at meal-times.' Here she stopped to take breath, and John had a capital opportunity of putting in a word for himself; but he was quite taken aback by this unexpected attack. In short, it altogether bothered him. However, before his mother started again with the second part of her lecture, he observed that he did not understand what she meant by saying that he had been away the whole day,

when she must have known as well as he did that he had not been in the Isle of Wight for at least three months before.

" 'What do you mean, John?' said mother and sister both together.

" 'Why, I just mean this,' he said, 'that I have been spending my time for the last three months at Ballicalli Park, in the county of Northumberland, living like a gentleman; and I will tell you what, mother, riding in a carriage ain't such very great fun, after all, when one begins to be a little accustomed to it. I dare say, now, you are angry at my not having taken you to Ballicalli Park, or sent you more money; but I should think,' added he, in a kind of patronising tone, a twenty pound note every now and then, is not altogether to be sneezed at? And, how are you all at home? Sister Sally, I see, is looking just as blooming as when I left her three months ago. And, how are the rheumatics, mother?—better, I hope.'

"His mother, however, instead of answering his kind inquiries about her rheumatics, shrugged up her shoulders and looked at Sally, and then exclaimed, 'The boy is gone stark mad! I fear he has not got wit enough left him to look after the team, or see to the cows, or even, I dare say, feed the pigs.' She then, like a thoughtful, careful mother, trotted off to Farmer Bull, to try to make her son's peace with him. 'Her son,' she said, had been taken very ill, in a sort of a fit like, and though he was better, she did not think that he was quite right in his head again. She hoped, however, that he would be able to get to his work again in the morning.'

"John did get to his work again the next day, and went on as steadily as ever. He talked, to be sure, a good deal about Ballicalli Park, and Lady Kitty, for the first ten days; but he got so laughed at and quizzed that he soon let the subject drop altogether. And so it remained untalked of, and almost forgotten by everybody but himself, till these last few years, since the number of visitors coming to Ventnor has so greatly increased.

"It struck John one day, observing what numbers of people walked up the hill to see the Wishing Well, that his story occasionally told to a gaping stranger, might turn to some account; and many a shilling, I believe, it has brought him. Stories, my dear sir, as I suppose you must be aware, like wine and friends, improve by keeping. Not that I mean to say that there is one single particle of this tale, in its latest and most improved version, that John Chaw does not himself most implicitly believe to have happened.

"What appears to John to be the most extraordinary part of the history is the way in which the fairy accomplished his second wish, of making him plain John Chaw again, Farmer Bull's servant, and the wonderful manner in which she contrived to snip off three whole months out of his past life, so that not a trace of their existence remained. For nobody could ever persuade him that he had not been for three months Mr. Ballicalli Chaw, of Ballicalli Park, in the county of Northumberland, and he never would marry for fear of those three months of his life being rediscovered, and Lady Kitty Ballicalli prosecuting him for bigamy.

HAROUN ALRASCHID.

O'er the gorgeous room a luxurious gloom,
Like the glow of a summer's eve, hung;
From its basin of stone, with rose-leaves bestrown,
The fountain its coolness flung;
Perfumes wondrously rare fill'd the eunuch-fann'd air,
And on gem-studded carpets around
The poets sung forth tales of glory or mirth
To their instruments' eloquent sound;
On a throne framed of gold sat their monarch the bold,
With coffers of coin by his side,
And to each, as he sung, lavish handfuls he flung,
Till each in his gratitude cried,
" Long, long live great Haroun Alraschid, the Caliph of Babylon old!"

Disturbing the feast, from the Rome of the East
An embassage audience craves;
And Haroun, smiling bland, cries, dismissing the band,
" We will look on the face of our slaves!"
Then the eunuchs who wait on their Caliph in state
Lead the messenger Lords of the Greek.
Proud and martial their mien, proud and martial their sheen,
But they bow to the Arab right meek;
And with heads bending down, though their brows wear a frown,
They ask if he audience bestow.
"Yea, dogs of the Greek, we await ye, so speak!—
Have ye brought us the tribute you owe?
Or what lack ye of Haroun Alraschid, the Caliph of Babylon old?"

Then the Greek spake loud, "To Alraschid the Proud
This message our monarch doth send:
While ye play'd 'gainst a Queen, ye could mate her, I ween—
She could ill with thy pieces contend;
But Irene is dead, and a Pawn in her stead
Holds her power and place on the board:
By Nicephorus stern is the purple now worn,
And no longer he owns thee for lord.
If tribute ye claim, I am bade in his name
This to tell thee, O King of the World,
With these, not with gold, pays Nicephorus bold!"—
And a bundle of sword-blades he hurl'd
At the feet of stern Haroun Alraschid, the Caliph of Babylon old

Dark as death was his look, and his every limb shook,
As the Caliph glared round on the foe—
"View my answer!" he roar'd, and unsheathing his sword,
Clove the bundle of falchions right through.
"Tell my slave, the Greek hound, that Haroun the Renown'd,
Ere the sun that now sets rise again,
Will be far on the road to his wretched abode,
With many a myriad of men.
No reply will he send, either spoken or penn'd;
But by Allah, and Abram our sire,
He shall read a reply on the earth, in the sky,
Writ in bloodshed, and famine, and fire!
Now begone!" thundered Haroun Alraschid, the Caliph of Babylon old.

As the sun dropt in night by the murky torch-light,
There was gathering of horse and of man:
Tartar, Courd, Bishareen, Persian, swart Bedoween,
And the mighty of far Khorasan—
Of all tongues, of all lands, and in numberless bands,
Round the Prophet's green banner they crowd,
They are form'd in array, they are up and away,
Like the locusts' calamitous cloud;
But rapine or spoil, till they reach the Greek soil,
Is forbidden, however assail'd.
A poor widow, whose fold a Courd robb'd, her tale told,
And he was that instant impaled
By the stern wrath of Haroun Alraschid, the Caliph of Babylon old!

On o'er valley and hill, river, plain, onwards still,
Fleet and fell as the desert-wind, on!
Where was green grass before, when that host had pass'd o'er,
Every vestige of verdure was gone!
On o'er valley and hill, desert, river, on still,
With the speed of the wild ass or deer,
The dust of their tread, o'er the atmosphere spread,
Hung for miles like a cloud in their rear.
On o'er valley and hill, desert, river, on still,
Till afar booms the ocean's hoarse roar,
And amid the night's gloom are seen tower, temple, dome—
Heraclea, that sits by the shore!
The doom'd city of Haroun Alraschid, the Caliph of Babylon old.

There was mirth at its height in thy mansions that night,
Heraclea, that sits by the sea!
Thy damsels' soft smiles breathed their loveliest wiles,
And the banquet was wild in its glee!
For Zoe the fair, proud Nicephorus' heir,
That night was betrothed to her mate,
To Theseus the Bold, of Illyria old,
And the blood of the Island-kings great.
When lo! wild and lorn, and with robes travel-torn,
And with features that pallidly glared,
They the Arab had spurn'd from Damascus return'd,
Rush'd in, and the coming declared
Of the armies of Haroun Alraschid, the Caliph of Babylon old.

A faint tumult afar, the first breathing of war,
Multitudinous floats on the gale;
The lelie shout shrill, and the toss'd cymbals peal,
And the trumpet's long desolate wail,
The horse-tramp of swarms, and the clangour of arms,
And the murmur of nations of men.
Oh woe, woe, and woe, Heraclea shall know—
She shall fall, and shall rise not again;
The spiders' dusk looms shall alone hang her rooms,
The green grass shall grow in her ways,
Her daughters shall wail, and her warriors shall quail,
And herself be a sign of amaze,
Through the vengeance of Haroun Alraschid, the Caliph of Babylon old.

'Tis the dawn of the sun, and the morn-prayer is done,
And the murderous onset is made;
The Christian and foe they are at it, I trow,
Fearfully plying the blade.

Each after each rolls on to the breach,
Like the slumberless roll of the sea.
Rank rolling on rank rush the foe on the Frank,
Breathless, in desperate glee;
The Greek's quenchless fire, the Mussulman's ire
Has hurled over rampart and wall.
And 'tis all one wild hell of blades slaughtering fell,
Where fiercest and fellest o'er all
Work'd the falchion of Haroun Alraschid, the Caliph of Babylon old.

But day rose on day, yet Nicephorus grey,
And Theseus, his daughter's betrothed,
With warrior-like sleight kept the town in despite
Of the Moslem insulted and loathed.
Morn rose after morn on the leaguers outworn,
Till the Caliph with rage tore his beard;
And, terribly wroth, sware a terrible oath—
An oath which the boldest ev'n fear'd.
So his mighty Emirs gat around their compeers,
And picked for the onslaught a few.
Oh! that onslaught was dread,—every Moslem struck dead!
But, however, young Theseus they slew,
And that gladdened fierce Haroun Alraschid, the Caliph of Babylon old.

Heraclea, that night in thy palaces bright
There was anguish and bitterest grief.
"He is gone! he is dead!" were the words that they said,
Though the stunn'd heart refused its belief;
Wild and far spreads the moan, from the hut, from the throne,
Striking every one breathless with fear.
"Oh! Theseus the bold, thou art stark,—thou art cold,—
Thou art young to be laid on the bier."
One alone makes no moan, but with features like stone,
In an ecstasy haggard of woe,
Sits tearless and lorn, with dry eyeballs that burn,
And fitful her lips mutter low
Dread threatenings against Haroun Alraschid, the Caliph of Babylon old.

The next morn on the wall, first and fiercest of all,
The distraction of grief cast aside,
In her lord's arms arrayed, Zoe plies the death-blade,—
Ay, and, marry, right terribly plied.
Her lovely arm fair, to the shoulder is bare,
And nerved with a giant-like power
Where her deadly sword sweeps fall the mighty in heaps;
Where she does but appear the foe cower.
Rank on rank they rush on,—rank on rank are struck down,
Till the ditch is choked up with the dead.
The vulture and crow, and the wild dog, I trow,
Made a dreadful repast that night as they fed
On the liegemen of Haroun Alraschid, the Caliph of Babylon old.

This was not to last.—The stern Moslem, downcast,
Retrieved the next morning their might;
For Alraschid the bold, and the Barmecide old,
Had proclaimed through the camp in the night,
That whoso should win the first footing within
The city that bearded their power,
Should have for his prize the fierce girl with black eyes,
And ten thousand zecchines as her dower.

It spurred them right well; and they battled and fell,
Like lions, with long hunger wild.
Ere that day set the sun Heraclea was won,
And Nicephorus bold, and his child,
Were captives to Haroun Alraschid, the Caliph of Babylon old.

To his slave, the Greek hound, roared Haroun the renowned,
When before him Nicephorus came,
"Though the pawn went to queen, 'tis checkmated, I ween.
Thou 'rt as bold as unskilled in the game.
Now, Infidel, say, wherefore should I not slay
The wretch that my vengeance hath sought?"—
"I am faint,—I am weak,—and I thirst," quoth the Greek,
Give me drink." At his bidding 'tis brought;
He took it; but shrank, lest 'twere poison he drank.
"Thou art safe till the goblet be quaffed!"
Cried Haroun. The Greek heard, took the foe at his word,
Dashed down on the pavement the draught,
And claimed mercy of Haroun Alraschid, the Caliph of Babylon old.

Haroun never broke word or oath that he spoke,
So he granted the captive his life,
And then bade his slaves bare stately Zoe the fair,
To the warrior who won her in strife;
But the royal maid cried in the wrath of her pride,
She would die ere her hand should be given,
Or the nuptial caress should be lavished to bless
Such a foe to her house and to Heaven.
Her entreaties they spurned, and her menace they scorned;
But, resolute, spite of their power,
All food she denied, and by self-famine died;
And her father went mad from that hour.
Thus triumph'd stern Haroun Alraschid, the Caliph of Babylon old!

G. E. Inman.

A TALE OF THE MORGUE.

BY EDWARD MAYHEW.

CHAPTER I.

The streets of Paris after midnight are, at best, no very pleasant quarters; but on the 15th of last February they were even less agreeable than usual. It was a most awful night. The fierce black firmament whooped and grinned ghastfully as it spat its lightning over the earth, and the wind scampered along, raving like a mad thing. Not a sound reigned in the deserted streets, saving the roar of the contending elements. At one time the ear caught only the sputtering of the rain against the window-panes; at another, this was stifled in the wild howl of the blast; and anon nothing was heard but the deafening thunder crashing through the skies, loud, startling, and awful as the dread peal of the last trump.

Late on this terrible night, in the antiquated *salon* of an ancient mansion in the Faubourg St. Germain, sat an old man, who by his

looks numbered some three-score years and odd. The few hairs which the meddling fingers of Time had left unplucked on his head were hoary with the frost of age; while in his face the same busy hand, or the rougher one of Care, had scored many a deep and sorrowful wrinkle. It was evident by the stripes of riband decorating his coat that he was one of no mean rank in his country. A book lay open on the table before him, but matter of a more important and less pleasing character than its pages appeared to engross his mind; for his eyes were abstractedly fixed on the fire, his brows were knitted closely together, his face was half buried in his hands, and occasionally certain indistinct and angry mutterings burst from his lips.

The clock on the mantel-piece, tinkling the hour of four, aroused the old man from his reverie. He started wildly from his chair, and rapidly pacing the apartment, exclaimed — " Four! — four! and he still absent! — Yes! now it *must be* as I feared. What else could detain him till such an hour? — and on such a night, too! Ay! it is too plain—too glaring to be mistaken. He is — O God!—*is* what I would sooner that he had died than ever lived to be."

The old man stood still, and covered his face with his hands for a while. Presently he again burst forth—

" I have long suspected it. The late hour at which he has returned home for many nights hinted as much to me. And to-night — this terrible night, when all hell appears to have broken loose, and to be rejoicing over his perdition, assures me of the fact. My son! — my only son!"

And the aged man sank upon the sofa in a paroxysm of despair. His feelings were, however, far too fierce and poignant to allow him to rest.

" There is *but* one — one stern and most humiliating way to be pursued to save my boy from toppling headlong down the dread abyss, on whose brink he now stands unconsciously tottering. But it must — ay! and though the heavy task crush me, it shall be done— anything rather than live to look upon my son debased to that basest of all base creatures, a—"

A loud knock at the outer door of the house cut short the old man's speech. His limbs trembled as if palsied, and tottering towards his chair, he exclaimed, in a faint voice, "'Tis he! 'tis he!"

The door of the *salon* opening, ushered into the apartment a youth, rich with the bounty of some twenty summers. He was evidently the old man's son, and betrayed on entering not a little surprise to find his aged parent occupying the room at such an hour.

"What has made you thus late, Alphonse?" inquired his father as he motioned the young man to be seated.

" I was with some friends, sir," he replied.

" *Friends!*" sarcastically exclaimed the Count. Oh, most goodly *friends!* — most staunch *friends!* — most disinterested and infallible *friends!* I'd stake my life upon their fealty. Wouldn't *you*, Alphonse?"

" I do not comprehend you, sir," said his son.

" Not comprehend me! How should you, boy, when I speak upon so incomprehensible a subject as the friendship of your last night's companions? Come tell me now, good Alphonse, where were you all last night?"

"I told you before, sir," replied the young man, evidently vexed at being thus doubted, "at the house of a friend."

"At the house of the devil, sir!" vehemently retorted his father, "where, doubtlessly, you were taught to lie thus unblushingly."

"I lie not," exclaimed the youth.

"Then, sir, if you do not," responded the Count, "it is because you have of late become so intimate with the dark fiend that you are justified in calling *him* your *friend*. For to your face I tell you, that at his house, and among his emissaries, you squandered away last night."

"I do not understand your meaning, M. le Comte," returned Alphonse.

"Well, sir, since you will be so unlearned in matters of this sort, and needs must have a translation of the sentence, I 'll give you one—you passed last night at the gaming-table."

"I—sir—I at the gaming-table?" stammered out the young man.

His father remained silent for a while, and then said in a solemn tone, "Now, on your honour—on your soul, sir, did you not spend last night at the gaming house?"

Alphonse hung down his head with evident remorse, and replied in a faint voice, "I did, sir."

"And you won?"

"Yes."

"What?"

"This," responded the youth, drawing from under his cloak a little sack of money, and handing it to his father.

"And so these are the wages of your last night's turpitude!" exclaimed the Count, as he took the bag and made the coin jingle within it. "Upon my word, a goodly heavy sum—almost as heavy as the hearts of those from whom you won it. Let 's see how much it makes."

And the aged man proceeded to empty the money upon the table, and to reckon the amount.

"So, five thousand francs, sir," said he, when he had finished the task. "And these you say, sir, are your winnings?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then, sir, you do not say the truth."

"Heaven is witness that you do me wrong," cried Alphonse.

"Heaven is witness that I do no such thing," exclaimed the Count; "for Heaven knows that nothing can come of gaming but perdition, — that so deeply hath the dark fiend schemed, that what you think you win is but a sop to whet the greedy player's appetite, — a bribe to tempt the mercenary fool to rashness, craftily making the largest gains the heaviest losses. And so I tell you, sir, that these pieces, which you ignorantly call your *winnings*, are but a sum lent you by the devil, who shall in time exact an interest so usurious for the loan, that house, lands, fortune, honour, peace of mind,—all shall go to liquidate the debt. With what different eyes," continued he, gazing at the specie laid out on the table before him, "do we behold money differently got! How beautiful appear the bright wages of honest industry! How each small silver coin seems to glisten with a proud and almost conscious chastity! With what a different aspect do those damned evil-gotten pieces strike upon mine eyes! The very whiteness, which before appeared so purely beautiful, in them

assumes the loathsome pale and sickly hue of some most vile disease. But it shall taint no house of mine. To some poor wretched vagrant the money may prove a godsend; but here it can but breed *damnation.*"

And so saying, the old man hustled the pieces back into the bag, opened the window, and cast them into the street, exclaiming, — "Away with thee! thou sickly-looking and infectious dross!— away!"—

"I am now going to tell you, Alphonse," proceeded the Count, when he had reseated himself, "a story which never yet has jarred on mortal ear,—a story so beset with the sharp and poignant evils of the gaming-table, that if it do not tear the wild infatuation from your heart, why then, indeed, the vile hag Avarice has glared her evil eye upon you, and indelibly marked you for her own.

"It is now," said the aged man, after a few moments' deliberation, "about fifty-six years since I, — like you now, Alphonse, — young, thoughtless, reckless, the menial of my passions, a slave to Avarice, the lackey of Vice, betook myself to one of Chance's dens.

"I will not attempt to describe to you the wild and savage-looking animals I there saw, chained by infatuation to the spot. The ravenous tiger glares not at its prey with a more intense and hungry eye than they did at the cards, and that tiger springs not with a more gluttonous fury on its food than they upon their winnings. But there was one among this ghastly group whose innocent expression of countenance stood out in strong contrast to the fiend-like faces of those around him. It required no great penetration to perceive that he was a stranger to the scene. His unruffled brow, his laughing eye, his smiling lip, all told you that the jaundice of distempered avarice rankled not in him. You had but to observe the happy, placid cast of that young man's countenance, and then to fix your eyes upon the haggard, care-worn features of those around, to perceive in what deep and legible characters Time cuts 'gambler' on the face.

"Well, I saw how little versed was this same youth in all the subtle mysteries of play; and shall I tell you what it came into my head to do? Oh no! no! I cannot, dare not make myself out to you the foul black villain I that night became. I cannot with mine own hands pluck from out your heart all that respect and all that love (for the one must come away with the other) which a father most delights to husband in his child. And yet what would not a father brave to save that child from such a fate! Alphonse, I *will* tell you what it came into my head to do; and oh! let it make you shudder to behold the abject depth of the precipice upon whose crazy brink you have of late been carelessly sporting. It was this: to lead that young man on to play, and so—ay! let me out with it, for such it literally was—*rob* him of his money.

"It needed not much art to win the boy to the first part of my plans. The golden eye of the serpent had beamed upon him in all its overpowering brightness, and he had become fascinated with its look

"We sat down to play.

"You may readily conceive that, having stooped thus much to infamy, I scrupled not to descend to the stale and wily trick of tick-

ling my poor dupe with the winnings of the first few games; and I could perceive, when once he tasted of the gaming-table's savoury food, his relish for it soon became most keen and gluttonous.

"Well, we played, and played, and played again, each *coup* at length producing but another golden crop for me to reap, until in time the petty remnant left him of a thousand francs were staked upon the ensuing game. The cards were dealt — the old thing followed—the sum was mine.

"'Damnation!' shrieked the youth, striking his head with his clenched fists in violent despair.

"'Nay, never let it vex you thus!' I exclaimed. 'Try another *coup*. The goddess Fortune is but a jilting jade at best; and who knows but the very next game she may bestow her smiles on you.'

"'I have no more money,' he cried. 'You have taken all—all—all!' And, stung with the thought, he started wildly from his chair, and hurried off to another quarter of the room.

"He had but avoided Scylla to be drawn into Charybdis.

"Close to where he tarried sat two of Chance's devoutest bigots, sacrificing most largely to their blind and senseless idol. Such was their superstitious zeal, they scrupled not to risk five hundred francs upon the game. I marked the steadfast eager eye with which the young man dogged their play through all its oscillations; nor when he saw the winner clutch his gains was the tough struggle that evidently then took place within his mind lost to my observation.

"He was too weak to wrestle with the sturdy devil that I plainly perceived was tustling with his heart.

"He returned, and we sat down again to play,—not for the driblets we before had done, but for rich and lusty prizes. He had two thousand francs still left. In three games, fifteen hundred of that sum were mine. With a desperate hand he cast his last five hundred on the board. We played again, and as we did so I could see the cards tremble in his hand. He lost!

"Oh! never, never shall I forget the intense and frantic glare he then fixed upon me. 'Demon!' he shouted with a ghastly grin, and springing from his seat, dashed like a furious maniac from the room.

"By the morrow," continued the Count, "all recollection of the above scene had flitted, like breath upon a mirror, from the surface of my mind, and I rose in the morning with even a lighter heart than usual, gladdened, no doubt, at the increased preponderance of my purse.

"I stood engaged that day to escort a young country friend to some of the far-famed sights of Paris. He came, and we set out to view the venerable fane of Nôtre Dame. Crossing the Pont Neuf on our way thither, I said, '*Apropos*, Pierre, there is one place peculiar to our city, which you have not yet seen.'

"'*Eh bien!*' returned my companion, who loved to crack a joke almost as much as to crack a bottle. 'And which is that, pray? *La Bastille!* — for if so, I can assure you I have no wish to take other than a *superficial* view of it.'

"'*Parbleu!* Nor would you, Pierre,' I replied, laughing at this jest, 'desire to be any more intimately acquainted, I believe, with the quarter to which I allude, it being none other than the asylum

for those ill-starred ladies and gentlemen who may have gone, or perchance been sent, on an aquatic excursion to the other world,—*La Morgue!*'

Chuckling loud and deep over such like jests, we approached the solemn object of our inhuman mirth: a swarm of people pressed around the building. Eager to learn the cause of the assemblage, I wormed my way into the middle of the throng. Upon the step of the door sat an aged woman weeping most miserably; her grey hair streamed all wild about her cheeks, her face was buried in her hands, and through her skinny fingers oozed her tears, while deep and frequent moans burst from her breast. It was evidently no slight blast that had thus stricken the poor old creature down. In my heart I pitied her. I inquired of the persons around the cause of her distress. It was something about her son, they thought; for occasionally she would wring her hands, they said, and cry, 'My boy! — my poor loved boy!'

"'What grieves you thus sorely, my good woman?' I compassionately accosted her.

"'My son!—my dear, dear son!' she sorrowfully replied.

"'What of your son?' I returned.

"'Oh, sir, they have butchered him, and then thrown him like a dog into the river. Yes, I am sure—too, too wretchedly sure of it!' And the poor old creature sobbed again at the thought as if her heart were like to break.

"'And what should make you thus sure, my dear madam?' I continued, when she had in a measure recomposed herself.

"'My God! has he not been absent all this long, long, long night from home!' she exclaimed.

"'Well, my good woman,' I said, 'if that be your only ground of suspicion, dry up your tears; for depend upon it you have little cause for fear.'

"'Would—would to Heaven I had!' she energetically cried. 'But, no! he was too good—too tender—too kind-hearted, to allow his poor old mother to minute out one entire, vast, interminable night in anxious watchings for her son's return. Ah, sir! had you but known him half as well as we, you would have been as ready as myself to swear that, had they but left him life enough to stagger to the door, most willingly would he have tottered home to his dear sister Blanche and me.'

"'Yes, my dear woman,' I replied, endeavouring to banter her out of her grief, 'I have no doubt but that your son was a most exemplary young man; but being a man, and not absolutely a saint, it is but natural to suppose that he was not utterly insensible to the charms of the fair sex; and, though I cannot but believe that were he dying in reality, he would have behaved in the noble manner which you have stated, still I imagine that were he only dying in love instead, his conduct would have been materially different, and that then, like the poor bird with the snake, he would have remained spell-bound — for a night at least — by the witchery of the bright eye that had fascinated him.'

"'Oh no!' she exclaimed with all a mother's ardour; 'my Eugene was not like other boys. He was too good a son—too fond a brother to prefer other roofs to that which sheltered us. So long as our eyes were not bedimmed with tears he was contented to his

heart's content. His whole heart was riveted to his poor sister Blanche and me.' And the tears gushed in torrents again from the poor old creature's eyes.

"'But,' said I, 'have you any other reason for suspecting such to be the case?'

"'Oh yes, sir!' she replied, 'he was laden with a large — to us a very large sum of money. It was his quarter's earnings, and all we had to scare starvation from the door for the next three months—for it was but by the toil of his generous hand his poor sick sister and myself were enabled to exist. But he is gone — gone! They have robbed—they have murdered my poor dear boy!'

"'Nay— nay! my good woman,' I responded, 'do not distress yourself thus. Depend upon it, if these be your only grounds for fear all may yet be well, and most likely upon your return home you may find your lost son there.'

"'Never—never, I am well assured, shall I behold him there alive again. No, there,' she cried, pointing to the interior of the Morgue, 'there is the only place where I can find him now.'

"'How know you? Have you seen him?' I inquired.

"'Seen him!' she shudderingly exclaimed. 'Oh! never could I bring myself to look upon his dear corpse, through those grim bars, laid out. Perhaps, too, to see a deep gash cut in his fair flesh, or, may be, to behold a large hole battered in his skull, and his sweet golden hair all daubed and matted with his blood. No—no! never could I bring myself to look upon him there. And, that he is there, oh, heaven! how wretchedly assured am I.'

"'Would you,' I inquired, 'that I go in and see?'

"'Oh, if you would,' she impassionately cried, 'my thanks — my best, eternal thanks, sir, should be yours.'

"I turned the lock. The door creaked ominously as it opened. With a slam that made the still place shudder again, it closed after me. I stood within the dismal hall of death.

"How exquisitely, how ineffably awful is it to be among the dead! With what a ponderous, suffocating horror weighs the intense and leaden stillness of the scene upon the shrinking heart. Fearful as is the stunning clamour of the thunder, yet it speaks not to the mind with one half the mighty and appalling energy of the stark silence of hushed life.

"I stood overcome with the profound tranquillity that reigned around. Not a sound startled the solemn quietude of the grim abode. I stood as it were paralysed. Presently the recollection of the poor old being I had left waiting in acute suspense the issue of my errand came rushing on my brain.

"I cast a hurried glance along the cold, stiff remnants of mortality that there lay petrified, as it were, in death, and saw, — O God! O God! How can I tell you *what* I saw? Language however nervous, — thought however vivid, could never express — could never conceive the ghastly horror of that sight. Like a thunderbolt then dashed the recollection of each vile act upon my mind. The devilish plot I laid to gull the poor boy of his money; the fiend-like glee with which I gloried in his every step towards perdition; the desperate, frenzied look he fixed upon me when I had dragged him there; and, O just heaven! the last awful epithet, 'DEMON!' he flung at me at parting; and then,— abject wretch that I was!—the filthy

and inhuman jests with which I had approached his dismal resting-place,—all rose with torture into my mind.

"See!—see, Alphonse!—O, see what an absorbing whirlpool is this vice: but once allow yourself to sport upon the stream, who can say but that you, like I, may be sucked imperceptibly into its very vortex, and be for ever ingulphed—ay, and many innocent beings with you, as with me—in unfathomable grief. Here had I been doing what a thousand others had done before me—what you yourself have done this very night, Alphonse,—'indulging in the social game,' as it is called; and look—O, look to what a woeful and appalling end it led. There sat an aged mother, writhing with affliction, robbed of her darling son, stripped of her peace, plundered of the prop that formed at once the pride and pillar of her tottering age. There stood a poor sick sister, the bitter pangs of illness raging in her breast embittered with the still bitterer pangs of grief; the brother whose sympathy was wont to lull her deepest sufferings, whose magic love made even her poor life most precious in her eyes, snatched—irredeemably snatched from her, and she left to linger in a lonely wilderness of life. And there,—there before my eyes,—in that disgusting den of death, upon his wretched marble bed, his hands clenched, as if in vengeance on my head, and grinning most ghastly and most savage, lay all that remained of a loving son, a doting brother, the support and solace of his family, and—wretch that I was—MY—MY VICTIM!

"I rushed madly from out the fell abode. The poor old woman still sat upon the step. She seized me by the arm as I came out, and conned most eagerly my looks. The wretched tidings were too plainly written in my pale face for her to fail to read them.

"'Ah!' she exclaimed, 'I see it *is* as I suspected. Well—well!' she added, raising her eyes to heaven. 'Hard and inscrutable though it be, God's will be done!'

"At length I enticed the sad old creature to her home. I will not elaborate this doleful history by describing to you, Alphonse, the devastating flood of woe that overwhelmed the poor youth's feeble sister when first she heard the fatal news. For such a death to such a brother the hardest heart might feel. Judge, then, how such a sister as the tender-hearted Blanche felt; and judge with what compunctious smartings did each of the maiden's tears sting my heart. The poor old mother saw my anguish, and thanked me for my '*kind commiseration*,'—for little did she deem mine was the hand that desolated all her home. I strove, as well as I was able at that moment, to allay the wretched couple's grief. I told them I was glad I had it in my power to supply, in one respect at least, the place of their Eugene, and I assured them it should be owing to no want of zeal in me if Time did not enable me to do so in all other regards towards them. Again they thanked me for my '*sympathy*,' and said they feared they must on one account encroach upon my kindness. I begged them to rely on my desire to serve them.

"'The favour, then,' replied the aged mother, 'we would ask of '*le bon monsieur*,' is this. The only being in this crowded city whom we poor '*paysannes*,' could call our friend now, as you know, lies in the Morgue; and I am sure that, for the power Blanche or I could have to rescue his dear corpse from that horrid place, there

must he remain. But, maybe you, in your goodness, sir, will not refuse to save our poor Eugene from such a fate.

As you may readily imagine, it required no slight self-denial on my part to promise to revisit that abominable den of death, still I could not find it in my heart to say the poor old creature nay, — so I consented.

It was not long afterwards before I stood once more upon the threshold of the fatal building. In order to reach the keeper's house it was necessary for me to pass along the hall where lay the ghastly relics of my poor young victim. I need not explain to you the haste with which I hurried through the dismal place. On being conducted to the keeper, I described to him the body which I told him I had come to claim. He inquired of me the young man's Christian name.

"'Eugene,' I replied; 'but, pray, Monsieur,' I added, 'allow me to ask what should make you put the question?'

"'A letter, sir,' he returned, 'was found upon the young man, signed with his *nom de Baptême*, and it was but to ascertain the justice of your claim that prompted me to make the inquiry.'

"I soon satisfied the Governor's doubts upon that head, and having arranged that the body was to await my disposal, I hurried from the place with the poor youth's farewell letter in my hand.

"You can easily conceive how much I longed for some retired spot wherein to read the melancholy document. At length I reached the Tuileries. I plunged into the middle of the groves, and tearing open the billet, read what while memory lingers in this brain can never be erased from out my mind. It ran as follows:—

"'Farewell—a long farewell to you, beloved mother! and, oh! farewell — a long farewell to you, my darling Blanche! I write to you from the borders of eternity. Oh! my dear — dear Blanche! and, oh! my still dearer mother! I have been happy with you — have I not?—in want. I could have been happy with you — that I could, proud as I am,—in beggary. But, ah! I cannot bear to look upon you in disgrace.

"'I know you will be at a loss to divine how I, who ever loathed vice from the very depths of my heart, could to-night have got infected by the corruption: how I, who never loved the filthy dross of this world but for the little comforts it bestowed on you could ever have fallen a prey to avarice. I will tell you.

"'You know young Adolphe Sébron, my fellow clerk, and how I used to wonder how he—who I was well aware received but the same small salary as myself, — contrived to live in all the luxury he did. Well, the other day I ventured to hint as much to him. He said he would be candid with me, and confess it was by play; and taking from his desk a heavy bag of money, told me they were his winnings of the previous night. There must have been three thousand francs at least. The sight sunk deep into my heart. I thought how happy and how comfortable you could be were I to meet with a similar turn of luck.

"'The next day I was to receive my quarter's salary. No sooner was the money in my hands than I resolved to go that very night. and offer up the hard-got little sum at Fortune's shrine.

"'How can I describe to you, dear mother, the blaze of light, of

beauty, and of riches, that there flashed upon my eyes? Suffice it. There was gold, glittering, fascinating gold — gold, the *ignis fatuus* of this benighted world, — gold, the apple of man's eye, — lying in ravishing profusion about the place; nor were there wanting — to consummate the wily scheme — the bright-eyed and insinuating daughters of Eve, to coax man on as of old to taste the damning fruit.

"'What wonder, then, that I, who had never seen, had never dreamt of anything half as gorgeous, should have been gulled by the glowing baits around me, or that, bewildered with the dazzling sight, I should have allowed myself to be inveigled into play.

"'I need not tell you that at the beginning I was most timid and most cautious at the game. However, I won the first few stakes, and grew more venturesome, played higher and higher on each fresh *coup*, while each new game served only to increase my already bulky gains. But the tables at length were turned, and Misfortune, with its attendant, Desperation, pressed hard upon me. I lost—and lost—and lost—and lost again—until at last I started from my chair, deprived of the only means we had to eke existence out for the next three months—a very beggar.

"'Starvation I could have suffered by myself without a groan; but to see you in your old age, my dearest mother, and you in your youth, my poor, loved Blanche, writhing with the pangs of excruciating want,—to perceive you dragged slowly from me by the iron hand of hunger to the tomb, would have been maddening — would have been intolerable.

"'Racked by such thoughts I stopped unwittingly before a table where sat two of Chance's sternest fanatics worshipping their senseless idol. They had staked five hundred francs upon the game. I watched their play to the end, and when I saw the winner grasp his heavy gains, I thought it wanted but one such stroke of luck to retrieve my lost fortune. The idea was too strong for my weak soul to wrestle with, and — O mother! mother! — I hardly dare to tell you what it pushed me on to do. But I was mad — desperately mad!—overwhelmed with ruin, and, like one drowning, ready to catch at any straw cast before me.

"'I had two thousand francs of my master's in my pocket, and can you believe it — oh, no! no! you never can believe that I, — I whom you, from my very cradle, toiled to teach that honesty could make the poor man the rich man's peer, could so abuse your care as to appropriate those two thousand francs to my own accursed purposes. But I was crazed with desperation,— blinded with the glare of ruin, and knew not what I did; and so, like an idiot, like a villain, with my master's money in my hand, I went, and gamed once more.

"'I cast five hundred of the sum upon the table. We played. I lost. A second five hundred strewed the board. Again we played. Again I lost. A third five hundred backed the ensuing game. Once more we played. Once more I lost. The fourth, the last five hundred, with a desperate hand I flung into the pool. One other time we played. One other time I lost. My only hope was gone! Ruin stared me in the face!

"'Frenzied with my fate, I rushed from out the place. But,

where to go? Ah! where? Home?—never! I dare not show my guilty face to *you*. To the country?—pshaw! let me fly to the remotest spot of earth, will not Rumour, with her hundred tongues, be sure to hunt me out. No—no! there is *but one* safe, quiet place of refuge for me now, and that is the grave—the silent grave!

"'Death—inextricable, eternal Death, then, is my stern resolve. One other half-hour, and this breathing form will be a lifeless mass. And yet, great God! what agony—what bitter-racking agony is it to rend—irreparably rend asunder all the tender ties that bind us to this poor existence! to say 'farewell' for ever and ever to all the darling beings that make this paltry life most precious to our hearts, Oh! my dear mother! my loved—my much loved Blanche, how does my poor soul writhe again to leave ye—*ye!* its only care, its only joy, its only glimpse of heaven, and, moreover, to leave ye *thus!* But there is no alternative. It must—it must be done. So farewell! for ever fare ye well!—EUGENE.'"

The aged Count could say no more. Sorrow, deep, overwhelming sorrow, stifled his discourse. The tears trickled quickly down his furrowed cheeks, and loud and fast the sobs came gurgling from his breast. He struggled violently to overcome the sturdy anguish, and at length (still sobbing between each word,) resumed his doleful tale.

"What my feelings were after reading this wretched letter, human tongue can never disclose, nor human mind conceive. Suffice it. Let the strong grief that now almost suffocates me at the mere remembrance of the thing, give you some faint idea of the rigid agony I must have then endured. At first I thought to follow my poor victim to the tomb; but deliberation bade me live, and by repentance—deep and absorbing repentance—strive to expunge, if possible, the crime from out my soul.

"Such has ever been the steadfast, anxious object of my life. Not an ear but thine, not even his mother's, has ever listened to the melancholy history of that young man's death. Many, and most bitter have been the tears which I have shed over his grave. His mother, who ever believed her darling son had fallen by some robber's hand, I made my strictest care while living; and when she died—she died beseeching blessings on my head. His sister, Blanche, I spared no means of mine to cure of her disease, and ultimately made her partner of my rank and fortune. My whole days have I devoted to charity, and prayers for the soul of poor Eugene, and I trust by a few more years of rigid penitence yet to be able, ere I die, to atone for all.

"And, now," emphatically added the sorrowful old Count, "I pray you let this be a warning to you, young man. Hoard it in your heart; and, when you think again of play, remember—oh! remember, THE TALE OF THE MORGUE!"

"THE WHISKEY."

No wonder that our Irish boys should be so free and frisky,
For St. Patrick was the very man who first invented whiskey.
National Song—"St. Patrick was a Gentleman."

To attempt a description of Dublin, or indeed of any part of Ireland, without devoting a chapter to the whiskey, would really be "criticising the play, and forgetting the chief performer;" for, as it will be seen before this paper is read through, the whiskey *is* the chief performer in Ireland; and though political opinion is the cause of much excitement, religious opinion of more, yet the whiskey exceeds them both, and is stronger than all.

"There are some things," says an Irishman, "that must be treated with *extreme delicacy*, and one of them is—*a potato*." If I might be allowed to add "a rider" to the remark, I should say, "and another is the whiskey;"—first, because it is the great "Dictator" of Ireland, being the cause of more wit, merriment, and laughter, poverty, wretchedness, and crime, than all the other exciting causes of the green Isle put together; and secondly, because next to the love of life is an Irishman's love of whiskey, and it is doubtful whether the former does not depend in a great measure upon the latter. "Sure, where's the Irishman that doesn't love the 'crathur' before any other *licker* in the world, barring the holy *wather?*" And it is undoubtedly because the honour of "inventing" whiskey is considered by an Irishman the greatest which could be bestowed on any man, that that honour has been conferred upon St. Patrick. "The force of *flattery* could no further go"—even in the land of Blarney Stone.

The whiskey of Ireland is peculiar to the country. It is not smoky like that of Scotland, and it is stronger than any that can be procured out of the country, since it is several degrees above the proof allowed in London, and it is not permitted to be exported until reduced to a certain degree of strength. Scotch whiskey is strong enough, but the Irish exceeds it, and this, too, notwithstanding all the adulteration it undergoes. A story is told of the Scotch whiskey that deserves to be mentioned. A Scotch pedlar, stopping at a whiskey shop on the mountains, called for a naggin of the spirit, which he proceeded to drink neat. "Wad yer na like water with it, sir?" said the serving girl. "Na, na, lassie," said the pedlar; "the man that's na satisfied with *the water that's in it already* must be unco hard to please." In Ireland the taste of whiskey is so well known, that it would be equally difficult to impose upon the consumer. The best spirit is procured from malt, of which an immense quantity is consumed annually for distillation. In colour the spirit resembles very light sherry, and possesses a peculiar odour, which, like all others, must be experienced to be understood. There is another kind of whiskey, the "poteen," or "mountain dew," the whole of which, I believe, is illicitly distilled. It is of a lighter colour than the former, and possesses a smoky flavour, highly prized by connoisseurs, but very disagreeable to a person who tastes it for the first time. These are the two species of the spirit so renowned in song and story for its potential effects upon the people; but it is in another form that its use is universal in Ireland, and its qualities more

highly prized. This is *whiskey punch*. The " crathur" is too strong to be drunk neat; it is therefore invariably used, except by the lowest class of dram-drinkers, in the form of *punch*. This word will mislead an Englishman, unless explained. Unlike the famous punch of England, there is little mystery in the manufacture of this potion. It is no mixture of villanous compounds, it requires no apprenticeship to understand its manufacture, and it can be brewed equally well by the boy just come of age as by the old fox-hunter or village-doctor. It is, in truth, no more than what a Londoner would call by the plain name of " whiskey and water" hot, but which, for reasons unknown to me, has been honoured with the fine-sounding name of "punch" in this country. The word " whiskey" in Irish means "*water*." The etymology of poteen and punch I cannot pretend to explain.

The strongest evidence that can be given of the national love of whiskey, is its use by all classes of society. Unlike the various wines and spirits of England, the mere names of which will almost inform the hearer of the class by whom they are used; for who does not connect an idea of the lower orders with "*gin*," — of sailors with "*grog*,"— of wealthy citizens with "*port and sherry*," — of the *élite* with "*claret*,"—and of fashionable *rakes* with "*champagne*;"—unlike these "degrees of spirit," the favourite beverage of all classes in Ireland is punch; so that to say that a man drinks punch, is merely understood as meaning that he is not a member of a Temperance Society — it conveys no idea of his rank or station. Rich and poor are alike its admirers; and, unfortunately, the latter are attached to it but too strongly. " You well know," says Martin Doyle, in his Hints to Small Farmers on Temperance and Morals, " that on almost every occasion on which people meet for business or pleasure, the whiskey-bottle is made a party; that neither wake nor funeral is without it; and that the solemnity of the grave is sometimes disturbed by its polluting presence. Is there a christening or a marriage without it? Is there a fair or a patron without it? Is there a single bargain concluded, a cow or a pig bought or sold in a market or a fair, without the whiskey-bottle being introduced before the payment?" And with the better classes its use is equally general. At what Irish gentleman's table are not "the materials" for punch introduced after dinner? — if not before the ladies have retired, certainly after they have gone. And it might be added, what real Irish gentleman is there who would not prefer a glass of whiskey-punch before the finest wines of the Continent? Indeed, when well made, it is a most agreeable mixture. It possesses none of the fiery and burning qualities of Hollands; and when taken to excess, if the spirit is pure, it causes but little of the nausea that invariably follows a debauch with wine. There are therefore good grounds for the national partiality, and some excuse for the enormous consumption of the spirit. Before alluding to the latter subject, however, a few instances of the love the people have for it may be interesting.

The Irish, from time immemorial, have been famed for their usquebaugh, or whiskey; and in the collection of ancient Irish songs lately published by Mr. Hardiman, called " Irish Minstrelsy," being an attempt to effect for Irish literature what the " Percy Reliques" have accomplished for our own, there is the following characteristic effu-

sion of an ancient admirer of the whiskey. It is an address of an Irish Bard to the Spirit of Usquebaugh, and is remarkable as much for its truth as the fervour of its sentiment. The song is entitled—

THE LIQUOR OF LIFE.

The Bard addresses Whiskey—

Why, liquor of life! do I love you so,
When in all our encounters you lay me low?
More stupid and senseless I everyday grow—
What a hint, if I 'd mend by the warning!
Tatter'd and torn you 've left my coat,
I 've not a cravat to save my throat;
Yet I pardon you all, my sparkling doat!
If you 'll cheer me again in the morning.

The Whiskey replies—

When you 've heard prayers on Sunday next,
With a sermon besides, or at least the text,
Come down to the alehouse—however your vex'd,
And though thousands of cares assail you;
You 'll find tippling there. Till morals mend,
A cock shall be placed in the barrel's end,
The jar shall be near you, and I 'll be your friend,
And give you a *kead mille faulte.**

The Bard resumes his address—

You 're my soul and my treasure without and within,
My sister, and cousin, and all my kin—
'Tis unlucky to wed such a prodigal sin;
But all other enjoyment is vain, love!
My barley-ricks all turn to you,—
My tillage, my plough, and my horses too,—
My cows and my sheep, they have bid me adieu!
I care not while you remain, love!

Come "vein of my heart," then come in haste,
You 're like ambrosia, my liquor and feast,
My forefathers all had the very same taste
For the genuine dew of the mountain.
Oh! Usquebaugh, I love its kiss,
My guardian spirit I think it is,
Had my christening-bowl been filled with this,
I 'd have swallowed it, were it a fountain.

Many 's the quarrel and fight we 've had,
And many a time you 've made me mad;
But while I 've a heart it can never be sad,
When you smile at me full on the table.
Surely you are my wife and my brother,
My only child, my father and mother,
My outside coat,—I have no other:
Och! I 'll stand by you while I 'm able.

This is a song of great antiquity, and Mr. D'Alton, by whom it is translated from the original Irish, thinks it was the composition of one of the many wandering minstrels who, with their harp upon their shoulder, roamed through the country in olden time, depending on the good feeling and love of the peasantry, and the benefactions

* A hundred thousand welcomes.

of the Irish nobles, who resided in their castles in the country, for assistance and support. The song is exceedingly clever. It abounds with double meaning, which, though not strikingly apparent on the first perusal, evinces the talent of the composer.

An evidence that the same enthusiastic love of the national beverage has always been felt by the people of this country may be found in the following statement of Mr. MacCulloch, respecting the attempts made from time to time to abolish the immoderate use of whiskey. This was at one time attempted by the imposition of enormous duties; and if heavy taxes, enforced by severe fiscal regulations, could make a people sober and industrious, the Irish would be the most so of any on the face of the earth. In order to make the possessors of property join heartily in suppressing illicit distillation, the novel expedient was here resorted to of imposing a heavy fine on every parish, townland, manorland, or lordship in which an unlicensed still was found, while the unfortunate wretches found working it were subjected to *transportation for seven years.* But, instead of putting down illicit distillation, these unheard of severities rendered it universal, and filled the country with bloodshed, and even rebellion. It is stated by the Rev. Mr. Chichester, in his valuable work on the Irish distillery laws, published in 1818, that the Irish system seemed to have been formed in order to perpetuate smuggling and anarchy. It has culled the evils of both savage and civilized life, and rejected all the advantages which they contain. The calamities of civilized warfare are in general inferior to those produced by the Irish distillery laws; and I doubt whether any nation of modern Europe, which is not in a state of actual revolution, can furnish instances of legal cruelty commensurate to those which I have represented. These statements are borne out to the fullest extent by the official details in the Reports of the Revenue Commissioners. In 1811, the Commissioners state, when the duty on spirits was 2*s.* 6*d.* per gallon, duty was paid in Ireland on six and a half millions of gallons, whereas in 1822, when the duty was 5*s.* 6*d.* per gallon, only three millions of gallons were brought to the charge. The Commissioners estimate that the consumption of spirits annually at the latter period was not lèss than ten millions of gallons; and as scarcely three millions paid duty, it followed that *seven millions were illegally supplied;* and allowing one million as the quantity fraudulently furnished for consumption by the licensed victualler (distiller), the produce of the *unlicensed stills may be estimated at six millions of gallons.* Now it is material to keep in mind that this vast amount of smuggling *was carried on in the teeth of the above named barbarous statutes,* and in despite of the utmost exertions of the military and police to prevent it, the only result being the exasperation of the populace, and the perpetration of revolting atrocities both by them and by the military. " In Ireland," say the Commissioners, " it will appear, from the evidence annexed to this Report, that parts of the country have been absolutely disorganized, and placed in opposition not only to the civil authorities, but to the military force of the government. The profits to be obtained from the evasion of the law have been such as to encourage numerous individuals to persevere in these desperate pursuits, notwithstanding the risk of property and life with which they have been attended.

It may naturally be supposed that, with so strong a national feel-

ing in favour of a particular beverage, its consumption must be exceedingly great, and such is undoubtedly the case; but it is not perhaps generally known that the quantity drank in Ireland, in proportion to the population, is only *half that consumed in Scotland*, although nearly twice that of England, and that in fact *each person* on an average in Scotland drinks twice as much whiskey as each person in Ireland. The following statement from the "Statistical Journal" for January 1838 will, however, show that this is really the case. The following is stated as the population and number of gallons of spirits consumed in each of the three countries:—

	England.	Ireland.	Scotland.
Population, . .	13,897,187	7,767,401	2,365,114
Gallons of spirits,	12,341,238	12,293,464	6,767,715

So that the average number of pints of spirits drank by each person in England is 7 and 1-9th; in Ireland, 13; in Scotland, 23!

In questions relating to this subject, persons have been led to most erroneous conclusions, in consequence of omitting some important data in their calculation. Thus Martin Doyle says, "In 1832 there were consumed in Ireland very nearly ten millions of gallons, which going through the hands of the retailers made about fourteen millions of gallons, the cost of which—mind, too, a voluntary tax—amounted to six million three hundred thousand pounds. About seventy years ago, half a million of gallons was considered a frightful quantity; and now we have twenty-eight times as much, although the increase of the population bears no proportion to that consumption. This is an awful fact, and one that should awaken us all to the consequences of such intemperance." This statement is satisfactorily answered, however, by MacCulloch. He says, it might appear from a superficial view as if the consumption of spirits in Ireland had been nearly trebled since 1823, when the quantity used was rather over three millions of gallons, while in 1832 it was nearly nine, according to the Parliamentary returns of the quantity which had paid the duties of Excise for home consumption; but, in point of fact, the consumption has not in any degree increased. The reduction of the duties substituted legal for illegal distillation, and freed the country from the perjuries and other atrocities that grew out of the previous system; but it would be wholly erroneous to say that it increased drunkenness. The Commissioners, who had the best means of obtaining accurate information, estimated the consumption of spirits in Ireland in 1823 at ten millions of gallons, though the returns showed little more than three!

Under any circumstances, however, it is lamentable that such immense sums should be expended on a luxury of the kind, in a country where the people have frequently but a potato between them and starvation. I have been informed by a gentleman, on whose information I can place all reliance (Mr. Hewat), that in the little town of Kilrush the people actually pay more for whiskey than they *do for rent!* But this is hardly worse than the following fact, asserted by Dr. Massey, the editor of the "New York Commercial Advertiser," and which is corroborated by more than one gentleman who has visited New York, and to whom I have mentioned the circumstance. Dr. Massey states, after going through a calculation to prove the correctness of his assertion, "that a little attention to the subject discloses the painful and disgusting fact, that in the clear-headed,

sharp-sighted, money-making city of New York, the inhabitants pay *more annually for tobacco than they do for bread!*" They smoke and *eat* it morning, noon, and night—merchants and tradesmen, citizens and gentlemen!

Calculations on the average quantity of spirits consumed by each person in a country can only be received as affording a general idea of the comparative temperance of different countries, since some persons will drink none, while others take a double portion. This is undoubtedly the case in Ireland, and the quantity consumed by some individuals almost exceeds belief. Mr. Doyle says, in the address already alluded to, "I know several persons, coal-porters, in a neighbouring town, who drink perhaps *a quart of whiskey each every day*, in drams at different times." A good story is told by Mr. Croker of the capability of another class of consumers. "It is difficult," says he, "to form a correct estimate of the quantity of whiskey-punch which may be comfortably discussed at a sitting. In the case of a gentleman whose life had been insured for a large sum of money, the payment at his death was resisted by the insurance company, on the ground that he had caused his death by excessive drinking. The matter came to a legal trial, and amongst other witnesses examined was one who swore that for the last eighteen years of his life he had been in the habit of taking every night *four-and-twenty tumblers of whiskey-punch!* 'Recollect yourself, sir,' said the examining counsel. 'Four-and-twenty! You swear to that. Now, did you ever drink *five*-and-twenty?'—'I am on my oath,' replied the witness, 'and I will swear no further, for I never kept count beyond the two dozen; though there's no saying how many beyond I might drink to make myself comfortable;—*but that's my stint!*'"

However exaggerated and absurd such a story may appear to a temperate Englishman, and though probably highly coloured, I have little doubt myself but it had a good foundation. I have myself seen gentlemen who had drunk nine tumblers of punch in the course of an evening walk steadily home afterwards, and who could certainly have taken a few more "to make themselves comfortable." It is not every head, however, that will bear so strong a potion; and the circumstances attending an Irishman's getting intoxicated with his favourite "punch" are so characteristic and amusing, that a few sentences must be devoted to the subject.

Premising that a gentleman's ordinary "stint" be seven tumblers, let me endeavour to record his progress through the field of Whiskey Elysium, till he has perfected his operations on the charmed number, which, like the seventh bullet in Der Freischutz, recoils upon himself.

We will suppose he enters the proper theatre for such an exhibition as ultimately ensues, "The Shades," with a friend or two in company; for an Irishman does not like to get drunk by himself. He first calls for "materials;" and although the word is open to a variety of meanings, the waiter understands *his*, and his wishes are obeyed accordingly. Three *small glasses* formed in the shape of pint-pots without handles, make their appearance, filled with a light-brownish-yellow-looking fluid—this is "the crathur"—accompanied by a saucer, containing sundry lumps of sugar, three tumblers, with German-silver spoons, and an imitation "King's mark,'

and a jug of "bilin wather." These—"the materials"—are distributed amongst the operators, and the first scene commences. Each of the party pops into his glass three of the lumps of sugar, on which is poured a quantity of water sufficient to fill the tumblers three-fourths to the brim (or rather less, if the gentlemen like their punch "frisky"). Next is added the grand ingredient, the whiskey itself; and so well have the operators, from experience, calculated the calibre of the glasses, that when the spirit and water are mixed there is just sufficient room left to allow of the whole being stirred without spilling, and no more. The stir is given accordingly, and the punch is brewed.

The *first* and *second* tumblers that are taken do not produce many visible effects. They are engaged in undermining the fabric of intellect which is soon to fall. The gentleman who we will suppose to be the chief performer merely begins to feel "pleasant." If a smoker, he takes the short pipe—"the dudheen," which no gentleman sees anything discreditable in carrying,—from his pocket, and commences smoking, at the same time passing in review before his mind's eye all the jokes and pleasant sayings with which he may puzzle and amuse his friends. Towards the conclusion of the second tumbler the effects of his cogitations make their appearance. He perhaps points to some remarkably quiet, harmless-looking gentleman in one corner, who has just dropt in to enjoy one tumbler, and asks his friend if he knows the "quare ruffian." Upon being answered in the negative, he explains that he is the man "*who'd skin a flea for the hide and tallow, and never bury the bones afterwards,*" because he has not given the waiter the customary fee: or, perhaps our friend confines his observations to personal qualities of another kind,—such as remarking that a gentleman would have been a good deal handsomer if the principal feature of his face had been two inches shorter: or other pleasantries of a similar description. He concludes by expressing his firm conviction that the gent noticed by him is a strict Catholic, and wonders how he likes "ling" (salt-fish) in Lent. This is said in order to remind his friends of the unpleasant thirst caused by that article, and affords a fair excuse for

Glass the third. On taking this he becomes exceedingly witty,—the bonds are now loosened that before bound his tongue, however slightly; and everything that can assist in producing fun, and raising a smile are put under contribution by him. He commences, too, a series of practical jokes,—such as slipping the snuffers into his friend's pocket, so that he draws them forth with surprise when he seeks for his handkerchief—which our friend has placed on the back of a gentleman's chair at the next table. He drives down the cork of an empty ale-bottle, and then calls at the pitch of his voice for the waiter, and a cork-screw; and, with many similar manifestations of the potency of the whiskey, he contrives to make his friends laugh even if they are not so inclined, in a manner which none but an Irishman can effect.

At the *fourth* tumbler he becomes more sedate. Some of his tricks have reminded him of some friend; and in such circumstances an Irish gentleman looks upon the reputation of his friend as far dearer than his own. The friend is a paragon of perfection. He has even the look of a genius; and was actually mistaken for Dean Swift thirty years after the Dean had paid the debt of nature! and he is so

witty that "he was held to bail for making a judge laugh when he was passing sentence in court." When an Irishman begins to talk of his friends, it is impossible to bring forward a Crichton who can equal them—in fact they are *all unknown* admirable Crichtons. They can talk better than any one else; they can laugh at the same rate; and as for fighting, "Och! murther! he'd like to see the man that could bate them, anyhow?" and "Who can equal Michael Reilly, too, in singing the 'Angel's Whisper?'" This reminds him that his friend might like to hear it; upon which he begins to hum a Dublin street-ballad, mistaking it for "The Angel's Whisper," and asks his friend if they ever heard that beautiful Irish melody. Without waiting for their reply, he breaks out into complete song, judiciously combining the words of some five or six for the sake of effect and novelty. Upon this a gentleman at the next table, who, like the gentleman we are describing, has also reached his fourth tumbler, asks him "if he'd like to have Christchurch organ for an accompaniment?" This remark brings the song to an immediate conclusion. Fiery glances are exchanged, but the only result is a call for more materials from which the *fifth tumbler* of punch is manufactured, and our friend, who is a Tory, immediately rises to propose "*The glorious, pious, and immortal memory of the great and good King William, who saved us from Popery, brass money, and wooden shoes, and gave us leave to go out on Sundays!*"* The toast on paper certainly assumes something of the appearance of a joke, from some of the expressions it contains; but it is regarded *in a very different light* at drinking-parties in Ireland. To the Conservative party it is a war-cry of triumph; to the Liberal party an insult of the most irritating nature. In the present instance, however, the toast passes unnoticed, except by the giver and his two friends; though, by the bye, such an occurrence may be regarded as an extraordinary one. Our friend gave the toast to show his perfect "contempt" of the gentleman who had interrupted his song, and whom he imagined to be a Liberal. Finding he has it all his own way, he calls to the waiter for his *sixth* tumbler and a pinch of snuff, to show in what light he regards the rejection of his challenge—for such on all occasions the toast is considered. The waiter unfortunately has no snuff, and is accordingly honoured by a few of the most expressive cursings the gentleman can bestow, at the same time that he searches in his pocket for a penny to throw at him "for his cursed impudence in having no snuff;" not finding one, he substitutes a shilling, which, fortunately for the poor waiter, from the unsteadiness of the thrower's eye and arm, only strikes the wall. The waiter stands simpering for a moment or two; and, after one or two *waiter's* smiles, politely picks the shilling up, puts it in his pocket, and immediately runs off to some other gentleman, who is calling at the top of his voice for more "materials." A second waiter, however, happens to have a snuff-box for the use of the gentleman; but, in opening it, inhales a portion of its contents, and, being unused to the "fragrant weed" in the form of snuff, he sneezes. Upon which the gentleman stares at him for a moment with the filmy eye of a drunken man, and asks him "What he means by *that?*" at the same time rising to inflict sum-

* The latter words allude to William having abolished the *spurious money* of James, and to his having been the first to *do away with arrest for debt on Sundays.*

mary punishment on the unfortunate object of his wrath. In endeavouring to do so, he stumbles against one of the "Liberals" at the next table; who, being in no wise friendly disposed, pushes him to the other side. He immediately shouts out the "Glorious memory" a second time; and the other party being now sufficiently heated by punch to resent the insult, immediately knocks him down. A single fight, I believe, never takes place in Ireland when more than two persons are present, and of course, therefore, the gentleman's friend knocks down the other gentleman in return. Our friend's friend meets with a similar compliment from some other friend, and a general *melée* ensues. The fight soon becomes universal; for when an Irishman wants "devarsion" of this kind, he soon makes it for himself. Those who do not wish to fight receive one or two blows on the face from a man they have probably never seen before, and this at once determines the question whether they will fight, or not; and a most terrific fight it soon becomes,—blows are dealt right and left with sticks and chairs, fists and legs; tumblers are thrown, and wine-glasses follow; the lamps are broken, the glass is all smashed, the combatants are bruised and bleeding, and the general tumult is only stayed by the extinction of the lights and the "physical force" of the waiters; who, as soon as they hear the glasses breaking, (knowing *they will have to pay for them*) become extremely active and vigilant, and being sober, which the others are not, they are very efficient, and so the tumult is subdued. As soon as it is over, our friend is seen at the bar of the tavern with the gentleman who first knocked him down, swearing eternal friendship, and drinking to future kindness in the *seventh tumbler*. A perfect Irish picture!

This by no means concludes the "devarsion" of the night; but the sketch has already been extended too much. It may merely be necessary to add, that as soon as the party reach the street, the spirit of fun, which had been succeeded by the spirit of mischief and fighting, again resumes its sway for a time. All kinds of practical jokes are projected and executed, such as those which would be the more especial delight of the Marquis of Waterford, who is a splendid example of "a fine young Irish gentleman;" but the conclusion of the night's adventures are invariably the same. A tumult in the street; an affray with the police; a few contusions and bruises; and either a compromise, an escape, or a lodging for the night in the police station-house.

I should not have made so long a story of the whiskey punch, but that the effects I have described appear to follow so naturally with an Irish gentleman. An abundance of wit and practical fun; a sudden transition to anger; a ludicrous sense of importance and dignity; an intense desire to support the honour of his friends or his party, and at last an invariable propensity to fight with whoever will afford him the opportunity. Indeed he does not always wait for that. The old joke of the Irishman's love of fighting is really no exaggeration. "Och! murther! Nine o'clock at Donnybrook fair, and devil a fight yet! *Will any jontleman have the kindness to tread on the tail of my coat?*"

When speaking of the ancient and enduring love of whiskey by the people of this country, I ought not to have omitted two or three illustrative anecdotes I have collected on the subject. In explanation of that part of the bard's address just quoted, where he says,

"*Had my christening bowl been filled with this,*
I'd have swallowed it were it a fountain,"

the following curious statement in Holinshed's Chronicles deserves attention, not only for the singular custom it describes, but because it also proves the antiquity of the poem in which an allusion to so old a custom is made so familiarly. Holinshed, in his chronicle of "the troublesome estate of Ireland," in the chapter which he quaintly heads, "On the disposition and maners of the meere Irish, commonly called the Wild Irish," he says:—"In some corner of the land they used a damnable superstition—leaving the right armes of their infants unchristened (as they termed it), to the intent it might give a more ungracious and deadlie blow. Others write, that gentlemen's children were *baptised in milk*, and the infants of poor folke in water, who had the better, or rather, the onlie choice." Sometimes the christening-bowl might at least contain some portion of the spirit to which the people were so much attached, and hence, doubtless, the allusion by the bard. Holinshed, gives somewhat rudely an account of their love for it, when he says, "Flesh they devour without bread, and that half raw; the rest boileth within their stomachs with *aqua vitæ*, which they swill in after such a surfeit by quarts and pottels."

Dr. Rennie, who was examined on a committee of the House of Lords in 1811, as to the effects of the reduction of the duty on whiskey, says, "At a time when the common price of whiskey was 7*s*. 6*d*. per gallon, it was adulterated so much that it was sold at 4*s*. or 5*s*.; and the bells were rung to announce it to the people, and to relate the joyous news, and a general state of drunkenness was perceivable throughout the whole liberty for a week or a fortnight afterwards." The same feeling is illustrated in the following anecdote told by Mr. Croker. On one occasion a hospitable lady, who had rewarded a labourer for his exertions with some admirable whiskey, administered in a claret glass, was both shocked and astonished at the impiety and ingratitude of his exclamation. "May the devil blow the man that blowed this glass!"

"What is that you say?" (enquired the lady.) "What do I hear?"

"I'm much obliged to you, honourable madam, and 'tis no harm I mane; only bad luck to the blaguard glass-blower, whoever he was, for with the least bit of breath in life more he could have made the glass *twice as big!*"

Although from such instances we may naturally conclude that the love of whiskey is a feeling *sui generis* with an Irishman, yet there can be little doubt it is custom, and custom alone, that makes it so powerful. Look at the tents at the fair how they are filled with fathers of families,—with young boys, who are taught to consider that their approaches to manhood and manliness are best proved by their ability to drink without being sick or drunk, or in other words, by *making their heads in time*. See young women, as in these places, under pretence of being treated to a *fairing* of gingerbread, in reality indulging in punch and coarse conversation, which is too often the accompaniment of strong drink, and then tell me that the whiskey does no harm!

See the small holder or labourer, whose only business at a fair is, perhaps, to buy a spade-handle, standing at the tent door, in hopes

of meeting with some *good gay fellow* (that is, some tipsy fool) who will treat him to a glass or a naggin. This is the way drunkenness is encouraged.

"Do you see that horse drinking?" said a farming gentleman once to his herd, who, to the great injury of his master's cattle had been tempted at a fair to drink too much,—"*he* takes just what is good for him, and no more."

"Thrue for you, masther," said the other, "*but he has nobody to say to him, 'here's to ye!'*"

The Dublin whiskey-shops, like the London gin-shops, are undoubtedly the cause of much intemperance by affording the *poor* the opportunity of indulging their depraved taste; but here the likeness ceases, for a whiskey-shop here, and a gin-temple in London, are as unlike in all other respects as can possibly be imagined. The former are now what the liquor-shops in London were when the price of spirits was so low, that it was actually written up on the window of one of them, "A man may get drunk here for a penny, dead drunk for two-pence, and have clean straw for nothing." The two kinds of spirit-shops now, however, are so different that they deserve to have a comparison drawn between them.

Imagine a small shop at the corner of a street in Dublin, with a doorway on each side of the angle of the house, so that those who wish to cut off the corner may do so at pleasure, and of which privilege not a few avail themselves, for here there are no mahogany doors, with ground-glass windows to offer an impediment; you can therefore enter the shop without difficulty, should the doorway not be occupied by some two or three old women, who, squatted down at either corner, are enjoying the luxury of smoking short pipes, as black from constant use as their own faces for want of washing; and which said ladies being by no means agile in their movements, occasion some little delay before you can fairly enter the place. But, having at length gained admission, what a scene presents itself! You see the abode of the spirit of intemperance unadorned by any of those ornaments that make its temples in London appear rather the abodes of fairies than the appointed places for sensual orgies of the most depraved of all the appetites. Here vice is seen in its natural hideousness, unbedizened by those glaring arts, which, however, do not diminish its criminality, even if they conceal some portion of its loathsomeness. The Irish whiskey-shop most truly exhibits vice as

"A monster of such frightful mien,
That to be hated needs but to be seen.

Yet, unfortunately for its infatuated and wretched devotees,

"Familiar with its face,
They first endure, then pity, then embrace."

On entering the shop a stranger is almost suffocated and stupified by the stench of the whiskey, arising as well from the liquor itself as from the breaths of those who have been drinking it, both fuming together a fume, which if Milton had ever inhaled, he would have described as the atmosphere of the lowest depth in which the most depraved of the fallen were confined. By degrees, however, the organs of smell lose some portion of their sensibility, so that an opportunity is afforded for examining the place. It is, most probably, a *grocer's* shop,— for nearly all the grocers sell spirits in Dublin, though only

a certain number keep dram-shops. But this is one of them; and a man who can recall to his recollection the magnificent gin-temples of London, will have a fine subject for contrast.

When I entered the Dublin whiskey-shop I thought of this temple, and it struck me that two abodes for the same evil spirit more different in their character could not be found. The shop had very much the appearance of a common "chandler's shop." On the counter were some two or three dirty whiskey-glasses, and discoloured pewter measures, which had evidently "done the state some service." There was a small tub of dirty water about the middle of the counter, in which the whiskey-glasses, I presume, were rinsed after being used by a customer, and in front of this, projecting about a foot and a half from the counter, was an upright board, perhaps six feet high. It is behind this screen, or one formed of three or four empty tea-chests placed upon each other, where the board is not provided, that those who wish to take a dram without being observed from the street, can do so. Behind the dirty counter there is just room for one man to stand, but not for another to pass; and, in place of gilded vats we may see a number of small tin tea-canisters, and in a little glass-case on one side, probably a few of the smaller articles to be found at a "general shop." Upon the shelves which extend around the place, are ranged a number of quart-bottles filled with whiskey, and the printed labels on which give the only appearance of regularity to be observed in the shop. Even the windows of the front are disgraceful: some are of common green-glass, with the knob in the centre; others are of glass so imperfectly blown that on looking through them a man's face appears extended to the ordinary length of his arm, or expanded like the Bull and Mouth in St. Martin-le-Grand. The place in front of the counter is strewed with broken boxes, a form or two, and some dirty straw; upon the latter of which, every now and then, one of the ladies who is smoking drops the contents of her pipe, which, however, she retains in her mouth for a minute or two, without being aware of her loss. No one puts his foot upon the burning tobacco, for he would not spoil what may perhaps be recovered and again used by the smoker; but if it is not, its fragrant perfume combines with that of the whiskey and of the drinkers to render the atmosphere of the place still more intolerable. There are no spirit-taps upon the counter like those previously described, or indeed of any kind, for the vender draws the spirit direct from the cask he has behind, and the small casks that may be disposed upon the shelves amongst the whiskey bottles, are empty, therefore, and only exhibited for the sake of ornament! Altogether the shop is as disgusting as can be imagined, far worse than any description can convey an idea of,—it is filthy in its external and internal appearance,—the atmosphere reeks with a foul odour, and the frequenters of the shop seem fitting visitors for such a place.

The number of such low drinking-shops is far above what might be imagined. The writer before quoted says that in 1835, in one street in Dublin, containing one hundred and thirty solvent houses, as they are called, seventy were whiskey-shops. The fact is, that many wealthy citizens, reckless of the consequences which affect the drunkard, derive large incomes from public-houses, and, of course, exert themselves to the utmost to obtain licenses for publicans. In

one case, where the churchwardens refused to renew the certificate of good conduct for a man who rented one of these shops, because he also kept a house of ill-fame, the case was even prosecuted to a court of law to oblige the churchwarden to renew the certificate; and, though the application was refused, it showed the extent to which influence is exerted in favour of these places.

I have not instituted a comparison between the London gin-temple and the Dublin whiskey-shop for the purpose of exhibiting the former in the most favourable point of view; for, as far as the intrinsic merits of either are concerned, the whiskey-shop is probably the more honest, since it will contain the least adulterated spirits. But I wished to show that the meanness or the splendour of the dram-shop made no difference in its character. The same miserable and despicable race of creatures are to be found in both. In London or in Dublin the frequenters of such places exhibit the same haggard look and trembling step, — the same low, sullen, feverish eye, and the same parched and quivering lip. Whiskey rots the mind as surely and as powerfully as gin; and, whether in Ireland or England, where the same poverty and wretchedness prevail, the same low vices accompany them.

COLIN CLINK.

BY CHARLES HOOTON.

BOOK THE SECOND

CHAPTER XII.

Colin's attempt to liberate Fanny's father from the mad-house, with the adventures that befell him thereupon.

When our hero had taken leave of his friends, and passed out of his mother's house, he found the night, as he thought, peculiarly adapted for his purpose. The air was dark and troubled, vexed with contending winds, which blew, as it seemed, now from one quarter of the heavens, and then again from its opposite, while drops of rain occasionally came on the blast, succeeded by momentary showers of hard hail. Though summer-time, the weather felt as though it had suddenly changed to that of March, so cold and ungenial was the blast.

The youth pursued his way for some distance along a dark lane, fenced high with thick hawthorn on each side, and traversed by deep ruts, here and there containing puddles of water, which reflected some little light as they caught the sky, and deceived him with the idea that something white was lying in his road. From this lane he crossed a stile and several fields, as offering the most direct route to the back part of the grounds around the doctor's house. When arrived there, he stopped outside the plantation, in order to assure himself that no person was about. Nothing living stirred at that hour. He forced his way through a thorny gap in the fence, and soon found himself at that north-east corner of the yard-wall which he had particularly specified. He now uncoiled

his rope, and cautiously threw up that end of it to which a grappling-hook was attached. After a few efforts it caught firm hold, and, as the distant clock struck ten, he ascended to the top of the wall; though, as he fancied this elevation would bring him in relief against the sky, he crouched as closely as possible, in order to avoid being seen, should it unluckily so chance that any individual of the establishment was about.

"Are you there?" asked Colin, in a low but earnest voice, as he peeped down into the yard.

"Yes," answered one from below, in a similar tone. "All right. Make haste!"

Colin's heart leapt within him for joy. Now was he well rewarded for all his pain and trouble:—to think that he had succeeded at last, notwithstanding all his mother's and Fanny's fears! Hastily he drew up the hempen ladder after him, and, sitting upon the top of the wall, fixed it on the other side, in order to enable James Woodruff to ascend.

"Put your feet in, and hold by the sides," said Colin, as he saw dimly that the figure was coming up.

"Yes, yes," replied he. "Stop there till I get safe to the top."

And in the next minute, when the body was half above the wall, Colin received a heavy blow on the head from a short bludgeon, accompanied by a fierce exclamation and an oath, that if he did not surrender that instant his brains should be blown out! Regardless of the height of the wall, he instantly dropped, and, though half stunned, and sprained in the leg besides, he endeavoured to make off. The fellow who, it was now evident, had been stationed in the yard on purpose to draw him into this trap,—poor Woodruff had kept in his cell,—was afraid to risk his limbs or his neck by following Colin's example; but, instead of so doing, he began to bawl lustily for assistance. Colin heard two blunderbusses fired, and afterwards the crash of pursuers through the plantations behind him. Conscious that the injury he had received from the fall would prevent him from escaping them by flight, he raised himself up against a gate-post, with his arms close against his sides. In this situation he had the pleasure, two minutes afterwards, of both hearing and seeing a couple of stout fellows rush past within a yard of him, one of whom, by his voice and language, Colin recognised to be Mr. Palethorpe. Within a short period, having "lost scent," they returned, and lingered a few moments about the gate, as though irresolute which way to take. During this brief interval he plainly overheard the following conversation.

"Dang him, I wish we'd hit him! It would have saved us all this trouble."

"Ay, ay, and hit him I will," replied Palethorpe, "if I can once get sight of him. Meesis was quite right, you see, in what she overheard him say—a young vagabone! She told me afore I came out, if I *did* get a shot at him, to pepper him well; and so I will. If we kill him in trespass and burglary, I think the law will stand at our backs. Dang him!—we lost sound of him somewhere here about, and I should not wonder if he's crept under some of these bushes. I'll fire in, and chance it."

No sooner said than done. Off went the blunderbuss into the thick underwood, for the moment making the spot whereon they

stood as light as day, and illuminating Colin's figure as brilliantly as though he had stood beneath the flaring light of a gas-burner. Luckily the two men stood with their backs towards him, or he must inevitably have been detected. The report over, they listened; but a few frightened birds, blindly flapping their wings amongst the trees, were all that could be heard. Palethorpe loaded again, and then made a proposal, which was agreed to by his companion, that they should take a circuit of the plantation, and then get on to the road.

The opportunity thus afforded to Colin was made the best use of by him, and he endeavoured to steal off in the direction of his mother's house. But, when he had cleared the plantation fence, he again heard his pursuers beating about in the road between him and that place, so that he deemed it most advisable to take the direction of Whinmoor. In that direction the coast seemed clear; and, accordingly, keeping closely under the darkness of the hedge-side, he set off at his best speed. For the period of three quarters of an hour or more he pursued his way unobstructed; and as at the expiration of that time he had reached the Leeds and York highway, about a mile beyond which the old farm was situated, he began to congratulate himself upon his escape. Here he slackened his pace in order to recover breath and strength, both of which were well-nigh exhausted by his previous exertion.

As he rose to the top of a gentle hill, which the highway crossed, the sound of a horse's hoofs upon the hard road, though at a considerable distance, struck his ear. It came from the direction in which he had come, and seemed to be getting nearer. Was it any one pursuing him? His fears told him it must be so. Instead, therefore, of pursuing the road any farther, he leapt the fence, and hurried by a shorter cut over the fields in the direction of Miss Sowersoft's house. As he advanced the gusty wind again and again brought along with it the sound of violent galloping. It was gaining rapidly upon him: but he was now nearer the house, and the horseman, if destined to the same place, would, he knew, be obliged to keep the beaten road, which would take him nearly a mile farther than that which Colin himself had taken. As he crept quietly into the farm-yard he perceived a light in one of the lofts. The door was open, and a wagon stood beneath. Abel and old George were loading it with hay, for the purpose of sending it during the night to York; in order to be in that city sufficiently early on the following morning. There was no time to lose; and to stay at the farm to be taken prisoner would be quite as bad as though he had allowed himself to be taken at first. He therefore walked boldly up, and briefly told them that while he was at Bramleigh a plot had been laid by Palethorpe to entrap him; that he had threatened to shoot him if he could catch him; that it was with the greatest difficulty he had escaped; and that even now he believed they had sent some one on horseback to pursue him.

All this being to their own knowledge pretty characteristic of the aforesaid Palethorpe, they did not hesitate in agreeing to Colin's proposal that he should get into the wagon, have the hay-trusses piled around and over him, so as not to exclude the air, and in this manner to convey him to York. In order to bind them the more strongly to their promises of strict silence and secresy, Colin gave Abel one of his guineas, to be afterwards divided between the two.

He then jumped into the wagon, and in a few minutes was very effectually put out of sight. In a few minutes afterwards a horseman dashed into the yard, and demanded of them whether Colin Clink had come home. Abel denied that he was under any roof there; and, after undergoing a strong test of his powers of equivocation, contrived, very much to Colin's satisfaction, to persuade the pursuer to go home again.

Some time afterwards the horses were tackled on, the wagon began to move, and a tedious journey of more than six hours' duration brought them within the old walled city of York, at about seven o'clock in the morning.

Having deposited his wagon in the market-place, Abel now invited Colin, who had made his way out of the vehicle when some two miles off the city, to accompany him to a public-house. This request the lad complied with; and, while making his breakfast obtained ink and paper from the landlord, and wrote a short letter to his mother, and another to Fanny, explaining the circumstances which had led to his absence and flight, and promising to write again as soon as he had resolved in what place he should settle for the present, as he did not consider it safe to remain permanently, even at the distance he then was. These he gave in charge to Abel, who vowed to deliver them both safe and speedily. He then inquired of Colin whether he did not intend to go back again?

"Not till I know that everything is safe," replied the youth, "or else it would have been useless to come here."

"Then what do you intend to do? or where does t' mean going?" again asked the man.

"I am quite undecided yet," remarked Colin; "but I shall find out a place somewhere, depend upon it."

"Well, lad," said Abel, "if I could do aught for thee, I would; but I mean leaving our missis's myself as soon as I can. I 'll either list, or go to Lunnun very soon, for it 's beggarly work here."

The thought-struck Colin, — should *he* go to London? He had money, very luckily, sufficient to keep him awhile; and, so far off he would be safe enough. When there, as he dared not return to Bramleigh to pay his promised visit to Kiddal Hall, he could write to the Squire, and tell him what had happened, which would do quite as well; and doubtless enable him, with Mr. Lupton's assistance, not only very shortly to triumph over his persecutors, but also possessed of sufficient power to effect successfully that great object, the attempt to achieve which had so unexpectedly led to his present unpleasant situation.

He finally took his leave of Abel in the market-place, and then rambled alone and thoughtfully about the town, until within an hour or two of mid-day.

CHAPTER XIII.

Country notions of London.—A night-journey to the Metropolis, and Colin's arrival there.

The good people of the Great City, possess but a slight idea of the light in which they and the modern Babylon are regarded by the remote and rustic natives of the provinces. Colin partook largely of the general sentiment respecting that wonderful place, and its, in many respects, scarcely less marvellous people. To him, in common

with every other child of village or hamlet, however remote, the name of London had been familiar almost from the cradle. He knew not the time when he knew it first; and the idea presented by it was that of some great, undefined, and unknown place, which had no equal in the world nor resemblance, — (save in that it was composed of buildings and endless streets,) — to anything he had ever seen. It was a vast spectre, without shape, and measureless, looming in the misty atmosphere of a doubtful mind, like the ideal pictures of cities and the wonderful palaces of gnomes and genii, after reading some marvellous Arabian tale. Then, with the rustic inhabitants of every remote place, anything uncommon or superior is always presumed to have come from London; and to say that it came thence, is at once to confer upon it a higher ideal value. Many a worthless trinket brought by some wandering pedlar is purchased, and afterwards miraculously preserved from juvenile spoliation amidst the wreck of all other toys, merely because it came from London. The very appearance in a village of an individual of more than usual gentility, startling the bumpkins with a "sight" on some fine summer's morning, is of itself taken as presumptive evidence that he very probably came from London. Any innovation or improvement in dress or manners, is promptly and naturally supposed to have had its origin in London. London is the place, in short, where everything is great, — where everything of the best is made, — where all the first people of the world do congregate,—where it is very needful to look sharp about you lest your very eyes get picked out without your knowing it until they are gone, — where the most cunning thieves are always at your elbow,—where everything worth seeing is to be seen, and worth hearing to be heard,—where anybody may chance to succeed, though he could succeed nowhere else,—and where, finally, for some one or other or all of these causes, every man, woman, girl, and boy express a wish to go to before they die.

Thus is London generally regarded by the rural people of the provinces; and thus was it in degree that Colin thought, as he paced about the quiet streets of York. What to do when he should get there he did not know; but go somewhere he must. There was still room left for many more in London than himself. Accordingly he walked into a coach-office, and, after making some inquiries, took his place by a coach which, though it travelled an indirect route, had the advantage of being about to start in half an hour. That interval he employed in writing another letter home, expressive of the intention he had just formed, and stating that he should write again as soon as he arrived in London.

The public vehicle being now nearly ready, Colin climbed awkwardly up and took his seat; and, after all the important preparations incident to such an occasion had been duly made, an expert ostler ingeniously twitched off the horses' coverings as they were starting, and within a short time Colin was whirled away on this his first day of foreign travel.

Never having been on a public stage before, our hero felt delighted. The pleasant and rapid motion, and the continual change of scenery, almost made him wonder why those people who could afford it did not ride on the top of a public coach every day of their lives. Village, town, and then long spaces of cultivated fields, alternately came on the horizon, and were left behind; foot-passengers by the road-side appeared to him almost at a stand-still, and the speed

of such irritable curs as barked and ran after the horses, little greater than that of a mole. Towards evening, however, these things lost much of their attraction, and he began to grow weary. With weariness came despondency, and he almost felt as though he was lost.

The sun went down somewhere in the direction of the home he had left last night. What were his mother and Fanny doing now? What doubt were they not in, and what misery enduring through his (to them) unaccountable absence! It was evident enough, too, that Palethorpe knew him, — and that his design had been found out. What evil reports would they not spread concerning him, to the dismay and shame of Fanny and his mother! Mr. Lupton, also, might hear them, and perhaps refuse to take any notice of his letters; though he himself, were he there, could explain all this to everybody's satisfaction. Tears both of sorrow and vexation swam in his eyes, and he wished it was but possible the coachman could drive him back again. Night came on, and at a great town (Leicester, I believe) two flaring lamps were put up, which cast upon the ground a sharp light on either side, as though they flew with a pair of fiery wings. Passers-by, tree-trunks, and mile-stones shot out of the darkness before, and into that behind, almost before they could be seen; while occasionally might be observed other bright rayless lights, glancing through the hedges, or staring boldly down the road before them, like the eyes of a monstrous dragon. Then came the rattle of another coach, a shout of recognition between the coachmen, a tip upwards of the whip, and all was dark again. The passengers were silent, and Colin grew doubly melancholy. The coachman now and then looked round at his fares, as much as to say he very much doubted whether he was driving a hearse or not; yet all sat as quiet as corpses. He asked "the box" if he were cold? The box said "No," and then turned up his coat-collar, and pretended to go to sleep. The coachman sung himself a song, and beat his whip-hand upon his left shoulder to keep the blood stirring. The guard shouted to him, and he shouted back again—"The bag of corn was to be left at So-and-so, and old Joe was to see and send that harness back in the morning."

Colin took no interest in all this, so he shut his eyes, and, after awhile, fell asleep. The horn blowing for a change of horses, awoke him again. Again he went to sleep, and the same pleasing tune was played in his vexed ears, and on the same occasion, repeatedly during the night. When morning broke, he was chilled almost to death: his feet felt as though undergoing amputation: he could never have believed it was so cold in summer at any part of the twenty-four hours as he now found it. The night had been fine and dry, and daylight began with only a few thin clouds. He longed for a ray of the sun, and watched his increasing light with desire unfelt before. As he rose, however, the mists gathered, thicker and thicker as it grew lighter. Then they swept like a storm over the hills in front, and filled the valleys with a damp fog as thick as any in November. At two or three hours after sunrise, all was clear again; and he basked delightfully in the burning heat. They now began to pass droves of sheep, and herds of cattle, hundreds together, and often recurring, yet all bent the same way as themselves: they were going to London to be devoured. None seemed to come back again. They ascended a steep hill; and to the right Colin saw the longest-

bodied church, with the shortest tower he had ever seen in his life: it was St. Albans. Here a man of business, escaped from the metropolis the night before, and now fresh from sleep and breakfast, and with a "shining morning face," gave the coachman a familiar nod and word, and jumped up, to return to his ledger. The stable-boys looked at Colin, and regarding him as a "green 'un," winked at each other, and smiled. The coachman took no notice of him, as being considerably beneath his observation. But Colin, without troubling himself concerning other people's thoughts of him, looked at the long signs about posting at so much per mile, and at those which advertised Messrs. Mangel Wurzel and Co's Entire, and wondered what in the world they meant. Another hour or two passed, and the road seemed to our hero to be alive with all kinds of vehicles describable and nondescript. Dog-horses drawing lumbering old coaches, and dog-carts filled with country-baked bread, intermingled with spring vehicles, carrying soda-water, and carriers' carts laden with crockery, were jumbled together in all the glorious confusion and dust of a dry summer morning. Occasionally some butcher's boy, without his hat, would drive from amongst them, as though his very life depended on his speed, and shoot a-head, until in character with all of his fraternity, he outstripped everybody; and after the fashion of the good deities of the Heathen mythology, vanished in a cloud of his own raising.

The coach approached a high archway in the road. Through it Colin saw what he took to be a mass of horizontal cloud; and, peering above it in solitary grandeur, like one lone rock above a wilderness of ocean, the dome of a great cathedral. To the left, on descending the hill, stood what he took to be a palace; and still farther on, in Holloway and Islington, so many things of a totally new character presented themselves to him, that he scarcely believed himself in the same world as he was yesterday. The turnpikes, and the Angel Inn, the coaches and cabs, the rabble and noise, the screaming of hawkers, the causeways lined with apple-women and flower-girls, the running and scrambling of men carrying bundles of newspapers, as they bawled to the passengers of outward-bound stages, "*Times, sir!—Chronicle!—Morning Post!*" the swearing of coachmen, the thrashing of drovers, the barking of dogs, and the running of frightened sheep and over-goaded cattle, formed altogether such a Babel as made him for the time utterly forget himself.

"City, young man, or get down here?" demanded the coachman.

"Where are we?" asked Colin.

"Islington. Where are you going to?"

"London," replied Colin.

"I say, Jim," remarked the coachman to his friend the guard, "that's a neatish cove now, isn't he, to come here?"

"Wot do I care, d— his eyes! Pick up that basket, and go on, without you mean to stop here all day!"

Whereupon the driver folded up his waybill, and elbowed his passage through a crowd of miserable, perishing, be-coated and be-capped night-travellers, who blocked up the causeway with trunks, carpet-bags, and hat-boxes. Their pallid visages and heavy eyes, indeed, conveyed to the spectator no indifferent idea of so many unfortunate ghosts just landed on the far side of the Styx.

"So you are for London, young 'un, are you?" asked the coachman, when again on his seat.

"Yes, sir," replied Colin, "and I suppose we are not far from it, now?"

"Jim!" shouted the coachman, as he leaned half round to catch a glimpse of the guard, "this chap wants to know how far he is from London, if you can tell him!" And this humorous remark he rounded off with a weasing chuckle, that appeared to have its origin in a region far below the thick superstratum of coat and shawl with which the coachman himself was covered. He then deliberately eyed Colin from head to foot several times, with a look of great self-satisfaction, and again inquired,—

"Wot did your mother send you from home for?"

"Nobody sent me," said Colin; "I came of my own accord."

"Wot, you 're going i' sarvis, then? or, have you come up to get made Lord Mayor?"

Our hero had felt sufficiently his own loneliness before; but this last observation made him feel it doubly. He coloured deeply.

"Come, I didn't mean that," said the driver,—"it was only a joke to raise your spirits. I don't want to spile your feelin's, young man."

"I assure you, sir," replied Colin, with emotion, "I have no place to go to, and I do not know a single soul in London. When I get off this coach, I shall not know where to turn, nor what to do!"

"Then wot did you come for?" inquired the coachman.

"To get a place," said our hero.

"And you don't know where to put up?"

"No."

"Humph! Well, m'happen I can tell you. How much money have you got?"

Colin satisfied the inquirer on this particular; and in return received the coachman's promise to direct him to a respectable house, at which he might put up until he had done one of two things, either obtained a situation, or "got himself cleaned out."

SONG OF THE OAK.*

In the morning of life and light,—
When the stars and the earth,
Ere man, had their birth,
And awoke in their beauty bright,—
My limbs were the first
That young Nature nurs'd,—
Her favourite child
In her forests so wild!
And often she said,
As I rear'd my green head,
That the Monarch of Woods,
And even of Floods,†

* "I have sometimes considered it very seriously, what should move *Pliny* to make a whole chapter of *one* only line: '*Glandiferi maximè generis omnes, quibus honos apud Romanos perpetuus.*'—(Lib. vi. cap. 3.) It is for the esteem which these wise and glorious people had of this tree, above all others, that I will first begin with the oak," saith Evelyn.

† The celebrated ship, built at Iolchos in Thessaly, for Jason, was formed of the oak of the Dodonæan forest.

Should *I* be when Time
Had render'd my strength in its beauty sublime!

To the "King of the Gods" alone *
My pride do I bend—
And his oracles send
Through Earth from his heavenly throne! †
His lightning *not* hurl'd,
The storms of this world
But rock me to sleep; ‡
While sweet-suckles creep, §
And climb round my arms
With such innocent charms,
That I waken and say,
"Rest here while you may:
I joy in my power
When guarding weak Beauty in danger's dark hour!"

It is true that I'm rough and old;
But I've spirits within
That think it foul sin
To be either heartless or cold,—
Sweet Dryads that tend ||
My wants,—whom I lend
Sometimes to the Queen
Of Night's starry sheen,—
The Regent of hill,
Of forest and rill, ¶
Chaste Dian that laves
In a lonely lake's waves!
—And sometimes I give,
Through gratitude, *one* with a mortal to live! **

My head has seen fifty score
Of years rolling by;
And I mean not to die
For another green thousand more!
In the home I love best,
This Isle of the West,
Still let my leaves spread
O'er the Patriot's head;
And my misletoe be
A snare for each she
Who ventures beneath
Its kiss-snatching wreath!—
When at length I decline,
Let me lie where I fall—let my ivy still twine!

* The oak was sacred to Jupiter. † For this see the classics, *passim*.

‡ ———————— The *oak*
Thrives by the rude concussion of the storm!

§ With clasping tendrils they invest the branch,
Else unadorned, with many a gay festoon
And fragrant chaplet; recompensing well
The strength they borrow with the grace they lend!

|| *Dryads and Hamadryads*:—these latter so called from ἅμα, together, and δρυς, oak; because it was believed that they were co-eval and co-mortal with the trees intrusted to their care.

¶ Montium custos nemorumque Virgo.—Hor. lib. iii.

** Arcas, preserving an old oak by watering its roots, had the nymph who resided in it bestowed on him in marriage.

STANLEY THORN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VALENTINE VOX."

CHAPTER I.

Portrays, with other features of importance, the early characteristics of our hero.

To those who had not the honour of being extremely intimate with Alderman Thorn, it will be necessary to explain that he was a man of considerable wealth, derived chiefly from a series of successful speculations in hops; that he married very early, with the immediate view of procuring the means of entering into those speculations; that at the expiration of fifteen years from the date of his marriage certificate he was generously and formally presented with an heir, whom he caused to be baptized in the name of Stanley, in honour of an aristocratic friend of that name; that he lived in purely aldermanic style until he arrived at the age of fifty-four, when he utterly repudiated not only all intoxicating liquors, but all animal food save that which existed invisibly in vegetables and water; that such total change of diet at his age brought on almost perpetual shivering, which, however, failed to induce him to forego his high resolve, but which gradually killed him; that while some held a minute *post mortem* examination to be essential to the promotion of the science of pathology, others held it to be essential by no means, it being clear that his living had caused his death, or, in other words, that his alimentary canal had been completely frozen over; and finally, that he was buried with appropriate pomp, without the ice being thus sacrilegiously broken.

Having performed the pleasing duty of placing these afflicting details upon record to the perfect satisfaction, it is to be hoped, even of those by whom this worthy individual was held in high esteem, it now becomes strictly proper to state, that at the period of the lamentable dissolution of the alderman, Stanley had just completed his fifteenth year, and that he had then been for five years the absolute master of the house. Every member of the establishment feared him. No servant could remain in it three consecutive months, when he happened to be at home, with the exception of a boy, a somnambulist, whom Stanley called Bob, and who had become so attached to him, that he never appeared to be truly happy in his absence. This boy was an immense favourite with Stanley, and a fine time Bob had of it in consequence. The servants avenged Stanley's insults upon him, but not in Stanley's presence; for, albeit he assumed to himself the inalienable right of horsewhipping him daily if he pleased, if he saw any other creature touch him, or menace him even with a word, he would spring at the assailant like a tiger; and if he found it impossible to conquer alone, he would make Bob help him; and if both were unable to manage it then, they would retreat to devise a series of secret assaults, which never by any chance failed to reduce the enemy to submission. He gloried in conquering those whose physical strength was superior to his own; and, in order to qualify himself for this glory, his chief delight, when he had no immediate conquest to achieve, was to reduce Bob ostensibly to a mummy, by making him stand before him with the

gloves, — of course giving Bob perfectly fair play, although he dared to retreat no more than he would have dared to sell his soul, — until Stanley himself became exhausted, which seldom, indeed, happened until Bob was nearly blind.

Bob used at first to remonstrate against being thus victimised; for really it was not very often that he could see with any pleasurable degree of distinctness, and never by any chance, when Stanley was at home, was he free from a cut lip, a swollen nose, or a black eye; but when he found all remonstrances utterly vain, he very valiantly made up his mind to do his best, and eventually became rather partial to the exercise; for it did occur, occasionally, that he broke fairly through his opponent's guard, and if he succeeded in giving him but a scratch he was content, although in such a case Stanley never dreamt of leaving off until Bob became densely deaf to time.

This was, however, by no means the extent of the penalty inflicted on poor Bob: on every such occasion he was discharged. His mistress could endure to see him knocked about,—she could endure to see him pommelled, yea even to a jelly, with the most exemplary fortitude; but there are at all times bounds to human endurance, and hers could not go one step beyond that. She could not bear to see the sweet features of her own dear Stanley disfigured by even a scratch; and hence, whenever a scratch appeared upon his countenance, Bob, with due promptitude, had his discharge.

On no such occasion, however, did he go beyond the coach-house. He was always reinstated within the hour. Stanley invariably insisted upon his being recalled, and, having gained his point, invariably found him in the carriage asleep.

Now it is a most extraordinary fact — a fact which, however, is not more extraordinary than solemn—that Mrs. Thorn could refuse Stanley nothing, because Stanley would never tolerate a refusal from her lips. He had what he desired, because he would have it; that reason was in all cases held to be sufficient. It is true she would endeavour to persuade him to forego any demand, the direct tendency of which she conceived to be pernicious; but eventually such demand, however unreasonable might be its character, was conceded, because the concession was a thing upon which he had set his mind. The worthy alderman, during the last five years of his existence, would have nothing to do with him whatever. He had very horrid suspicions! Strong efforts had been made to convince him that the beautiful boy was in reality his very image,—that he had the dear alderman's chin, the dear alderman's mouth, the dear alderman's eyes, nose, and spirit; but the alderman himself either could not or would not perceive those strong points of resemblance which were insisted upon with so much eloquence and warmth; and hence, although he never went quite so far as to wound the susceptible feelings of his lady by giving direct expression to his views on the point, he unhappily had strong suspicions!

The alderman had tried, however, with desperate zeal to obtain the mastery over Stanley; but this he had never been able to accomplish, not even for a day: the failure of every effort indeed had been signal and complete. If in a moment of anger he happened to strike him, Stanley would not only strike him again, but keep up a fierce fire of books, glasses, plates, ornaments, stones,—in short, anything which happened to be at hand. If the alderman locked him up, he would break every table, every chair, and every window in the room; and if, after a des-

perate struggle, — and it could only be after a desperate struggle,—he succeeded in tying him down, he would remain, on being released, very quietly till tea-time, when (no matter how many friends might be present, in his view the more the merrier, because of the increased quantity of ammunition) he would deliberately take his position at the table, and pelt the worthy alderman with the cups, while explaining very gravely to those around—who, of course, were quite shocked—that the whole thing was done in self-defence,—and these highly irregular proceedings he would repeat just as often as he happened to be punished. If sent away, he would immediately return; for, as he justly held that to be a species of punishment, he very naturally felt it to be a duty incumbent upon him to have his revenge; and when he did return, of course the worthy alderman knew it, for he found himself subjected at every point to annoyances of the most galling character. Sometimes he and Bob would get all the worthy alderman's boots, wigs, hats, and umbrellas, to make a bonfire in the stable; at other times he would make Bob throw water into the bed of the worthy alderman, or establish a vast number of nettles between the sheets with surpassing ingenuity. In fact, he regarded the worthy alderman as being neither more nor less than his natural enemy.

"What on earth am I to do with him?" said that worthy person to his friend, Mr. Sharpe, just before he gave Stanley up wholly.

"Do with him!" exclaimed his friend, "do with him! Give him a sound, undeniable flogging, and repeat the dose daily."

"But flogging makes him worse. He considers it an insult—he will have his revenge."

"Revenge!" cried Mr. Sharpe, very contemptuously, "revenge! A lad like that talk of revenge! If I had him, I'd cut him to the very back-bone!" And Mr. Sharpe looked particularly fierce, and shook his head with an air of inflexible determination, as he added, "Do you think I'd be mastered by a young wretch like that?"

"My dear friend," rejoined the alderman, "depend upon this that he is not to be tamed in that way. I have tried it, my friend, I have tried it till I'm sick."

"Well, why don't you send him to school? Why don't you place him under some severe master, who will undertake to bring him to his senses?"

"I have done so. Twenty severe masters have undertaken the task, and what has been the consequence? Why, the moment they have commenced their severity, he has pelted them with ink-stands, and started."

"Of course you have not taken him back on those occasions?"

"In several instances I have; but, God bless your soul, it was of no use! Some refused to receive him again; while those who consented to give him another trial were never able to keep him above a day."

"I only wish that I had the management of him, that's all."

"I wish you had with all my soul!" exclaimed the alderman, with unexampled fervour. "Your bitterest enemy, my friend, could wish no worse."

"I'd tame him!" rejoined Mr. Sharpe; "I'd exorcise the little rampant devil that's within him!"

"But how would you go to work?—how would you act? What on earth would you do with him?"

"What would I do with him? Will he not listen to reason?"

"To be sure he will; that's the worst of it. He'll sit down and argue the point with you for hours; he'll tell you candidly, that if you insult him, he feels himself bound to avenge the insult; that his honour—his honour, my friend!—prompts him to retaliate; that he is prepared at any time to sign a treaty of peace, to the effect that if you cease to annoy him, he will cease to annoy you; and that in the event of such treaty being violated, of course he and you are again at open war."

"He is rather a queer customer to deal with," observed Mr. Sharpe.

"He *is* rather a queer customer. You'd be very apt to think that he was, if you did but know all."

"And yet," said Mr. Sharpe, after a pause, during which he had looked very mysterious, "I'd be bound still to tame him. Why, if he were a boy of mine!"—Mr. Sharpe said no more, but he shook his head with unspeakable significance, and took a very deep inspiration through his teeth.

"Well, my friend, well"—urged the alderman, who wished him to proceed—"and if he *were* your son, what would you do with him?"

"Do! I'd do something with him! I'd teach him the difference! Do you think that he should ever get the upper hand of me!"

"But how would you manage it?—that's the great point. I'll just explain to you the way in which he acted last week. On Monday I simply said to him while at dinner, that he ought to be ashamed of his recent conduct, when he seized the tureen, and sent the whole of the soup over me in an instant. I chastised him,—of course I chastised him, and he then upset the table. I rushed at him again; but having kept me at bay for some considerable time with the fragments of the dishes, he darted from the room. That night I found a number of nettles in my bed, and, on jumping out in agony, I discovered that my bed-room had scarcely a single pane of glass in it; and in the morning I had neither a boot nor a hat to put on. I got hold of him by stratagem, and shook him with just violence, and what do you think he did? Why he instantly went out into the pantry, got a basketful of eggs, and popped them at me, until really I was in such a state! I ran after him; but, no!—he kept up the fire, carrying his basket of ammunition upon his arm. Well, I caught him again in the course of the day, and locked him up in the cellar, and there he set to work, and I do not know how many bottles of wine he broke. I heard the crash, and went and shook the young scoundrel again—I could not help it—and again he set to work. He was busy all the morning. I feared that he was employed in some mischief; indeed I was as certain of it as I was of my own existence. Accordingly, as I was enjoying my usual nap after dinner on the sofa, he quietly crept into the room with a tankard of treacle, the whole of which he poured over me so gradually, commencing at my knees, that I did not awake until he had literally covered me, and before I could rise he had rushed from the room. My friend," continued the alderman, with due solemnity, "imagine the pickle I was in! Yet what could I do? What is to be done with such a fellow? I knew perfectly well that until I discontinued my chastisement he would never cease to annoy me. Of course it's very hard,—I know and feel it, as a father, to be particularly hard; but then

what could I have done in such a case? What would you, my friend, have done under the self-same circumstances?"

"What would I have done!" cried Mr. Sharpe, very indignantly. "I can scarcely tell what I should not have done."

This proved the sum total of the advice the worthy alderman obtained from Mr. Sharpe; for although that gentleman naturally fancied that if Stanley had been a son of his he would have tamed him, he at the same time felt utterly unable to explain how.

From that period the worthy alderman gave Stanley up. He would have nothing more to do with him; he turned him over at once to the surveillance of his mother, who adored him, and by whom the pristine waywardness of his disposition had been fostered.

"My dear, my sweet boy!—my own Stanley!" she would exclaim after a fit of desperation on his part, "you know how dearly, how fondly I love you. Now do not, pray do not indulge in these frantic bursts of passion. Indeed, indeed they will injure your health, my love,—I am perfectly sure that they will. Come, promise me now that you will in future avoid them—do promise, there 's a dear!"

"You must promise me, mother, that in future you will not provoke me!"

"I will not—indeed I will not!" she would exclaim. "My heart beats with joy when you are happy." The tears would then start, she would embrace him and fondle him like a child, and arrange his fine hair, which flowed in ringlets upon his shoulders. Having moreover lavished a thousand kisses upon his brow, she would gaze upon her "own sweet Stanley," the "pride of her soul," with an expression of rapture.

Truth to say, he was an extremely handsome youth, tall, and strikingly symmetrical; his eyes were of the most brilliant character, his features of the finest conceivable caste, while his presence was elegant, and even then commanding. That such a mother should have almost idolised him cannot be deemed marvellous. She could not, however, disguise from herself that she had from his earliest infancy cherished that spirit, which she now tried in vain to control. Nor was it, under the circumstances, at all extraordinary that from the age of fifteen he should have considered himself a man. He would suffer no one with impunity to designate him even a youth; and if any person applied to him the term "young gentleman," that person was made at once to feel the force of his displeasure. The servants had been of course accustomed to style him Mr. Stanley; but that servant was unblest who happened to pronounce the name of Stanley, after the alderman's unhappy dissolution. He would not permit it. "I pledge you my honour as a gentleman," he would say, "that if you dare to address me again as Mr. Stanley, I 'll kick you to the devil."

It cannot hence be rationally expected that, with these views and feelings, his grief at the period of the alderman's death was very loud or very deep. He wore "the trappings and the suits of woe" as a purely social matter of course; but he hailed that period as the commencement of the era of his importance as a man. For albeit nearly the whole of the alderman's property, real and personal, had been left to the widow, he knew perfectly well that he should have just as much command over it as if it had been bequeathed absolutely to him.

Stanley, however, was by no means content. He felt at first ex-

tremely *gauche*. He reflected that he was, after all, but the son of an alderman, and that reflection, let it come when it might, never failed to inflict a wound upon his pride. He was a youth of keen perception. He saw around him those whom he conceived to be more elegant, more composed, more *au fait* to etiquette, more refined. He felt unable to endure this. He was perpetually tormented with the idea. He listened, therefore, for the first time, to the suggestion made by his mother, that he should pass at least two years at Eton. As a scholar he was passable; but then he had been only at private schools, while those who shone in his judgment most brilliantly had been either to Oxford, to Cambridge, or at least to Eton. He conversed on the subject again and again, and at length became convinced that he ought to commence life in reality, as an Etonian, at least. It happened that the majority of his associates had been to Eton; and as they failed not to speak in high praise of the school, to explain that it had turned out by far the greater proportion of the most distinguished men of the age; that none but Etonians were esteemed perfect men of the world, and that it was in fact far more famous for that than for absolute learning,—he eventually resolved upon going to Eton expressly in order to gain caste.

When this highly laudable resolution had been delicately communicated to the widow, she was delighted. She saw at once in Stanley a great man in embryo; and when she had been advised of the assumed fact that almost all the most distinguished men of the day were Etonians, she, of course, looked upon it as abundantly clear that all Etonians became distinguished men. This corollary was, in her judgment, really so natural and so correct that, had five thousand pounds been required for the start, she would have given that sum with unspeakable pleasure. Her Stanley—her own Stanley, was about to become an Etonian! She did not pretend to understand much about it, but she nevertheless conceived, from his description, that to be an Etonian would at once enable Stanley to associate with the sons of the most distinguished.

Stanley himself had, however, still some misgivings on the subject. It was true he had read Virgil, and a trifle of Livy; he could, moreover, versify—a little; but he could not expect to be placed above the fourth form. He had heard of fagging: he had also heard of flogging; and he knew that if they attempted to fag or to flog him! No matter—it was settled: he had made up his mind to go, and go he would, if it were only to enable him to say that he had been.

Accordingly, everything which could be deemed essential was prepared, and the preliminaries necessary to enable him to commence at the ensuing half year having been politely arranged by Mr. Seymour, the father of one of Stanley's most gentlemanlike associates, he started with a purse sufficiently heavy, but with a heart not perhaps quite sufficiently light.

CHAPTER II.

Stanley at Eton.

The first person to whom Stanley was introduced on his arrival was Alfred Julian, whose friends were on terms of close intimacy with the Seymours. Alfred, who was a fine high-toned boy—precisely the sort of lad to meet Stanley's views,—undertook to initiate him into all the deep mysteries of the school; but he was most unfortunately him-



One of the earliest characteristics of Stanley [illegible]

London, Published by Richard Bentley [illegible]

[illegible] a stimulus to exertion [illegible] the [illegible] the inner [illegible], in consequence, to work their way up as fast as possible.

"All social distinctions here," added Julian, "are in this respect levelled; for example, Dudley, Villiers, Cleveland, Richmond, [illegible] Howard, — to whom I shall introduce you, for they are all of our [illegible] — are the tags of [illegible], although he is a plebeian, while they are connected with the first families in the kingdom. We need not, therefore, feel ourselves degraded when called upon to act like them."

"Well, I shall see," returned Stanley. "I'll do as little fagging as possible." He and Julian accordingly proceeded to [illegible], where [illegible] with [illegible] had entered, under [illegible].

He had not, however, been there more than an hour, when he was called by [illegible] to [illegible] a number of [illegible], because [illegible] to be particularly [illegible]. By Dashall, [illegible] — [illegible] — Dashall was one of the [illegible] passing, so that [illegible] high power and importance made the most of the time there before the arrival of the [illegible] of the [illegible]. [illegible] he did not [illegible] approve of this [illegible] therefore [illegible] with [illegible] and the [illegible] were the [illegible], although they [illegible] of that and [illegible] which in a slight degree checked [illegible] the progress of [illegible] a [illegible] and [illegible].

"My good fellow," [illegible] Stanley, addressing Dashall, "who would [illegible] give [illegible] to be friends of all, and have therefore no desire to [illegible] with you."

"What!" [illegible] exclaimed the [illegible] Dashall [illegible] of [illegible] — we [illegible] a new one. [illegible] old fellow? Do you fancy yourself [illegible]?"

Stanley [illegible], although he made no reply; but [illegible] of the [illegible] the mighty Dashall — [illegible] Stanley had [illegible] with [illegible] powerful [illegible] ed in his [illegible] he would [illegible] with [illegible].

Stanley smiled; but Dashall [illegible] force, and gave his opponent such occasional glances as he [illegible] might wither him, while the juniors, whom the [illegible] Dashall had awed, really looked with an eye of pity upon Stanley, and [illegible] mingled with astonishment at his apparently imperturbable [illegible].

"Now, my fine fellow!" cried Dashall, having drawn [illegible]; "if I take a little bit of the bounce out of you, it will do you [illegible] as much good as physic."

Some of the juniors laughed at the sparkling wit of Dashall, [illegible] others advised Stanley to have nothing to do with him, [illegible]

self in the fourth form, and hence could not, by having his friend for a fag nominally, save him from the tyranny of the fifth and the sixth. He therefore explained to him at once that he really must make up his mind to become a fag, seeing that all, no matter how high might be the position of their families, were compelled to submit to it, and that it was held to be by no means humiliating or degrading, but in reality a stimulus to exertion, inasmuch as those who took the right view of the matter strove, in consequence, to work their way up as soon as possible.

"All social distinctions here," added Julian, "are in this respect levelled: for example, Joliffe, Villiers, Cleveland, Cholmondeley, and Howard, — to whom I shall introduce you, for they are all at our Dame's, — are the fags of Frogmorton, although he is a plebeian, while they are connected with the first families in the kingdom. We must not, therefore, feel ourselves degraded when called upon to act like them."

"Well, I shall see," returned Stanley. "I'll do as the rest do, if possible." He and Julian accordingly proceeded to Dame Johnson's, where they met with about twenty light-hearted, merry fellows.

He had not, however, been here more than an hour when he was assailed by the older boys with a number of interrogatories which he held to be particularly impertinent. By Dashall, especially, was he prosecuted thus, — for Dashall was one of those who, panting to show off their power and importance, made the most of the three days before the arrival of the strapping fellows of the fifth and sixth forms. Stanley did not by any means approve of this practice, and therefore answered rather pettishly, which had the effect of making them persevere the more, for, although they saw something in his general tone and manner, which in a slight degree checked them, they held the process of teazing a new boy to be a right prescriptive and inviolable.

"My good fellow," said Stanley, addressing Dashall, who would not give in, "don't annoy me. I am anxious to make friends of all, and have therefore no desire to quarrel with you."

"What! quarrel with me!" exclaimed the highly-indignant Dashall, with an air of astonishment the most intense. "No desire to quarrel with *me!* Come, I like that: it's cool — very cool for a new one. Perhaps you would like to take it out, old fellow? Do you fancy yourself at all with the gloves?"

Stanley eyed him with an expression of contempt, although he made no reply; but that terror of the juniors — the mighty Dashall — in a state of extreme ignorance of the chamber-practice Stanley had had with Bob, distinctly intimated to him, and that in terms the most powerful at his command, that if he would only wait until he had pulled on his boots, he would surely accommodate him then with a turn.

Stanley smiled; but Dashall, whose blood was up, looked very fierce, and gave his opponent such occasional glances as he fancied might wither him, while the juniors, whom the invincible Dashall had awed, really looked with an eye of pity upon Stanley, not, however, unmixed with astonishment at his apparently imperturbable calmness.

"Now, my fine fellow!" cried Dashall, having drawn on his boots. "If I take a little bit of the bounce out of you, it will do you precisely as much good as physic."

Some of the juniors laughed at the sparkling wit of Dashall, while others advised Stanley to have nothing to do with him, he was such a

desperate hitter; but Stanley, of course, remained unmoved, and Julian, who was anxious to ascertain what his new friend was made of, did by no means endeavour to dissuade him from accepting the challenge.

"Now then! are you afraid?" cried the imperious Dashall, — for really that desperate young gentleman had become very impatient; and he opened his shoulders and struck at the air, and ascertained the precise firmness of his muscles; but Stanley, who was in no sort of haste, made certain inquiries having reference to the character of his opponent, in order to learn what amount of punishment he should be justified in inflicting.

Julian could not but admire Stanley's coolness; and having inferred hence that there must be some sterling stuff in him, he became nearly as eager for the fray as the fiery Dashall himself. Well, the gloves were produced, and Stanley rose. He buttoned his coat simply; but the mighty Dashall, bent upon doing some tremendous execution, stripped in an instant, and drew on the gloves.

"Now," said Stanley, "I have no wish to hurt you; but if you persist in having a turn, you 'll have yourself alone to blame."

"You don't wish to hurt me!" cried Dashall. "Good again! Well, I wish I may live! What next? You don't wish to hurt me!" he repeated, for really he was very much amused, and he laughed very loudly, and the juniors joined him very merrily.

"Well, come, go to work!" said Julian at length. "You are both sure to win. '*Possunt quia posse videntur.*'"

In this particular instance, however, the combatants respectively held Virgil to be wrong; and to prove that he was wrong they immediately commenced, Dashall striking one of the most imposing attitudes of which he was capable, while Stanley simply held up his guard.

Dashall even at the commencement did not much admire the unflinching firmness of Stanley's eye. He notwithstanding felt quite certain to beat him, and sprang about, and feinted, and performed a great variety of most extraordinary antics, displaying at each spring his agility and science to an extent altogether remarkable. On the other hand, Stanley kept quiet: he felt that by far the best course he could pursue —the course calculated to save him a world of trouble in future, was that of allowing the great Dashall to tire himself first, and then to honour him with a few of his straight-forward favours, with the view of convincing him firmly of his error. He therefore stood for some considerable time on the defensive, while Dashall was twisting and turning, and torturing himself into all sorts of attitudes, marvelling greatly that every well-meant blow of his should be so very coolly stopped.

"Come — come! you don't appear to be doing *much!*" observed Stanley, when Dashall, by dint of striking out with desperation, had become nearly exhausted. "I think that it is now my turn to begin," and he gave him a gentle tap over his guard. These taps were always given upon the bridge of the nose; and as even Bob never liked them much, it will be extremely reasonable to infer that the great Dashall did not approve of them at all. Stanley, nevertheless, tapped him again and again, and in a manner so calm that the great man really became a little confused. He could not get even one blow at his opponent, who kept constantly tapping, and tapping, and tapping, until the terror of the fourth absolutely became so enraged that he scarcely knew what to be at. He singularly enough began to feel that he had made a slight mistake in his man. He could do nothing with him. He

tried a rush. Stanley stepped aside, and tapped him as he passed. He tried caution again; and again Stanley tapped him. This enraged him far more than would a corresponding number of straightforward blows, and he expressed himself precisely to that effect.

"Why don't you strike out?" he exclaimed, with peculiar indignation, "and not keep on tapping and tapping like that!"

"As you please," returned Stanley, who did on the instant strike out, and poor Dashall went down as if he really had been shot.

The great man did not like even this. He looked as if it were a thing of which he *could* not approve — which was very extraordinary, seeing that it was precisely what he had just before solicited, — and, while some of the juniors cheered very loudly, others looked very steadily at Stanley, as if lost in admiration of his prowess.

Dashall, however, stood up again, and Stanley calmly put to him whether he really liked that practice better than the other, but as he replied with a well-intentioned lunge of desperation, Stanley stopped him, and down he went again.

Another cheer burst from the juniors, and Dashall looked at them with an I'll-serve-you-out-when-I-catch-you-alone sort of scowl, which was in the abstract, no doubt, truly awful. He, however, by no means gave in. Stanley urged him to do so; but, no! he wanted only to give one fair hit to be happy. He therefore guarded himself with additional caution, and Stanley, notwithstanding, with additional rapidity kept tapping him precisely upon the bridge of his nose.

This he held to be about the most extraordinary thing in nature. He could not at all understand it. It mattered not a straw how imposing might be his attitude, how excellent his guard, how fiery his eye, or how fierce his general aspect, Stanley still kept on tapping and tapping, while *he* could do nothing whatever in return, although he plunged, and bucked, and bored, and jumped about in the most remarkable manner possible, and with a facility which was really very admirable in itself.

The interest now became intense. It was perceived that the great man had screwed up his courage to a most ferocious pitch, although Stanley stood as calmly as ever. Dashall made a furious rush, and Stanley stopped him. This made him stand still for a moment, and look very wild, but on he rushed again. Stanley stopped again with his right, and with his left sent him down as before.

This seemed to inspire him with the conviction that he had made a mistake altogether. He felt much confused, and looked very much annoyed, for it appeared to have struck him — which was really very singular,—that he had had enough as nearly as possible, which Stanley no sooner perceived than he drew off his gloves, and offered Dashall his hand, which at that moment happened to be precisely the very thing he was most anxious to accept.

"Well done!" he exclaimed with a patronising air, which was really very good of him. "Come, you are not a bad sort, after all! This is just what I call, you know, a friendly set-to. You must be one of us after this!" And the great man shook Stanley by the hand with extreme cordiality, and laboured very desperately and very laudably to conceal his confusion from those around, the whole of whom most uncharitably and unamiably rejoiced at his defeat, for his overbearing conduct, towards the smaller boys especially, had been intolerable.

"Now then," said Julian, "come to Joliffe's den. We have clubbed for a feed, and are going to be jolly together."

With this proposal Stanley was rather pleased; he therefore agreed to it at once, and went with Julian to the particular den in question, where he was hailed with three cheers as "a miller of the first water," by a dozen of the *élite*, who had already established themselves in his room, with the view, apparently, of proving how small is that space in which a dozen individuals can eat and be happy.

Our hero, who now began to feel himself at home, surveyed this banquetting-hall with great minuteness. It was about eight feet by six, yet did it contain twelve mortals, a nice assortment of candle-ends, a leaden inkstand, a table, a sofa, a lot of books, and sundry hampers. The ancient walls were emblazoned with highly-coloured portraits of *prima donnas*, pretty barmaids, and theatrical warriors of every clime, while the spaces between them were appropriately embellished with elaborate drawings in pencil and chalk, of ships, monuments, and barns, with a few highly-finished and really artistical profiles of those masters and preceptors who had rendered themselves obnoxious, and who really seemed to have the most extraordinary noses in nature.

On the whole it will hence be inferred that this den looked particularly tidy; but that which at first puzzled Stanley more than all was the style in which his friends were addressed. Each appeared to have a *sobriquet* peculiar to himself, with which Stanley became acquainted on being informed, not merely in general terms, that all had subscribed to the feast, but that Bull's-eye, for example, had contributed a German sausage; the Nigger, a wild-duck; Hokee Pokee, a pigeon-pie; Macbeth, an extraordinary lot of gingerbread; Twankay, a lump of Stilton cheese; the Black Prince, a variety of raspberry-tarts; Boggles, a Lilliputian ham; and Robin Hood, a Brobdignagian plumcake; while the worthy host, Caliban, himself, had not only contributed a pheasant, but had secured two tankards of regulation ale.

Of the whole of these delicacies each guest partook indiscriminately, freely, and with infinite gusto. The gingerbread, for instance, relished well with the German sausage; the raspberry-tarts with the ham; the Stilton cheese with the pigeon-pie; the plum-cake with the pheasant. In fact, taken together, they formed so remarkable a relish, that it seemed to be a pity almost that the whole of them had not been mixed with the ale in a bucket, before they began.

Stanley never had seen a knot of fellows eat so fiercely; but their enjoyment was amazingly pure; and when they had stuffed themselves to their heart's content, they kept up a perpetual rattle, in the gibberish peculiar to the school, having reference chiefly to their wonderful exploits during the vacation, until bed-time, when they wisely retired to their respective cribs in the merriest possible mood.

During the two succeeding days the little tyrants of the Dashall caste reigned supreme over all but Stanley; but when the fifth and sixth began to arrive, they gradually sunk into the most minute insignificance. The new boys wondered and walked about very mysteriously on witnessing the arrival of these tall fellows in their pea-jackets, wrappers, and cloaks, and retired for the night with about the same feelings as those which may reasonably be supposed to be enter-

tained by convicts on their arrival in Van Dieman's Land, as they speculate profoundly upon the character of the men to whom tyrannous Fate has consigned them. Stanley was, however, an exception to the rule: he had no such feelings to depress him; he was, on the contrary, pleased with the appearance of new arrivals, and fancied that he might study their style and general bearing with great advantage. On the following morning therefore he set to work with the laudable view of qualifying himself for the Remove as soon as possible; but he had scarcely been working an hour when, much to his astonishment, he was aroused by a desperate kick at his door, which served as a prelude to the following command, "I say, you new fellow, go to Fitzallan's study: he wants you."

Stanley certainly conceived this to be rather unceremonious; but he, notwithstanding, went to that particular study, and knocked.

"Come in!" cried Fitzallan, in an authoritative tone.

Stanley entered, and found himself in the presence of three tall fellows, one of whom on the instant observed that he was a strapper, when Fitzallan gave it as his unbought opinion that he would do, and without farther ceremony told him to sit down.

To affirm that Stanley held this reception to be highly flattering were to affirm that which is by no means strictly true. He did not; but he sat down, and waited with exemplary patience until some important matters then on hand had been arranged, when Fitzallan, addressing him again, said,

"Well, young fellow, and what can you do?"

Stanley looked as if anxious for some slight explanation, when Fitzallan continued, "Can you brush togs, clean candlesticks well, and light fires?"

"Upon my word," replied Stanley, with a smile, "I cannot pretend to those delicate accomplishments. I really have not had much experience in such matters."

"I did not suppose that you had. But take the mud off that pea-jacket. Come, let us see what you are made of."

Stanley looked at the pea-jacket, and looked at Fitzallan, and then looked at Fitzallan's friends, but did not attempt to obey orders.

"Do you hear?" cried Fitzallan, with a scowl.

"I do," replied Stanley; "but as I think that you are equally competent to the task, I'll leave you to do it." Thereupon he rose and opened the door, and was just on the point of departing, when Fitzallan, starting up, caught him dexterously by the ear.

At that moment Stanley did not smile — no, not even slightly; yet (and really it is a most extraordinary thing to place upon record) there was something in his look which had the effect of inducing Fitzallan to relinquish his hold. "I will not," said Stanley firmly, "notice this. I am willing to look over it; but if you dare again to *touch* me, I'll strike you to the ground!" And having delivered himself precisely to this effect, he walked calmly from the room, leaving Fitzallan and his friends in a state of amazement.

A short time after this Julian went to him. "Really, Thorn," said he, "you have done wrong. I spoke to Fitzallan myself; he is one of the most gentlemanly fellows in the school; and if you had consented to become his fag nominally, he would have treated you for my sake as a companion."

"Why," cried Stanley, "he commanded me to brush the mud off his pea-jacket!"

"Well, and what if he did?" rejoined Julian, soothingly. "It was simply because there were two of the Sixth with him."

"I'd not do it for any one on earth!" cried Stanley. "I'd die first!"

"But see what a position you place yourself in. If you'll not fag, you throw down the gauntlet. The fifth and sixth are sure to be at you."

"I don't care. I'll do my best to beat them; but even should I fail, I'll not fag."

"Well, but just let me reason with you a little on this matter. If even you are able to beat them all, they are certain to make a dead set at you, and what will be the consequence? Can you stand flogging?"

"No," replied Stanley, "decidedly not."

"Then I'd strongly recommend you not to get out of bounds. If you do, the præposters are certain to catch you; in which case, of course, you'll be put in the bill."

"And if I will not be flogged," rejoined Stanley, "what then?"

"Why, in that case you'll be without ceremony expelled. But I am sorry you should have quarrelled with Fitzallan, for he is really a good-hearted fellow. Come, let me go and tell him you didn't understand it?"

"By no means," said Stanley; "I can perform such humiliating offices for no one."

Julian now very plainly perceived that Stanley was not destined to remain long at Eton. He therefore gave him the best advice under the circumstances, strongly recommending him to keep within bounds; a course to which Stanley, knowing what would follow, most firmly resolved to adhere.

Fitzallan, whose object in sending for Stanley was to serve him, and thus to oblige Julian, from whose family he had received many very kind attentions, took no farther notice of the matter; but Scott and Hampden, who were with him at the time, marked Stanley, and closely watched him, in the lively expectation of catching him out of bounds. In this they were, however, disappointed. Nothing could tempt him to go a step beyond, knowing perfectly well what would be the result.

Now it happened a short time after this affair that Joliffe, one of his most intimate companions, was flogged. The cause was very trifling, and the effect was not very severe; but, independently of the extreme indelicacy of the process, — and it really is very indelicate, — the degradation struck Stanley with so much force, that he at once resolved to manifest his abhorrence of this vile and disgusting species of punishment in a way which could not be mistaken.

He accordingly conferred with his companions on the subject; and as they were equally anxious for the abolition of that species of punishment, contending very naturally, and very properly, that it ought at any rate to be confined to mere children, it was eventually resolved that they should get up a show of rebellion, than which at that period nothing could be more easy.

Stanley was chosen their leader, and they certainly could not have elected a more experienced hand. He set to work as usual at once,

and in earnest. Harry purchased an owl, which bore some resemblance to the then Lord Chief Justice, a dozen lively sparrows, and an infinite variety of fulminating balls, it was arranged that he himself should take the management of his interesting ornithological curiosity; that Joliffe, Fox, and Villiers, should each have the command of four sparrows; and that to Howard and Cholmondeley should be entrusted the distribution of the fulminating balls. A certain evening was fixed upon for the commencement of the rebellion, and they took especial care that their plumed troop should go to work as hungry as possible.

Well, the evening came, and the conspirators at the usual hour marched into school. There stood the revered doctor with all the gravity at his command, while the various masters respectively sported a corresponding aspect of solemnity. The signal was given; a buzzing was heard—a buzzing to which the whole school had long been accustomed, the process being known as that of "booing the master."

"Silence!" cried the doctor, who really seemed to anticipate a storm; but the buzzing continued, and gradually increased until indeed it appeared to be absolutely universal.

"I'll flog the first boy I discover," said the doctor, who held it, by virtue of some strange and inscrutable perversion of judgment, to be disgraceful.

The buzzing, however, continued to increase; and it may be stated, as a most extraordinary fact, that although the lynx-eyed doctor looked in every direction with really unexampled intensity and minuteness, not one of the rebels was he able to detect. What made it, under the circumstances, still more remarkable was, that they all seemed at that particular period to be studying with unprecedented zeal.

"Silence!" again shouted the doctor. "I'll punish the whole school!" And he really did feel very angry at that moment. Just as he was solemnly promulgating something having reference to the highly unpopular process of taking away their holidays, which seemed to be generally understood and appreciated, Stanley, with all due gravity, drew the Lord Chief Justice from his pocket, and having given him an impetus in the perfect similitude of a pinch of the tail, allowed his lordship at once to take wing.

Away flew the Lord Chief Justice very naturally straight for the chandelier, which was a fine large round one, in which between thirty and forty candles were burning brightly. Whizz! he went right in amongst them, knocking down a dozen at the very first pass, he then turned and charged the rest, and down went a dozen more, again he turned and went at them—and again. In short, his lordship seemed to feel himself bound to work away until he had knocked down the lot, and left the school in total darkness; for he scorned to give in until he had performed what he evidently conceived to be his duty, by achieving that object for which his introduction had been designed.

The school was now in an uproar; the laughter on every side was tremendous. The chief conspirators started three ear-piercing cheers, which were echoed by the rebels in the aggregate with consummate shrillness and effect, while Howard and Cholmondeley were busily engaged in strewing the fulminating balls about the gangway.

The school was dark as pitch, and the rebels seemed to entertain

an idea that the doctor was not very highly delighted. What tended more than all to confirm this impression was the heart-rending tone in which he called for more candles. The rebels in general, however, held it to be glorious sport, and kept it up zealously, loudly, and boldly, until the fresh lights were produced.

They could now see the doctor — they could see that he did not appreciate the fun — which was very extraordinary. They could not, however, be mistaken in this; for, instead of his being convulsed with merriment, he absolutely expressed what he felt very warmly, and gave each opinion with infinite point.

The præposters were now directed to station themselves in various parts of the school, with the view of taking observations; but during their progress they walked, as a matter of course, upon the fulminating balls, which went bang! bang! bang! at every step.

The doctor did not — he really *could* not—approve of these proceedings. On the contrary, he conceived them to be highly irregular, and very monstrous; and by the time he had delivered a few appropriate observations immediately bearing upon the point, the fresh lights were established, — not again in the chandelier, but in various parts of the school. The instant this grand desideratum had been accomplished, Fox, Villiers, and Joliffe with surpassing dexterity drew forth their sparrows, which in the common course of nature made at once for the lights, and never left them until they had extinguished them all.

The whole school was again in an uproar — the sport was held to be prime! The præposters, who had for the few preceding minutes been standing quite still, now began again to move, and the fulminating balls again went bang! bang!

More lights were demanded by the doctor; for being a man who was not a profound scholar merely, but one who looked at things in general with a learned spirit of human dealings, he very wisely imagined that the ammunition of the rebels had been expended, which, as far as matters had proceeded, was extremely correct. But the Lord Chief Justice, who, in doing so much execution, had undergone a temporary derangement of his faculties, had by this time recovered his power of observation, and hence no sooner did he observe the fresh lights introduced, than he felt it his duty to fly at them before they reached the places for which they had been destined. He did so, and so effectually did he perform that duty, that in the space of three minutes the whole school was in darkness again.

The doctor said something extremely severe, and his observations absolutely seemed to have reference to the subject; for, although he was indistinctly heard, he on the instant retired—of course in the dark.

Now the præposters knew nothing of this conspiracy against the doctor's peace; but Scott and Hampden did, nevertheless, fix their suspicions at once upon Stanley. They knew that he had a number of satellites; they knew that those satellites were spirited, daring young dogs, who would by no means object to enter into such a conspiracy; and they moreover knew, that if they could only bring it clearly home to him, they should have the extreme gratification of proving whether he would in reality suffer expulsion in preference to being flogged.

With infinite zeal therefore they set to work, and eventually, by virtue of specious manœuvring, obtained a slight clue to the delinquency of Stanley, Fox, Villiers, and Howard. Even this was, however,

deemed sufficient. Their suspicions were communicated to the doctor, and the day following that on which this communication was made the doctor solemnly directed the delinquents to stand forth.

Accordingly, they stood forth, and the doctor, in the first place, distinctly explained to them the nature of the charge; he then went on to illustrate the enormity of the offence; and having, in the third place, stated the penalty prescribed, he with all due solemnity observed, that as he had no absolute proof of their guilt, he should be perfectly satisfied that they were innocent if they would then declare that they were so, upon their honour as Etonians.

Of course Stanley would not do this, nor would Villiers, nor would Fox, nor would Howard. They were silent. The question was again put;—they made no reply. The doctor was therefore convinced that they were guilty.

Now came the test. The suspense was profound. The doctor held a grave conference with the rest of the masters, of whom one distinctly intimated that, as it was their first offence, they ought to be flogged, not expelled; and as this appeared to be the general feeling amongst them, the doctor very pointedly put it to the chief delinquent whether he would consent to be flogged.

"No," replied Stanley, "decidedly not. It was to mark our sense of the indelicate character of that species of punishment that we acted as we did."

The doctor looked with great earnestness at Stanley, and then turned and looked earnestly at his colleagues, who looked in return very earnestly at him. Without the slightest comment, however, on the nature of this answer, the same question was put to the others, who made, word for word, the same reply.

"Then," said the doctor, "I have but one course to pursue;" and, in tones the most solemn and impressive, he added, "I hereby publicly expel you from this school, and entail upon you all the consequences thereof."

The same day Stanley, Villiers, Fox, and Howard, in a post-chaise, left Eton together.

CHAPTER III.

Shows precisely how persons can be placed in a peculiar position.

It is probably one of the most striking truths in nature, that we are never inspired with a due appreciation of that which we have. We must lose it — no matter what it be, health, wealth, or any other acknowledged sublunary blessing — before our estimate of its value can be correct. Neither wives, husbands, parents, nor friends are duly estimated until they are gone. While we possess them, our process of valuation partakes of the character of that of the Israelites when about to purchase garments: we look with great minuteness at the defects, without a scruple, should it answer our immediate purpose to make them appear to be greater than they are; but when we lose them, their failings we magnify not, but, on the contrary, look at their virtues, and find those failings completely eclipsed.

Now, as this most remarkable truth is of universal application, it may not be deemed extraordinary that it should have applied to the amiable relict of Alderman Thorn. While the alderman was

living, he was not precisely all which that lady desired; he was nothing — very frequently, indeed, was he nothing — at all like what she desired. She would sigh, she would be sorry, — she would wish that if he were but — then she would think!—But oh! how awful is it to dive into the thoughts—the occasional secret thoughts — of those who unhappily conceive that they are too tightly bound about the legs in matrimony's soft silken cords, of which the gloss, like that of prematurely old bell-ropes, an indulgence in anger and an abuse of authority, not fair wear and tear, have worn off. We should there in the highest perfection behold the extreme wickedness of that which is termed the human heart, — we should there discover wishes and conceptions of a character so startling and so vile, that even they who have cherished those wishes and conceptions endeavour to conceal from themselves.

Without, therefore, going more minutely into the previous thoughts of the widow Thorn, who most certainly never wished them to be publicly known, it may perhaps be sufficient to state, that although she had treated the worthy alderman not fondly,—although the practical illustrations of domestic felicity she had induced were particularly hot, — although, in short, she was continually at him, pointing out dreadful faults which he never could perceive, she began now to think that, after all, he was really a kind-hearted, generous, good, dear sort of soul, and hence became absolutely inconsolable.

She wept: very frequently she wept, — and more especially on her pillow — and sighed, and wept again, and sometimes sobbed, and reproached herself bitterly for having previously inspected the faults only of him whose virtues now were in the ascendant. She had not felt it nearly so much before Stanley went to Eton; but he had no sooner left her than she began to feel very acutely the lamentable loneliness of her position. She was very wretched, and very disconsolate, and what, in her judgment, was far worse than all, albeit she had been no less than fifteen months a widow, not one of the late worthy alderman's friends had proposed to convince her that the loss she had sustained was not absolutely irreparable! She gave dinners: she dressed with extreme elegance: she did all that she could with prudence to inspire those whom she conceived to be likely to propose with due courage. No! they were polite; they never refused an invitation; they were at all times particularly attentive and agreeable —but nothing more. She thought it strange—very strange: she really could not in any way account for it. She was rich, and she was tall: she felt that she was interesting, if not strictly handsome: yet not a single creature would propose!

Such being the extraordinary state of things then, she began very deliberately and very seriously to turn the matter over in her mind; for although she had a son — a dear, darling son, —who was, doubtless, a very great comfort in his way,—she really felt that the comfort of a son, however great it might be, was not comparable, under the existing circumstances, with that of a husband—which was really very natural, and hence, very correct.

Now within the brilliant circle of her acquaintance there was a highly-respectable individual named Ripstone, whom Stanley from his infancy had been accustomed to call his Pippin. This gentleman held a deeply-responsible situation in the Treasury, and had moreover been a schoolfellow of the late worthy alderman, who had ever received and

esteemed him as a friend. He had never been married. He had, therefore, no practical knowledge of the blessings with which matrimony teems: and it may be added as an extraordinary fact that he had never developed the slightest inclination to become conversant with that particular branch of human knowledge: which certainly does not precisely accord with the popular view of social excellence. Mr. Ripstone was, notwithstanding, a very amiable man; and although he was not very rich, he had an annual salary of four hundred pounds, and with all the generosity in nature spent each quarter's pay in advance.

To this gentleman the widow had given very great encouragement; for, independently of his being a respectable-looking man — though rather short for his circumference, which was not inconsiderable, — he was a nice, kind, quiet, clever, excellent creature, who *would* offend no one, and whom, moreover, no one could offend. He had been at every one of the widows' parties: he had never by any chance begged to be excused: he had always arrived with the strict punctuality of the sun, and had invariably made himself very agreeable. Nor had his visits been confined to those occasions. By no means. He frequently dined with her alone! She gave him *every* opportunity to declare himself: spoke warmly and eloquently on the subject of wedded life; marvelled greatly that *he* should have no thought whatever of entering into the blissful marriage state; explained the utterly disconsolate character of her own position, and proved to demonstration that with all her wealth she could not in her state of extreme loneliness be happy! But, no! It was all of no use. He was still as insensible as a block of Scotch granite, being one of those extraordinary creatures into whose thick heads of mortal adamant you cannot with a hammer drive even a hint.

There would the poor widow sit, sighing, glancing, and fidgetting about, until she really became so provoked that she scarcely knew what on earth to do with herself, while he would be twiddling his thumbs, or mechanically twirling his watch-chain with a heart as dead to every sigh, look, smile, and sentiment of affection, as a stone! It was monstrous! The widow at times had no patience with the man. She herself felt it strongly and deeply to be monstrous; and that natural feeling at length prompted her boldly and resolutely to arrive at the conclusion that it would not do at all to go on any longer so. She held it to be a pity — a thousand pities — that Ripstone should be so excessively timid; but as she had done all in her power to inspire him with due courage, and as every effort had signally failed, she resolved, with surpassing firmness, to take one grand step, which, if it did nothing else, would at least put an end to that cruel suspense with which she was then so constantly tortured.

Accordingly, on the morning of the very day on which Stanley left Eton, she had forwarded a special invitation to Mr. Ripstone to dine with her alone, at the same time intimating clearly that she was anxious to have the benefit of his advice upon a subject in which the whole of her future felicity on earth was involved.

This puzzled Mr. Ripstone. He thought it very odd; and it was, in fact, remarked by his colleagues that he looked most mysterious: nay, one of them, with infinite delicacy, suggested that if anything of a pecuniary character disturbed him, he had a few pounds, which were quite at his service; but this was not what Ripstone wanted! It was kind of his friend — very kind; the motive was appreciated highly:

but that which he wanted was simply to know the nature of that advice which the widow required. Perhaps it had reference to some particular purchase: perhaps she was anxious to sell out some stock; or, perhaps it was something about something, — yet how was her future felicity involved? That was the point! and his utter inability to guess even what it could be, kept him up in a high state of fever until the clock struck four, when he hastened home to dress, and at five, to a minute, he knocked at the door of the widow.

The widow heard that knock. She well knew that it was his; and became extremely nervous as he ascended the stairs, and trembled — slightly trembled—as she held forth her hand to receive him.

"My dear madam," said he, with a face of some considerable length, "what on earth is the matter?"

"Oh! nothing,—at least nothing very—*very* particular." The faltering voice of the widow, however, convinced him that there *was* something very particular.

"You are looking very well," he continued, and this was a positive fact. She was looking very well: her rouge had been established with great delicacy of touch, and she wore a richly-figured satin dress, while her pearled heaving bosom, her turban, and her waist, were embellished with jewels of the most sparkling caste, so that really as the rays of the chandelier fell with the most refined softness upon her, she shone altogether refulgent. It was hence by no means an inappropriate observation, and as it *was* not inappropriate, the widow felt pleased with it rather than not, and vouchsafed a reply, of which the purport was, "Yes, thank heaven!"

"Well, come; tell me all," said Mr. Ripstone. "You really must, and at once, for I shall not have a moment's peace of mind, until I know what it is."

The widow smiled sweetly; and glanced at the mirror playfully, and absolutely patted his cheek. Dinner was announced at this interesting moment; she therefore took his arm very promptly, and explained on the stairs that he really was a good, kind creature, and that, if he would but wait with becoming patience, he should know all anon.

Very well. This was highly satisfactory as far as it went, and they sat down to dinner. The widow on that occasion had not much of an appetite. She managed the soup very fairly; and, on raising the first glass of wine to her lips, the glass itself touched her teeth only twice; but nothing bearing even the semblance of solid food could she manage; no, not even the breast of a delicate chicken, presented by Ripstone himself! She really felt so confused. Even Simpson looked at his mistress as if a slight explanation would have been a great relief to him, but of course he had nothing of the sort. She tried to chat with all her wonted point and eloquence; but that was a dead failure: it could not be done. Happily, however, this was not much perceived by her guest; for, although his accustomed politeness induced him to expostulate with her on the popular subject of keeping up the stamina, —to express his lively fears that she was not, after all, in the most robust health, and then to hint, with all the delicacy at his command, that it was probably attributable to the fact of her having then something on her mind,—he himself never ate a more excellent dinner. For it happened singularly enough that everything which he more especially favoured had been prepared,—a truly remarkable circumstance, and,

moreover, so fortunate, being so purely accidental! He therefore enjoyed himself exceedingly, and ate, drank, and chatted with infinite spirit, and was really very amiable — very! but the widow whom he was thus so unconsciously *killing* all the time, and who, knowing that she had a great duty to perform, wished ten thousand times that it were over, had a very unusual palpitation of the heart: it would flutter so! She therefore sighed deeply, while he chatted gaily, and thus this ever-memorable dinner passed off.

"Now — now, my dear madam," said Mr. Ripstone, when Simpson had left the room, "come, tell me what is this business, this serious matter?" Mr. Ripstone pressed her warmly, gazed upon her face very fervently, and her lily hand trembled in his very slightly, and she breathed very quickly, averting her smiling face gently, and looking upon the carpet very prudently, her pulse being one hundred and forty.

"Come — come!" continued he, with surpassing amiability both of expression and of tone, "be calm, and tell me all—all about it."

The widow at this moment, with a most emphatic sigh, observed, "Women are poor silly things."

"Well — well; but, pray keep me no longer in suspense: it is really very painful to see you unhappy."

"I know you to be a kind, sincere friend," said the widow; "but is it indeed true that my uneasiness can afflict you?"

"My dear creature! can you do me the injustice even to doubt it? You know—you have known me sufficiently long now to feel sure that there is nothing I could do to promote your happiness that I would not do with infinite pleasure."

"My friend!" said the widow, and smiled; and then looked at him earnestly, and warmly pressed his hand as she added, "Are you quite sure of that?"

Mr. Ripstone himself now became much confused. He could not understand it. What — what could it mean? He could not tell: he could not conceive: he could not even call up a rational conjecture on the subject.

The widow saw his confusion. It somewhat relieved her. She became in proportion more calm; but, although she felt very considerably better, she did not then feel herself equal to the task. He pressed her with great warmth and eloquence again and again for an explanation; but her nerves still required composure. She would have coffee first: then, if possible, she would explain the whole affair. Accordingly, for another mortal hour was Ripstone tortured; for, although a great variety of inuendos were shot like arrows, well feathered and pointed, not one hit the bull's-eye of his comprehension: they all of them fell very wide of the mark. This was tiresome — particularly tiresome to both; but it really was *not* the widow's fault: it was Ripstone's, and Ripstone's alone!

Well, the widow rang for coffee, and retired to give some further instructions. "*Now*," thought Ripstone, "for this most extraordinary disclosure!" He rose; and on her return the widow found him apparently lost in admiration of a Titian; but, although his eyes were, his thoughts were not, on that. His thoughts were—but no matter: the coffee was produced, and he was again sweetly summoned.

With all the elegance and grace at her command the widow sipped

and sipped, alternately examining the countenance of Ripstone, and the delicate pattern of her cup. At length, feeling that this was not the way to make progress, as Ripstone would *not* understand, she breathed a sigh fiercely—one sigh,—and took courage; and while still intently gazing upon her cup, as if she really had never noticed the pattern before, she smiled, and then said, "I 'm very silly,—I am—really—like a child. I wished to have your advice upon a matter of some—slight—in fact, of considerable—for it is to me of considerable importance—and yet—do you think that I can get my heart high enough? Upon my word, a mere girl of fifteen would have far more courage. I am but a poor, weak, simple creature, after all."

Mr. Ripstone now looked unspeakably anxious, and said, "My dear lady, proceed—pray proceed: it is something, I fear, of great moment."

"It is something," rejoined the widow, who now felt that the ice had been broken,—"it is something of a character extremely delicate, which—really I cannot—indeed—indeed I cannot—I dare not explain even now."

The expression of Mr. Ripstone's round face now became very droll. "Extremely delicate?" thought he. "It 's very odd." He scarcely knew that he should be justified in urging her to proceed. The phrase, "extremely delicate," really struck him as being very strong; and yet when he came to think of it, he found that his impression had been that that phrase really signified something extremely indelicate, which he now at a glance saw was extremely incorrect, and therefore said, with his characteristic firmness and force, "My dear lady, if you really have confidence in my honour and sincerity——"

"My friend," interrupted the widow, "I have—believe me, I have the greatest possible confidence in both: you are, in fact, now, the only soul in whom I can confide. I will, therefore, explain. A woman," she continued, with great deliberation, "is considered, of course, the weaker vessel. She is so naturally, and is recognised as being so socially; and hence it is, I presume, that society has prescribed that the weaker shall be wooed by the stronger. I believe that view of the matter is correct?"

"Oh! perfectly—perfectly—quite—quite correct, my dear lady; proceed."

"Well, a woman—upon my life I scarcely know how to put it,—but a man in the majority of cases having reference to marriage, is presumed to possess advantages—not merely of a moral and physical description,—but in a pecuniary point of view he is presumed to possess advantages; and hence, I apprehend, it is clearly understood that in all such cases the proposal should, of course, proceed from him. Am I right?"

"Oh! quite—decidedly—quite—quite right!" cried Ripstone, more puzzled than ever. The softest, the sweetest, and most delicate smile illumined her face as she resumed:

"But, suppose—I will put it so—suppose—leaving out of the question all moral and physical superiority—suppose the pecuniary advantages of the lady to be infinitely superior to those of the person to whom she is really attached—do you consider that in such a case she would really be justified in proposing to *him*? Would you hold such an act to be indiscreet, or imprudent?"

"Not, if he really were a man of honour," replied Ripstone, "and had proved himself worthy of that lady's choice. Most decidedly not. Were he as poor as Job himself, in such a case she would be justified, seeing that custom *alone* prescribes the contrary course."

"Well, now, that is indeed a remarkable coincidence," rejoined the widow archly. "It happens to be precisely my opinion. I was thinking the other day that in a case of that description the propriety of such a step could scarcely be impugned. But, suppose — let us put it to ourselves, just by way of illustration, for I really should like to be clear upon the point — suppose, then, that I, — being disengaged, of course — had, let me see, say some thousands a-year; and that you — being equally disengaged — had an income, we will say, of as many hundreds. Very well. Now, in the event of my proposing to you— you know this is, of course, a mere supposititious case,—but, in such an event, would you accept that proposal?"

"Why, that," replied Ripstone, "would mainly depend upon whether I had known you sufficiently long to be satisfied that the happiness of both would be thereby enhanced."

"But, assuming all the facts having reference to knowledge and to feelings to be in every particular precisely as they are, if I were to offer this hand, would you accept it?"

"Decidedly. Without a moment's hesitation."

"My friend—my dear friend!" said the widow. "It is yours!"

Mr. Ripstone seemed absolutely lost in amazement; he seized her extended hand, however, and pressed and kissed it with affectionate fervour. They both felt so happy! They embraced. Their veins tingled with the drollest sensations. Again they embraced, and again! when Stanley dashed into the room."

The lovers started. They were paralyzed. Had Satan himself at that moment appeared, they could not have been struck with more terror. They could *not*, or they would have sunk into the earth.

"Good God!" exclaimed Stanley, whose eyes flashed with fiery indignation. "What—*what* is the meaning of this? *Mother*, what am I to understand?"

The widow sank into a chair, overwhelmed with confusion.

"Leave the room, sir!" continued Stanley, pointing fiercely to the door, and addressing Ripstone, who wished to explain. "Leave instantly! Stay another moment, at your peril!"

Poor Ripstone, of course, was aware that he had done nothing wrong; but, then, he happened to know Stanley too well to remain, and hence he quitted not only the room, but the house, as soon as possible.

"*Mother!*" cried Stanley, when Ripstone had departed, "you have vilely sacrificed your own honour and mine!"

"No, Stanley, my dearest love,—no!" exclaimed the widow, extending her arms widely. The next moment she fell upon his neck, and instantly fainted.

LIONS OF THE MODERN BABYLON.

What elegance and luxury! What a refinement of every pleasure that the imagination can conceive, or ingenuity invent to give a zest to the life of man! This was my involuntary exclamation as I laid down one of those extraordinary daily papers with which the modern press teems, and that had found its way into my solitary abode, containing an elaborate description of the entertainments and pleasures of the Metropolis, and of the various amusements and pursuits of its favoured inhabitants. Here were pictured in the most glowing colours the pleasures of the banquet, where the choicest viands were said to be crowned by libations of burgundy and champagne, and every libation enhanced by the wit of the surrounding guests. Here were pourtrayed the gaiety and splendour of the fancy ball, the delights of the opera, and the theatres, and all the luxuries enjoyed by the gay votaries of fashion, with a long list of all the various and splendid appendages of rank and riches. Nature seemed scarcely to have endowed mankind with sufficient powers for the enjoyment of all the pleasures which were here pictured to my imagination. The five senses, into which our powers of enjoyment are reduced and divided, seemed inadequate to a proper appreciation of all that was set forth in the columns devoted to the manners and amusements of the age. Then came an account of the fame of statesmen, and the glory of generals in the fields of politics and warfare, and the reputation of authors in the paths of literature; and I could not but wonder whether the subjects of so much laudation were not drunk with public applause.

The description seized upon my fancy. My curiosity was suddenly and completely aroused, and I began to lament that I was not also among the participators of these pleasures, and the pursuers of this fame, which conferred such honour and glory upon the possessors. Why was I not among them, instead of occupying a solitary mansion, and following my studies far removed from these delicious scenes, and from such, apparently, unalloyed happiness?

"Why," continued I, "should I devote the short period of my life to the attainment of science, the utility of which may extend no farther than merely to give occupation to the vacancy of my own mind; or to the acquisition of knowledge that may never tend to the increase of my reputation, but be buried with me in the grave; when I may be so much more amusingly employed in seeking the pleasures of the Metropolis,—in enjoying amusements, the description of which alone has been sufficient to awaken sensations of delight? These pleasures are in my power. What is it, in fact, your philosophers do but die while they live, that they may live after they are dead? And, after all, how few ever attain even this end! I'll quit philosophy and solitude, therefore, and enter this gay world."

Enraptured with the idea of such a pleasant futurity as this resolution presented to my anticipations, I threw up the window of my library. It was one of those clear frosty nights in January, when "the moon, the inconstant moon," appears to move more brilliantly amidst the vast, and dark, and unfathomable expanse; and when the myriads and myriads of twinkling stars seem brighter than when the

heats of summer, rising in the atmosphere, dim their resplendence. The glebe was covered with a mantle of snow; the avenue of old elms waved their crystalized and leafless branches, glittering in the moonlight, to the wintry blast, and seemed to nod reproaches for my determination to desert them.

It is extraordinary how a scene, or a sound, or a thought, will change the vacillating mind. I gazed on the moon. I contemplated the avenue and glebe; a thousand recollections crowded upon me. I closed the window, and determined to remain. Throwing the pernicious periodical into the fire, I attempted to resume my studies; but the poison of fancied pleasure was instilled into my imagination. I cast my eyes towards the grate, on which I had thrown the paper. During my lucubrations I had neglected the fire, and there lay the journal, smouldering in the heat, disfigured and blackened, but still unconsumed. The printing of it had become even more apparent, and every paragraph seemed to stare me in the face in luminous characters, as though to continue the temptation which their first perusal had commenced. My eyes were riveted on the consuming paper. I determined to watch it to the last, till every spark should be extinguished — as I used, when a child to play, at "parson and clerk" till the whole congregation were gone out, and were carried by a current of air up the chimney. In the present instance, however, no such result seemed likely to follow, for the paper still lingered on the coals. The paragraphs and advertisements seemed to grow brighter and more luminous, till fancy began to picture to my mind's eye Macassar oil assuming the shape of a rosy cheek; Canton's dentifrice appeared to be growing into a fine set of teeth; and an advertisement for bear's grease to be producing a luxurious head of hair; while the puffs of Nugee Stultz, and a host of other tailors, seemed gradually to assume the various habiliments in which they severally excelled, till the newspaper was actually transformed into human shape, and leaped from the grate into the room. I thought it must be a dream, — I rubbed my eyes, — still the vision vanished not. I felt I was awake; yet thought I must be asleep. I gazed on that which appeared a being before me, and at length the outline of the figure became palpable and definable to sight. It was that of a diminutive man, supported on one side by a crutch, while his movements did not in the least seem retarded by his apparent lameness. His round face bore the ruddy glow of health, as though still warmed by the fire from which he appeared to have sprung, while his little sparkling eyes looked at me with a caustic severity, sobered by an expression of cunning and good nature, that diminished the fear which his appearance might otherwise have inspired. This expression of cunning was heightened by a small hat and feather cocked very knowingly on one side of his head.

For a moment I was alarmed, and made a motion towards the bell, but the figure moved his crutch, and in a moment the bell-pull, after performing a kind of swinging fandango, wriggled itself up to the ceiling, out of my reach. A kind of Mephistophiles' grin curled up the lip of my visitor, as he perceived my surprise at the rebellious propensities of my bell-pull, and a laugh — such a laugh as I had never heard—ha! ha! ha'd! in echoes through my room.

"Vain mortal!" said my visitor. I shall never forget the first, tones of that voice: I find it, indeed, as impossible to describe as

to forget them. "Vain mortal! did you imagine that *I* was to be shown to the door, and turned out of your house by some impertinent lackey, like a visitor of earthly mould. No, no; your impatience has invoked me; your discontent has induced my superiors to send me, — not to help, but to convince you. You were highly favoured in being placed in this safe harbour, far from the tumultuous ocean of life, to pass your days in peace; and you have passed twenty years of almost uninterrupted happiness. True, you have not had the excitements of the world, and all its passions; but you have had its tranquillity: and now, ungrateful, you have suffered your imagination to be led away by the exaggerated account of fancied pleasures, and your heart is set on quitting this peaceful solitude that you may mix with the bustle and business of the great Metropolis."

"Well," continued the figure, "you are to be gratified. My superiors have sent me to your aid, and you are to be gratified! gratified! gratified! gratified!" raising his voice at each repetition of the word. And the figure chuckled to itself with a kind of unearthly laugh—a demoniacal ha! ha! ha! which one might imagine Mephistophiles to have uttered whenever he had entrapped Faust into a new sin—calling it a pleasure.

"Who are you? and where did you come from?" I exclaimed.

"Who I am I can tell you," replied the figure. "I am Asmodeus, rather known to human fame as having, sometime since conducted Don Cleofas through Madrid, and laid open to him the secrets and intrigues of the Spanish world. Where I came from is best known to myself, and must never be told to any mortal."

"But, from whom do you derive your power to perform the promise you make of showing me this world which has to-night appeared, for the first time, so attractive?"

"From whom I derive my power," said the figure, "and from whence I come, are secrets confined to the knowledge of those spiritual essences who guide, unseen, the affairs of man; who are eternally hovering in the atmosphere to whisper to his imagination new ideas, to engender new speculations, to inspire new projects, and to suggest new inventions; and then vain mortals strut abroad, and take all the credit to themselves. Why, it was I who put steam into the head of Watt. It was I who put gas into the eye of Windsor; and it was a particular fast-travelling spirit, a friend of mine, who, embodying himself as a director, carried the railroad question from one end of the country to the other. It is we, who sometimes in the shape of Fame, lead mortals to accomplish objects apparently impossible, tempt them through the dangerous paths of glory, and sometimes lead them to the objects of their wishes, while at others we leave them on the brink of the precipice, and make them travel back the dangerous road themselves, as a punishment for their vanity: sometimes we suffer them to fall into the abyss, by way of retributive justice for their wickedness. Some one or other of us are members of every society in the universe. There is not a club in London into which we are not elected, and guide or influence their proceedings from the affected ethics of the Athenæum to the unaffected ethics of Crockford's; from the learned synod of the Royal Society to the laughter-loving Garrick; from the solemn episcopal high church of Oxford and Cambridge, to the old woman's

A.B.C. academy in some country village. You can scarcely sit down at a table, enter a stage-coach, go on board a steam-vessel, that there is not one of us a fellow guest, or a fellow passenger. There is one general sign of intelligence known only to ourselves, by which we recognise each other, and are thus prevented from crossing each other's purposes. If, after this description of myself, and my power to do you good or evil,—and which it will be I am not at liberty to tell,—you will trust yourself to my guidance, my aid shall transport you into the very centre of that Metropolis, the description of which induced the apostrophe which called me through the fiery ordeal into mortal and palpable existence. Ha! ha!" laughed Asmodeus. "You hesitate. Like your fellow mortals, you have not courage enough to gratify your own curiosity."

"But, cannot I gratify it by myself?" said I. "I have only to proceed to London. My fortune and figure will procure me admission to the best society, and I can see everything without the risk of being arrested upon the plea of '*noscitur a sociis*,' or the danger of being, perhaps, suddenly sent to the regions from which I saw you so lately emerge."

"Yes, you may see the superficies of society—men, as they appear to each other,—not as they appear to us and to themselves. Your very fortune and figure will be only additional inducements to dupe and deceive you. You are worth being cheated, and they will cheat you. I can show you the interior of society. You may be introduced to the puppets, but I will carry you to those who pull the strings. You may see the actions; I will develope the motives. In short, I will take you behind the scenes of the world, and show you the secret machinery by which they are moved, and by which all those tricks are played which deceive mankind, and lead them through life satisfied with their own ignorance, which they denominate a knowledge of the world—the world as it appears in one universal mask. I will take that mask off, and show you the secrets. But, quick — decide! my time must not be wasted here in useless argument."

The temptation was stronger than the danger, and I consented; at the same time asking my new acquaintance how we should travel—whether by railroad, or what other conveyance?

"Make yourself quite easy upon that head," said Asmodeus. "I can carry you at ten times railroad speed with the ease and tranquillity of a balloon. You consent, then, to accompany me?"

"I *do*," said I.

The words were scarcely uttered when I found my senses steeped in a kind of torpidity. A deep somnolence, which I could not resist, came over me. I was rendered totally insensible, until the voice of my conductor awoke me by proclaiming our arrival. As I opened my eyes I started at the perilous position in which I found myself placed,—upon the external point of a cross, beneath which I could perceive a brazen ball, and below that, again, a large dark dome, which proved to me that I was on the top of an immense building; and it was some time before the assurances of my conductor could persuade me to take a view of my situation. At length I ventured to look round, and, by the light of the moon discovered myself to be in the midst of an extensive city. Large houses everywhere met my glance; numberless streets, branching out into various and almost

innumerable ramifications, were mapped to the eye by rows of bright burning lamps; a magnificent river rolled its dark waters, here and there silvered by the moonlight, through the very heart of this immense congregation of human habitations, across which four stupendous bridges were distinctly pourtrayed by the gas-lights, which seemed to unite the two sides of the stream, and form communications for the convenience of the inhabitants; who, late as it was, seemed still to be hurrying to and fro, some on foot, some in carriages, and altogether breaking the silence of the night with such a din as even to disturb the stillness of the air at the extreme height from which I contemplated the scene before me. I soon found it impossible, however, for my sight to reach half the extent that I wished, or to embrace half the objects that presented themselves to my attention. I therefore applied to Asmodeus for some description of what appeared to me the eighth wonder of the world.

"This city," said he, "which now lies beneath us, is London, the great Babylon. It is indeed an emblem of that world of which it forms one of the wonders. Paris may be the metropolis of France; St. Petersburgh, of Russia; Berlin, of Prussia; Vienna, of Austria; but London is the Metropolis of the World. Within its precincts you will find character of every description, — the most virtuous, and the most vicious; the most degraded, and the most exalted; the richest, and the poorest. In short, everything, and its antipodes, as well as everything intermediate; and you will find there every variety of character of every nation upon the habitable globe. Here it will be our task to explore alike the stately mansions of the great, and the miserable abodes of poverty; the worst receptacles of vice, and the temples of virtue, morality, and religion; the splendid clubs of Pall Mall and St. James's, and the 'free-and-easy' of the Ship and Shovel, or Pig and Whistle. The hells of the West, and the back slums of the East. The interiors shall be displayed, and you shall draw your own conclusions respecting the happiness of solitude or publicity; of the mechanic, who earns his daily bread by the sweat of his brow, or the prince and noble, on whom a hundred obsequious servants wait to perform the most trivial offices. But your situation is rather too elevated here. We must be moving."

In an instant I found myself wending my way through a never-ending stream of people, and dazzled by the blaze of light which issued from the various shops. In spite of the mob, however, we met with no interruption or impediment, but seemed to slip through the crowd as though we were "thin air." In our progress my companion pointed out sundry really well-dressed people, who were in the act of mistaking other people's pockets for their own, out of which we saw them extract various articles, such as handkerchiefs, pocket-books, &c. which were most dexterously conveyed to others, appearing to be mere casual passengers, but who quickly slipped away with the prizes the moment they were committed to their care. In some instances the gentlemen whose pockets were thus intruded upon by other hands than their own, were seduced into inattention to their property by the blandishments of some attractive-looking female, a number of whom were decked in feathers, flowers, rouge, and smiles. The smiles of these females were as sad an imitation of real gaiety as their tinsel ornanaments were of real gold and precious

stones, but they managed their *metier* of engaging these victims of petty larceny in conversation so cleverly, that I saw at least twenty pockets picked, some by men, some by boys, and some by the females themselves, in less than as many minutes.

As we proceeded my companion asked me, with a sneering laugh, if a gas-light evening walk in the metropolis was not far preferable to the uninterrupted moonlight stroll in the country.

We now passed two very large and gloomy-looking buildings, the one looking like a temple of religion, and the other a perfect nondescript, as far as architecture was concerned. Both appeared to be lighted up within.

"These," said Asmodeus, "are the national theatres. For the present we will leave these fanes of the legitimate drama, and proceed to the theatre dedicated to Italian performances and foreign artists."

In a moment I found myself in such a blaze of light, that it was some minutes before I could distinguish the nature of the place to which I had so suddenly been conveyed. As the scene, however, grew palpable to sight, I was for a moment or two quite overcome with astonishment at the brilliant spectacle which greeted my eyes. Tier above tier of almost countless boxes, decorated with crimson curtains, and filled with well-dressed personages, the females glittering with diamonds and gold, arranged into all the paraphernalia of female ornament, and the males with vests embroidered with gold and silver. A splendid chandelier, containing what, to my unaccustomed eyes, appeared to be myriads of brilliant particles of light, refracted and reflected in a thousand prismatic colours through a sea of cut glass, a series of chandeliers, all brilliantly lighted, ranged around the rows of boxes, was the spectacle that first greeted my eyes, and at the first burst quite overpowered me. I found myself placed in a narrow range, with my back against the lower circle of boxes, in a position that commanded a perfect view of the stage, and of the whole theatre, which seemed literally groaning with people, who were perpetually going in and out of the boxes, pouring in from the pit entrance, and crowding along the narrow passage which surrounded it. A celebrated singer had just finished a favourite *scena*, the curtain had just fallen upon the scene, and the applause had not subsided at my entrance. Various thrusts which I received from the elbows of those who were pushing by me, and sundry treadings on my toes, soon convinced me that I was no longer in the enjoyment of the invisible and intangible properties of my demon guide, whom I could nowhere discover. I was just beginning to apprehend that he had left me to myself, when I was attracted by the voice of the person who stood next to me, the tones of which reminded me of the peculiarity of those of my new friend.

"Don't be alarmed," he exclaimed. "I am here — close at your side."

I looked at my companion, and found a sedate-looking bald-headed man, apparently some fifty years of age, and soon recognised in the twinkling of his eye, and peculiar sneering expression of his countenance, the attributes of Asmodeus.

"You are here," said he, "in the Opera-house, surrounded by nearly all the fashion of London. The applause, which is just now subsiding, has been elicited by a prima donna, who is all the *rage*,

and has been rendered more the fashion than ever by certain little circumstances connected with her private life, which always, in this moral country, adds excitement to the interest taken in a public performer. Indeed, there have been cases where a mediocre performer has immediately started into astonishing popularity by the fame of an intrigue, or the notoriety of a conjugal separation; has made more money during the continuance of this excitement than a whole life of professional labour would have procured her, unaccompanied by these circumstances. To see this theatre expressly devoted to music, crowded as it is, one would suppose that England was a musical country, and the English a musical people, — yet it is no such thing. Not a tithe of the audience you see assembled care one atom about the music, or understand the language in which it is sung; although none of them, with the exception of an old lady or two, who come here only to chaperone their daughters, are honest enough to confess it. Fashion is the great incentive, and intrigue the subordinate one, which fills this theatre. The boxes before the curtain, and the coulisses behind it, are both of them prolific sources of the latter. The coulisses speak for themselves to the most casual observer who lounges between the acts on the stage; and I heard a *divorcée* of great beauty once say, that she should never have been false to her husband if he had not permitted her to have an opera box.

"The fact is, that many of the small compartments in which you see ladies in front, and cavaliers snugly ensconced in the back ground, could furnish a history of many an interesting scene; and were they gifted with the power of writing, nothing could afford more piquant matter than the autobiography of an opera box; unless, indeed, it were the autobiography of a true, well-bred, and discreet 'lady's maid.' This theatre is, in fact, a very fertile field for the labours of my fraternity; and there is never a season in which one of us do not interfere with the management. But to the audience. The lower boxes on either side of the stage, you perceive, are occupied entirely by men. You see them all at present languishingly lying upon the sofas, gaping, or directing their opera-glasses to the discovery of their friends in the other parts of the house. Their part of the entertainment is not come — for few of them care anything about the musical part of the entertainment. At the moment the curtain rises for the ballet they seem to start into a new existence. The opera-glasses are all turned in one direction, and their attention is only disturbed by the energetic applause they bestow on some peculiar *pas* or *pirouette* twirled by the famous *danseuse* of the day. These are called the omnibus boxes, from being supported by subscribers. The subscribers consist of a few married men, whose wives have their separate boxes in other parts of the house, — fashionable younger brothers, and some elder ones, — all of them celebrated as amateurs of the ballet and its appendages. There is, perhaps, not a very great deal of wisdom among the set, but they are generally very pleasant *laisser aller* kind of fellows, who never 'affect a virtue if they have it not,' and with a spice of *rouéism* about them that very often makes them subject to be paragraphed in those public prints which exist upon scandal. Perhaps there is not a better description of the generality of the omnibus subscribers than that which was so often used during the Regency in France of '*les amiables roués.*' A few real

enthusiasts in music have the *entrée* of these boxes, where you may see them applauding to the very echo the brilliant passages of Mozart, Cimarosa, and Rossini. But, observe, a head is thrust out of one of these boxes, and seems watching the rise of the curtain with peculiar anxiety."

I directed my attention to the head in question.

"Here," said my Mentor; "take my opera-glass; it is endowed with very peculiar powers, and may perhaps surprise you."

I took the glass, and pointed it towards the box.

"Well," said my companion,—"what do you see?"

"Nothing," answered I, "but an anxious countenance, with aristocratic features,—a restless eye, exhibiting considerable impatience." In a moment, however, the features of the countenance seemed to mingle and dissolve.

"And what see you now?" said Asmodeus.

"Why, I really believe I see the interior of the skull."

"And, what perceive you there?"

"No lack of brains," answered I; "though the greatest portion seems occupied by a female form, from whose attitudes represented on his cerebrum, I should conclude her to be a singer. Ah! another head has thrust itself between my opera-glass and this interesting object."

"Oh, you will find the new head quite as interesting as the other," sneered the Demon.

The new head that obtruded itself on my notice had not the aristocratic delicacy of the first. The face was plump, red and white, and seemed to require every attention to dress to overcome its natural *roturier* kind of expression. Indeed the person to whom it belonged seemed from dress alone to derive the characteristics of the society in which he moved, as the power of the glass displayed the interior of this new head—

"Well," said my companion, "what see you now?"

"Why, a scene of so much confusion that I can scarcely make anything of it. The brain seems whirled and tossed about in all directions, as though it were practising the favourite dance of, 'Turn about, and wheel about, and jump Jim Crow!' Ah! I see the occasion of it now. I plainly perceive an opera-dancer performing a variety of evolutions in this poor man's brains; sometimes she turns them round and round by a pirouette she is making in the midst of them; at others they are kicked here and there on the point of her 'fantastic toe' in the evolution of a cachuca. Now they circulate in a *chassée* till I am sure the poor man cannot tell whether he stands on his head or his heels, and I am actually giddy with the contemplation."

Asmodeus laughed as I withdrew the glass from my eye. "The two heads you have seen," said he, "are pretty fair samples of most of the others here, only these fling their quarries at the highest game, and are contented only with *prima donnas* and *premières danseuses;* while the others, according to their rank or means, pursue the same object through every grade of the opera and ballet, down to the chorus singers of the one, and the figurantes and supernumeraries of the other. But, look to that box on the left. A gentleman and lady are there discussing the merits of the performance with much apparent *gusto.* They are two of the best-natured people in the world,

both of considerable rank, and both possessing and professing such an enthusiasm for music as realizes the character of *Il fanatico per la musica*, in one of their favourite operas. You observe the lady, though no longer in her *premiere jeunesse*, is still exceedingly handsome, while the good nature of her disposition beams in her eyes, and lights up her countenance; and from the display of one of the best-formed arms in the theatre, we cannot suppose her entirely insensible to the admiration of the multitude. Inheriting a large fortune, she has been enabled to indulge that passion, or rather mania for music which has been the grand characteristic of her life. This has caused her to be surrounded by a host of foreigners, who enjoy her kindness, fatten on her hospitality, and grow rich by her liberality. You never meet her without half-a-dozen of these foreign *artistes* in her train. You see one of them now in the back of the box, mustachio'd and imperialed, and gazing upon his patroness and her companion with one of those sneers which display the real sentiment with which many of these foreign artistes regard the English. But where is your glass?"

I immediately pointed the glass in the direction of the box.

"What do you discover?"

"In the lady's head," I replied, "I see a strange jumble of crotchets and quavers, mingled with a plentiful profusion of moustachios. The gentleman's head is quite as much stuffed with musical notes; but in his pericranium they seem to organise themselves into operas."

At this moment there was a universal buzz in the house, and I saw every opera-glass pointed in the direction of a large box immediately above the one in which I had been engaged. This box had hitherto been empty, but three or four ladies, and an equal number of gentlemen were now entering it, the whole of whom seemed to pay obeisance to the youngest lady of the party; none of them taking their places till she was seated on the right hand front corner of the box. In an instant the crimson curtain was drawn aside by a diminutive white hand, and displayed a face with an expression of determination, which is seldom the accompaniment of such extreme youth. The lady placed her bouquet on the cushion before her, and immediately began to scrutinize several boxes. Every eye and glass in the house seemed for a few minutes to be directed towards herself; but she bore the public gaze as though she were entitled to it.

I was on the point of lifting my opera-glass in the same direction with the others, when my companion suddenly seized my arm, exclaiming in a hurried voice, "No—no! that is a head you must not look into. The secrets of that head are too important for common scrutiny. We shall return to the opera, but now let us be gone."

In an instant the brilliant scene vanished from my view, and in a few minutes I found myself comfortably seated in a fashionable hotel at the west end of the town. I soon recognised my conductor in the obsequious valet who tendered me my dressing-gown and slippers, and offered me a cup of delicious coffee, with a glass of curaçoa. He afterwards ushered me into a comfortable bed-chamber, where he left me to my repose, bidding me good night, observing that he had some business in the other world, but would be back betimes in the morning.



"Don't you think, sir, as we shall have a war with *Roosher*, sir?"
"Don't chatter, sir, but dress my hair!"

MR. MACAW.

A SKETCH.

THE barber — the individual who thrust out his bare pole in all weathers—is now almost extinct.

Modern civilization has, indeed, so completely transformed the quaint barber-*ism* of the olden time, that an attempt to discover *the* pole now-a-days would puzzle even Sir John Ross!

Even those descendants of the great shavers of our forefather's chins, who enjoy the old-established shops as a *hair*-loom have universally knocked out the dim windows of their predecessors, and now very appropriately show forth in all the glory of a "new *front*;" while the *chips* of the old blocks, (who were wont to friz and crop our grandsires,) retaining but a small portion of the ancient practice, are reduced to a—little shaving!

The old barber, during the reign of powder—the *flour* of his days!—was accustomed to puff his customers, while the smart hair-dresser of to-day only puffs—himself.

Again—instead of the dirty, snug gossiping room, whose white-washed walls were adorned with a jack-towel (*pro bono publico*), a hand-glass, the play-bills of the day, and broad caricatures, we are

now ushered into a "*salon*," (or, as a slender brother of the white-aproned craft called it in my hearing, a "*salong* pour la coupe de CHEVAUX!" all red paper, gilding, looking-glass, and gas.

Our head (and the head of this article) requiring a *cut*, we dropped in at one of the most notorious "Emporiums of Fashion" in this renowned city of Cockaigne, where (*see* advertisement) there are more bears "slaughtered" monthly than are imported into the "tight little island" in the whole course of a year!

Poor bears! how vividly they call to mind the fate of a great poet —like him they fall martyrs to the love of GREASE!

As we entered the "salon," Mr. Macaw, the proprietor of the splendid establishment, had just received a huge pair of curling-irons from the "paws" of a broad-nosed African, dressed in white trowsers and jacket, and was twirling them dexterously over his thumb, and blowing upon them after the most approved fashion.

He bowed; took my hat, and handing it to the "nigger," informed me that "he should have the honour, &c." in half a moment.

He "indicated" a handsome sofa. "*Currier* —Times —Globe — Herald," continued he, pointing to several papers, "all sorts o' politics—'cording to taste o' customers—fit 'em to a hair."

There was also a volume of the "*Heads* of the People" lying on the sofa. I smiled; for, where could they find a more appropriate place than in a hair-dresser's shop?

There were several assistants, or journeymen, at work in the room; but they only whispered in monosyllables, Mr. Macaw — the great Macaw!—apparently monopolizing the whole of the talking "aloud" as his particular province.

He undoubtedly possessed one great essential of an orator — confidence! and was, in truth, a strange compound of wit, ignorance, and vulgar assurance.

The spark, upon whose cranium he was operating, appeared to enjoy his gabble, and laughed repeatedly, to the imminent danger, as we thought, of a "singe" from the tongs.

"It's precious cold to-day," remarked he.

"Rayther easterly — what I call a cutting *hair*, sir," replied Macaw.

"Precisely," continued his customer.

"Ralely, sir, (I must say it,) you have been most shamefully cut; who could have had the owdaciousness to operate— to spile, in fact, a gentleman's head in this way?"

"Oh!—a fellow at the West End—"

"Ah! I thought as much. They don't understand it, sir. Cut a hundred to their one in the city; and practice—(a leetle to the left) —practice, sir, is everything."

"Shan't touch me again," said the youth. "I've got some experience—"

"A *notch*, sir, if you will allow the word," said Macaw; "nothin' more nor less than a 'notch,' 'pon the honour of a professor. They're mere 'prentices in the *hart*, sir, and fit on'y to clip parish boys. Why, it'll take a month and some pots o' bears' grease to obviate the hinjury."

"And do you really think bears' grease of any use?"

"Of any use!" cried Macaw, with a start. "My dear, sir, if your head was as smooth as the palm of my hand, I could assure you

a crop in — in a twinkling! Rub a block—a head, I mean—as polished as a billiard-ball, and you 'll be surprised—perfectly astounded —yes, sir, the CROWN WILL HAVE A LITTLE HAIR-APPARENT IN NO TIME. *We* have a harticle, sir, as is bin given a preference for by, I may say, the 'nobs' of the city; and the nobs are, without vanity, the better for it." And here he took breath, and grinned at his own facetiousness. "There, sir, I think, sir, I have done wonders," resumed he, giving the finishing touch to his labours, "that is, considering of the miserrible state to which that West-Ender have reduced you, sir."

While undergoing a brush to take off the superfluous hairs from his coat, the youth turned to a small glass-case containing a tempting display of perfumery, &c.

"Have you any tooth-powder you can recommend?" said he.

"'Pon my honour, sir, we have nothink but we will recommend; but here's a thing, sir, as will recommend itself. We sell an immensity of it. Next to a good head of hair, I'm of opinion, sir, a fine set o' teeth is the *ne plus ultra* to a gentleman. Some *blades*, indeed, would have little to boast on, if it was not for good *grinders*. Half-a-crown, if you please, sir — thank you sir. Good evening." And he bowed him out.

"I say, Macaw, how thick you laid it on," remarked one of the "finished" gentlemen, carefully fixing his hat over his poodled crop.

"All in the way of business, as my old governor used to say. 'Mac,' said he, 'when you wish to shave a gentleman easy, always soap him well.'"

At this moment a dark broad-shouldered man, with black whiskers and eyebrows, and a "*frosty pow*," as Burns pathetically describes it, entered the "salon," and throwing down his broad-brimmed beaver, he seized a paper, and seated himself in the vacant chair.

"How would you like it cut, sir?" said Macaw, endeavouring to pass his fingers through the stubble.

"Close," laconically and gruffly growled the gentleman.

"Umph!—short!" said Macaw, and, wielding his scissors, set to work, rather perplexed how to handle his customer. He at last caught his eye directed to an article on the affairs of Russia, and took his "cue" accordingly.

"*Roosher*, sir," said he, "is grabbing at everythink. Got a large navy; but it's my opinion, as an individual, he's got too many irons in the fire, and will burn his fingers. Before he lays his paws upon anythink belonging in any ways to Old England, he'd better pause, I think.—Don't *you* think, sir, as we shall have a war with Roosher, sir?"

"Don't chatter, sir, but dress my hair," said the crabbed old gentleman, in a tone that seemed to rumble over a bed of pebbles.

Macaw was silenced, — the journeymen simultaneously dilated their optics to a perfect stare of wonderment,—while the astonished "friseur" clipped away until he speedily reduced his customer's original bristles to the shortness of a tooth-brush.

ALFRED CROWQUILL.

JACK SHEPPARD.

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "ROOKWOOD" AND "CRICHTON."

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

EPOCH THE THIRD.—1724.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE PURSUIT.

After running to some distance down Seacoal-lane, Jack stopped to give a last look at the vehicle which was bearing away the remains of his beloved and ill-fated mother. It was scarcely out of sight when two persons, whom he instantly recognized as Jonathan and Abraham Mendez, turned the corner of the street, and made it evident from their shouts that they likewise perceived him.

Starting off at a rapid pace, Jack dashed down Turnagain-lane, skirted the eastern bank of Fleet-ditch, crossed Holborn-bridge, and began to ascend the neighbouring hill. By the time he had reached St. Andrew's Church his pursuers had gained the bridge, and the attention of such passengers as crowded the streets was attracted towards him by their vociferations. Amongst others, the watchman whose box was placed against the churchyard wall, near the entrance to Shoe-lane, rushed out and sprung his rattle, which was immediately answered by another rattle from Holborn-bars.

Darting down Field-lane, Jack struck into a labyrinth of streets on the left; but, though he ran as swiftly as he could, he was not unperceived. His course had been observed by the watchman, who directed Wild which way to take.

"It is Jack Sheppard, the noted housebreaker!" cried Jonathan, at the top of his sonorous voice. "He has just broken out of Newgate. After him! A hundred pounds to the man who takes him."

Sheppard's name operated like magic on the crowd. The cry was echoed by twenty different voices. People ran out of their shops to join the pursuit; and, by the time Wild had got into Field-lane he had a troop of fifty persons at his heels, all eager to assist in the capture.

"Stop thief!" roared Jonathan, who perceived the fugitive hurrying along a street towards Hatton-garden. "It is Sheppard—Jack Sheppard—stop him!" And his shouts were reiterated by the pack of blood-hounds at his heels.

Jack, meanwhile, heard the shouts, and, though alarmed by them, held on a steady course. By various twistings and turnings, during all which time his pursuers, who were greatly increased in numbers, kept him in view, he reached Gray's-Inn-lane. Here he was hotly pursued. Fatigued by his previous exertions, and incumbered by his fetters, he was by no means—though ordinarily remarkably swift of foot—a match for his foes, who were fast gaining upon him.

At the corner of Liquorpond-street stood the old Hampstead coach-office; and, on the night in question, a knot of hostlers, waggoners, drivers, and stable-boys was collected in the yard. Hearing the distant shouts, these fellows rushed down to the entrance of the court, and arrived there just as Jack passed it. "Stop thief!" roared Jonathan. "Stop thief!" clamoured the rabble behind.

At no loss to comprehend that Jack was the individual pointed out by these outcries, two of the nearest of the group made a dash at him. But Jack eluded their grasp. A large dog was then set at him by a stable-boy; but, striking the animal with his faithful iron-bar, he speedily sent him yelping back. The two hostlers, however, kept close at his heels; and Jack, whose strength began to flag, feared he could not hold much longer. Determined, however, not to be taken with life, he held on.

Still keeping ahead of his pursuers, he ran along the direct road, till the houses disappeared, and he got into the open country. Here he was preparing to leap over the hedge into the fields on the left, when he was intercepted by two horsemen, who, hearing the shouts, rode up, and struck at him with the butt-ends of their heavy riding-whips. Warding off the blows as well as he could with the bar, Jack struck both the horses on the head, and the animals plunged so violently that they not only prevented their riders from assailing him, but also kept off the hostlers; and in the confusion that ensued Jack managed to spring over the fence, and shaped his course across the field in the direction of Sir John Oldcastle's.

The stoppage had materially lessened the distance between him and his pursuers, who now amounted to more than a hundred persons, many of whom carried lanterns and links. Ascertaining that it was Sheppard of whom this concourse was in pursuit, the two horsemen leapt the hedge, and were presently close upon him. Like a hare closely pressed, Jack attempted to double, but the device only brought him nearer his foes, who were crossing the field in every direction, and rending the air with their shouts. The uproar was tremendous; men yelling, dogs barking; but above all was heard the stentorian voice of Jonathan, urging them on. Jack was so harassed that he felt half inclined to stand at bay.

While he was straining every sinew his foot slipped, and he fell head foremost into a deep trench, which he had not observed in the dark. This fall saved him, for the horsemen passed over him. Creeping along quickly on his hands and knees, he found the entrance to a covered drain, into which he crept. He was scarcely concealed when he heard the horsemen, who perceived they had overshot their mark, ride back.

By this time Jonathan and the vast mob attending him had come up, and the place was rendered almost as light as day by the links.

"He must be somewhere hereabouts," cried one of the horsemen, dismounting. "We were close upon him when he suddenly disappeared."

Jonathan made no answer, but snatching a torch from a bystander, jumped into the trench, and commenced a diligent search. Just as he had arrived at the mouth of the drain, and Jack felt certain he must be discovered, a loud shout was raised from the further end of the field that the fugitive was caught. All the assemblage, accompanied by Jonathan, set off in this direction, when it turned out that

the supposed housebreaker was a harmless beggar, who had been found asleep under a hedge.

Jonathan's vexation at the disappointment was expressed in the bitterest imprecations, and he returned as speedily as he could to the trench. But he had now lost the precise spot; and thinking he had examined the drain, turned his attention to another quarter.

Meanwhile the excitement of the chase had in some degree subsided. The crowd dispersed in different directions, and most fortunately a heavy shower coming on, put them altogether to flight. Jonathan, however, still lingered. He seemed wholly insensible to the rain, though it presently descended in torrents, and continued his search as ardently as before.

After occupying himself thus for the best part of an hour, he thought Jack must have given him the slip. Still his suspicions were so strong that he ordered Mendez to remain on guard near the spot all night; and by the promise of a large reward induced two other men to keep him company.

As he took his departure he whispered to the Jew: "Take him dead or alive; but if we fail now, and you heard him aright in Seacoal-lane, we are sure of him at his mother's funeral on Sunday."

CHAPTER XXV.

HOW JACK SHEPPARD GOT RID OF HIS IRONS.

About an hour after this, Jack ventured to emerge from his place of concealment. It was still raining heavily, and profoundly dark. Drenched to the skin,—in fact, he had been lying in a bed of muddy water, — and chilled to the very bone, he felt so stiff that he could scarcely move.

Listening attentively, he fancied he heard the breathing of some one near him, and moved cautiously in the opposite direction. In spite of his care he came in contact with a man, who, endeavouring to grasp him, cried, in the voice of Mendez, "Who goes dere? Shpeak! or I fire!"

No answer being returned, the Jew instantly discharged his pistol, and though the shot did no damage, the flash discovered Sheppard. But as the next moment all was profound darkness, Jack easily managed to break away from them.

Without an idea where he was going, Jack pursued his way through the fields; and, as he proceeded, the numbness of his limbs in some degree wore off, and his confidence returned. He had need of all the inexhaustible energy of his character to support him through his toilsome walk over the wet grass, or along the slippery ploughed land. At last he got into a lane; but had not proceeded far when he was again alarmed by the sound of a horse's tread.

Once more breaking through the hedge, he took to the fields. He was now almost driven to despair. Wet as he was, he felt if he lay down in the grass, he should perish with cold; while, if he sought a night's lodging in any asylum, his dress, stained with blood and dirt, would infallibly cause him to be secured and delivered into the hands of justice. And then the fetters, which were still upon his legs:—how was he to get rid of them?

Tired and dispirited, he still wandered on. Again returning to

the main road, he passed through Clapton; and, turning off on the left, arrived at the foot of Stamford-hill. He walked on for an hour longer, till he could scarcely drag one leg after another. At length he fell down on the road, fully expecting each moment would prove his last.

How long he continued thus he scarcely knew; but just before dawn he managed to regain his legs, and crawling up a bank, perceived he was within a quarter of a mile of Tottenham. A short way off in the fields he descried a sort of shed or cow-house, and thither he contrived to drag his weary limbs. Opening the door, he found it littered with straw, on which he threw himself, and instantly fell asleep.

When he awoke it was late in the day, and raining heavily. For some time he could not stir, but felt sick and exhausted. His legs were dreadfully swelled; his hands bruised; and his fetters occasioned him intolerable pain. His bodily suffering, however, was nothing compared with his mental anguish. All the events of the previous day rushed to his recollection; and though he had been unintentionally the cause of his mother's death, he reproached himself as severely as if he had been her actual murderer.

"Had I not been the guilty wretch I am," he cried, bursting into an agony of tears, "she would never have died thus."

This strong feeling of remorse having found a natural vent, in some degree subsided, and he addressed himself to his present situation. Rousing himself, he went to the door. It had ceased raining, but the atmosphere was moist and chill, and the ground deluged by the recent showers. Taking up a couple of large stones which lay near, Jack tried to beat the round basils of the fetters into an oval form, so as to enable him to slip his heels through them.

While he was thus employed a farming man came into the barn. Jack instantly started to his feet, and the man, alarmed at his appearance, ran off to a neighbouring house. Before he could return Jack had made good his retreat; and, wandering about the lanes and hedges, kept out of sight as much as possible.

On examining his pockets he found about twenty guineas in gold, and some silver. But how to avail himself of it was the question, for in his present garb he was sure to be recognised. When night fell, he crept into the town of Tottenham. As he passed along the main thoroughfare, he heard his own name pronounced, and found that it was a hawker, crying a penny history of his escapes. A crowd was collected round the fellow, who was rapidly disposing of his stock.

"Here's the full, true, and particular account of Jack Sheppard's last astonishing, and never-to-be-forgotten escape from the Castle of Newgate," bawled the hawker, "with a print of him taken from the life, showing the manner how he was shackled and handcuffed. Only one penny—two copies—two pence—thank you, sir. Here's the—"—"Let me have one," cried a servant maid, running across the street, and in her haste forgetting to shut the door,—"here's the money. Master and missis have been talking all day long about Jack Sheppard, and I'm dying to read his life."—"Here you have it, my dear!" returned the kawker. "Sold again!"—"If you don't get back quickly, Lucy," observed a bystander, "Jack Sheppard will be in the house before you."

This sally occasioned a general laugh.

"If Jack would come to my house, I 'd contrive to hide him," remarked a buxom dame. "Poor fellow! I 'm glad he has escaped."—"Jack seems to be a great favourite with the fair sex," observed a smirking grocer's apprentice.—"Of course," rejoined the bystander, who had just spoken, and who was of a cynical turn,—"the greater the rascal, the better they like him."—"Here 's a particular account of Jack's many robberies and escapes," roared the hawker,—"how he broke into the house of his master, Mr. Wood, at Dollis-Hill—"—"Let me have one," said a carpenter, who was passing by at the moment,—"Mr. Wood was an old friend of mine—and I recollect seeing Jack when he was bound 'prentice to him."—"A penny, if you please, sir," said the hawker,—"Sold again! Here you have the full, true, and particular account of the barbarous murder committed by Jack Sheppard and his associate, Joseph Blake, *alias* Blueskin, upon the body of Mrs. Wood—"—"That 's false!" cried a voice behind him.

The man turned at the exclamation, and so did several of the bystanders; but they could not make out who had uttered it.

Jack, who had been lingering near the group, now walked on.

In the middle of the little town stood the shop of a Jew dealer in old clothes. The owner was at the door, unhooking a few articles of wearing apparel which he had exposed outside for sale. Amongst other things, he had just brought down an old laced bavaroy,—a species of surtout much worn at the period.

"What do you want for that coat, friend?" asked Jack, as he came up.—"More than you 'll pay for it, friend," snuffled the Jew.—"How do you know that?" rejoined Jack. "Will you take a guinea for it?"—"Double that sum might tempt me," replied the Jew; "it 's a nobleman's coat, upon my shoul!"—"Here 's the money," replied Jack, taking the coat.—"Shall I help you on with it, sir?" replied the Jew, becoming suddenly respectful.—"No," replied Jack.—I half suspect this is a highwayman, thought the Jew; he 's so ready with his cash. "I 've some other things inside, sir, which you might wish to buy,—some pistols."

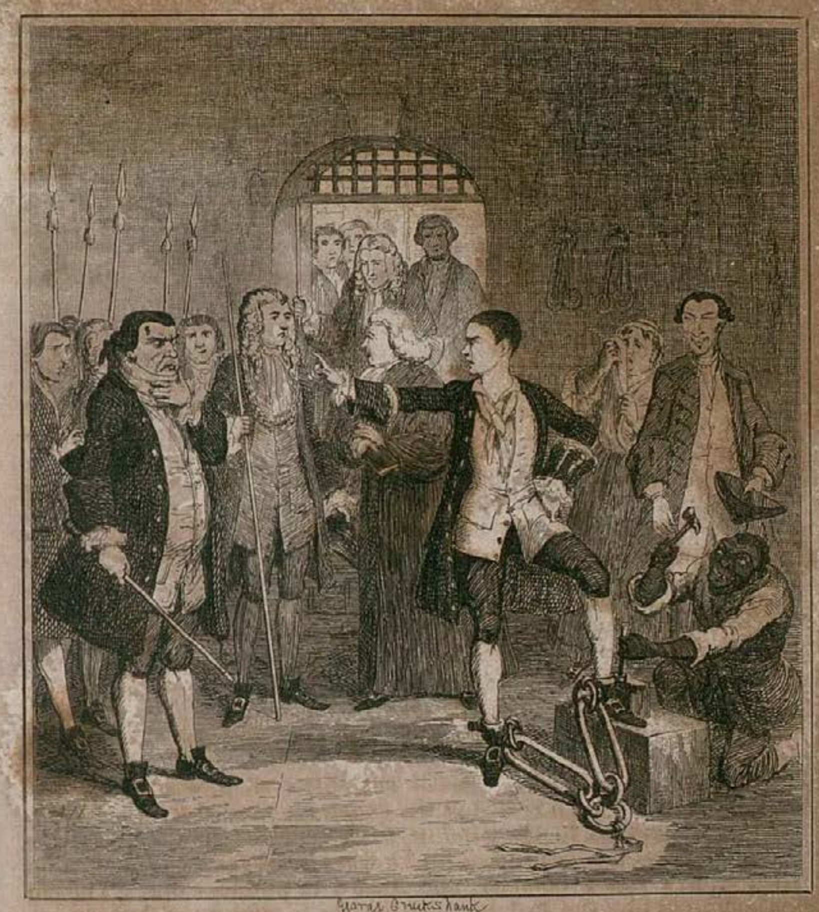
Jack was about to comply; but, not liking the man's manner, he walked on.

Further on there was a small chandler's shop, where Jack observed an old woman seated at the counter, attended by a little girl. Seeing provisions in the window, Jack ventured in and bought a loaf. Having secured this,—for he was almost famished,—he said that he had lost a hammer, and wished to purchase one. The old woman told him she had no such article to dispose of, but recommended him to a neighbouring blacksmith.

Guided by the glare of the forge, which threw a stream of ruddy light across the road, Jack soon found the place of which he was in search. Entering the workshop, he found the blacksmith occupied in heating the tire of a cart-wheel. Suspending his labour on Jack's appearance, the man demanded his business. Making up a similar story to that which he had told the old woman, he said he wanted to purchase a hammer and a file.

The man looked hard at him.

"Answer me one question first," he said; "I half suspect you 're Jack Sheppard."—"I am," replied Jack, without hesitation; for he



Jack Sheppard's irons knocked off in the Press Yard at Newgate.

London, Richard Bentley, 1839

[illegible]

Hurrying down the Haymarket, he was arrested by a [illegible] were [illegible] round a street-singer. Jack paused [illegible] and found that his own adventures formed the subject of [illegible] Not daring, however, to listen to it, he ran on.

CHAPTER XLVI.

HOW JACK SHEPPARD ATTENDED HIS MOTHER'S FUNERAL.

That night Jack walked to Paddington, and took up his quarters at a small tavern called the Wheatsheaf. [illegible] next morning—Sunday—the day on which he expected [illegible] funeral to take place, he set out along the Harrow Road.

felt assured from the man's manner that he might confide in him.—"You 're a bold fellow, Jack," rejoined the blacksmith. "But you 've done well to trust me. I 'll take off your irons—for I guess that 's the reason why you want the hammer and file,—on one condition."—"What is it?"—"That you give 'em to me."—"Readily."

Taking Jack into a shed behind the workshop, the smith in a short time freed him from his fetters. He not only did this, but supplied him with an ointment which allayed the swelling of his limbs, and crowned all by furnishing him with a jug of excellent ale.

"I 'm afraid, Jack, you 'll come to the gallows," observed the smith; "but if you do, I 'll go to Tyburn to see you. But I 'll never part with your irons."

Noticing the draggled condition Jack was in, he then fetched him a bucket of water, with which Jack cleansed himself as well as he could, and thanking the honest smith, who would take nothing for his trouble, left the shop.

Having made a tolerably good meal upon the loaf, overcome by fatigue, Jack turned into a barn in Stoke Newington, and slept till late in the day, when he awakened much refreshed. The swelling in his limbs had also subsided. It rained heavily all day, so he did not stir forth.

Towards night, however, he ventured out, and walked on towards London. When he arrived at Hoxton he found the walls covered with placards offering a reward for his apprehension, and he everywhere appeared to be the general subject of conversation. From a knot of idlers at a public-house he learnt that Jonathan Wild had just ridden past, and that his setters were scouring the country in every direction.

Entering London, he bent his way towards the West-end; and having some knowledge of a second-hand tailor's shop in Rupert-street, proceeded thither, and looked out a handsome suit of mourning, with a sword, cloak, and hat, and demanded the price. The man asked twelve guineas, but after a little bargaining he came down to ten.

Taking his new purchase under his arm, Jack proceeded to a small tavern in the same street, where, having ordered dinner, he went to a bedroom to attire himself. He had scarcely completed his toilet when he was startled by a noise at the door, and heard his own name pronounced in no friendly accents. Fortunately the window was not far from the ground; so opening it gently, he dropped into a back-yard, and from thence got into the street.

Hurrying down the Haymarket, he was arrested by a crowd who were collected round a street-singer. Jack paused for a moment, and found that his own adventures formed the subject of the ballad. Not daring, however, to listen to it, he ran on.

CHAPTER XXVI.

HOW JACK SHEPPARD ATTENDED HIS MOTHER'S FUNERAL.

That night Jack walked to Paddington, and took up his quarters at a small tavern called the Wheatsheaf, near the green. On the next morning—Sunday—the day on which he expected his mother's funeral to take place, he set out along the Harrow Road.

It was a clear, lovely, October morning. The air was sharp and bracing, and the leaves which had taken their autumnal tints were falling from the trees. The road which wound by Westbourne-green, gave him a full view of the hill of Hampstead with its church, its crest of houses, and its villas peeping from out the trees.

Jack's heart was too full to allow him to derive any pleasure from this scene; so he strolled on without raising his eyes till he arrived at Kensal-green. Here he obtained some breakfast, and mounting the hill, turned off into the fields on the right. Crossing them, he ascended an eminence, which, from its singular shape, seems to have been the site of a Roman encampment, and which commands a magnificent prospect.

Leaning upon a gate, he looked down into the valley. It was the very spot from which his poor mother had gazed after her vain attempt to rescue him at the Mint; but, though he was ignorant of this, her image was alone present to him. He beheld the grey tower of Willesden Church, embosomed in its grove of trees, now clothed in all the glowing livery of autumn. There was the cottage she had inhabited for so many years, — in those fields she had rambled, — at that church she had prayed. And he had destroyed all this. But for him she might have been alive and happy. The recollection was too painful, and he burst into an agony of tears.

Aroused by the sound of the church bells, he resolved, at whatever risk, to attend Divine service. With this view he descended the hill, and presently found a footpath leading to the church. But he was destined to have every tide of feeling awakened — every wound opened. The path he had selected conducted him to his mother's humble dwelling. When she occupied it, it was neatness itself; the little porch was overrun with creepers — the garden trim, and exquisitely kept. Now it was a wilderness of weeds. The glass in the windows was broken — the roof unthatched — the walls dilapidated. Jack turned away with an aching heart. It seemed an emblem of the ruin he had caused.

As he proceeded, other painful reminiscences were aroused. At every step he seemed to be haunted by the ghost of the past. There was the stile on which Jonathan had sat, and he recollected distinctly the effect of his mocking glance — how it had hardened his heart against his mother's prayer. "O God!" he exclaimed, "I am severely punished."

He had now gained the high road. The villagers were thronging to church. Rounding the corner of a garden wall, he came upon his former place of imprisonment. Some rustic hand had written upon the door "JACK SHEPPARD'S CAGE;" and upon the wall was affixed a large placard describing his person, and offering a reward for his capture. Muffling up his face, Jack turned away; but he had not proceeded many steps when he heard a man reading aloud an account of his escapes from a newspaper.

Hastening to the church, he entered it by the very door near which his first crime had been committed. His mother's scream seemed again to wring in his ears, and he was so deeply affected that, fearful of exciting attention, he was about to quit the sacred edifice when he was stopped by the entrance of Thames, who looked pale as death, with Winifred leaning on his arm. They were followed by Mr. Wood, in the deepest mourning.

Shrinking involuntarily back into the farthest corner of the seat, Jack buried his face in his hands. The service began. Jack, who had not been in a place of worship for many years, was powerfully affected. Accidentally raising his eyes, he saw that he was perceived by the family from Dollis-Hill, and that he was an object of the deepest interest to them.

As soon as the service was over, Thames contrived to approach him, and whispered, "Be cautious—the funeral will take place after evening service."

Jack would not hazard a glance at Winifred; but, quitting the church, got into an adjoining meadow, and watched the party slowly ascending the road leading to Dollis Hill. At a turn in the road he perceived Winifred looking anxiously towards him, and when she discovered him she waved her hand.

Returning to the churchyard, he walked round it; and on the western side, near a small yew-tree, discovered a new-made grave.

"Whose grave is this?" he inquired of a man who was standing near it.—"I can't say," answered the fellow; "but I 'll inquire from the sexton, William Morgan. Here, Peter," he added to a curly-headed lad, who was playing on one of the grassy tombs, "ask your father to step this way."

The little urchin set off, and presently returned with the sexton.

"It 's Mrs. Sheppard's grave, — the mother of the famous housebreaker," said Morgan, in answer to Jack's inquiry; "and it 's well they let her have Christian burial after all — for they say she destroyed herself for her son. The crowner's 'quest sat on her yesterday,—and if she hadn't been proved out of her mind, she would have been buried at four lane-ends."

Jack could stand no more. Placing a piece of money in Morgan's hands, he hurried out of the churchyard.

"By my soul," said the sexton, "that 's as like Jack Sheppard as any one I ever seed i' my born days."

Hastening to the Six Bells, Jack ordered some refreshment, and engaged a private room, where he remained till the afternoon, absorbed in grief.

Meantime a change had taken place in the weather. The day had become suddenly overcast; the wind blew in fitful gusts, and scattered the yellow leaves from the elms and horse-chestnuts. Roused by the bell tolling for evening service, Jack left the house. On reaching the churchyard, he perceived the melancholy procession descending the hill. Just then a carriage, drawn by four horses, drove furiously up to the Six Bells; but Jack was too much absorbed to take any notice of it.

At this moment the bell began to toll in a peculiar manner, announcing the approach of the corpse. The gate was opened; the coffin brought into the churchyard; and Jack, whose eyes were filled with tears, saw Mr. Wood and Thames pass him, and followed at a foot's pace behind them.

Meanwhile, the clergyman, bareheaded, and in his surplice, advanced to meet them. Having read the three first verses of the impressive service appointed for the burial of the dead, he returned to the church, whither the coffin was carried through the south-western door, and placed in the centre of the aisle — Mr. Wood and Thames taking their places on either side of it, and Jack at a little distance behind.

Jack had been touched in the morning, but he was now completely prostrated. In the midst of the holy place, which he had formerly profaned, lay the body of his unfortunate mother, and he could not help looking upon her untimely end as the retributive vengeance of Heaven for the crime he had committed. His grief was so audible, that it attracted the notice of some of the bystanders, and Thames was obliged to beg him to control it. In doing this, he chanced to raise his eyes, and half fancied he beheld, shaded by a pillar at the extremity of the western aisle, the horrible countenance of the thief-taker.

Before the congregation separated, the clergyman descended from the pulpit; and, followed by the coffin-bearers and mourners, and by Jack at a respectful distance, entered the churchyard.

The carriage, which it has been mentioned drove up to the Six Bells, contained four persons, — Jonathan Wild, his two janizaries, and his porter, Obadiah Lemon. As soon as they had got out, the vehicle was drawn up at the back of a tree near the cage. Having watched the funeral at some distance, Jonathan fancied he could discern the figure of Jack; but not being quite sure, he entered the church. He was daring enough to have seized and carried him off before the whole congregation, but he preferred waiting.

Satisfied with his scrutiny, he returned, despatched Abraham and Obadiah to the north-west corner of the church, placed Quilt behind a buttress near the porch, and sheltered himself behind one of the mighty elms.

The funeral procession had now approached the grave, around which many of the congregation, who were deeply interested by the sad ceremonial, had gathered. A slight rain fell at the time; and a few leaves, caught by the eddies, whirled around. Jonathan mixed with the group, and, sure of his prey, abided his time.

The clergyman, meanwhile, proceeded with the service, while the coffin was deposited at the brink of the grave.

Just as the attendants were preparing to lower the corpse into the earth, Jack fell on his knees beside the coffin, uttering the wildest exclamations of grief, reproaching himself with the murder of his mother, and invoking the vengeance of heaven on his own head.

A murmur ran through the assemblage, by several of whom Jack was recognised. But such was the violence of his grief, — such the compunction he exhibited, that all but one looked on with an eye of compassion. That person advanced towards him.

"I have killed her," cried Jack.—"You have," rejoined Jonathan, laying a forcible grasp on his shoulder. "You are my prisoner."

Jack started to his feet; but before he could defend himself, his right arm was grasped by the Jew, who had silently approached him.

"Hell-hounds!" he cried; "release me!"

At the same moment Quilt Arnold rushed forward with such haste, that, stumbling over William Morgan, he precipitated him into the grave.

"Wretch!" cried Jack. "Are you not content with the crimes you have committed, but you must carry your villany to this point. Look at the poor victim at your feet."

Jonathan made no reply, but ordered his myrmidons to drag the prisoner along.

Thames, meanwhile, had drawn his sword, and was about to rush upon Jonathan; but he was withheld by Wood.



George Cruikshank

Jonathan Wild seizing Jack Sheppard at his Mother's Grave in Willesden Church yard.

London, Richard Bentley, 1839

"Do not shed more blood," cried the carpenter.

Groans and hoots were now raised by the crowd, and there was an evident disposition to rescue. A small brickbat was thrown, which struck Jonathan in the face.

"You shall not pass," cried several of the crowd. — "I knew his poor mother, and for her sake I'll not see this done," cried John Dump.—"Slip on the handcuffs," cried the thieftaker. "And now let's see who'll dare to oppose me. I am Jonathan Wild. I have arrested him in the King's name."—A deep indignant groan followed. —"Let me see the earth thrown over her," implored Jack; "and take me where you please."—"No," thundered Wild.—"Allow him that small grace," cried Wood.—"No, I tell you," rejoined Jonathan, shouldering his way out of the crowd. — "My mother — my poor mother!" exclaimed Jack.

But, in spite of his outcries and resistance, he was dragged along by Jonathan and his janizaries.

At the eastern gate of the churchyard stood the carriage with the steps lowered. The mob pursued the thieftaker and his party all the way, and such missiles as could be collected were hurled at them. They even threatened to cut the traces and take off the wheels from the carriage. The Jew got in first. The prisoner was then thrust in by Quilt. Before Jonathan followed he turned to face his assailants.

"Back!" he cried fiercely. "I am an officer in the execution of my duty. And he who opposes me in it shall feel the weight of my hand."

He then sprung into the coach, the door of which was closed by Obadiah, who mounted the box.

"To Newgate," cried Jonathan, putting his head out of the window.

A deep roar followed this order, and several missiles were launched at the vehicle, which was driven off at a furious pace.

And while her son was reconveyed to prison, the body of the unfortunate Mrs. Sheppard was committed to the earth.

CHAPTER XXVII.

HOW JACK SHEPPARD WAS BROUGHT BACK TO NEWGATE.

Jack Sheppard's escape from Newgate on the night of the 15th of October was not discovered till the following morning; for, although the intelligence was brought by several parties to the Lodge in the course of the night, Austin, who was the officer in attendance, paid no attention to them.

After pursuing the fugitive, as before related, Jonathan Wild returned to his own habitation, where he was occupied during the remainder of the night with Quilt Arnold and Obadiah Lemon in removing everything which, in case of a search, might tend to criminate him. Satisfied in this respect, he flung himself into a chair, for his iron frame seldom required the indulgence of a bed, and sought an hour's repose before he began the villanies of another day.

He was aroused from his slumbor about six o'clock by the return of Abraham Mendez, who, not choosing to confess that Jack had eluded his vigilance, contented himself with stating that he had kept watch till daybreak, when he had carefully searched the field, and, finding no trace of him, had thought it better to return.

This information was received by Jonathan with a lowering brow. He comforted himself, however, with the certainty which he felt of capturing his prey on the Sunday. His breakfast despatched, which he ate with a wolfish appetite, he walked over to Newgate, chuckling as he went at the consternation which his appearance would create amongst the turnkeys.

Entering the Lodge, the first person he beheld was Austin, who was only just up, and whose toilette appeared scarcely completed. A glance satisfied Jonathan that the turnkey was not aware of the prisoner's escape; and he resolved not to destroy what he considered a good jest by a premature disclosure of it.

"You are out betimes this morning, Mr. Wild," observed Austin, as he put on his coat, and adjusted his minor bob. "Something fresh on hand, I suppose?"—"I'm come to inquire after Jack Sheppard," returned Jonathan.—"Don't alarm yourself about him, sir," replied Austin. "He's safe enough, I assure you."—"I should like to satisfy myself on that score," rejoined Wild, drily.—"So you shall, sir," replied Austin, who at this moment recollected, with some uneasiness, the applications at the Lodge-door during the night. "I hope you don't imagine anything has gone wrong, sir?"—"It matters not what I think," replied Wild. "Come with me to the Castle." —"Instantly, sir," replied Austin, "instantly. Here, Caliban, attend to the door, and keep the wicket locked till I return. D'ye hear. Now, sir."—Taking the keys, he led the way, followed by Jonathan, who chuckled internally at the shock that awaited the poor fellow.

The door was opened, and Austin entered the cell, when he absolutely recoiled before the spectacle he beheld, and could scarcely have looked more alarmed if the prison had tumbled about his ears. Petrified and speechless, he turned an imploring look at Wild, who was himself filled with astonishment at the pile of rubbish lying before him.

"'Sdeath!" cried Jonathan, staring at the breach in the wall. "Some one *must* have assisted him. Unless he has dealings with the devil, he could never have done this alone."—"I firmly believe he *has* dealings with the devil," replied Austin, trembling from head to foot. "But perhaps he has not got beyond the room above. It's as strong, if not stronger, than this. I'll see."

So saying, he scrambled over the rubbish, and got into the chimney. But though the breach was large enough to admit him below, he could not squeeze his bulky person through the aperture into the Red Room.

"I believe he's gone," he said, returning to Jonathan. "The door's open, and the room empty."—"You believe — you *know* it," replied Jonathan, fixing one of his sternest and most searching glances upon him. "Nothing you can say to the contrary will convince me that you have not been accessory to his flight."—"I, sir!—I swear—" —"Tush!" interrupted Jonathan, harshly. "I shall state my suspicions to the governor. Come down with me to the Lodge directly. All further examinations must be conducted in the presence of proper witnesses."

With these words, he strode out of the room, darted down the stone stairs, and, on his arrival at the Lodge, seized the rope of the great bell communicating with the interior of the prison, which he rang

violently. As this was never done except in some case of great emergency, the application was instantly answered by all the other turnkeys, by Marvel, the four partners, and Mrs. Spurling. Nothing could exceed the dismay of these personages when they learnt why they had been summoned. All seemed infected with Austin's terrors except Mrs. Spurling, who did not dare to exhibit her satisfaction otherwise than by privately pinching the arm of her expected husband.

Headed by Jonathan, all the turnkeys then repaired to the upper part of the gaol, and, approaching the Red Room by a circuitous route, several doors were unlocked, and they came upon the scene of Jack's exploits. Stopping before each door, they took up the plates of the locks, examined the ponderous bolts, and were struck with the utmost astonishment at what they beheld.

Arriving at the chapel, their wonder increased. All the gaolers declared it utterly impossible he could have accomplished his astonishing task unaided; but who had lent him assistance was a question they were unable to answer. Proceeding to the entry to the Lower Leads, they came to the two strong doors, and their surprise was so great at Jack's marvellous performance, that they could scarcely persuade themselves that human ingenuity could have accomplished it.

"Here 's a door," remarked Ireton, when he got to that nearest the leads, "which I could have sworn would have resisted anything. I shall have no faith in future in bolts and bars."

Mounting the roof of the prison, they traced the fugitive's course to the further extremity of the building, where they found his blanket attached to the spike, proving that he escaped in that direction.

After severely examining Austin, and finding it proved, on the testimony of his fellow-gaolers, that he could not have aided Jack in his flight, Jonathan retracted his harsh sentence, and even went so far as to say that he would act as mediator between him and the governor.

This was some satisfaction to the poor fellow, who was dreadfully frightened, as indeed he might well be, it being the opinion of the gaolers and others who afterwards examined the place, that Jack had accomplished, single-handed, in a few hours, and, as far as it could be ascertained, with imperfect implements, what it would have taken half a dozen men several days, provided with proper tools, to effect. In their opinion, a hundred pounds would not repair the damage done to the prison.

As soon as Jack's escape became known, thousands of persons flocked to Newgate to behold his workmanship; and the gaolers reaped an abundant harvest from their curiosity.

Jonathan, meanwhile, maintained profound secrecy as to his hopes of capturing the fugitive; and when Jack was brought back to Newgate on the Sunday evening, his arrival was wholly unexpected.

At a little after five on that day, four horses dashed round the corner of the Old Bailey, and drew up before the door of the Lodge. Hearing the stoppage, Austin rushed out, and could scarcely believe his eyes when he beheld Jack Sheppard in the custody of Quilt Arnold and Abraham Mendez.

Jack's recapture was speedily made known to all the officers of the gaol, and the Lodge was instantly crowded. The delight of the

turnkeys was beyond all bounds; but poor Mrs. Spurling was in a state of distraction, and began to abuse Jonathan so violently, that her future husband was obliged to lay forcible hands upon her and drag her away.

By Wild's command the prisoner was taken to the Condemned Hold, whither he was followed by the whole posse of officers and by the partners, two of whom carried large hammers and two the fetters. There was only one prisoner in the ward. He was chained to the ground, but started up at their approach. It was Blueskin. When he beheld Jack he uttered a deep groan.

"Captain," he cried, in a voice of the bitterest anguish, "have these dogs again hunted you down? If you hadn't been so unlucky, I should have been with you before to-morrow night."

Jack made no answer, nor did he even cast his eyes upon his follower. But Jonathan, fixing a terrible look upon him, cried,

"Ha! say you so? You must be looked to. My lads," he continued, addressing the partners, "when you 've finished this job, give that fellow a fresh set of darbies. I suspect he has been at work upon those he has on."—"The link of the chain next the staple is sawn through," said Ireton, stooping to examine Blueskin's fetters. —"Search him, and iron him afresh," commanded Jonathan; "but first let us secure Sheppard. We 'll then remove them both to the Middle Stone Hold, where a watch shall be kept over them night and day till they 're taken to Tyburn. As they 're so fond of each other's society, they shan't part company even on that occasion, but shall swing from the same tree." — "You 'll never live to see that day," cried Blueskin, fixing a menacing look upon him. — "What weight are these irons?" asked Jonathan, coolly addressing one of the partners.—"More than three hundred weight, sir," replied the man. "They 're the heaviest set we have, and were forged expressly for Captain Sheppard."—"They 're not half heavy enough," replied Wild. "Let him be handcuffed, and doubly ironed on both legs; and when we get him into the Stone Ward, he shall not only be chained down to the ground, but shall have two additional fetters running through the main links, fastened on each side of him. We 'll see whether he 'll get rid of his new bonds," he added with a brutal laugh, which was echoed by the bystanders. — "Mark me," said Jack, sternly, "I have twice broken out of this prison in spite of all your precautions; and were you to load me with thrice the weight of iron you have ordered, you should not prevent my escaping a third time." — "That 's right, captain," cried Blueskin. "We 'll give them the slip yet, and hang that butcherly thieftaker upon his own gibbet."—"Be silent, dog," cried Jonathan; and with his clenched hand he struck him a violent blow in the face.

For the first time, perhaps, in his life, he repented of his brutality. The blow was scarcely dealt when, with a bound like that of a tiger, Blueskin sprang upon him. The chain, which had been partially cut through, snapped near the staple. Before any assistance could be rendered by the gaolers, who stood astounded, Blueskin had got Wild in his clutches. His strength has been described as prodigious; but now, heightened by his desire for vengeance, it was irresistible. Jonathan, though a very powerful man, was like an infant in his gripe. Catching hold of his chin, he bent back the neck, while with his left hand he pulled out a clasp-knife, which he opened

with his teeth, and grasping Wild's head with his arm, notwithstanding his resistance, cut deeply into his throat. The folds of a thick muslin neckcloth in some degree protected him, but the gash was desperate. Blueskin drew the knife across his throat a second time, widening and deepening the wound; and wrenching back the head to get it into a more favourable position, would infallibly have severed it from the trunk, if the officers, who by this time had recovered from their terror, had not thrown themselves upon him and withheld him.

"Now 's your time," cried Blueskin, struggling desperately with his assailants, and inflicting severe cuts with his knife. "Fly, captain—fly!"

Aroused to a sense of the possibility of escape, Jack, who had viewed the deadly assault with savage satisfaction, burst from his captors, and made for the door. Blueskin fought his way towards it, and exerting all his strength, cutting right and left as he proceeded, reached it at the same time. Jack, in all probability, would have escaped, if Langley, who was left in the Lodge, had not been alarmed at the noise, and rushed thither. Seeing Jack at liberty, he instantly seized him, and a struggle commenced.

At this moment Blueskin came up, and kept off the officers with his knife. He used his utmost efforts to liberate Jack from Langley, but, closely pressed on all sides, he was not able to render any effectual assistance.

"Fly!" cried Jack; "escape if you can; don't mind me."

Casting one look of anguish at his leader, Blueskin then darted down the passage.

The only persons in the Lodge were Mrs. Spurling and Marvel. Hearing the noise of the scuffle, the tapstress, fancying it was Jack making an effort to escape, in spite of the remonstrances of the executioner, threw open the wicket. Blueskin therefore had nothing to stop him. Dashing through the open door, he crossed the Old Bailey, plunged into a narrow court on the opposite side of the way, and was out of sight in a minute, baffling all pursuit.

On their return, the gaolers raised up Jonathan, who was weltering in his blood, and who appeared to be dying. Efforts were made to staunch his wounds, and surgical assistance sent for.

"Has he escaped?" asked the thieftaker, faintly.—"Blueskin?" said Ireton.—"No—Sheppard," rejoined Wild.—"No, no, sir," replied Ireton; "he 's here."—"That 's right," replied Wild, with a ghastly smile. "Remove him to the Middle Stone Hold—watch over him night and day. Do you mind?"—"I do, sir."—"Irons—heavy irons—night and day."—"Depend upon it, sir."—"Go with him to Tyburn—never lose sight of him till the noose is tied. Where 's Marvel?"—"Here sir," replied the executioner.—"A hundred guineas if you hang Jack Sheppard. I have it about me. Take it, if I die."—"Never fear, sir," replied Marvel.—"Oh! that I could live to see it!" gasped Jonathan. And with a hideous expression of pain he fainted.—"He 's dead!" exclaimed Austin.—"I am content," said Jack. "My mother is avenged. Take me to the Stone Room. Blueskin, you are a true friend."

The body of Jonathan was then conveyed to his own habitation, while Jack was taken to the Middle Stone Room, and ironed in the manner Wild had directed.

SONG OF THE LAUREL.

Believe me difficult, but worth to wear:—
(Forgive upon my vernal leaves a tear!)
Long ages back, a wand'rer from the skies*
Thought e'en to lose his godship were not dear,
If he could find sweet favour in my eyes!—
But Daphne fled him—yes!—and was transform'd
To shape less lovely than she had before;
Which chill'd *his* flame: though *hers*, too late, then warm'd;
Repenting at the, still sweet, words he swore!

"Oh! though thou may'st not be my loved wife,
And I must mourn such joy-deprived life,
Thy verdant leaves shall yet my signals be
Of all that in the Arts' or Glory's strife
Achieve the envies of a victory! †
On the proud heads of heroes, in each clime,
Shalt thou wreath nobly, as my high approof;
But from all traitors in love, war, or rhyme,
Virtue or friendship, shalt thou be aloof!"

He said: and crown'd with a tiny wreath,
Warm'd by a warming, ling'ring woman's breath,
Too late to change her shape or sentiment,
He vow'd to wear me to his very death,—
Though, being a god, no death was surely meant!
So I, for aye was doom'd a vernal tree
In my cold chasteness,‡ 'mid an envious grove.
Could I revoke my state, I 'd rather be
The thing I was, and listen to his love!

* It is hardly necessary to say Apollo,—whose "*primus amor*," according to Ovid, was excited by the Thessalian maid Daphne.

† ——"At conjux quoniam mea non potes esse,
Arbor eris certe, dixit, mea. Semper habebunt
Te coma, te citharæ, te nostræ, Laure, pharetræ."—Ovid. lib. i.

‡ Sometimes, nevertheless, the Laurel relaxes her severity, and admits of an union with the Black-cherry. This is mentioned by Palladius amongst the ancients;—

"Inseritur Lauro Cerasus, partuque coacto
Tingit adoptivus virginis ora pudor:"

and by Cowley amongst the moderns. Speaking of the gardener's power, he says, with a wondrous felicity of expression:—

"E'en Daphne's coyness he doth mock,
And weds the Cherry to her stock;
Though she refused Apollo's suit,—
E'en she, that chaste and virgin tree,
Now wonders at herself to see
That she 's a mother made, and blushes in her fruit."



Guy Fawkes and Humphrey Chetham rescuing Father Oldcorne & Viviana Radcliffe from the Pursuivant

GUY FAWKES.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

BOOK THE FIRST.

CHAPTER III.

ORDSALL HALL.

Soon after sunset, on the evening of the events previously related, the inmates of Ordsall Hall were disturbed and alarmed (for in those times of trouble any casual disturbance at night was sufficient to occasion alarm to a Catholic family) by a loud clamour for admittance from some one stationed at the farther side of the moat, then, as now, surrounding that ancient manorial residence. The drawbridge being raised, no apprehension was entertained of an attempt at forcible entrance on the part of the intruder, who, so far as he could be discerned in the deepening twilight, rendered yet more obscure by the shade of the trees under which he stood, appeared to be a solitary horseman. Still, for fear of a surprise, it was judged prudent by those inside the hall to turn a deaf ear to the summons; nor was it until it had been more than once repeated in a peremptory tone that any attention was paid to it. The outer gate was then cautiously opened by an old steward, and a couple of serving-men, armed with pikes and swords, who demanded the stranger's business, and were answered that he desired to speak with Sir William Radcliffe. The steward rejoined that his master was not at home, having set out the day before for Chester; but that even if he were, he would take upon himself to affirm that no audience would be given, on any pretence whatever, to a stranger at such an unseasonable hour. To this the other replied, in a haughty and commanding voice, that he was neither a stranger to Sir William Radcliffe, nor ignorant of the necessity of caution, though in this instance it was altogether superfluous; and, as notwithstanding the steward's assertion to the contrary, he was fully persuaded his master *was* at home, he insisted upon being conducted to him without further parley, as his business would not brook delay. In vain, the steward declared he had spoken the truth. The stranger evidently disbelieved him; but, as he could obtain no more satisfactory answer to his interrogations, he suddenly shifted his ground, and inquired whether Sir William's daughter, Mistress Viviana, was likewise absent from home.

"Before I reply to that question, I must know by whom and wherefore it is put?" returned the steward, evasively.

"Trouble not yourself further, friend, but deliver this letter to her," rejoined the horseman, flinging a packet across the moat. "It is addressed to her father, but there is no reason why she should not be acquainted with its contents."

"Take it up, Olin Birtwissel," said the steward, eying the packet which had fallen at his feet suspiciously, — "take it up, I say, and hold it to the light, that I may consider it well before I carry it to our

young mistress. I have heard of strange treacheries practised by such means, and care not to meddle with it."

"Neither do I, good Master Heydocke," replied Birtwissel. "I would not touch it for a twelvemonth's wages. It may burst, and spoil my good looks, and so ruin my fortunes with the damsels. But here is Jeff Gellibronde, who having no beauty to lose, and being, moreover, afraid of nothing, will pick it up for you."

"Speak for yourself, Olin," rejoined Gellibronde, in a surly tone. "I have no more fancy for a shattered limb, or a scorched face, than my neighbours."

"Dolts!" cried the stranger, who had listened to these observations with angry impatience, "if you will not convey my packet, which has nothing more dangerous about it than an ordinary letter, to your mistress, at least acquaint her that Mr. Robert Catesby, of Ashby St. Legers, is without, and craves an instant's speech with her."

"Mr. Catesby!" exclaimed the steward, in astonishment. "If it be indeed your worship, why did you not declare yourself at once?"

"I may have as good reason for caution as yourself, Master Heydocke," returned Catesby, laughing.

"True," rejoined the steward; "but, methinks, it is somewhat strange to find your worship here, when I am aware that my master expected to meet you, and certain other honourable gentlemen that you wot of, at a place in a clean opposite direction, — Holywell, in Flintshire."

"The cause of my presence, since you desire to be certified of the matter, is simply this," replied Catesby, urging his steed towards the edge of the moat, while the steward advanced to meet him on the opposite bank, so that a few yards only lay between them; "I came round by Manchester," he continued in a lower tone, "to see if any assistance could be rendered to the unfortunate fathers Woodroof and Forshawe; but found on my arrival this morning that I was too late, as they had just been put to death."

"Heaven have mercy on their souls!" ejaculated Heydocke, shuddering, and crossing himself. "Your's was a pious mission, Mr. Catesby. Would it had been availing!"

"I would so, too, with all my soul!" rejoined the other, fervently; "but fate ordained it otherwise. While I was in the town I accidentally learnt from one, who informed me he had just parted with him, that your master was at home; and, fearing he might not be able to attend the meeting at Holywell, I resolved to proceed hither at nightfall, when my visit was not likely to be observed; having motives, which you may readily conjecture, for preserving the strictest secrecy on the occasion. The letter was prepared in case I should fail in meeting with him. And now that I have satisfied your scruples, good master steward, if Sir William be really within, I pray you lead me to him forthwith. If not, your young mistress must serve my turn, for I have that to say which it imports one or other of them to know."

"In regard to my master," replied the steward, "he departed yesterday for Chester, on his way to join the pilgrimage to St. Winifred's Well, as I have already assured your worship. And whoever informed you to the contrary, spoke falsely. But I will convey your letter and message to my young mistress, and on learning her pleasure as to receiving you, will instantly return, and report it. These are dange-

rous times, your worship,—dangerous times. A good Catholic knows not whom to trust, there are so many spoilers abroad."

"How, sirrah!" cried Catesby, angrily; "do you apply that observation to me?"

"Far be it from me," answered Heydocke, respectfully, "to apply any observation that may sound offensive to your worship, whom I know to be a most worthy gentleman, and as free from heresy, as any in the kingdom. I was merely endeavouring to account for what may appear my over-caution in detaining you where you are, till I learn my lady's wishes. It is a rule in this house not to lower the drawbridge without orders after sunset; and I dare not, for my place, disobey it. Young Master Humphrey Chetham, of Crumpsall, was dedetained in the like manner no later than last night; and he is a visiter," he added, in a significant tone, "who is not altogether unwelcome to my mistress—ahem! But duty is no respecter of persons; and in my master's absence my duty is to protect his household. Your worship will pardon me."

"I will pardon anything but your loquacity and tediousness," rejoined Catesby, impatiently. "About your errand quickly."

"I am gone, your worship," returned the steward, disappearing with his companions.

Throwing the bridle over his horse's neck, and allowing him to drink his fill from the water of the moat, and afterwards to pluck a few mouthfuls of the long grass that fringed its brink, Catesby abandoned himself to reflection. In a few moments, as the steward did not return, he raised his eyes, and fixed them upon the ancient habitation before him,—ancient, indeed, it was not at this time, having been in a great measure rebuilt by its possessor, Sir William Radcliffe, during the latter part of the reign of Elizabeth, in the rich and picturesque style of that period. Little could be distinguished of its projecting and retiring wings, its walls decorated with black and white chequer-work, the characteristic of the class of architecture to which it belonged, or of its magnificent embayed windows filled with stained glass; but the outline of its heavy roof, with its numerous gables, and groups of tall and elaborately-ornamented chimneys might be distinctly traced in strong relief against the warm and still-glowing western sky.

Though much gone to decay, grievously neglected, and divided into three separate dwelling-houses, Ordsall Hall still retains much of its original character and beauty, and viewed at the magic hour above described, when the changes which years have produced cannot be detected, it presents much the same striking appearance that it offered to the gaze of Catesby. Situated on the north bank of the Irwell, which supplies the moat with a constant stream of fresh water, it commands on the south-west a beautiful view of the winding course of the river, here almost forming an island, of Trafford Park and its hall, of the woody uplands beyond it, and of the distant hills of Cheshire. The mansion itself is an irregular quadrangle, covering a considerable tract of ground. The gardens, once exquisitely laid out in the formal taste of Elizabeth's days, are also enclosed by the moat, which surrounds (except in the intervals where it is filled up,) a space of some acres in extent. At the period of this history, it was approached on the north-east by a noble avenue of sycamores, leading to within a short distance of its gates.

As Catesby surveyed this stately structure, and pondered upon the wealth and power of its owner, his meditations thus found vent in words :—"If I could but link Radcliffe to our cause, or win the hand of his fair daughter, and so bind him to me, the great attempt could not fail. She has refused me once. No matter.—I will persevere till she yields. With Father Oldcorne to back my suit, I am assured of success. She is necessary to my purpose, and shall be mine."

Descended from an ancient Northamptonshire family, and numbering among his ancestry the well-known minister of the same name, who flourished in the reign of Richard the Third, Robert Catesby—at this time about forty,—had in his youth led a wild and dissolute life; and though bred in the faith of Rome, he had for some years abandoned its worship. In 1580, when the Jesuits, Campion and Parsons, visited England, he was reconciled to the church he had quitted, and thenceforth became as zealous a supporter and promoter of its doctrines as he had heretofore been their bitter opponent. He was now actively engaged in all the Popish plots of the period, and was even supposed to be connected with those designs of a darker dye which were set on foot for Elizabeth's destruction,—with Somerville's conspiracy,—with that of Arden and Throckmorton,—the latter of whom was his uncle on the maternal side,—with the plots of Bury and Savage,—of Ballard,—and of Babington. After the execution of the unfortunate Queen of Scots, he devoted himself to what was termed the Spanish faction, and endeavoured to carry out the schemes of a party, who, distrusting the vague promises of James, were anxious to secure the succession to a Catholic,—the Infanta of Spain, or the Duke of Parma. On the insurrection of the Earl of Essex, he took part with that ill-fated nobleman, and, though he escaped condign punishment for the offence, he was imprisoned and heavily fined.

From this time his career ran in darker channels. "Hunger-starved for innovation," as he is finely described by Camden,—imbued with the fiercest religious fanaticism,—eloquent, wily, resolute,—able alike to delude the powerful and intimidate the weak,—he possessed all the ingredients of a conspirator. Associating with men like himself, of desperate character and broken fortunes, he was ever on the look out for some means of retrieving his own condition, and redressing the wrongs of his church. Well informed of the actual state of James's sentiments, when, on that monarch's accession, confident hopes were entertained by the Romanists of greater toleration for their religion, Catesby was the first to point out their mistake, and to foretel the season of terrible persecution that was at hand. It was on this persecution that he grounded his hopes—hopes, never realized, for the sufferers, amid all the grievances they endured, remained constant in their fidelity to the throne—of creating a general rebellion among the Catholics.

Disappointed in this expectation,—disappointed, also, in his hopes of Spain, of France, and of aid from Rome, he fell back upon himself, and resolved upon the execution of a dark and dreadful project which he had long conceived, and which he could execute almost single-handed, without aid from foreign powers, and without the co-operation of his own party. The nature of this project, which, if it succeeded, would, he imagined, accomplish all or more than his wildest dreams of ambition or fanaticism had ever conceived, it will be the

business of this history to develope. Without going further into detail at present, it may be mentioned that the success of the plot depended so entirely on its secrecy, and so well aware was its contriver of the extraordinary system of espionage carried on by the Earl of Salisbury and the Privy Council, that for some time he scarcely dared to trust it out of his own keeping. At length, after much deliberation, he communicated it to five others, all of whom were bound to silence by an oath of unusual solemnity ; and as it was necessary to the complete success of the conspiracy that its outbreak should be instantaneously followed by a rise on the part of the Catholics, he darkly hinted that a plan was on foot for their deliverance from the yoke of their oppressors, and counselled them to hold themselves in readiness to fly to arms at a moment's notice. But here again he failed. Few were disposed to listen to him ; and of those who did, the majority returned for answer, "that their part was endurance, and that the only arms which Christians could use against lawful powers in their severity were prayers and tears."

Among the Popish party of that period, as in our own time, were ranked many of the oldest and most illustrious families in the kingdom,—families not less remarkable for their zeal for their religion than, as has before been observed, for their loyalty ;—a loyalty afterwards approved in the disastrous reign of James the Second, by their firm adherence to what they considered the indefeasible right of inheritance. Plots, indeed, were constantly hatched throughout the reigns of Elizabeth and James by persons professing the religion of Rome. But in these the mass of the Catholics had no share. And even in the seasons of the bitterest persecution, when every fresh act of treason, perpetrated by some lawless and disaffected individual, was visited with additional rigour on their heads,—when the scaffold reeked with their blood, and the stake smoked with their ashes,—when their quarters were blackening on the gates and market-crosses of every city in the realm,—when their hearths were invaded, their religion proscribed, and the very name of Papist had become a byword,—even in those terrible seasons, as in the season under consideration, they remained constant in their fidelity to the crown.

From the troubled elements at work some fierce and turbulent spirits were sure to arise,—some gloomy fanatics who, having brooded over their wrongs, real or imaginary, till they had lost all scruples of conscience, hesitated at no means of procuring redress. But it would be unjust to hold up such persons as representatives of the whole body of Catholics. Among the conspirators themselves there were redeeming shades. All were not actuated by the same atrocious motives. Mixed feelings induced Catesby to adopt the measure. Not so Guy Fawkes, who had already been leagued with the design. One idea alone ruled him. A soldier of fortune, but a stern religious enthusiast, he supposed himself chosen by Heaven for the redemption of his church, and cared not what happened to himself, provided he accomplished his (as he conceived) holy design.

In considering the causes which produced the conspiracy about to be related, and in separating the disaffected party of the Papists from the temperate, due weight must be given to the influence of the priesthood. Of the Romish clergy there were two classes—the secular priests, and the Jesuits and missionaries. While the former,

like the more moderate of the laity, would have been well-contented with toleration for their religion, the latter breathed nothing but revenge, and desired the utter subversion of the existing government,—temporal as well as ecclesiastical. Men, for the most part, of high intellectual powers, of untiring energy, and unconquerable fortitude, they were enabled by their zeal and ability to make many proselytes. By their means, secret correspondence was carried on with the different courts of Europe; and they were not without hope that, taking advantage of some favourable crisis, they should yet restore their church to its former supremacy. To these persons,—who held as a maxim, "*Qui religionem Catholicam deserit regnandi jus omne amisit*,"—Catesby and his associates proved ready and devoted agents. Through their instrumentality, they hoped to accomplish the great work of their restoration. To Father Garnet, the provincial of the English Jesuits, of whom it will be necessary to speak more fully hereafter, the plot had been revealed by Catesby under the seal of confession; and, though it subsequently became a question whether he was justified in withholding a secret of such importance to the state, it is sufficient for the present purpose to say that he did withhold it. For the treasonable practices of the Jesuits and their faction some palliation may perhaps be found in the unrelenting persecution to which they were subjected; but if any excuse can be admitted for them, what opinion must be formed of the conduct of their temperate brethren? Surely, while the one is condemned, admiration may be mingled with the sympathy which must be felt for the unmerited sufferings of the other!

From the foregoing statement, it will be readily inferred that Sir William Radcliffe, a devout Catholic, and a man of large possessions, though somewhat reduced by the heavy fines imposed upon him as a recusant, must have appeared an object of importance to the conspirators; nor will it be wondered at, that every means was used to gain him to their cause. Acting, however, upon the principles that swayed the well-disposed of his party, the knight resisted all these overtures, and refused to take any share in proceedings from which his conscience and loyalty alike revolted. Baffled, but not defeated, Catesby returned to the charge on a new point of assault. Himself a widower, he solicited the hand of the lovely Viviana Radcliffe, Sir William's only child, and the sole heiress of his possessions. But his suit in this quarter was, also, unsuccessful. The knight rejected the proposal, alleging that his daughter had no inclination to any alliance, inasmuch as she entertained serious thoughts of vowing herself to Heaven. Thus foiled, Catesby ostensibly relinquished his design.

Shortly before the commencement of this history, a pilgrimage to St. Winifred's Well, in Flintshire, was undertaken by Father Garnet, the provincial of the Jesuits before mentioned, in company with several distinguished Catholic personages of both sexes, and to this ceremonial Sir William and his daughter were urgently bidden. The invitation was declined on the part of Viviana, but accepted by the knight, who, though unwilling to leave home at a period of so much danger, or to commit the care of his daughter to any charge but his own, even for so short a space, felt it to be his duty to give countenance by his presence to the ceremonial.

Accordingly, he had departed for Chester on the previous day, as

stated by the steward. And, though Catesby professed ignorance on the subject, and even affirmed that he had heard to the contrary, it may be doubted whether he was not secretly informed of the circumstance, and whether his arrival, at this particular conjuncture, was not preconcerted.

Thus much in explanation of what is to follow.—The course of Catesby's reflections was cut short by the return of the steward, who, informing him that he had his mistress's commands to admit him, immediately lowered the drawbridge for that purpose. Dismounting, and committing his steed to one of the serving-men, who advanced to take it, Catesby followed his conductor through a stone gateway, and crossing the garden, was ushered into a spacious and lofty hall, furnished with a long massy oak table, at the upper end of which was a raised dais. At one side of the chamber yawned a huge arched fire-place, garnished with enormous andirons, on which smouldered a fire composed of mixed turf and wood. Above the chimney-piece hung a suit of chain-armour, with the battle-axe, helmet, and gauntlets of Sir John Radcliffe, the first possessor of Ordsall, who flourished in the reign of Edward the First: on the right, masking the entrance, stood a magnificent screen of carved oak.

Traversing this hall, Heydocke led the way to another large apartment, and placing lights on a gothic-shaped table, offered a seat to the new-comer, and departed. The room in which Catesby was left was termed the star-chamber—a name retained to this day—from the circumstance of its ceiling being moulded and painted to resemble the heavenly vault when studded with the luminaries of night. It was terminated by a deeply-embayed window filled with stained glass of the most gorgeous colours; now, however, concealed from view by the rich curtains drawn before it. The walls, in some places, were hung with arras, in others, wainscoted with dark, lustrous oak, embellished with scrolls, cyphers, and fanciful designs. The mantel-piece was of the same solid material, curiously carved, and of extraordinary size. It was adorned with the armorial bearings of the family — two bends engrailed, and in chief a label of three,—and other devices and inscriptions. The hearth was considerably raised above the level of the floor, and there was a peculiarity in the construction of the massive wooden pillars flanking it, that attracted the attention of Catesby, who rose with the intention of examining them more narrowly, when he was interrupted by the entrance of the lady of the mansion.

Advancing at a slow and dignified pace, Viviana Radcliffe courteously but gravely saluted her guest, and, without offering him her hand, motioned him to a chair, while she seated herself at a little distance. Catesby had seen her twice before; and whether the circumstances under which they now met might have caused some change in her demeanour he could not tell, but he thought her singularly altered. A year ago, she had been a lively, laughing girl of seventeen, with a bright brown skin, dark flowing tresses, and eyes as black and radiant as those of a gipsy. She was now a grave, collected woman, infinitely more beautiful, but wholly changed in character. Her complexion had become a clear, transparent white, and set off to great advantage her large, luminous eyes, and jetty brows. Her figure was tall and majestic; her features regular,

delicately formed, and of the rarest and proudest class of beauty. She was attired in a dress of black wrought velvet, entirely without ornament except the rosary at her girdle, with a small ebony crucifix attached to it. She wore a close-fitting cap, likewise of black velvet, edged with pearls, beneath which her raven tresses were gathered in such a manner as to display most becomingly the smooth and snowy expanse of her marble forehead. The gravity of her manner, not less than her charms of person, seemed to have struck Catesby mute. He gazed on her in silent admiration for a brief space, utterly forgetful of the object of his visit, and the part he intended to play. During this pause, she maintained the most perfect composure, and fixing her dark eyes full upon him, appeared to await the moment when he might choose to open the conversation.

Notwithstanding his age, and the dissolute and distracted life he had led, Catesby was still good-looking enough to have produced a favourable impression upon any woman easily captivated by manly beauty. The very expression of his marked and peculiar physiognomy, — in some degree an index to his character,—was sufficient to rivet attention; and the mysterious interest generally inspired by his presence was not diminished on further acquaintance with him. Though somewhat stern in their expression, his features were strikingly handsome, cast in an oval mould, and clothed with the pointed beard and mustaches invariably met with in the portraits of Vandyck. His frame was strongly built, but well proportioned, and seemed capable of enduring the greatest fatigue. His dress was that of an ordinary gentleman of the period, and consisted of a doublet of quilted silk, of sober colour and stout texture; large trunk-hose swelling out at the hips; and buff boots, armed with spurs with immense rowels. He wore a deep and stiffly-starched ruff round his throat; and his apparel was completed by a short cloak of brown cloth, lined with silk of a similar colour. His arms were rapier and poniard, and his high-crowned plumed hat, of the peculiar form then in vogue, and looped on the "leer-side" with a diamond clasp, was thrown upon the table.

Some little time having elapsed, during which he made no effort to address her, Viviana broke silence.

"I understood that you desired to speak with me on a matter of urgency, Mr. Catesby," she remarked.

"I did so," he replied, as if aroused from a reverie; "and I can only excuse my absence of mind and ill manners, on the plea that the contemplation of your charms has driven all other matter out of my head."

"Mr. Catesby," returned Viviana, rising, "if the purpose of your visit be merely to pay unmerited compliments, I must at once put an end to it."

"I have only obeyed the impulse of my heart," resumed the other, passionately, "and uttered what involuntarily rose to my lips. But," he added, checking himself, "I will not offend you with my admiration. If you have read my letter to your father, you will not require to be informed of the object of my visit."

"I have not read it," replied Viviana, returning him the packet with the seal unbroken. "I can give no opinion on any matter of difficulty. And I have no desire to know any secret with which my father might not desire me to be acquainted."

"Are we overheard?" inquired Catesby, glancing suspiciously at the fire-place.

"By no one whom you would care to overhear us," returned the maiden.

"Then it is as I supposed," rejoined Catesby. "Father Oldcorne is concealed behind that mantel-piece?"

Viviana smiled an affirmative.

"Let him come forth, I pray you, Miss Radcliffe," returned Catesby "What I have to say concerns him as much as yourself or your father; and I would gladly have his voice in the matter."

"You shall have it, my son," replied a reverend personage, clad in a priestly garb, stepping from out one side of the mantel-piece, which flew suddenly open, disclosing a recess curiously contrived in the thickness of the wall. "You shall have it," said Father Oldcorne, for he it was, approaching and extending his arms over him. "Accept my blessing and my welcome."

Catesby received the benediction with bowed head and bended knee.

"And now," continued the priest, "what has the bravest soldier of our church to declare to its lowliest servant?"

Catesby then briefly explained, as he had before done to the steward, why he had taken Manchester in his route to North Wales; and, after lamenting his inability to render any assistance to the unfortunate priests, he went on to state that he had accidentally learnt, from a few words let fall by the pursuviant to his attendant, that a warrant had been sent by the Earl of Salisbury for Sir William Radcliffe's arrest.

"My father's arrest!" exclaimed Viviana, trembling violently. "What — what is laid to his charge?"

"Felony," rejoined Catesby, sternly — "felony, without benefit of clergy — for so it is accounted by the present execrable laws of our land, — in harbouring a Jesuit. If he is convicted of the offence, his punishment will be death — death on the gibbet, accompanied by indignities worse than those shown to a common felon."

"Holy Virgin!" ejaculated Father Oldcorne, lifting up his hands, and raising his eyes to heaven.

"From what I gathered the officers will visit this house to-night," continued Catesby.

"Our Lady be praised, they will not find him!" cried Viviana, who had been thrown into an agony of distress. "What is to be done in this frightful emergency, holy father?" she added, turning to the priest, with a supplicating look.

"Heaven only knows, dear daughter," replied Oldcorne. "You had better appeal for counsel to one who is more able to afford it than I am, — Mr. Catesby. Well aware of the crafty devices of our enemies, and having often eluded their snares himself, he may enable you to elude them. My own course is clear. I shall quit this roof at once, deeply and bitterly regretting that by entering it, I have placed those whom I hold so dear, and from whom I have experienced so much kindness, in such fearful jeopardy."

"Oh, no, father!" exclaimed Viviana, "you shall not go."

"Daughter," replied Oldcorne, solemnly, "I have long borne the cross of Christ,—have long endured the stripes, inflicted upon me by the adversaries of our faith, in patience; and my last actions and last breath shall testify to the truth of our holy religion. But, though I could endure aught on my own account, I cannot endure to bring

misery and destruction upon others. Hinder me not, dear daughter. I will go at once."

"Hold, father!" interposed Catesby. "The step you are about to take may bring about what you are most anxious to avoid. If you are discovered and apprehended in this neighbourhood, suspicion will still attach to your protectors, and the inquisitors will wring the secret of your departure from some of the domestics. Tarry where you are. Let the pursuivant make his search. I will engage to baffle his vigilance."

"He speaks the truth, dear father," returned Viviana. "You must not — shall not depart. There are plenty of hiding-places, as you know, within the mansion. Let them be as rigorous as they may in their search, they will not discover you."

"Whatever course you adjudge best for the security of others I will pursue," rejoined Oldcorne, turning to Catesby. "Put me out of the question."

"My opinion has already been given, father," replied Catesby. "Remain where you are."

"But, if the officers should ascertain that my father is at Chester, and pursue him thither?" cried Viviana, as if suddenly struck by a new cause of alarm.

"A messenger must be immediately despatched after him to give him warning," returned Catesby.

"Will you be that messenger?" asked the maiden, eagerly.

"I would shed my heart's best blood to pleasure you," returned Catesby.

"Then I may count upon this service, for which, rest assured, I will not prove ungrateful," she rejoined.

"You may," answered Catesby. "And yet I would, on Father Oldcorne's account, that my departure might be delayed till to-morrow."

"The delay might be fatal," cried Viviana. "You must be in Chester before that time."

"Doubt it not," returned Catesby. "Charged with your wishes, the wind shall scarcely outstrip my speed."

So saying, he marched irresolutely towards the door, as if about to depart, when, just as he reached it, he turned sharply round, and threw himself at Viviana's feet.

"Forgive me, Miss Radcliffe," he cried, "if I once again, even at a critical moment like the present, dare to renew my suit. I fancied I had subdued my passion for you, but your presence has awakened it with greater violence than ever."

"Rise, sir, I pray," rejoined the maiden, in an offended tone.

"Hear me, I beseech you," continued Catesby, seizing her hand. "Before you reject my suit, consider well that in these perilous seasons, when no true Catholic can call his life his own, you may need a protector."

"In the event you describe, Mr. Catesby," answered Viviana, "I would at once fulfil the intention I have formed of devoting myself to Heaven, and retire to the convent of Benedictine nuns, founded by Lady Mary Percy, at Brussels."

"You would much more effectually serve the cause of your religion by acceding to my suit," observed Catesby, rising.

"How so?" she inquired.

"Listen to me, Miss Radcliffe," he rejoined, gravely, "and let my words be deeply impressed upon your heart. In your hands rests the destiny of the Catholic Church."

"In mine!" exclaimed Viviana.

"In yours," returned Catesby. "A mighty blow is about to be struck for her deliverance."

"Ay, marry, is it," cried Oldcorne, with sudden fervour. "Redemption draweth nigh; the year of visitation approacheth to an end; and jubilation is at hand. England shall again be called a happy realm, a blessed country, a religious people. Those who knew the former glory of religion shall lift up their hands for joy to see it returned again. Righteousness shall prosper, and infidelity be plucked up by the root. False error shall vanish like smoke, and they which saw it shall say where is it become? The daughters of Babylon shall be cast down, and in the dust lament their ruin. Proud heresy shall strike her sail, and groan as a beast crushed under a cart-wheel. The memory of novelties shall perish with a crack, and as a ruinous house falling to the ground. Repent, ye seducers, with speed, and prevent the dreadful wrath of the Powerable. He will come as flame that burneth out beyond the furnace. His fury shall fly forth as thunder, and pitch upon their tops that malign him. They shall perish in his fury, and melt like wax before the fire."

"Amen!" ejaculated Catesby, as the priest concluded. "You have spoken prophetically, father."

"I have but recited a prayer transmitted to me by Father Garnet," rejoined Oldcorne.

"Do you discern any hidden meaning in its words?" demanded Catesby.

"I do, my son," returned the priest. "In the '*false error which shall vanish like* SMOKE,—in the '*house which shall perish with a* CRACK,'—and in the '*fury which shall fly forth as* THUNDER,'—I read the mode by which the great work shall be brought about."

"And you applaud the design?" asked Catesby, eagerly.

"*Non vero factum probo, sed eventum amo,*" rejoined the priest.

"The secret is safe in your keeping, father?" said Catesby, uneasily.

"As if it had been disclosed to me in private confession," replied Oldcorne.

"Hum!" muttered Catesby. "Confessions of as much consequence to the state have ere now been revealed, father."

"His holiness, Clement VIII, hath passed a decree, forbidding all such revelations," replied Oldcorne. "And the question has been recently propounded by a learned brother of our order, Father Antonio Delrio, who, in his Magical Disquisitions, putteth it thus:—'Supposing a malefactor shall confess that he himself or some other has laid GUNPOWDER, or the like combustible matter, under a building—'"

"Ha!" exclaimed Catesby, starting.

"—'And, unless it be taken away,' proceeded the priest, regarding him fixedly, 'the whole house will be burnt, the prince destroyed, and as many as go into or out of the city will come to great mischief or peril!'"*

* Confitetur maleficus se vel alium posuisse pulverem vel quid aliud sub tali

"Well!" exclaimed Catesby.

"The point now arises," continued Oldcorne, "whether the priest may make use of the secret thus obtained for the good of the government, and the averting of such danger; and, after fully discussing it, Father Delrio decides in the negative."

"Enough," observed Catesby.

"By whom is the blow to be struck?" asked Viviana, who had listened to the foregoing discourse in silent wonder.

"By me," answered Catesby. "It is for you to nerve my arm."

"You speak in riddles," she returned. "I understand you not."

"Question Father Oldcorne then, as to my meaning," rejoined Catesby; "he will tell you that, allied to you, I could not fail in the enterprise on which I am engaged."

"It is the truth, dear daughter," Oldcorne asseverated.

"I will not inquire further into this mystery," returned Viviana, "for such it is to me. But, believing what you both assert, I answer, that willingly as I would lay down my life for the welfare of our holy religion, persuading myself, as I do, that I have constancy enough to endure martyrdom for its sake,—I cannot do this. Nay, if I must avouch the whole truth," she continued, blushing deeply, "my affections are already engaged,—though to one with whom I can never hope to be united."

"You have your answer, my son," observed the priest.

"I have," replied Catesby, with a look of the deepest mortification and disappointment. "Miss Radcliffe, I now depart to obey your behests."

"Commend me in all duty to my dear father," replied Viviana, "and believe that I shall for ever feel bound to you for your zeal."

"Neglect not all due caution, father," said Catesby, glancing significantly at Oldcorne. "'Forewarned, forearmed.'"

"Doubt me not, my son," rejoined the Jesuit. "My prayers shall be for you.

Gentem auferte perfidam
Credentium de finibus;
Ut Christo laudes debitas
Persolvamus alacriter."

After receiving a parting benediction from the priest, Catesby took his leave. His steed was speedily brought to the door by an attendant; and mounting him, he crossed the drawbridge, which was immediately raised behind him, and hastened on his journey.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SEARCH.

Immediately after Catesby's departure, Heydocke was summoned to his mistress's presence. He found her with the priest, and was informed that in all probability the house would be visited that night by the messengers of the Privy Council. The old steward received the intelligence as he might have done his death-warrant, and looked so bewildered and affrighted, that Viviana half repented having acquainted him with it.

limine, et nisi tollantur domum comburendam, principem interiturum, quotquot urbem egredienturque in magnam perniciem aut periculum venturos. — Delrio. *Disq. Mag.*, lib. vi, cap. i. [*Edit.* 1600.]

"Compose yourself, Master Heydocke," she said, trying to reason him out of his fears; "the search may not take place. And if it does, there is nothing to be alarmed at. I am not afraid, you perceive."

"Nothing to be alarmed at, my dear young lady!" gasped the steward. "You have never witnessed a midnight search for a priest by these ruffianly officers, as I have, or you would not say so. Father Oldcorne will comprehend my uneasiness, and excuse it. The miscreants break into the house like thieves, and treat its inmates worse than thieves. They have no regard for decency,—no consideration for sex,—no respect for persons. Not a chamber is sacred from them. If a door is bolted, they burst it open; a cabinet locked, they tarry not for the key. They pull down the hangings, thrust their rapier-points into the crevices of the wainscot, discharge their fire-arms against the wall, and sometimes threaten to pull down the house itself, if the object of their quest be not delivered to them. Their oaths, abominations, and menaces are horrible; and their treatment of females, even of your degree, honoured mistress, too barbarous to relate. Poor Lady Nevil died of the fright she got by such a visit at dead of night to her residence in Holborn. Mrs. Vavasour, of York, lost her senses; and many others whom I could mention have been equal sufferers. Nothing to be alarmed at! Heaven grant, my dear, dear young lady, that you may never be fatally convinced to the contrary!"

"Suppose my apprehensions are as great as your own, Master Heydocke," replied Viviana, who, though somewhat infected by his terrors, still maintained her firmness; "I do not see how the danger that threatens us is to be averted by idle lamentations and misgivings. We must meet it boldly; and trust to Him who is our only safeguard in the hour of peril, for protection. Do not alarm the household, but let all retire to rest as usual."

"Right, daughter," observed the priest. "Preparations for resistance would only excite suspicion."

"Can you depend on the servants, in case they are examined?" asked Viviana of the steward, who by this time had partially recovered his composure.

"I think so," returned Heydocke; "but the threats of the officers are so dreadful, and their conduct so violent and outrageous, that I can scarcely answer for myself. I would not advise your reverence to remain in that hiding-place," he added, pointing to the chimney-piece; "they are sure to discover it."

"If not here, where shall I conceal myself?" rejoined Oldcorne, uneasily.

"There are many nooks in which your reverence might hide," replied the steward; "but the knaves are so crafty, and so well experienced in their vocation, that I dare not recommend any of them as secure. I would advise you to remain on the watch, and, in case of alarm, I will conduct you to the oratory in the north gallery, adjoining Mistress Viviana's sleeping-chamber, where there is a panel in the wall, known only to myself and my master, opening upon a secret passage running many hundred yards under-ground, and communicating with a small outbuilding on the other side of the moat. There is a contrivance in this passage, which I will explain to your reverence if need be, which will cut off any possibility of pursuit in that quarter."

"Be it so," replied the priest. "I place myself in your hands, good Master Heydocke, well assured of your fidelity. I shall remain throughout the night in this chamber, occupied in my devotions."

"You will suffer me to pray with you, father, I trust," said Viviana.

"If you desire it, assuredly, dear daughter," rejoined Oldcorne; "but I am unwilling you should sacrifice your rest."

"It will be no sacrifice, father, for I should find no rest, even if I sought my couch," she returned. "Go, good Heydocke. Keep vigilant watch: and, if you hear the slightest noise without, fail not to give us warning.

The steward bowed, and departed.

Some hours elapsed, during which nothing occurred to alarm Viviana and her companion, who consumed the time in prayer and devout conversation; when, just at the stroke of two,—as the former was kneeling before her spiritual adviser, and receiving absolution for the slight offences of which a being so pure-minded could be supposed capable,—a noise like the falling of a bar of iron was heard beneath the window. The priest turned pale, and cast a look of uneasiness at the maiden, who said nothing, but snatching up the light, and motioning him to remain quiet, hurried out of the room in search of the steward. He was nowhere to be found. In vain, she examined all the lower rooms,—in vain, called to him by name. No answer was returned.

Greatly terrified, she was preparing to retrace her steps, when she heard the sound of muttered voices in the hall. Extinguishing her light, she advanced to the door, which was left ajar, and, taking care not to expose herself to observation, beheld several armed figures, some of whom bore dark lanterns, while others surrounded and menaced with their drawn swords the unfortunate steward. From their discourse she ascertained that, having thrown a plank across the moat, and concealed themselves within the garden until they had reconnoitred the premises, they had contrived to gain admittance unperceived through the window of a small back room, in which they had surprised Heydocke, who had fallen asleep on his post, and captured him. One amongst their number, who appeared to act as leader, and whom, from his garb, and the white wand he carried, Viviana knew must be the pursuivant, now proceeded to interrogate the prisoner. To every question proposed to him the steward shook his head; and, in spite of the threats of the examinant, and the blows of his followers, he persisted in maintaining silence.

"If we cannot make this contumacious rascal speak, we will find others more tractable," observed the pursuivant. "I will not leave any corner of the house unvisited; nor a soul within it unquestioned. Ah! here they come!"

As he spoke, several of the serving-men, with some of the female domestics, who had been alarmed by the noise, rushed into the hall, and on seeing it filled with armed men, were about to retreat, when they were instantly seized and detained. A scene of great confusion now ensued. The women screamed, and cried for mercy, while the men struggled and fought with their captors. Commanding silence at length, the pursuivant proclaimed in the King's name that whoever would guide him to the hiding-place of Father Oldcorne, a Jesuit priest, whom it was known, and could be proved, was harboured within the mansion, should receive a free pardon and reward; while these who screened him, or connived at his concealment, were liable to fine, imprisonment, and other punishment. Each servant was then questioned separately. But, though all were more or less severely dealt with, no information could be elicited.

Meanwhile, Viviana was a prey to the most intolerable anxiety. Unable to reach Father Oldcorne without crossing the hall, which she did not dare to attempt, she gave him up for lost; her sole hope being that, on hearing the cries of the domestics, he would provide for his own safety. Her anxiety was still farther increased when the pursuivant, having exhausted his patience by fruitless interrogatories, and satisfied his malignant spirit by frightening two of the females into fits, departed with a portion of his band to search the house, leaving the rest as a guard over the prisoners. Viviana then felt that, if she would save Father Oldcorne, the attempt must be made without a moment's delay, and at any hazard. Watching her opportunity, when the troopers were occupied,—some in helping themselves to such viands and liquors as they could lay hands upon,—some in searching the persons of the prisoners for amulets and relics, — while others, more humane, were trying to revive the swooning women, she contrived to steal unperceived across the lower end of the hall. Having gained the passage, she found to her horror that the pursuivant and his band were already within the star-chamber. They were sounding the walls with hammers and mallets, and from their exclamations, she learnt that they had discovered the retreat behind the fire-place, and were about to break it open.

"We have him," roared the pursuivant, in a voice of triumph. "The old owl's roost is here!"

Viviana, who stood at the door, drew in her breath, expecting that the next moment would inform her that the priest was made captive. Instead of this, she was delighted to find, from the oaths of rage and disappointment uttered by the troopers, that he had eluded them.

"He must be in the house, at all events," growled the pursuivant; "nor is it long since he quitted his hiding-place, as this cushion proves. We will not go away without him. And now, let us proceed to the upper chambers."

Hearing their footsteps approach, Viviana darted off, and quickly ascending the principal staircase, entered a long corridor. Uncertain what to do, she was about to proceed to her own chamber and bar the door, when she felt her arm grasped by a man. With difficulty repressing a shriek, she strove to disengage herself, when a whisper told her that it was the priest.

"Heaven be praised?" murmured Viviana, "you are safe. How—how did you escape?"

"I flew up stairs on hearing the voices," replied Oldcorne. "But what has happened to the steward?"

"He is a prisoner," replied Viviana.

"A prisoner!" echoed Oldcorne. "All, then, is lost; unless you are acquainted with the secret panel he spoke of in the oratory."

"Alas! father, I am wholly ignorant of it," she answered. "But, come with me into my chamber. They will not dare to invade it."

"I know not that," returned the priest, despairingly. "These sacrilegious heretics would not respect the sanctity of the altar itself."

"They come!" cried Viviana, as lights were seen at the foot of the stairs. "Take my hand—this way, father."

They had scarcely gained the room, and fastened the door, when the pursuivant and his attendants appeared in the corridor. The officer, it would seem, had been well instructed where to search, or was sufficiently practised in his duty, for he proceeded at once to several hiding-places in the different chambers which he visited. In one room he de-

tected a secret staircase in the wall, which he mounted, and discovered a small chapel built in the roof. Stripping it of its altar, its statue of the Virgin, its crucifix, pix, chalice, and other consecrated vessels, he descended, and continued his search. Viviana's chamber was now the only one unvisited. Trying the door, and finding it locked, he tapped loudly against it with his wand.

"Who knocks?" asked the maiden.

"A state-messenger," was the reply. "I demand entrance in the King's name."

"You cannot have it," she replied. "It is my sleeping-chamber."

"My duty allows me no alternative," rejoined the pursuivant, harshly. "If you will not admit me quietly, I must use force."

"Do you know to whom you offer this rudeness?" returned Viviana. "I am the daughter of Sir William Radcliffe."

"I know it," replied the pursuivant; "but I am not exceeding my authority. I hold a warrant for your father's arrest. And, if he had not been from home, I should have carried him to prison along with the Jesuit priest, whom I suspect is concealed within your chamber. Open the door, I command you; and do not hinder me in the execution of my duty."

As no answer was returned to the application, the pursuivant commanded his men to burst open the door; and the order was promptly obeyed.

The chamber was empty.

On searching it, however, the pursuivant found a door concealed by the hangings of the bed. It was bolted on the other side, but speedily yielded to his efforts. Passing through it, he entered upon a narrow gallery, at the extremity of which his progress was stopped by another door, likewise fastened on the outside. On bursting it open, he entered a small oratory, wainscoted with oak, and lighted by an oriel window filled with stained glass, through which the newly-risen moon was pouring its full radiance, and discovered the object of his search.

"Father Oldcorne, I arrest you as a Jesuit and a traitor," shouted the pursuivant, in a voice of exultation. "Seize him!" he added, calling to his men.

"You shall not take him," cried Viviana, clinging despairingly to the priest, who offered no resistance, but clasped a crucifix to his breast.

"Leave go your hold, young mistress," rejoined the pursuivant, grasping Oldcorne by the collar of his vestment, and dragging him along; "and rest thankful that I make you not, also, my prisoner."

"Take me; but spare him!—in mercy, spare him!" shrieked Viviana.

"You solicit mercy from one who knows it not, daughter," observed the priest. "Lead on, sir. I am ready to attend you."

"Your destination is the New Fleet, father," retorted the pursuivant, in a tone of bitter raillery; "unless you prefer the cell in Radcliffe Hall lately vacated by your predecessor, Father Woodroof."

"Help! help!" shrieked Viviana.

"You may spare your voice, fair lady," sneered the pursuivant. "No help is at hand. Your servants are all prisoners."

The words were scarcely uttered, when a sliding panel in the wall flew open, and Guy Fawkes, followed by Humphrey Chetham, and another personage, sprang through the aperture, and presented a petronel at the head of the pursuivant.

THE PORTFOLIO OF MR. PETER POPKIN, (DECEASED.)

RECENTLY-DISCOVERED.

We are indebted for these peculiar papers to no less celebrated a personage than the late — lamented Mrs. Butler. It must be in the recollection of many of our more elderly readers (male) that *our* Mrs. Butler was for many years a distinguished person in Covent-Garden. Mrs. Butler was one of the *warmest* supporters of Richard Brinsley Sheridan in the various Westminster elections. Her eloquence was so powerful that it is said that one remonstrance she uttered to Mr. Paull, M.P., and tailor, caused the unhappy gentleman to put an end to his existence. We are not aware that this was the positive fact; but we remember hearing Mrs. Butler record it. But to our immediate object. Mrs. Butler, it is well known, kept a hospitable house of entertainment in the neighbourhood of Covent-Garden. Sign it had not, until lately, when it began to exhibit a sign of decay. This tavern, in the days of hard-drinking bloods, (who never met convivially but they must make confusion worse confounded by ending their evening at four o'clock in the morning,) was denominated "*The Finish.*" Some sneaking-cigar-smoking-wishy-washy-would-be-late-sitters endeavoured to alter the name of the house, and called it "*The Conclusion,*" but the innovation did not answer. "*The Finish*" was the veritable word, and many a bold fellow-frequenter gradually dropped off to his final resting-place, in compliment to the house.

It is imagined, and probably with some reason, that the above-named gentleman, Mr. Peter Popkin, was an occasional visiter at this tavern; and our motive for saying so is, that Mrs. Butler one night found under the stuffed horse-hair cushion of a favourite elbow chair, a black portfolio, which was the property of Mr. Peter Popkin: though we must acquit Mrs. B. of a knowledge of that circumstance.

Popkin was a bachelor, and had lived for years in an ancient set of chambers in Clifford's Inn, in perfect quietude, over the heads of Marshalsea attorneys, — a more agreeable situation, we may reasonably conclude, than under their hands. He had on the eventful night that he disappeared from the stage of life, carried his portfolio first to George's coffee-house, near Temple-Bar, to read some of the anecdotes contained therein to his dinner associates, having made up his mind to try for the first time their effect, but the various bottles of *port* gave him no opportunity of achieving fame by the produce of his *port*folio! Rather disappointed, he then wandered to the Burton ale-house in Henrietta Street, to discover some literary admirers in that emporium of tobacco-smoke and poached eggs; but every soul was too misty for him to venture on the subject: so, after several moody potations, and sitting until it was the customary time of night to close the tavern, he musingly sauntered to "*The Finish;*" and that he might not lose his favourite lucubrations in that somewhat disorderly house, he placed the portfolio under the cushion of the arm-chair; and, alas! to relate, he was suddenly seized with a fit of apoplexy, and shortly afterwards "*died by the visitation of a physician.*"

We shall not fatigue our readers with describing the way in which

this portfolio fell into our hands, we content ourselves by merely echoing the remark of the late Mrs. Butler, "*That it's not no business of nobody's to ax.*" But, on a careful perusal of the anecdotes detailed in the hand-writing of Mr. Popkin, we, in the end, came to the conclusion that Mr. Peter Popkin must have been an acute observer of life, and that he also could claim much praise as a patient listener, with a tolerable memory, for he had diligently transcribed the stories he nightly heard. These we have now extracted, and present from his

Portfolio.

MATHEWS AND THE SILVER SPOON.

Amongst Mathews's pranks of younger days, that is to say, when he first came from York to the Haymarket theatre, he was invited with F—— and some other performers to dine with Mr. A——, now an eminent silversmith, but who at that period followed the business of a pawnbroker. It so happened that A—— was called out of the parlour at the back of the shop during dinner. Mathews, with wonderful celerity altering his hair, countenance, hat, &c. took a large gravy-spoon off the dinner-table, ran instantly into the street, entered one of the little dark doors leading to the pawnbroker's counter, and actually pledged to the unconscious A—— his own gravy-spoon. Mathews contrived with equal rapidity to return and seat himself (having left the street-door open) before A—— re-appeared at the dinner-table. As a matter of course, this was made the subject of a wager. An *eclaircissement* took place before the party broke up, to the infinite astonishment of A——. Rabelais never accomplished a neater practical joke than this.

A person once inquired in a court of justice, why witnesses, on being sworn, were obliged to kiss the cover of the book. To make the oath *binding*, was the reply.

SIR RICHARD BIRNIE.

George the Fourth knighted Birnie, the active police magistrate, at one of his Majesty's levees. Sir Richard, delighted with the honour, invited his old friend, Mr. Day (of the Home Department office) to dine with him. After dinner they walked into the green-room of the English Opera House; where Sir Richard announced the event that had taken place at the levee. On the treasurer of the theatre hearing it, he gravely exclaimed,

"Oh, *Day* and *Knight!* but this is wondrous strange!"

DICKY SUETT.

This eccentric genius was attached to field-sports, and he occasionally paid a visit to a relative in Surrey who could give him a

day's shooting. Arrived at Drury-Lane theatre, one evening, to perform, Suett went up to the dressing-room, which was also used by Bannister and S. Russell, "My boys," he said to them, "O Lord! such capital sport! O la! but I've only brought one brace of birds to town; left the rest with my cousin at Tooting. Come and sup with me to-night,— brace of partridges, — nothing else, but some bread-sauce. O la! here, Aberdeen, —where's the dresser? You, sir, feel in my greatcoat pocket, and carry that brace of birds home to Miss Wood, my housekeeper. Tell her that Mr. Bannister and Mr. Russell are coming to supper."

At this moment Suett and Bannister were called to go on the stage. Russell, always *au fait* at a practical joke, sent the dresser away on a pretended errand, locked the door of the room, rapidly went to a poulterer's, in Covent-Garden market, and bought two white pigeons. With these he returned to the dressing-room, took the partridges out of Suett's pocket, and replaced them with the pigeons.

The dresser came back to execute Mr. Suett's orders, and carried the pigeons home from the great-coat pocket to the housekeeper; Russell concealing the partridges for his own use.

Supper-time arrived. Suett, Russell, and Bannister were seated. On the cover being taken off, Suett said,

"O la! not quite so large as I expected out of their feathers, — fine brace of birds, too, in the morning, when I killed 'em."

"Why, they look to me like pigeons," Russell said very innocently.

"Pigeons, you succubus! ha! O la!" exclaimed Suett. "They were partridges at Tooting at half after ten this forenoon. What do you know about game?"

Suett then cut the birds up. Bannister was helped first. Russell on tasting, asking him if they were pigeons or partridges? Confounded with the bread sauce, Bannister could not immediately decide, but from the size, as well as the flavour, he thought that they were pigeons.

Suett, upon this, grew energetic, and assured his friends that he had shot that brace of birds with his own individual fowling-piece. "They were partridges, and nobody but a couple of d—d fools, could imagine for one moment that they were anything else."

Russell then said, that he did not like his taste to be disputed. He had no intention to give offence, but, might he ask a question of Miss Lucy Wood, Mr. Suett's housekeeper, who had picked and dressed the birds?

"Oh, yes! O la! certainly," replied Suett triumphantly. Here Lucy, my dear—my dovey!"

"*Dovey*," said Russell, and winked to Bannister, — "*pigeons!* Pray, Miss Wood, may I inquire of what colour were the feathers of the birds that were brought by Aberdeen, the dresser, this evening?"

"White, sir."

Suett stared, "Impossible! O la!"

Russell said, "I was sure of it, — there are no white partridges. To be sure, there's the ptarmigan, a sort of white grouse."

"Ptarmigan be d—d! Hells bells!" exclaimed Suett, enraged. He then recapitulated how, where, and when he had killed the birds, and ended by abusing his housekeeper, who, rather offended, said,

"If you will not believe me, Mr. Suett, Aberdeen is below, sir; he brought the birds from the theatre."

Suett ordered him up; and Aberdeen very gravely and minutely entered into an explanation, that he had by Mr. Suett's direction taken the birds with his own hands from Mr. Suett's great-coat pocket."

"And of what colour were they?"

"White."

The redoubtable Dicky was utterly mystified, nor was the imposture ever discovered.

THE ECCENTRIC MAJOR DOWNS.

Downs, commonly called Billy Downs, was a corpulent major of the St. James's corps of Loyal Volunteers. From his size he was denominated the *major* part of the regiment. He was on a visit at the country residence of Mr. Grubb, (then one of the partners of Drury-Lane theatre,) situated at Horsendon, near Prince's Risborough, Bucks.

The Major had gone down without his servant, and sometimes from a nervous affection was unable to perform the very necessary operation of shaving himself. The barber of Risborough, a Methodist of the most rigid sect,— a long, sallow, melancholy, wild-looking being, dealt in religious tracts, and would not condescend to leave his shop. Downs had been apprized at the manor-house that this person was an enthusiast, and conjectured to be slightly deranged; but the Major had no alternative, so he marched over to the village, entered the shop, and commanded himself to be shaved. Wrapped in a striped cloth, tied up to the throat, over his obesity, and lathered, (by the way, one of the most interesting positions for *effect* in which a gentleman can possibly be placed,) Major Downs glanced at the evangelical tracts in the window, and in very bad taste, it must be acknowledged, said to the melancholy operator,

"D—me! my good fellow, why do you put all those infernal things there in your shop? Enough to poison the whole neighbourhood."

N.B.—The Major's principles were "Church and King! King and Constitution!"

The tonsor did not deign to answer so improper a remark, but with a penetrating, yet restless eye, he rapidly passed his keen razor up and down a huge thong of leather, which was nailed to the top frame of the chair, close to Downs's ear.

The Major perceived that he had given deep offence by his question. A dead silence ensued. Downs winced, and began to think of the barber's supposed derangement. He was tied up, — in his power; but he was too proud, or too brave, to recant. As the razor approached his face, something moving attracted his attention outside the shop-window, and at that critical moment the Major saw two little rogues of boys peeping through, who were passing their hands across their necks, imitating the action of throat-cutting, and pointing to the melancholy tonsor.

This was too much for the valiant Major, in the state of nervous excitement into which he had worked himself. In a twinkling, therefore, up he jumped, tore off the striped cloth, and without even

waiting to wipe the soap from his face, he threw down a shilling to the astonished Wesleyan barber for *not* being shaved, and hastily made a judicious retreat from the shop.

THEATRICAL ALARM.

The original Lyceum theatre was surrounded by very ancient buildings, untenanted and dilapidated portions of which would sometimes fall down while the performances were going on, and cause alarm to the audience. One night, when the performances were for the benefit of Mr. T. P——, the singer, and when a very full house had assembled in compliment to that popular vocalist, a loud crash was suddenly heard, and the people in the front of the theatre in dismay rose in all directions. P——, who was on the stage, came forward, and entreated "the ladies and gentlemen" to be *perfectly calm*, as he was convinced "*it was only something that had given way.*" This, of course, only increased the consternation. Whereupon P——s, perceiving B——y, the architect, at the side-scene, adroitly persuaded him to come on the stage to assure the audience as to the perfect safety of the building.

Mr. B——y accordingly made his first appearance, and bowing gracefully, he said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I am the surveyor to this theatre, and I beg to assure you that "*there is no foundation whatever*——"—(loud uproar). He meant to have continued "*for the cause of your present apprehensions*," but the noise and alarm prevented him from becoming more elucidatory.

A PAIR OF BULLS.

S—— K—— was one evening behind the scenes of Covent Garden theatre, when he observed a remarkable-looking person at the side-scene. "Who 's that?" inquired K—— of Farley. "That is O. Smith," replied Farley. "I thought everybody knew him."—"Introduce me," said K——. The introduction immediately took place, when K——, with great warmth of feeling, said, "Mr. O. Smith, I have long wished to be introduced to you as a man of talent. I have the pleasure to be very intimate with your *namesake*, Mr. T. P. Cooke."

At the conclusion of an engagement at the Victoria theatre, when Abbott was the lessee, K—— said, "My dear Abbott, I am off to the country: *can I carry any letters for you?*" Abbott thanked him, and inquired to what part of the country K—— was going. "Faith, *I have not yet made up my mind*," answered K——.

D'EGVILLE AND POOLE.

Mathews being invited by D'Egville to dine one day with him at Brighton, D'Egville inquired what was Mathews's favourite dish? "A roasted leg of pork, with sage and onions." This was provided; and D'Egville carving, swore that he could not find the stuffing. He turned the joint all over, but in vain. Poole was at table, and in his quiet way said, "Don't make yourself unhappy, D'Egville; *perhaps it is in the other leg.*"

CHURCH LEARNING IN 1560.

The Bishop of Dunkelden, in Scotland, thanked God that he never knew what the Old or New Testament was, and yet had prospered well enough all his days.

GEORGE COLMAN, THE LICENSER.

When George Colman was appointed reader of plays to the Licenser, he became (though an old offender) extremely punctilious about the introduction of oaths in the manuscript of a drama, and invariably erased them. A party dining one day at his agreeable table at Brompton, some very fine *Hollands* was presented as *liqueur*. Colman's son Edmund recommended it. "Taste this admirable *Schie*," said he.—"*Schie?*" says Colman. "Why do you call it *Schie*, sir?"—"Because, father, you know you always *cut out the d—n*."

NEW ADAPTATION OF "GOD SAVE THE KING."

Immediately after the marriage of the Duke and Duchess of Kent, the royal pair visited the theatres publicly. It was notified that they were to honour the performances at the English Opera-house. Mr. A——, the proprietor, felt it to be his duty on this auspicious occasion to add some complimentary stanzas to the national anthem, "God save the King." Being, however, much occupied with perplexing business, he left this task until the last moment. It should be stated that the notice of the royal visit had been sent to Mr. A——'s house in Golden Square. Mr. A—— was all bustle at the theatre for the reception of his royal visiters, but sat down to write his verses. He had concluded one to his satisfaction, and had arrived at the middle of another, when his muse forsook him. He there stuck, pen in hand, at

"So may the royal pair,
Joy of the nation, share—
Joy of the nation, share—"

P—— came into the room at this moment, and A—— put him in requisition to furnish the absent line, singing,

(*singing*) "So may the royal pair,
Joy of the nation, share—
P—— (*sung*) Thirty-one Golden Square,
God save the King."

POPES, AND THEIR ASSUMED NAMES.

Sergius the Second was the first Pope that ever changed his name; for his name being before *Bocca di Porco*, he thought that title beneath his dignity, so caused himself to be called Sergius. His successors, it appears, followed precedents; so that if one Pope be a coward, he is called *Leo*,—if a tyrant, *Clement*,—if an atheist, *Pius*,—if unjust, *Innocent*,—if a rustic, *Urbanus*.

JOHN TAYLOR.

John Taylor was asked if he was a descendant of Taylor the water-poet? He shook his thin white head, and said, "No; I believe I am Taylor the *milk-and-water* poet."

NATIONAL SYMBOLS.

The new Covent Garden theatre had received a splendid embellishment to the fronts of the boxes, proscenium, &c. consisting of modelled roses, shamrocks, and thistles, while the old Lyceum experienced frequently the inconvenience of the rain coming through the roof in various places. Some one praising the beauty of this decoration as the national symbols of England, Ireland, and Scotland, "Well," said the Lyceum proprietor, "my theatre has got the national symbol of the other part of the island, which they have omitted,—Wales. Observe the *leaks!*"

MATHEWS'S YORKSHIRE SERVANT.

Soon after Mathews had married the present Mrs. Mathews, he paid a visit to his mother, who was in an infirm state of health. Mathews had brought a bumpkin of a servant lad from York, who frequently formed a capital model for many of his master's admirable representations of rustic ignorance. This fellow was always in error. One day, Mrs. Lichfield sent with her compliments to inquire how old Mrs. Mathews was. The York lad went up stairs to Mrs. Mathews, Junior, and delivered the message thus: "Missus Lichfield's compliments, marm, and wants to know *how old you be?*"

A WATCHMAKER'S *RUSE*.

A poor devil of a watchmaker came down to settle at ******. The village was populous. This person was utterly unknown; but he rather ingeniously hit on a project to procure employ. He contrived, when the church door was opened daily, to send up his son (a lad of address) to the church tower unseen, and to alter the clock. This the boy was enabled to do by a slight knowledge of his father's business. This measure, of course, made all the watches in the neighbourhood wrong so repeatedly, (and every one swears by his church-clock,) that the owners sent them to the new comer to be cleaned and repaired. This *ruse* established the artisan.

SHERIDAN, AND HIS SON TOM.

Tom Sheridan, when a lad, was one day asking his father (the celebrated Richard Brinsley) for a small sum of money. Sheridan tried to avoid giving any, and said, "Tom, you ought to be doing something to get your living. At your age my father made me work. My father always—"—"I beg your pardon, sir," interrupted Tom: "I will not hear *your* father compared with *mine*."

LUDICROUS MISTAKE OF MATHEWS.

During the height of the popularity of his celebrated entertainment "At Home," Mathews, walking down the Strand, observed, or thought he observed, his old acquaintance, Lee the actor, looking into the windows of a print-shop. Mathews came behind Lee, and putting one hand on each side of his head, blindfolded him, and concluded by rubbing his ears heartily, and beating his hat over his head. The person so treated struggled, and turned very indignantly, when, to the inexpressible horror of Mathews, he saw in an instant that it was not Mr. Lee, but an utter stranger, with whom he had taken this familiar liberty. "What do you mean, you scoundrel?" said the old gentleman. Mathews attempted an apology and explanation, but nothing would satisfy the affront. A crowd gathered round; most of the spectators knew Mathews by sight, and were laughing at the untoward event. On hearing the name of Mathews mentioned, the old gentleman became doubly incensed, and would not be convinced that he had not been grossly and wantonly insulted. He commenced such a torrent of abuse, that Mathews was at last obliged to walk off. Any one acquainted with the nervous temperament of Mathews, will imagine the ludicrous distress of the scene.

TOM DIBDIN AND THE LOZENGE.

Tom Dibdin had a cottage near Box Hill, to which, after his theatrical labours, he was delighted to retire. One stormy night, after Mr. and Mrs. Dibdin had been in bed some time, Mrs. D. being kept awake by the violence of the weather, aroused her husband, exclaiming, "Tom, Tom, get up!"—"What for?" said he.—"Don't you hear how very bad the wind is?"—"Is it?" replied Dibdin, half asleep, but could not help punning. "Put a peppermint lozenge out of the window, my dear. It is the best thing in the world for the wind."

NO WHISTLING!

Mrs. M—— was taking a walk one Sunday in Edinburgh. She had a favourite little dog with her, which frisked away round the corner of the street. A respectable-looking person passing, and Mrs. M—— fearing to lose the dog, addressed him, saying, "Would you be so obliging, sir, as to whistle my dog back?" The reply was, "I canna whistle on the Sabbath."

THE BOTTOMLESS PIT.

One night at Covent Garden, where there was a very scanty audience, the benches of the pit being visible in all directions: a grave-looking person, peeping over the boxes, audibly exclaimed, "Well! I have often heard of the *bottom*less pit, but I never before saw it."

MORAL ECONOMY OF LARGE TOWNS.—No. III.

INDIGENCE AND BENEVOLENCE.

PART II.

RELIEF OF THE POOR.

We have seen that the amount of false indigence is vast and varied; that it is fostered and encouraged by mistaken benevolence, and that it is fraught with multitudinous evils to the social system. We have also shown that in every organized society it has been considered a public duty to detect and punish imposture, whence we inferred that there was scarcely a less obligation on society to subject indiscriminate charity to some regulations; not because it is so important to protect dupes as to punish knaves, but because the dupes to a great extent create the knavery, and are accessories before the fact. We have now to consider the case of real indigence, the greatest acknowledged evil of society, and examine how benevolence may be most beneficially applied as a remedy. For this purpose we must first determine what indigence is; has it any normal type? has it any attributes so fixed and invariable that they can be recognised the instant they are seen? There is only one form of indigence thus immutable, and that begins and ceases to exist at the same moment. Absolute indigence, a complete and utter destitution of all means of subsistence, is equivalent to death; its conditions include in their terms immediate extinction; we can mark distinctly its end, but this is obviously of no use, — what we want to discover is the beginning.

Indigence is generally defined to be a privation of the necessaries of life; but, what are these necessaries? We find them vary with time, fitness, circumstances, without being the less imperious under all these diversities.

There is no indigence in savage life. The Hon. Mr. Murray, whose travels in North America contain the best account of the present condition of the Indians that has been laid before the public, found no state which could properly be designated either as riches or poverty among the Pawnees; the vital question with them was not between comfort and discomfort, but between life and death; if food could be procured all was well, if not, starvation was inevitable. The enterprising traveller himself found a piece of the raw liver of a buffalo a dainty morsel,—the rejection of which would be a practical bull. The Australians will eat anything, "eye of newt, or tongue of frog;" spiders, and other more odious insects are grateful additions to their larder. Their necessaries of life are easily obtained. With them, as with others, destitution is destruction, but total destitution must be of rare occurrence.

Indigence is almost equally unknown in a state of slavery. It is his master's interest to keep the slave in a condition fit for labour; when debilitated by age or infirmity he has, however, to dread destitution, unless, as at Rome or Sparta, his sufferings are abridged by violent death. In the modified state of slavery which exists in modern times, masters usually make a provision for disabled slaves; but, without an abuse of terms the relations between them could not be described as indigence on the one hand, and benevolence on the other.

Indigence, therefore, commences with civilisation; when man enters freely into competition with his fellows, his life becomes a constant struggle; society enjoins certain conditions of existence, and these conditions necessarily generate wants, because their fulfilment requires means. This is the fundamental truth, on which all reasonings respecting indigence must be based. With the progress of civilization indigence must necessarily increase and extend, because wants are multiplied and rendered more imperious. It follows that, in order to determine what are the necessaries of life, we must not limit ourselves to discovering what are the absolute requisites to support existence. Neither the Pawnee nor the Australian can furnish the standard for the Englishman. Even within narrower limits what would be comparative luxury to one man would be sheer destitution to another. The independent labourer in Ireland is infinitely worse fed, clothed, and lodged, than the denizens of the worst workhouse in England, yet the pauper receives sympathy and compassion denied to the labourer.

It would be bad economy and worse philosophy to describe these additional wants as factitious, the result of increasing luxury and diminished hardihood. Indigence must be measured by the general estimate of average comforts formed in any given age or country. That estimate is formed by society, or what is the same thing, by the state; and is as much a matter of positive law as if it had been enacted by both houses of parliament. The government is not the state, no more than a helm is a ship, or editorial superintendence a magazine. The state is the entire community, however organised; its opinions are laws which cannot be violated with impunity. As society advances, human nature itself is extended and developed, moral wants arise, as well as physical necessities, and such wants are honourable to him who feels them. Far from lamenting that the standard of condition, below which indigence commences, should be placed several degrees above zero in the social scale, we should rather rejoice at the extension of the number of comforts that are deemed necessaries; each of them is a new impulse to industry, a new motive for exertion; each of them increases the relations of man to his fellows, and thus strengthens the principle of sociality by which every community is held together. It is a common objection to economic science, that those who cultivate it are anxious to lower the standard of comfort for the pauper, and, therefore, for the independent labourer; while, in fact, the tendency of the science is not only to adjust the equitable position of both in the scale, but also to raise the condition of both; increasing the value of life must necessarily increase the comforts of living.

The most marked characteristic of savage life is improvidence; a recklessness of all that is behind and all that is before, which can neither be overcome by the experience of past suffering, or the prospect of future comfort. Every new want given to man is an additional incentive to thought and reflection; there is more for which he has to contend, and, consequently, more preparation is required for the contest.

Society has fixed a certain set of conditions, the fulfilment of which it proclaims necessary to social existence; indigence is the failure to fulfil these conditions, whether through voluntary remissness, positive fault, or inability to perform them. This principle would seem to suggest an easy system of classification; but when we come to apply it in actual life, we find these causes so mixed and blended that it is gene-

rally impossible to disentangle them, and to assign in any particular case of indigence how much belongs to one cause, and how much to another. There are probably few indigent persons who have not to reproach themselves either with faults or imprudence; and there are probably just as few who have not met with reverses which no human foresight could predict, and no human exertions could prevent. Individual benevolence, when it offers relief in such cases, undertakes a very perilous task. The indigence, indeed, is real, but so are the causes that produce it; the alms bestowed may give temporary relief, and also ensure permanent misery. This is the more likely to be the case, as the failings which for the most part entail the heaviest social sufferings are precisely those which the moralist is most ready to pardon. Improvidence is the most common source of poverty; it is a great social crime, though it scarcely has a place in the code of moral delinquency. Unenlightened benevolence encounters the risk of fostering improvidence when it gives pecuniary relief without inquiry, and it does not always escape the imputation of injustice when it refuses relief to persons supposed to have brought their misfortunes on themselves. Vice is very often a consequence as well as a cause: when we proceed to investigate alleged misconduct, we frequently find individual responsibility disappear in some political error, or deficiency in the social system. Thus, there are many who say to the poor as Pharaoh did to the children of Israel, "ye are idle — ye are idle!" but if society adopts a system which greatly increases the number of labourers, and at the same time diminishes the amount of employment, idleness is an inevitable result, for which society, and not the individual, is responsible.

We have described indigence as a failure in a contest, and shown that there are conditions under which success may be impossible. Infancy, extreme old age, paralysis, idiocy, insanity, &c. are conditions of original feebleness which incapacitate the individual for the contest altogether. In these cases the duties of benevolence are so obvious that no one has ever made them the subject of controversy. But to these physical conditions some that are purely moral must be added. The possibility of evil is an inherent condition of liberty, and every free state abandons its duties when it does not impress this possibility on its subjects. Society invites, or rather compels, every individual to engage in a struggle, the nature of which it has previously fixed and determined, it is therefore bound to state the terms of the contest, the conditions it has imposed on the maintenance of social existence to every individual summoned to the contest, — nay more, it is bound to show that such conditions are of possible fulfilment.

We are not about to discuss here the great question of national education, — a subject on which more nonsense has been written than on any other that has engaged public attention since the commencement of the century. There are, however, two remarkable fallacies or blunders which require to be exposed because they are equally common and mischievous. Reading and writing are no more education than a knife and fork are a good dinner; education, properly so called, is a training to fulfil the conditions which society has imposed on social existence,—a preparation "to do our duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call us." Most men have to maintain themselves by their thews and sinews: their bodies, therefore, must be educated as well as their minds. Physical training is, at the least, as

important to them as mental training; they require to have their limbs strengthened, and their muscles developed. Some years ago no provision was necessary for this purpose; there were unenclosed fields and open commons, where healthy sports could be enjoyed, where pure air and bracing exercise could be obtained; now we are all "cribbed, cabined," and confined, by the rapid progress of brick and mortar; streets and roads choked by coaches, cabs, and 'busses, are the only spots available for the young, with policemen to break their hoops, kick down their tops, and pocket their marbles. Verily we are an enlightened generation, while we increase indefinitely the amount of labour required for support, we at the same time diminish the capacity for toil. We are battling about the school-room, when our greatest want is the play-ground.

The controversy is carried on as if the question were between education and no education. Was there ever such a thing as an uneducated human being, except, perhaps, Peter the wild boy? Archbishop Sharpe said many good things, but none better than his reply to a lady, who said she would give no religious instruction to her children until they were of an age to seek it for themselves. "Madam," replied the witty prelate, "if you do not teach them, the devil will." His satanic majesty has indeed organized a very efficient system of national education. Fagin the Jew was one of his best schoolmasters, the Artful Dodger a first-form boy, and Oliver Twist an unruly pupil, who deserved chastisement for disobedience. It was said of yore that certain squires received their education in the kitchen, and took their degrees in the stable. The parallel, however, will not hold; for the devil has not the entire business of education to himself. The State has kindly provided Newgate as a college for those who aspire to higher degrees, and annually ships off some scores of professors to extend the same system of instruction through the southern hemisphere. Could philanthropy require more?

Leaving controversialists to settle their disputes as best they may, we confine ourselves to pointing out the very obvious duty of society, that is of the State, to make known the conditions which it has imposed on social existence, and to remove the obstacles, whether physical or moral, that impede their fulfilment. Benevolent individuals have undertaken to perform the duty which the State has neglected; but ignorance is too powerful to be overcome by desultory efforts. Ignorance cannot register the past, understand the present, or calculate for the future; it must therefore of necessity generate indigence; for it perpetuates the moral feebleness that unfits men for the great struggle of life. The remedy for this evil is not benevolence in individuals, but common sense in the nation. After all, Fagin's voluntary system entails considerable expense; and our county colleges, commonly called gaols, cost more than a school and play-ground. It would be tiresome to enter into the items of the calculation, and not very agreeable at the present moment, as a silk handkerchief should be added to the account, just abstracted by a promising pupil.

Indigence, arising from original feebleness, or from the imposition of such conditions as render success hopeless, cannot be removed by benevolence. In such cases, indeed, benevolence is to a certain extent mischievous, because it directs attention from the nature of the evil. Enlightened humanity looks to the cause rather than the consequence.

Indolent benevolence is satisfied with the temporary relief of the latter.

We have seen that cases of indigence differ in their origin, nature, and character; we shall also find that they vary in their duration. Bad harvests, severe winters, political convulsions, sudden changes in the demand for labour generally, or for labour in some particular branch of manufactures, frequently generate extensive distress, and afford ample scope for the exercise of benevolence. The same may be said of such individual instances as disease, accidental wounds, and other calamities, against which no human foresight can guard. Relief in such cases is not only a work of humanity, but of prudence; for temporary indigence is always more disposed to crime than that which is permanent. Indigence, indeed, bears the blame of more crimes than it has a right to support, as is at once evident from the fact that crimes are at a maximum between the ages of twenty-five and thirty, precisely the period of life when poverty is at a minimum. It is not indigence so much as the fear of indigence that predisposes to crime. The fallen man generally lies on the ground without a struggle; the falling man grasps at everything that may avert his fate. It has been observed that, in the predial disturbances arising out of the tenure of land in Ireland, outrages were rarely committed by ejected and starving tenants, but were usually contrived by persons of better condition, who dreaded sharing their fate.

A cry of alarm was recently raised throughout Europe about the rapid extension of pauperism. The world was said to be menaced by a universal Jacquerie; a social revolution infinitely worse than that threatened by Jacques Bonhomme or Jack Cade. Landlords in imagination beheld their estates invaded, deer becoming cheap, racers sent to another Newmarket, the pheasantry seized by the peasantry, hounds rendered dog-cheap, parks dismantled, and estates divided. They feared that their hot-houses would be too hot to hold them, and that grape-shot would be necessary to protect their vines. Capitalists shared the alarm; Mammon trembled at the name of Malthus; they feared that, in a very bitter sense, their fortunes would soon be on 'Change, and that others would claim the dividends. Manufacturers were also in terror, dreading to see their machinery destroyed by millions of indigent wretches, whose number, in their belief, had increased, was increasing, and could not be diminished. But was this terror justified by facts? We have already shown that the extreme of indigence is absolute destitution, and consequent death. Were indigence on the increase, the average duration of life would be shortened; but, on the contrary, its duration has been considerably increased, and most remarkably in England, where this senseless alarm was first raised.

This bugbear led the rich to regard the poor as their enemies. The inevitable consequence was, that the poor took the alarm, and regarded the proceedings of the rich as the result of hostility. It is unnecessary to dwell on the mischievous effects of either delusion. It is not true that indigence has increased on the one hand, or indifference to suffering on the other; above all things, it is untrue that the progress of philosophy is adverse to the interests of humanity. All philosophy is systematised experience; the use of a system is to present a waste of power, to economize force in the moral as well as the physical world.

The apparent great amount of pauperism need not alarm the philanthropist, since it must increase in its demands proportionate to the average comforts of the population. Society is progressive; but all its elements are not simultaneously developed, and therefore every advance presses hard on somebody. For instance, the hand-loom weavers have suffered severely from improvements in machinery; and the physical condition of the poor in large towns has been greatly deteriorated by the progress of brick and mortar. These are matters too generally neglected by philanthropists: there is a much closer connection between the physical and moral condition of humanity than is generally imagined. "Cleanliness," says an old proverb, "is next to godliness;" air, drainage, and light are important adjuncts to virtue. When the operatives are found huddled together in garrets and cellars, — when not only is the same room occupied by several families, but five or six individuals share the same bed, anything like delicacy is impossible, domestic comfort is unattainable, and the heads of families are driven to the pot-house by the sheer want of a place where they can sit down. Can we doubt that female modesty and virtue must necessarily and inevitably be perilled in the crowded haunts which we have described? Is it not notorious that the worst dens of the worst vices are found where the drainage is bad, and the supply of water limited? Noah Claypole was an eminent practical philosopher. When he came to London as a practitioner in conveyancing, he almost instinctively directed his course to the regions of dirt and darkness.

The great error into which benevolent persons fall is, that they regard indigence as a simple fact. We trust that we have, on the contrary, shown it to be one of the most complicated of social facts, and that every individual constituting himself the judge of the extent of the want, and the nature of the relief required, undertakes a task which cannot be beneficially executed without very extensive knowledge both of the general subject and the individual instance. Do we then condemn benevolence?—God forbid! We only propose that it should be so directed as to gain its own ends; that the nature of the disease should be studied before the cure is attempted; and that remedies should not be applied at random. There are quacks in morals, as in medicine, and both find patrons among very respectable people; but this should not discourage us in pursuing our investigations. We firmly believe in the ultimate triumph of truth; we believe that enlightened humanity, guided by science, can do much for the correction of social evils, can remove many, relieve more, and alleviate all; we further believe that the causes of indigence should be investigated, and, so far as possible, removed, not merely for the sake of the suffering individual, but for the general interests of the community. There are no clashing interests to be reconciled. Whatever makes the poor man rich will make the rich man richer; whatever makes the rich man poor will make the poor man poorer. In conclusion, we may be allowed to repeat what we have said elsewhere, "The misery of the meanest individual, permitted to continue while means exist for its removal, in every country, but more especially in a free country, is fraught with peril to the entire community."

JACK SHEPPARD.

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "ROOKWOOD" AND "CRICHTON."

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

EPOCH THE THIRD.—1724.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WHAT HAPPENED AT DOLLIS HILL.

"At length this tragedy is at an end," said Mr. Wood, as, having seen the earth thrown over the remains of the unfortunate Mrs. Sheppard, he turned to quit the churchyard. "Let us hope that, like her who 'loved much,' her sins are forgiven her."

Without another word, and accompanied by Thames, he then took his way to Dollis Hill in a state of the deepest depression. Thames did not attempt to offer him any consolation, for he was almost as much dejected. The weather harmonized with their feelings. It rained slightly, and a thick mist gathered in the air, and obscured the beautiful prospect.

On his arrival at Dollis Hill, Mr. Wood was so much exhausted that he was obliged to retire to his own room, where he continued for some hours overpowered by grief. The two lovers sat together, and their sole discourse turned upon Jack and his ill-fated mother.

As the night advanced Mr. Wood again made his appearance in a more composed frame of mind, and at his daughter's earnest solicitation was induced to partake of some refreshment. An hour was then passed in conversation as to the possibility of rendering any assistance to Jack; in deploring his unhappy destiny; and in the consideration of the course to be pursued in reference to Jonathan Wild.

While they were thus occupied, a maid-servant entered the room, and stated that a person was without who had a packet for Captain Darrell, which must be delivered into his own hands. Notwithstanding the remonstrances of Wood and Winifred, Thames instantly followed the domestic, and found a man with his face muffled up, at the door, as she had described. Somewhat alarmed at his appearance, Thames laid his hand upon his sword.

"Fear nothing, sir," said the man, in a voice which Thames instantly recognised as that of Blueskin. "I am come to render you a service. There are the packets which my captain hazarded his life to procure for you, and which he said would establish your right to the estates of the Trenchard family. There are also the letters which were scattered about Wild's room after the murder of Sir Rowland. And there," he added, placing in his hands a heavy bag of money, and a pocket-book, "is a sum little short of fifteen thousand pounds." — "How have you procured these things?" asked Thames, in the utmost astonishment.—"I carried them off on the

fatal night when we got into Wild's house, and you were struck down," replied Blueskin. "They have ever since been deposited in a place of safety. You have nothing more to fear from Wild."—"How so?" asked Thames.—"I have saved the executioner a labour by cutting his throat," replied Blueskin. "And, may I be cursed if I ever did anything in my whole life which gave me so much satisfaction."—"Almighty God! is this possible?" exclaimed Thames.—"You will find it true," replied Blueskin. "All I regret is, that I failed in liberating the captain. If he had got off they might have hanged me, and welcome."—"What can be done for him?" cried Thames.—"That's not an easy question to answer," rejoined Blueskin. "But I shall watch night and day about Newgate, in the hope of getting him out. He wouldn't require my aid, but before I stopped Jonathan's mouth he had ordered him to be doubly-ironed, and constantly watched. And, though the villain can't see his orders executed, I've no doubt some one else will."—"Poor Jack!" exclaimed Thames. "I would sacrifice all my fortune — all my hopes — to liberate him."—"If you're in earnest," rejoined Blueskin, "give me that bag of gold. It contains a thousand pounds; and, if all other schemes fail, I'll engage to free him on the way to Tyburn."—"May I trust you?" hesitated Thames.—"Why did I not keep the money when I had it?" returned Blueskin, angrily. "Not a farthing of it shall be expended except in the captain's service."—"Take it," replied Thames.—"You have saved his life," replied Blueskin. "And now, mark me. You owe what I have done for you, to him, not to me. Had I not known that you and your affianced bride are dearer to him than life, I should have used this money to secure my own safety. Take it, and take the estates, in Captain Sheppard's name. Promise me one thing before I leave you."—"What is it?" asked Thames.—"If the captain *is* taken to Tyburn, be near the place of execution—at the end of the Edgeware Road."—"I will."—"In case of need you will lend a helping hand?"—"Yes—yes."—"Swear it!"—"I do."—"Enough!" rejoined Blueskin. And he departed just as Wood, who had become alarmed by Thames' long absence, made his appearance with a blunderbuss in his hand.

Hastily acquainting him with the treasures he had unexpectedly obtained, Thames returned to the room to apprize Winifred of his good fortune. The packets were hastily broken open; and, while Wood was absorbed in the perusal of the despatch addressed to him by Sir Rowland, Thames sought out, and found the letter which he had been prevented from finishing on the fatal night at Jonathan Wild's. As soon as he had read it he let it fall from his grasp.

Winifred instantly picked it up.

"You are no longer Thames Darrell," she said, casting her eyes rapidly over it; "but the Marquis de Chatillon."—"My father was of the blood-royal of France," exclaimed Thames.—"Eh-day! what's this?" cried Wood, looking up from beneath his spectacles. "Who—who is the Marquis de Chatillon?"—"Your adopted son, Thames Darrell," answered Winifred.—"And the Marchioness is your daughter," added Thames.—"O, Lord!" ejaculated Wood. "My head fairly turns round. So many distresses — so many joys coming at the same time are too much for me. Read that letter, Thames — my lord marquis, I mean. Read it, and you'll find that

your unfortunate uncle, Sir Rowland, surrenders to you all the estates in Lancashire. You 've nothing to do but to take possession."—"What a strange history is mine!" said Thames. "Kidnapped, and sent to France by one uncle, it was my lot to fall into the hands of another, — my father's own brother, the Marshal Gaucher de Chatillon; to whom, and to the Cardinal Dubois, I owed all my good fortune."—"The ways of Providence are inscrutable," observed Wood.—"When in France, I heard from the Marshal that his brother had perished in London on the night of the Great Storm. It was supposed he was drowned in crossing the river, as his body had never been found. Little did I imagine at the time that it was my own father to whom he referred." — "I think I remember reading something about your father in the papers," observed Wood. "Wasn't he in some way connected with the Jacobite plots?"— "He was," replied Thames. "He had been many years in this country before his assassination took place. In this letter, which is addressed to my ill-fated mother, he speaks of his friendship for Sir Rowland, whom it seems he had known abroad; but entreats her to keep the marriage secret for a time, for reasons which are not fully developed."—"And so Sir Rowland murdered his friend," remarked Wood. "Crime upon crime." — "Unconsciously, perhaps," replied Thames. "But, be it as it may, he is now beyond the reach of earthly punishment."— "But Wild still lives," cried Wood. —"He, also, has paid the penalty of his offences," returned Thames. "He has fallen by the hand of Blueskin, who brought me these packets." —"Thank God for that!" cried Wood, heartily. "I could almost forgive the wretch the injury he did me in depriving me of my poor dear wife — no, not quite *that*," he added, a little confused. —"And now," said Thames, (for we must still preserve the name,) "you will no longer defer my happiness."—"Hold!" interposed Winifred, gravely. "I release you from your promise. A carpenter's daughter is no fit match for a peer of France." — "If my dignity must be purchased by the loss of you, I renounce it," cried Thames. "You will not make it valueless in my eyes," he added, catching her in his arms, and pressing her to his breast.—"Be it as you please," replied Winifred. "My lips would belie my heart were I to refuse you." —"And now, father, your blessing—your consent?" cried Thames. —"You have both," replied Wood, fervently. "I am too much honoured—too happy in the union. Oh! that I should live to be father-in-law to a peer of France! What would my poor wife say to it, if she could come to life again? O Thames! — my lord marquis, I mean — you have made me the happiest — the proudest of mankind."

Not many days after this event, on a bright October morning, the bells rang a merry peal from the old grey tower of Willesden church. All the village was assembled in the church-yard. Young and old were dressed in their gayest apparel; and it was evident from the smiles that lighted up every countenance, from the roguish looks of the younger swains, and the demure expression of several pretty rustic maidens, that a ceremony which never fails to interest all classes—a wedding—was about to take place.

At the gate opening upon the road leading to Dollis Hill were stationed William Morgan and John Dump. Presently two carriages dashed down the hill, and drew up before it. From the first

of these alighted Thames, or, as he must now be styled, the Marquis de Chatillon. From the second descended Mr. Wood — and after him came his daughter.

The sun never shone upon a lovelier couple than now approached the altar. The church was crowded to excess by the numbers eager to witness the ceremony; and as soon as it was over the wedded pair were followed to the carriage, and the loudest benedictions uttered for their happiness.

In spite of the tumultuous joy which agitated him the bridegroom could not prevent the intrusion of some saddening thoughts, as he reflected upon the melancholy scene which he had so recently witnessed in the same place.

The youthful couple had been seated in the carriage a few minutes, when they were joined by Mr. Wood, who had merely absented himself to see that a public breakfast, which he had ordered at the Six Bells for all who chose to partake of it, was in readiness. He likewise gave directions that in the after part of the day a whole bullock should be roasted on the green, and distributed, together with a barrel of the strongest ale.

In the evening a band of village musicians, accompanied by most of the young inhabitants of Willesden, strolled out to Dollis Hill, where they formed a rustic concert under the great elm before the door. Here they were regaled with another plentiful meal by the hospitable carpenter, who personally superintended the repast.

These festivities, however, were not witnessed by the newly-married pair, who had departed immediately after the ceremony for Manchester.

CHAPTER XXIX.

HOW JACK SHEPPARD WAS TAKEN TO WESTMINSTER HALL.

Loaded with the heaviest fetters, and constantly watched by two of the gaoler's assistants, who neither quitted him for a single moment, nor suffered any visiter to approach him, Jack Sheppard found all attempts to escape impracticable.

He was confined in the Middle Stone Ward, a spacious apartment, with good light and air, situated over the gateway on the western side, and allotted to him, not for his own convenience, but for that of the keepers, who, if he had been placed in a gloomier or more incommodious dungeon, would have necessarily had to share it with him.

Through this, his last trial, Jack's spirits never deserted him. He seemed resigned, but cheerful, and held frequent and serious discourses with the ordinary, who felt satisfied of his sincere penitence. The only circumstance which served to awaken a darker feeling in his breast was, that his implacable foe, Jonathan Wild, had survived the wound inflicted by Blueskin, and was slowly recovering.

As soon as he could be moved with safety, Jonathan had himself transported to Newgate, where he was carried into the Middle Ward, that he might feast his eyes upon his victim. Having seen every precaution taken to ensure his safe custody, he departed, muttering to himself, "I shall yet live to see him hanged — I shall live to see him hanged."

Animated by his insatiate desire of vengeance, he seemed to gain

strength daily,— so much so, that within a fortnight after receiving his wound he was able to stir abroad.

On Thursday, the 12th of November, after having endured nearly a month's imprisonment, Jack Sheppard was conveyed from Newgate to Westminster Hall. He was placed in a coach, handcuffed, and heavily fettered, and guarded by a vast posse of officers, to Temple Bar, where a fresh relay of constables escorted him to Westminster.

By this time Jack's reputation had risen to such a height with the populace, —his exploits having become the universal theme of discourse, that the streets were almost impassable for the crowds collected to obtain a view of him. The vast area in front of Westminster Hall was thronged with people, and it was only by a vigorous application of their staves that the constables could force a passage for the vehicle. At length, however, the prisoner was got out; when such was the rush of the multitude that several persons were trampled down, and received severe injuries.

Arrived in the Hall, the prisoner's handcuffs were removed, and he was taken before the Court of King's Bench. The record of his conviction at the Old Bailey sessions was then read; and, as no objection was offered to it, the Attorney-General moved that his execution might take place on Monday next. Upon this, Jack earnestly and eloquently addressed himself to the bench, and besought that a petition which he had prepared to be laid before the King might be read. This request, however, was refused; and he was told that the only way in which he could entitle himself to his Majesty's clemency would be by discovering who had abetted him in his last escape; the strongest suspicions being entertained that he had not effected it alone.

Sheppard replied by a solemn assertion, "that he had received no assistance except from Heaven,"—an answer for which he was immediately reprimanded by the court. It having been stated that it was wholly impossible he could have removed his irons in the way he represented, he offered, if his handcuffs were replaced, to take them off in the presence of the court. The proposal, however, was not acceded to; and the Chief Justice Powis, after enumerating his various offences, and commenting upon their heinousness, awarded sentence of death against him for the following Monday.

As Jack was removed he noticed Jonathan Wild at a little distance from him, eyeing him with a look of the most savage satisfaction. The thieftaker's throat was bound up with thick folds of linen, and his face had a ghastly and cadaverous look, which communicated an undefinable and horrible expression to his glances.

Meanwhile, the mob outside had prodigiously increased, and had begun to exhibit some disposition to riot. The coach in which the prisoner had been conveyed was already broken to pieces, and the driver was glad to escape with life. Terrific shouts were raised by the rabble, who threatened to tear Wild in pieces if he showed himself.

Amid this tumult several men, armed with tremendous bludgeons, with their faces besmeared with grease and soot, and otherwise disguised, were observed to be urging the populace to attempt a rescue. They were headed by an athletic-looking, swarthy-featured man,

who was armed with a cutlass, which he waved over his head to cheer on his companions.

These desperadoes had been the most active in demolishing the coach, and now, being supported by the rabble, they audaciously approached the very portals of the ancient hall. The shouts, yells, and groans, which they uttered, and which were echoed by the concourse in the rear, were perfectly frightful.

Jonathan, who with the other constables had reconnoitred this band, and recognised in its ringleader Blueskin, commanded the constables to follow him, and made a sally for the purpose of seizing him. Enfeebled by his wound, Wild had lost much of his strength, though nothing of his ferocity and energy, and fiercely assailing Blueskin, he made a desperate but unsuccessful attempt to apprehend him.

He was, however, instantly beaten back; and the fury of the mob was so great that it was with difficulty he could effect a retreat. The whole force of the constables, gaolers, and others, was required to keep the crowd out of the hall. The doors were closed and barricaded, and the mob threatened to burst them open if Jack was not delivered to them.

Things now began to wear so serious an aspect that a messenger was secretly despatched to the Savoy for troops, and in half an hour a regiment of the guards arrived, who by dint of great exertion succeeded in partially dispersing the tumultuous assemblage. Another coach was then procured, in which the prisoner was placed.

Jack's appearance was hailed with the loudest cheers, but when Jonathan followed, and took a place beside him in the vehicle, determined, he said, never to lose sight of him, the abhorrence of the multitude was expressed by execrations, hoots, and yells of the most terrific kind. So dreadful were these shouts as to produce an effect upon the hardened feelings of Jonathan, who shrank out of sight.

It was well for him that he had taken his place by Sheppard, as regard for the latter alone prevented the deadliest missiles being hurled at him. As it was, the mob went on alternately hooting and huzzaing as the names of Wild and Sheppard were pronounced, while some individuals, bolder than the rest, thrust their faces into the coach-window, and assured Jack that he should never be taken to Tyburn.

"We 'll see that, you yelping hounds!" rejoined Jonathan, glaring fiercely at them.

In this way, Jack was brought back to Newgate, and again chained down in the Middle Ward.

It was late before Jonathan ventured to his own house, where he remained up all night, and kept his janizaries and other assistants well armed.

CHAPTER XXX.

HOW JONATHAN WILD'S HOUSE WAS BURNT DOWN.

The day appointed for the execution was now close at hand, and the prisoner, who seemed to have abandoned all hopes of escape, turned his thoughts entirely from worldly considerations.

On Sunday he was conveyed to the chapel, through which he had

passed on the occasion of his great escape, and once more took his seat in the Condemned Pew. The Rev. Mr. Purney, the ordinary, who had latterly conceived a great regard for Jack, addressed him in a discourse, which, while it tended to keep alive his feelings of penitence, was calculated to afford him much consolation. The chapel was crowded to excess. But here — even here the demon was suffered to intrude, and Jack's thoughts were distracted by Jonathan Wild, who stood at a little distance from him, and kept his bloodthirsty eyes fixed on him during the whole of the service.

On that night an extraordinary event occurred, which convinced the authorities that every precaution must be taken in conducting Jack to Tyburn, — a fact of which they had been previously made aware, though scarcely to the same extent, by the riotous proceedings near Westminster Hall. About nine o'clock an immense mob collected before the Lodge at Newgate. It was quite dark; but, as some of the assemblage carried links, it was soon ascertained to be headed by the same party who had mainly incited the former disturbance. Amongst the ringleaders was Blueskin, whose swarthy features and athletic figure were easily distinguished. Another was Baptist Kettleby, and a third, in a Dutch dress, was recognized by his grizzled beard as the skipper, Van Galgebrok.

Before an hour had elapsed, the concourse was fearfully increased. The area in front of the gaol was completely filled. Attempts were made upon the door of the Lodge; but it was too strong to be forced. A cry was then raised by the leaders to attack Wild's house, and the fury of the mob was instantly directed to that quarter. Wrenched from their holds, the iron palisades in front of the thief-taker's dwelling were used as weapons to burst open the door.

While this was passing, Jonathan opened one of the upper windows, and fired several shots upon the assailants. But, though he made Blueskin and Kettleby his chief marks, he missed both. The sight of the thieftaker increased the fury of the mob to a fearful degree. Terrific yells rent the air. The heavy weapons thundered against the door, and it speedily yielded to their efforts.

"Come on, my lads!" vociferated Blueskin, "we'll unkennel the old fox."

As he spoke several shots were fired from the upper part of the house, and two men fell mortally wounded. But this only incensed the assailing party the more. With a drawn cutlass in one hand, and a cocked pistol in the other, Blueskin rushed upstairs. The landing was defended by Quilt Arnold and the Jew. The former was shot by Blueskin through the head, and his body fell over the bannisters. The Jew, who was paralysed by his companion's fate, offered no resistance, and was instantly seized.

"Where is your accursed master?" demanded Blueskin, holding the sword to his throat.

The Jew did not speak, but pointed to the audience-chamber. Committing him to the custody of the others, Blueskin, followed by a numerous band, darted in that direction. The door was locked; but, with the bars of iron it was speedily burst open. Several of the assailants carried links, so that the room was a blaze of light. Jonathan, however, was nowhere to be seen.

Rushing towards the entrance of the well-hole, Blueskin touched the secret spring. He was not there. Opening the trap-door, he

then descended to the vaults, searched each cell, and every nook and corner separately. Wild had escaped.

Robbed of their prey, the fury of the mob became ungovernable. At length, at the end of a passage, next to the cell where Mrs. Sheppard had been confined, Blueskin discovered a trap-door, which he had not previously noticed. It was instantly burst open, when the horrible stench that issued from it convinced them that it must be a receptacle for the murdered victims of the thieftaker.

Holding a link into the place, which had the appearance of a deep pit, Blueskin noticed a body richly dressed. He dragged it out, and perceiving, in spite of the decayed frame, that it was the body of Sir Rowland Trenchard, commanded his attendants to convey it upstairs—an order which was promptly obeyed.

Returning to the audience-chamber, Blueskin had the Jew brought before him. The body of Sir Rowland was then laid on the large table. Opposite to it was placed the Jew. Seeing from the threatening looks of his captors that they were about to wreak their vengeance upon him, the miserable wretch besought mercy in abject terms, and charged his master with the most atrocious crimes. His relation of the murder of Sir Rowland petrified even his fierce auditors.

One of the cases in Jonathan's museum was now burst open, and a rope taken from it. In spite of his shrieks, the miserable Jew was then dragged into the well-hole, and the rope being tied round his neck, he was launched from the bridge.

The vengeance of the assailants did not stop here. They broke open the entrance into Jonathan's store-room — plundered it of everything valuable — ransacked every closet, drawer, and secret hiding-place, and stripped them of their contents. Large hoards of money were discovered, gold and silver plate, cases of watches, and various precious articles. Nothing, in short, portable or valuable was left. Old implements of housebreaking were discovered; and the thieftaker's most hidden depositories were laid bare.

The work of plunder over, that of destruction commenced. Straw and other combustibles being collected, were placed in the middle of the audience-chamber. On these were thrown all the horrible contents of Jonathan's museum, together with the body of Sir Rowland Trenchard. The whole was then fired, and in a few minutes the room was in a blaze. Not content with this, the assailants set fire to the house in half-a-dozen other places; and the progress of the flames was rapid and destructive.

Meanwhile the object of all this fearful disturbance had made his escape to Newgate, from the roof of which he witnessed the destruction of his premises. He saw the flames burst from the windows, and perhaps in that maddening spectacle suffered torture equivalent to some of the crimes he had committed.

While he was thus standing, the flames of his house, which made the whole street as light as day, and ruddily illumined the faces of the mob below, betrayed him to them, and he was speedily driven from his position by a shower of stones and other missiles.

The mob now directed their attention to Newgate; and, from their threats, appeared determined to fire it. Ladders, paviour's rams, sledge-hammers, and other destructive implements, were procured; and in all probability their purpose would have been ef-

fected but for the opportune arrival of a detachment of the guards, who dispersed them, not without some loss of life.

Several prisoners were taken, but the ringleaders escaped. Engines were brought to play upon Wild's premises, and upon the adjoining houses. The latter were saved; but of the former nothing but the blackened stone walls were found standing on the morrow.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE PROCESSION TO TYBURN.

The noise of this disturbance did not fail to reach the interior of the prison. In fact, the reflection of the flames lighted up the ward in which Jack Sheppard was confined.

The night before his execution was therefore passed in a most anxious state of mind; nor was his uneasiness allayed by the appearance of Jonathan Wild, who, after he had been driven from the roof of the gaol, repaired to the Middle Stone Ward in a fit of ungovernable passion, to vent his rage upon the prisoner, whom he looked upon as the cause of the present calamity. Such was his fury, that, if he had not been restrained by the presence of the two turnkeys, he might perhaps have anticipated the course of justice, by laying violent hands upon his victim.

After venting his wrath in the wildest manner, and uttering the most dreadful execrations, Jonathan retired to another part of the prison, where he passed the night in consultation with the governor, as to the best means of conveying the prisoner securely to Tyburn. Mr. Pitt endeavoured to dissuade him from attending in person, representing the great risk he would incur from the mob, which was certain to be assembled. But Jonathan was not to be deterred. "I have sworn to see him hanged," he said, "and nothing shall keep me away—nothing, by ——."

By Wild's advice, the usual constabulary force was greatly augmented. Messengers were despatched to all the constables and head-boroughs to be in attendance,—to the sheriffs to have an extraordinary number of their officers in attendance,—and to the Savoy, to obtain the escort of a troop of grenadier-guards. In short, more preparations were made than if a state criminal was about to be executed.

The morning of Monday the 16th of November 1724 at length dawned. It was a dull foggy day, and the atmosphere was so thick and heavy, that at eight o'clock the curious who arrived near the prison could scarcely discern the tower of St. Sepulchre's church.

By and by the tramp of horses' feet was heard slowly ascending Snow Hill, and presently a troop of grenadier guards rode into the area facing Newgate. These were presently joined by a regiment of foot. A large body of the constables of Westminster next made their appearance, the chief of whom entered the Lodge, where they were speedily joined by the civic authorities. At nine o'clock the sheriffs arrived, followed by their officers and javelin-men.

Meantime, the Stone Hall was crowded by all the inmates of the gaol, debtors, felons, turnkeys, and officers who could obtain permission to witness the ceremony of the prisoner's irons being struck off. Caliban, who, through the interest of Mr. Ireton, was appointed to the office, stood with a hammer in one hand, and a punch in the

other, near the great stone block, ready to fulfil his duty. Close behind him stood the tall gaunt figure of Marvel, with his large bony hands, his scraggy neck, and ill-favoured countenance. Next to the executioner stood his wife—the former Mrs. Spurling. Mrs. Marvel held her handkerchief to her eyes, and appeared in great distress. But her husband, whose deportment to her was considerably changed since the fatal knot had been tied, paid no attention whatever to her grief.

At this moment the bell of Newgate began to toll, and was answered by another bell from St. Sepulchre's. The great door of the Stone Hall was thrown open, and the sheriffs, preceded by the javelin-men, entered the room. They were followed by Jonathan, who carried a stout stick under his arm, and planted himself near the stone. Not a word was uttered by the assemblage; but a hush of expectation reigned throughout.

Another door was next opened, and, preceded by the ordinary, with the sacred volume in his hand, the prisoner entered the room. Though encumbered by his irons, his step was firm, and his demeanour dignified. His countenance was pale as death, but not a muscle quivered, nor did he betray the slightest appearance of fear. On the contrary, it was impossible to look at him without perceiving that his resolution was unshaken.

Advancing with a slow firm step to the stone-block, he placed his left foot upon it, drew himself up to his full height, and fixed a look so stern upon Jonathan, that the thief-taker quailed before it.

The black, meantime, began to ply his hammer, and speedily unriveted the chains. The first stroke appeared to arouse all the vindictive passions of Jonathan. Fixing a ferocious and exulting look upon Jack Sheppard, he exclaimed,

"At length my vengeance is complete."—"Wretch!" cried Jack, raising his hand in a menacing manner, "your triumph will be short-lived. Before a year has expired, you will share the same fate."—"If I do, I care not," rejoined Wild; "I shall have lived to see you hanged."—"O Jack, dear, dear Jack!" cried Mrs. Marvel, who was now quite dissolved in tears, "I shall never survive this scene."—"Hold your tongue, hussy!" cried her husband gruffly. "Women ought never to show themselves on these occasions, unless they can behave themselves properly."—"Farewell, Jack," cried twenty voices.

Sheppard looked round, and exchanged kindly glances with several of those who addressed him.

"My limbs feel so light, now that my irons are removed," he observed with a smile, "that I am half inclined to dance."—"You'll dance upon nothing, presently," rejoined Jonathan, brutally.—"Farewell for ever," said Jack, extending his hand to Mrs. Marvel.—"Farewell!" blubbered the executioner's wife, pressing his hand to her lips. "Here are a pair of gloves and a nosegay for you. Oh dear!—oh dear! Be careful of him," she added to her husband, "and get it over quickly, or never expect to see me again."—"Peace, fool!" cried Marvel, angrily. "Do you think I don't know my own business?"

Austin and Langley then advanced to the prisoner, and, twining their arms round his, led him down to the Lodge, whither he was followed by the sheriffs, the ordinary, Wild, and the other officials.

Meantime, every preparation had been made outside for his departure. At the end of two long lines of foot-guards stood the cart, with a powerful black horse harnessed to it. At the head of the cart was placed the coffin. On the right were several mounted grenadiers; on the left, some half dozen javelin-men. Soldiers were stationed at different points of the street to keep off the mob, and others were riding backwards and forwards to maintain an open space for the passage of the procession.

The assemblage which was gathered together was almost countless. Every house-top, every window, every wall, every projection, had its occupants. The wall of St. Sepulchre's church was covered—so was the tower. The concourse extended along Giltspur Street as far as Smithfield. No one was allowed to pass along Newgate Street, which was barricaded and protected by a strong constabulary force.

The first person who issued from the Lodge was Mr. Marvel, who proceeded to the cart, and took his seat upon the coffin. The hangman is always an object of peculiar detestation to the mob; a tremendous hooting hailed his appearance, and both staves and swords were required to preserve order.

A deep silence, however, now prevailed, broken only by the tolling of the bells of Newgate and St. Sepulchre's. The mighty concourse became for a moment still. Suddenly such a shout as has seldom smitten human ears rent the air. "He comes!" cried a thousand voices, and the shout ascended to Smithfield, descended to Snow Hill, and told those who were assembled on Holborn Hill that Sheppard had left the prison.

Between the two officers, with their arms linked in his, Jack Sheppard was conducted to the cart. He looked around, and as he heard that deafening shout, — as he felt the influence of those thousand eyes fixed upon him,—as he listened to the cheers, all his misgivings — if he had any — vanished, and he felt more as if he were marching to a triumph, than proceeding to a shameful death.

Jack had no sooner taken his place in the cart than he was followed by the ordinary, who seated himself beside him, and, opening the book of prayer, began to read aloud. Excited by the scene, Jack, however, could pay little attention to the good man's discourse, and was lost in a whirl of tumultuous emotions.

The cavalcade was now put slowly in motion. The horse-soldiers wheeled round and cleared a path: the foot closed in upon the cart. Then came the javelin-men, walking four abreast; and, lastly, a long line of constables, marching in the same order.

The procession had just got into line of march, when a dreadful groan, mixed with yells, hootings, and execrations was heard. This was occasioned by Jonathan Wild, who was seen to mount his horse and join the train. Jonathan, however, paid no sort of attention to this demonstration of hatred. He had buckled on his hanger, and had two brace of pistols in his belt, as well as others in his holsters.

By this time the procession had reached the west end of the wall of St. Sepulchre's church, where, in compliance with an old custom, it halted. By the will of Mr. Robert Dow, merchant tailor, it was appointed that the sexton of St. Sepulchre's should pronounce a solemn exhortation upon every criminal on his way to Tyburn, for which office he was to receive a small stipend. As soon as the cavalcade stopped, the sexton advanced, and, ringing a hand-bell, pronounced the following admonition:

"All good people pray heartily unto God for this poor sinner, who is now going to take his death, for whom this great bell doth toll.

"You who are condemned to die, repent with lamentable tears. Ask mercy of the Lord for the salvation of your own soul, through the merits of the death and passion of Jesus Christ, who now sits at the right hand of God, to make intercession for you, if you penitently return to him. The Lord have mercy upon you!"

This ceremony concluded, the cavalcade was again put in motion. Slowly descending Snow Hill, the train passed on its way, attended by the same stunning vociferations, cheers, yells, and outcries which had accompanied it on starting from Newgate. The guards had great difficulty in preserving a clear passage without resorting to severe measures; for the tide which poured upon them behind, around, in front, and at all sides, was almost irresistible. The houses on Snow Hill were thronged, like those in the Old Bailey. Every window, from the ground-floor to the garret, had its occupant, and the roofs were covered with spectators. Words of encouragement and sympathy were addressed to Jack, who, as he looked around, beheld many a friendly glance fixed upon him.

In this way they reached Holborn Bridge. Here a little delay occurred. The passage was so narrow that there was only sufficient room for the cart to pass, with a single line of foot-soldiers on one side; and, as the walls of the bridge were covered with spectators, it was not deemed prudent to cross it till these persons were dislodged.

While this was effected, intelligence was brought that a formidable mob was pouring down Field Lane, the end of which was barricaded. The advanced guard rode on to drive away any opposition, while the main body of the procession crossed the bridge, and slowly toiled up Holborn Hill.

The entrance of Shoe Lane, and the whole line of the wall of St. Andrew's church, the bell of which was tolling, was covered with spectators. Upon the steps leading to the gates of the church stood two persons whom Jack instantly recognised. These were his mistresses, Poll Maggot and Edgeworth Bess. As soon as the latter beheld him, she uttered a loud scream, and fainted. She was caught by some of the bystanders, who offered her every assistance in their power. As to Mrs. Maggot, whose nerves were more firmly strung, she contented herself with waving her hand affectionately to her lover, and encouraging him by her gestures.

While this was taking place, another and more serious interruption occurred. The advanced guard had endeavoured to disperse the mob in Field Lane, but were not prepared to meet with the resistance they encountered. The pavement had been hastily picked up, and heaped across the end of the street, upon which planks, barrels, and other barricades were laid. Most of the mob were armed with pikes, staves, swords, muskets, and other weapons, and offered a most desperate resistance to the soldiery, whom they drove back with a shower of paving-stones.

The arrival of the cart at the end of Field Lane appeared the signal for an attempt at rescue. With a loud shout, and headed by a powerfully-built man, with a face as black as that of a mulatto, and armed with a cutlass, the rabble leapt over the barricades, and rushed towards the vehicle. An immediate halt took place. The

soldiers, surrounded the cart, drew their swords, and, by striking the rioters first with the blunt edge of their blades, and afterwards with the sharp points, succeeded in driving them back.

Amid this skirmish Jonathan greatly distinguished himself. Drawing his hanger, he rode amongst the crowd, trampled upon those most in advance, and made an attempt to seize their leader, in whom he recognised Blueskin.

Baffled in their attempt, the mob uttered a roar, such as only a thousand angry voices can utter, and discharged a volley of missiles at the soldiery. Stones and brickbats were showered on all sides; and Mr. Marvel was almost dislodged from his seat on the coffin by a dead dog, which was hurled against him, and struck him in the face.

At length, however, by dealing blows right and left with their swords, and even inflicting severe cuts on the foremost of the rabble the soldiers managed to gain a clear course, and to drive back the assailants, who, as they retreated behind the barricades, shouted in tones of defiance, "To Tyburn! to Tyburn!"

The object of all this tumult, meanwhile, never altered his position, but sat back in the cart, as if resolved not to make even a struggle to regain his liberty.

The procession now wound its way, without further interruption, along Holborn. Like a river swollen by many currents, it gathered force from the various avenues that poured their streams into it. Fetter Lane on the left, Gray's Inn on the right, added their supplies. On all hands Jack was cheered, and Jonathan hooted.

At length the train approached St. Giles's. Here, according to another old custom, already alluded to, a criminal taken to execution was allowed to halt at a tavern, called the Crown, and take a draught from St. Giles's bowl, "as his last refreshment on earth." At the door of this tavern, which was situated on the left of the street, not more than a hundred yards distant from the church, the bell of which began to toll as soon as the procession came in sight, the cart drew up, and the whole cavalcade halted. A wooden balcony in one of the adjoining houses was thronged with ladies, all of whom appeared to take a lively interest in the scene, and to be full of commiseration for the criminal, not, perhaps, unmixed with admiration of his appearance. Every window in the public house was filled with guests, and, as in the case of St. Andrew's, the churchyard wall of St. Giles's was lined with spectators.

A scene now ensued, highly characteristic of the age and the occasion. The doleful procession at once assumed a festive character. Many of the soldiers dismounted, and called for drink. Their example was immediately imitated by the officers, constables, javelin-men, and other attendants; and nothing was to be heard but shouts of laughter and jesting,—nothing seen but the passing of glasses and the emptying of foaming jugs. Mr. Marvel, who had been a little discomposed by the treatment he had experienced on Holborn Hill, very composedly filled and lighted his pipe.

One group at the door attracted Jack's attention, inasmuch as it was composed of several of his old acquaintances, — Mr. Kneebone, Van Galgebrok, and Baptist Kettleby, — all of whom greeted him cordially. Besides these, there was a sturdy-looking fellow, whom he instantly recognised as the honest blacksmith who had freed him from his irons at Tottenham.

"I am here, you see," said the smith.

"So I perceive," replied Jack.

At this moment the landlord of the Crown, a jovial-looking stout personage, with a white apron round his waist, issued from the house, bearing a large wooden bowl filled with ale, which he offered to Jack, who instantly rose to receive it. Raising the bowl in his right hand, Jack glanced towards the balcony, in which the group of ladies were seated, and begged to drink their healths; he then turned to Kneebone and the others, who extended their hands towards him, and raised it to his lips. Just as he was about to drain it, he encountered the basilisk glance of Jonathan Wild, and paused.

"I leave this bowl for you," he cried, returning it to the landlord untasted. — "Your father said so before you," replied Jonathan, malignantly; "and yet it has tarried thus long." — "You will call for it before six months are passed," rejoined Jack, sternly.

Once again the cavalcade was in motion, and winding its way by St. Giles's church, the bell of which continued tolling all the time, passed the pound, and entered Oxford Road, or, as it was then not unfrequently termed, Tyburn Road. After passing Tottenham Court Road, very few houses were to be seen on the right hand, and opposite Wardour Street it was open country.

The crowd now dispersed amongst the fields, and thousands of persons were seen hurrying towards Tyburn as fast as their legs could carry them, leaping over hedges, and breaking down every impediment in their course.

Besides those who conducted themselves more peaceably, the conductors of the procession noticed with considerable uneasiness large bands of men armed with staves, bludgeons, and other weapons, who were flying across the field in the same direction. As it was feared that some mischief would ensue, Wild volunteered, if he were allowed a small body of men, to ride forward to Tyburn, and keep the ground clear until the arrival of the prisoner.

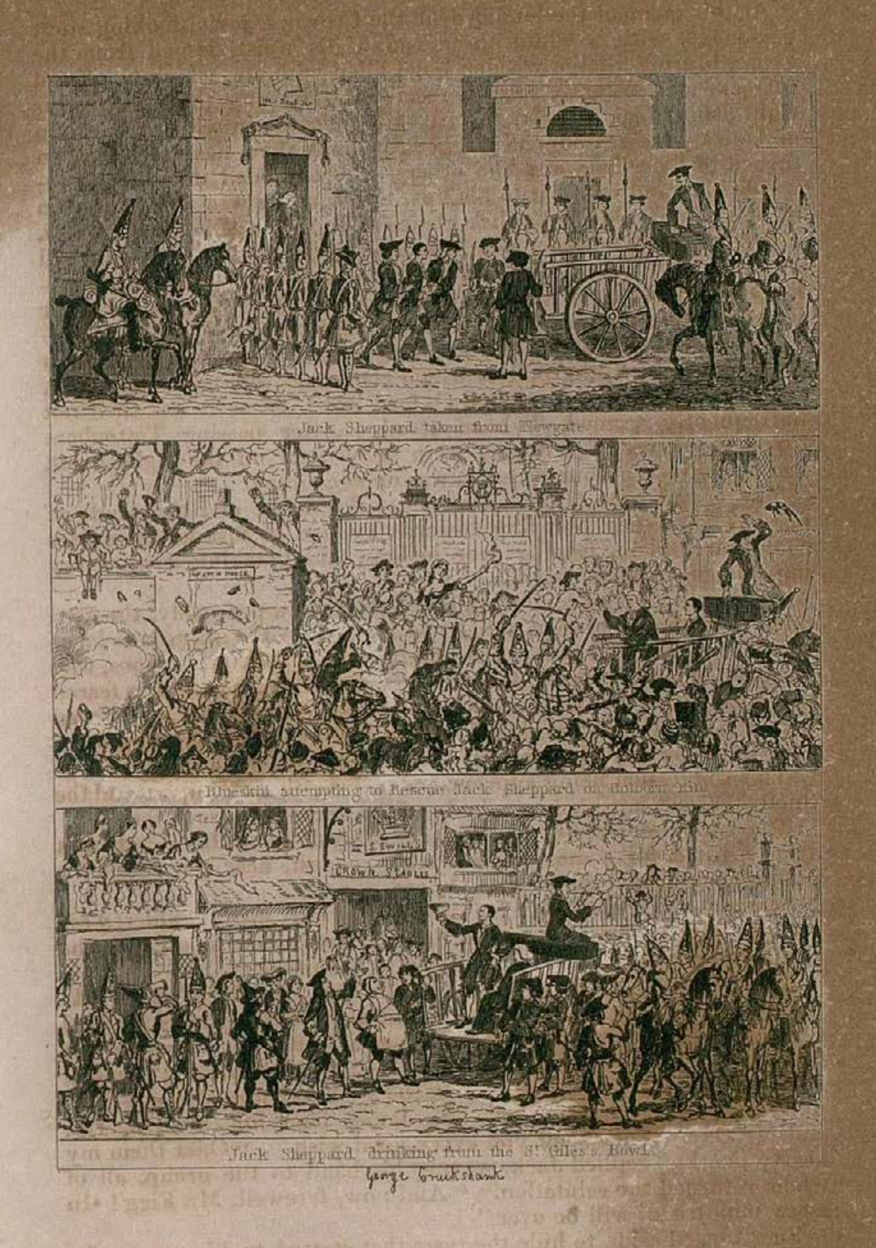
This suggestion being approved, was instantly acted upon, and the thieftaker, accompanied by a body of the grenadiers, rode forward.

The train, meantime, had passed Mary-le-bone Lane, when it again paused for a moment, at Jack's request, near the door of a public house called the City of Oxford.

Scarcely had it come to a halt when a stalwart man shouldered his way, in spite of their opposition, through the lines of soldiery to the cart, and offered his large horny hand to the prisoner.

"I told you I would call to bid you farewell, Mr. Figg," said Jack. —"So you did," replied the prize-fighter. "Sorry you're obliged to keep your word. Heard of your last escape. Hoped you'd not be retaken. Never sent for the shirt."—"I didn't want it," replied Jack; "but who are those gentlemen?"—"Friends of yours," replied Figg, "come to see you — Sir James Thornhill, Mr. Hogarth, and Mr. Gay. They send you every good wish."—"Offer them my hearty thanks," replied Jack, waving his hand to the group, all of whom returned the salutation. "And now, farewell, Mr. Figg! In a few minutes all will be over."

Figg turned aside to hide the tears that started to his eyes, — for the stout prize-fighter, with a man's courage, had a woman's heart, —and the procession again set forward.



Jack Sheppard taken from Newgate.

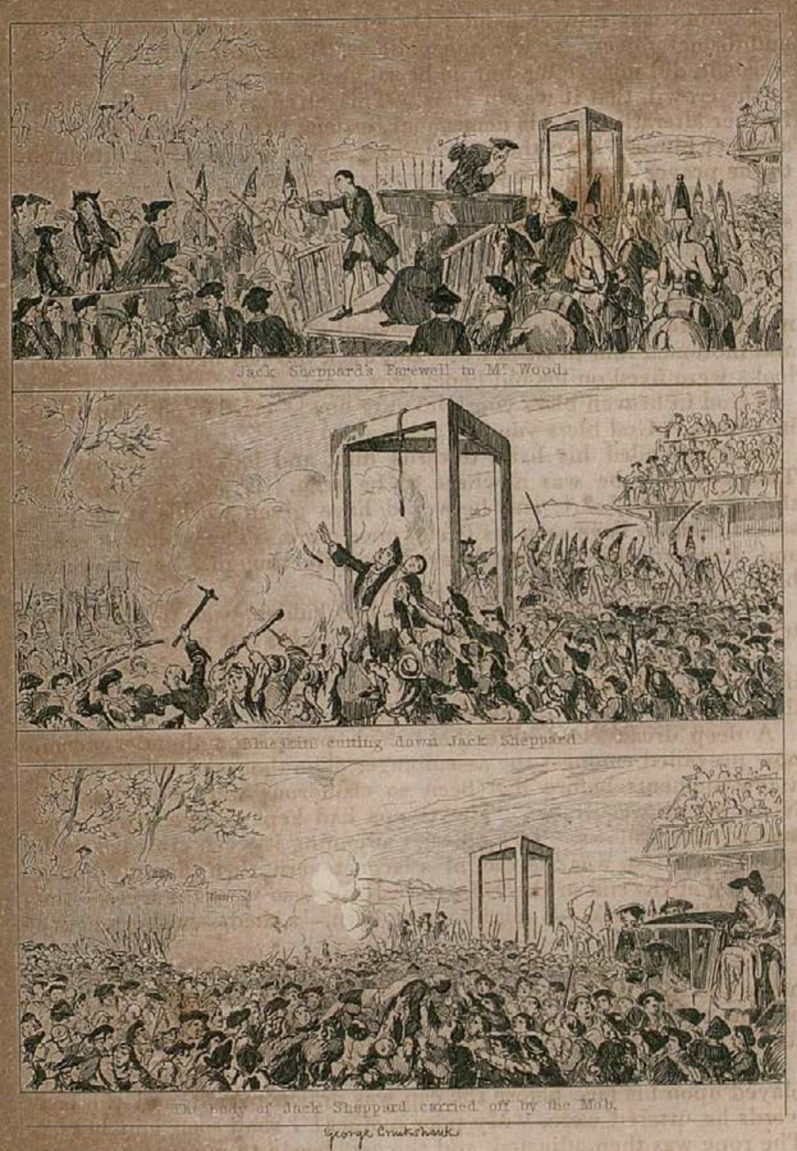
Blueskin attempting to Rescue Jack Sheppard on Holborn Hill.

Jack Sheppard drinking from the St. Giles's Bowl.

George Cruikshank

The procession of Jack Sheppard from Newgate to Tyburn

London. Richard Bentley 1839.



Jack Sheppard's Farewell to Mr. Wood.

Blueskin cutting down Jack Sheppard.

The body of Jack Sheppard carried off by the Mob.

George Cruikshank

The Last Scene.

London, Richard Bentley, 1839.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

Tyburn was now at hand. Over the sea of heads arose a black and dismal object. It was the gallows. Jack, whose back was towards it, did not see it; but he heard, from the pitying exclamations of the crowd, that it was in view. This circumstance produced no further alteration in his demeanour, except that he endeavoured to abstract himself from the surrounding scene, and bend his attention to the prayers which the ordinary was reciting.

Just as he had succeeded in fixing his attention it was again shaken, and he was almost unnerved by the sight of Mr. Wood, who was standing at the edge of a raised platform, anxiously waving his hand to him.

Jack instantly sprang to his feet, and as his guards construed the motion into an attempt to escape, several of them drew their swords, and motioned him to sit down. But Jack did not heed them. His looks were fixed on his old benefactor.

"God in heaven bless you, unhappy boy!" cried Wood, bursting into tears, "God bless you!"

Jack extended his hand towards him, and looked anxiously for Thames; but he was nowhere to be seen. A severe pang shot through Jack's heart, and he would have given worlds if he possessed them to have seen his friend once more. The wish was vain; and, endeavouring to banish every earthly thought, he addressed himself deeply and sincerely to prayer.

While this was passing, Jonathan had ridden back to Marvel to tell him that all was ready, and to give him his last instructions.

"You 'll lose no time," said the thieftaker. "A hundred pounds if you do it quickly."—"Rely on me," rejoined the executioner, throwing away his pipe, which was just finished.

A deep dread calm, like that which precedes a thunder-storm, now prevailed amongst the assemblage. The thousand voices which a few moments before had been so clamorous were now hushed. Not a breath was drawn. The troops had kept a large space clear around the gallows. The galleries adjoining it were crowded with spectators,—so was the roof of a large tavern, then the only house standing at the end of the Edgeware Road,—so were the trees,—the walls of Hyde Park,—a neighbouring barn,—a shed,—in short, every available position.

The cart, meantime, had approached the fatal tree. The guards, horse and foot, and constables formed a wide circle round it to keep off the mob. It was an awful moment—so awful, that every other feeling except deep interest in the scene seemed suspended.

At this terrible juncture Jack maintained his composure, a smile played upon his face before the cap was drawn over it, and the last words he uttered were, "My poor mother! I shall soon join her!" The rope was then adjusted, and the cart began to move.

The next instant he was launched into eternity!

Scarcely had he been turned off a moment when a man with swarthy features leapt into the cart with an open clasp-knife in his hand, and, before he could be prevented, severed the rope, and cut down the body. It was Blueskin. His assistance came too late. A

ball from Wild's pistol passed through his heart, and a volley of musketry poured from the guards lodged several balls in the yet breathing body of his leader.

Blueskin, however, was not unattended. A thousand eager assistants pressed behind him. Jack's body was caught, and passed from hand to hand over a thousand heads, till it was far from the fatal tree.

The shouts of indignation, the frightful yells now raised, baffle description. A furious attack was made on Jonathan, who, though he defended himself like a lion, was desperately wounded, and would inevitably have perished, if he had not been protected by the guards, who were obliged to use both swords and fire-arms upon the mob in his defence. He was at length rescued from his assailants, —rescued to perish, seven months afterwards, with every ignominy, at the very gibbet to which he had brought his victim.

The body of Jack Sheppard, meanwhile, was borne along by that tremendous host, which rose and fell like the waves of the ocean, until it approached the termination of the Edgeware Road.

At this point a carriage with servants in sumptuous liveries was stationed. At the open door stood a young man in a rich garb, with a mask on his face, who was encouraging the mob by words and gestures. At length the body was brought towards him. Instantly seizing it, the young man placed it in the carriage, shut the door, and commanded his servants to drive off. The order was promptly obeyed, and the horses proceeded at a furious pace along the Edgeware Road.

Half an hour afterwards the body of Jack was carefully examined. It had been cut down before life was extinct; but a ball from one of the soldiers had pierced his heart.

Thus died Jack Sheppard.

That night a grave was dug in Willesden churchyard, next to that in which Mrs. Sheppard had been interred. Two persons, besides the clergyman and sexton, alone attended the ceremony. They were a young man and an old one, and both appeared deeply affected. The coffin was lowered into the grave, and the mourners departed. A simple wooden monument was placed over the grave, but without any name or date. In after years, some pitying hand supplied the inscription, which ran thus,—





"Then you won't discount this for me?"
"No, sir, I can't. I've got a heavy bill to provide for myself!"

MR. NIBBLE.

In our schoolboy days with what a joyous heart we beheld our kites raised by the wind! To manhood grown, we now daily witness this pleasant pastime practically reversed by "children of a larger growth," who, more cunning, now "raise the wind" by means of "kites,"—for that name, innocent reader, is the technical or cant term for a bill or promissory note, the art of circulating which is called "kite-flying."

The extent to which this agreeable amusement is indulged in by thousands in the commercial world is incalculable. Necessity is the mother of *the* invention.

The plumber is *led* to accept the cheesemonger's bill for accommodation, and the cheesemonger (whose credit is probably as decayed as an old Cheshire, and who has not a *mite* to bless himself withal) is obliging enough to "put his name" to a "bit o' paper" for the same purpose.

This amiable reciprocity, in the elegant phraseology of the money-market, is called "pig upon bacon!"

The *draft* of the publican (who finds it as easy to draw bills as beer, and being on the verge of going to "*pot*," is compelled to resort to these illegal "*measures*") is accepted by a half-ruined hop-merchant, who has nothing in his "*pockets*."

The indigent poulterer, who, from his confined views of probity, might appropriately exclaim with Shakspeare's witches,

"Fair is *foul*, and *foul* is fair,"

keeps the "*game* alive" by drawing upon a bird of the same feather, and for a time feathers his nest, at the expense of every *goose* from whom he can get *trust*, — and most frequently the issue is, that he takes the benefit of the act; proving, in the language of the Alley, a lame duck, and—" pigeons" his creditors.

The tailor (celebrated for his fine drawing) gives a bill upon some worthy woollen-draper of the same "pattern;" and should the bill at maturity fall on the "*ninth*," of course he " cuts"—according to his cloth. It don't " fit," and he is probably " sewn up ;" for a *suit* at law is not in his line.

The timber-merchant draws upon the carpenter and builder, (who proves himself a *joiner* in the transaction by his acceptance,) and " out of debt, out of danger," and " right reckoning makes long friends," not being of the number of his "*saws*," impudently answers, when pressed for payment, " that he is really *bored*, and has no *brads*."

The farmer issues a scrap of paper upon some hay-salesman, who proves a " man of straw."

The sage, who hath never dreamt of such proceedings in his philosophy, will, we are confident, upon perusing this veritable catalogue, begin himself to draw — certain inferences, not at all calculated to raise the delinquents in his estimation.

We have as yet, however, only imperfectly attempted to describe the manufacture of the commodity: we now proceed to unveil the system employed in the circulation. Nothing is easier than the invention of a lie (and these documents are nothing more than palpable lies, pretending to a value which in truth they have not); but in the circulation lies the difficulty. Learn, then, sapient and curious reader, there is a set of men known to the initiated as purchasers of these precious scraps, nay, who make a living by discounting these same " kites," ludicrously disproving the axiom, "*ex nihilo nihil fit.*"

Mr. Nibble is one of the most notorious of the tribe, who so amiably offer succour and assistance to the unfortunate for a " consideration."

He lives in a dark room, which he calls an office, up three pair of stairs in an obscure alley, in the most obscure part of this foggy city. Two well-worn chairs, one hungry lad, — a sort of human "*mule*," between an errand-boy and a clerk, one ricketty table with drawer, one brass candlestick, one cheque-book, writing materials, and one iron chest, form the interesting inventory of the " moveables" in his gloomy abode.

A "dim religious light" struggles through the dirty panes of glass, and adds to the chilling effect produced by the uncomfortableness of a dingy apartment, with a cold, rusty grate, whose iron jaws appear grinning with an expression of despair and famine!

As for Mr. Nibble, what pen can describe his person? His lank, attenuated body, in truth, somewhat resembles the three long, meagre red-ink lines in his own journal, while "£. *s*. *d*." may, perhaps, as appropriately indicate his head—for there is nothing else in it! His shabby suit of an indefinable colour "harmonises" with the sur-

rounding objects. In fine, the place, as well as the occupant, appears, like mortal comfort—at a very considerable discount!

A timid tap at the door disturbs the slumbering silence of this *sanctum;* and a shabby little man, like a small tradesman *reduced,* glides softly into the office.

"Good mornin', Mister Nibble."

Mr. Nibble gravely answers this salutation by a freezing inclination of the head; his dull, cold eyes scanning his visitor from top to toe.

"We done a little business together afore," continued the man.

"Oh!—ay—yes—Mr. Brown——"

"Smith," correctively interpolates the tradesman.

"Ay, Smith! Thirty at two months? Let me see, was that draft honoured?"

"Punctoo-al-ly! I'm happy for to assure you on it, sir," replied Mr. Smith, with confidence. "And I've a trifle here, Mister Nibble, is as good—as good as that ere any day, and no mistake."

And he presented the trifle—a bill for forty pounds at three months—for the inspection of the acute Nibble.

"Umph!" mutters he, turning it about. "Smith on Bubble—backed by Liggins. Won't do, sir! Money is now at such a premium that I *do* believe it would be difficult to raise it even on a bank-note. Six per cent. on the best paper, and a heavy commission; exchequer at a ruinous discount; bankers' acceptances touched with caution; for it's impossible to know in these serious times who's who. Must decline."

"Dear me!" says the discomfited Mr. Smith, taking back the bill, and scratching his ear,

"The infallible resource,
To which *embarrassed* people have recourse."

"Then you won't discount this for me?"

"No, sir," coolly replied Mr. Nibble, "I can't—I've got a heavy bill to provide for myself."

"It's unfortnit—wery," soliloquizes Mr. Smith. "P'r'aps, do you happen to know anybody as is likely to——"

"Why, let me see," says Nibble, paradoxically closing his eyes, "why, yes, there's Grabb; but then he won't do it unless you'll make a sacrifice."

"Well, but I don't care standing anythink—in reason," cried Smith, eagerly grasping at the shadow of a chance. "What do *you* think, now?"

"I dare say (you see the paper's so very unmarketable) he *might* do it for—for ten pounds!"

Smith opens his eyes, and fairly whistles. "No, by goles!" cries he, "that *is* coming it too strong."

"I've done," says Nibble mildly, extending his skinny palms, and dropping his long and melancholy head with an eloquent shrug. "Good morning, Mr. Smith. Excuse me, I have business. Samuel!"

The elderly errand-boy starts to the door, and Mr. Smith is "let out," only to be "taken in" ten minutes afterwards by the accommodating Mr. Nibble, who boldly ventures on his own responsibility to advance ten pounds on the unmarketable commodity, promising at the latter end of the ensuing week to give him a cheque for the remaining twenty! ALFRED CROWQUILL.

A RAMBLING CRUISE ALONG THE COASTS OF POSILYPO AND BAIÆ.

Naples, May 1839.

Winter's gloomy reign is o'er ;
Seek we, now, that smiling shore
Where a Cæsar banished grief:
Cæsar, grateful for relief
From the weighty cares of state,
Ventured thus to mock at Fate,
And its flatt'ring name bestow
On the bright Posilypo. ([1])

But 'tis not the crowded height ([2])
Which to us must yield delight.
Vernal breezes fan the sea,
Enter, then, the bark with me ;
And, as we together glide
Smoothly o'er the sparkling tide,
Call we Fancy to our aid.
Hark ! at once th' enchanting maid
Seems to listen to our prayer,
Filling the surrounding air
With sweet music, as the waves,
Echoed from the vaulted caves,
Gently break with mellow sound
On the rocks their course that bound !

Fancy holds a fairy wand ;
When she waves it to command,
With a quick but easy change,
Scenes and apparitions strange,
Sweet the charm her vot'ries feel
O'er their spell-bound senses steal,
As they to her bland control
Yield the guidance of the soul.
Yes, beneath that crumbling rock, ([3])
(Where some vestige of its form
Still remains to brave the shock
Of the envious wintry storm,)
Let her now for us upraise,
As it stood in ancient days,
From its ruins a retreat,
Where the favoured of the great,
Shunning courtly scenes awhile,
Sought her own approving smile.

But 'twas not with features dim,
As to us she has appeared,
That the Nymph was seen by him
When the fabric he upreared
Of those last immortal lays
That obtained his epic bays.
No ! in this secluded spot,
In the depths of yonder grot,
She, more vividly defined
In her favoured poet's mind,
Drew so truly from afar
Scenes of shipwreck, love, and war,
That himself could scarcely deem
What he wrote was but a dream.

Yet, to grace his varied lay,
Scenes from nature, too, were drawn;
And to Baiæ's neighb'ring bay
Oft at eve, or morning's dawn,
Would the pensive bard repair,
Gaining from the objects there—
As his light bark moved along—
Inspiration for his song.
Thither, then, with fav'ring gale,
Let us, too, admiring sail,
Whilst to our enchanted sight,
As we near yon verdant height, ([4])
Fancy, ever at our side,
Points to where his native tide
(Roused to fury by his shell)
Venged the angry Triton well ;
And the boastful Trojan bore
Lifeless to that rock-girt shore

([1]) Posilypo, whose etymology from "παυσις της λυπης" has been explained by many a guide-book, is sometimes said to have received its name, in the manner here mentioned, from the Emperor Augustus. Its public drive, called the "Strada Nuova," is one of the numerous benefits which Naples owes to the munificent Murat.

([2]) The "Strada Nuova."

([3]) The "Scoglio" (corruptly called the "Scuola") "di Virgilio" may either be the rocky islet, "La Gaiola," distant not a stone's-throw from the shore, or a rock on the shore itself, where considerable remains of ancient buildings may be traced. This spot, which presents as great attractions to the lover of the picturesque as to the antiquary or the classic topographer, was the site probably of a marine villa. And why not give it to Virgil ? At a short distance beyond the ruins, under the rock itself on which they are placed, but facing in a different direction, is a large cavern, into which flow the deep blue waters of the sea, bringing with them a constant and delicious coolness, and producing in calm weather a lulling and not unmusical sound.

([4]) Cape Misenus.

Which perpetuates his name,
Aiding well the voice of Fame. (¹)
Westward, next, our course we take
T'wards the once tremendous lake, (²)
Where, as though its power to mock,
Feathered minstrels love to flock.
Hence arose the sceptics' cry, (³)
Who the poet's haunts deny.
"If, in Virgil's day, as now,
Vineyards smiled upon that brow,
Which by him was said to frown
O'er the fatal gates of hell,
Fancy, he was all thine own,
Potent was, indeed, thy spell!"
Thus let those exclaim who prize
Nought but dull realities.
We, at least, without a sneer,
Fancy-led, will wander here.
Landing on the Lucrine beach, (⁴)
Soon Avernus' banks we reach;
And to us the chestnut-shade,
Hanging lightly o'er the glade,
Shall the awful forest be,
Where the Sibyl's mystic tree, (⁵)
'Midst its thickest foliage, bore
Golden passports for the shore;
Which the unfavoured and profane
Sought — unless through death — in vain. (⁶)

So the poets sang. But, now,
Crowds profane without the bough,

(¹) "Atque illi Misenum in litore sicco,
Ut venêre, vident indignâ morte peremtum.
* * * * *
Sed tum fortè cavâ dum personat æquora conchâ
Demens et cantu vocat in certamina divos,
Æmulus exceptum Triton (si credere dignum est),
Inter saxa virum spumosâ immerserat undâ.
* * * * * *
At pius Æneas ingenti mole sepulcrum,
Imponit, suaque arma viro, remumque, tubamque,
Monte sub aërio; qui nunc Misenus ab illo
Dicitur, æternumque tenet per sæcula nomen."—VIRGIL. ÆN. vi.
"Quâ jacet et Trojæ tubicen Misenus arenâ."—PROPERT. iii. Eleg. 18.

(²) Lake Avernus.

(³) Strabo leads the way amongst these sceptics, and treats as fabulous the whole story which Virgil tells as the reason
"Unde locum Graii dixerunt nomine Aornon."
He doubts its having been the scene of Ulysses' descent to the infernal regions. In spite of his authority, however, it has served the turn of both ancient and modern poets; and, were it the only "hell upon earth," we ought to thank them for having placed it so agreeably.

(⁴) The low dike which separates the Lucrine Lake from the sea was ascribed by tradition to the labours of Hercules, who was not less remarkable as an architect and an engineer than as a hero. Propertius, in the passage quoted above, alludes to this fact:
"Quâ jacet et Trojæ tubicen Misenus arenâ,
Et sonat Herculeo structa labore via."
And Silius Italicus gives a fuller account:
"Ast hic Lucrino mansisse vocabula quondam
Cocyti memorat, medioque in gurgite ponti
Herculeum commendat iter, quà discidit æquor
Amphitryoniades, armenti rector Iberi."—PUNIC. xii. 116.
The lake itself was originally of considerable size, forming the outer, as Avernus (connected with it by a narrow channel) formed the inner basin of the Julian port. But a mightier power than that of Hercules curtailed its dimensions. The subterraneous eruption of 1538, by which the hill called Monte Nuovo was raised, displaced its waters, and reduced it to its present insignificance.

(⁵) The Sibyl says,
"Latet arbore opacâ,
Aureus et foliis et lento vimine ramus
Junoni infernæ dictus sacer: hunc tegit omnis
Lucus, et obscuris claudunt convallibus umbræ," &c. &c.
VIRG. ÆN. vi. 136.

(⁶) "Lucos Stygios, regna invia vivis."—VIRG. *ib.*
"Lo passo
Che non lasciò giammai persona viva."—DANTE, INFERN.

And with silver passports, see
Scenes of ancient mystery. (1)
For within that grot profound, (2)
Entrance to "the shades" of old,
Merry voices oft resound,
Tales of love are often told.
Merry voices that appear
Strange in scene so dark and drear—
Tales that (though unseen the blush)
Bid undoubted life-blood rush
From the bosom to the face
In the quickly-snatched embrace
Such as inmate of the grave
Never yet received or gave.
"Whither, Fancy, hast thou led
One who thought with thee to tread
In a more befitting mood
Shores that bound the Stygian flood?
Know'st thou not that Charon's bark
In its waters deep and dark
Would at once with mortals sink,
Who of *love* should dare to think?"
"Chide not me," I hear her say,
"Such your thoughts have ever been,
'Midst the revels of the gay,
Or in Nature's wildest scene.
And, if now your muse, indeed,
Seeks, at length for Wisdom's meed,
Think no more on Beauty's daughters,
Lo! the only means are nigh!
Drink — drink deep of Lethe's waters,' (3)
Ere such novel themes you try."

Slightly of the cup I sip,
Raised by Fancy to my lip,
Hast'ning through th' Elysian fields, (4)
Lest th' oblivion that it yields
Should too quickly pass away,
And again my thoughts should stray.
Lest, if I should chance to see
Wand'ring there some Lalage, (5)
And on me the shadow smiled,
By its witcheries beguiled,
Like Æneas I should dare
Seek to press the empty air. (6)
But although, fair Fancy, now
Thoughts more serious knit my brow,
Much I fear me that my song,
Whilst I rove these scenes among,—
E'en with potent aid like thine,—
Never can become "divine." (7)
I have not a Dante's skill
(Raising phantoms at my will)
To review the sins of all
Who obey my muster-call,
And their punishments decide
With inquisitorial pride.
'Tis not mine, with Pagan bard
To dispute on point so hard,
That e'en doctors disagree
(Doctors of divinity!)
On their merits; nor can tell
If to limbo, or to hell,
Or to purgatory's glow,
Dying babes are doomed to go.
Fancy, what would be our fate
Did we seek to populate
Scenes ourselves on suff'rance tread
With a host of modern dead?
Or audaciously invade
(Passing sentence on each shade)
That tremendous judgment-seat
Where the righteous King of Crete
Drew, at every fatal turn
Of the famed "capacious urn," (8)

(1) A few "carlini" are the lure now successfully thrown out to the "janitor Orci," who fails not to profess himself as hungry as any Cerberus. The sudden transition from light to darkness as he enters the grotto, and the close support and protection which he is bound to afford to his fair and timid companion, are strong temptations to the enamoured gallant to indulge in conduct such as is alluded to in the text. (2) The Sibyl's grotto.

(3) There is but one little streamlet in the whole of the pseudo-infernal regions, which must serve the curious stranger, as it probably did Virgil, at once for Lethe, for Styx, and for Phlegethon.

(4) There was an outlet from the extremity of the Sibyl's grotto into a deep valley (Virgil's Tartarus — why not?), beyond which, again, are "the Elysian fields," so called by universal consent. The reader is supposed to have followed this route, though the visiter to the spot would doubtless prefer a less scrambling but more circuitous one.

(5) "Dulcè ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulcè loquentem."—Hor. Od.

(6) Ter conatus ibi collo dare brachia circum,
Ter frustra comprensa manus effugit imago
Par levibus ventis, volucrique simillima somno.—Virg. Æn. vi.

(7) In the "Divina Commedia," Dante seems to me to have led the forces of "the sublime" into "debateable land," and therein to have achieved a signal victory over those of the opposite borderer, "the ridiculous."

(8) "Omne *capax* movet urna nomen."—Hor. Od.

Some expectant Pagan's name,
  And his future lot decreed
To the fierce Tartarean flame
  Or Elysium's flow'ry mead?
Such attempt would surely rouse
Pluto and his awful spouse
To a tow'ring pitch of rage
Orpheus' self could not assuage;
And their daughters three,(1) who stand
Near the throne, at their command
Back to earth, with serpent scourge,
Would our trembling footsteps urge;
Whilst their ministers of state,
Harpies, on our course would wait,
And the dog with triple yell
Fairly bark us out of hell!

We will not such perils run,
  But on yonder rising ground,
Where Anchises' pious son
  Cast his eager looks around, (2)
Fancy, we will take our stand;
Thence, o'er mingled sea and land
Gazing with renew'd delight,
Thou may'st take an easy flight
From the regions of the dead
To the Roman greatness fled.
  Where the fisher's humble bark
Seems with lonely wake to mark
The Duilian waters clear, (3)
Gently rippling to the ear,
Other objects to our eyes
At thy bidding quickly rise,
Other sounds our ears assail;—
Clouds of canvass court the gale,
Warlike galleys in their pride
Dashing spurn the foamy tide,
And around the rock-girt shores
Echo twice ten thousand oars!

Haply, 'tis the fleet that, led
  By Duilius to the fight,
First bade Roman eagles spread
  Seaward their victorious flight.
Haply his whose merits claim
Praises dearer still to fame,
Pliny's self, the warrior-sage,
Doom'd to perish by the rage
Of yon mount that rears its head
Proudly o'er the buried dead.

Have we left Italia's soil? (4)
  And is this some Saxon fane
Rifled of its costly spoil
  In the British Henry's reign,
But whose massive arches still
Brave a sterner tyrant's will,
And e'en Time itself defy,
Strong in their simplicity?
Fancy, thou, indeed, might'st here
Picture shrines, and monkish gear,
Votive off'rings on the wall,
  And in the remoter shade
  Some devout and white-robed maid
Seeking the confessional.
But the nymph who (legends tell)
Loves to linger in a well
Here, at least, must reign supreme.—
Truth, dispelling Fancy's dream,
Tells that from the liquid store
Held within these vaults, of yore,
Roman navies were supplied
With the cool refreshing tide.
  Nor did warlike hosts alone
This fair region's merits own;—
The luxurious and the gay
Sought no less the favour'd bay.
  Hither 'twas Lucullus brought (5)
(Tired of each ambitious thought)

(1) The Furies.

(2) The rising ground near the modern village of Bauli commands a view, not only of the Elysian fields, but of an extensive prospect unrivalled for picturesque beauty and interesting associations. It was to this spot, OF COURSE, that the polite shade of Musæus conducted Æneas and the Sibyl, when they applied to him for assistance in their search for Anchises.

"Sed vos," says he, "si fert ita corde voluntas,
Hoc superate jugum; et facili jam tramite sistam.
Dixit, et ante tulit gressum, camposque nitentes
Desuper ostentat."—VIRG. ÆN. vi.

(3) The "Portus Duilius," now called the "Mare mortuo." Duilius, the founder of the port, was the first Roman who was honoured by a "triumph" for a naval victory.

(4) The reader is here supposed to be visiting the reservoir called the "Piscina mirabile."

(5) Lucullus, like Cicero, had many villas; and many, if tradition is to be credited, near this identical spot. Of these, however, the principal one was that situated on the height of Misenum, to which Phædrus thus alludes, in words which seem to mark its locality:

"Cæsar Tiberius quum petens Neapolim
In Misenensem villam venisset suam,
Quæ monte summo posita Luculli manu
Prospectat Siculum et prospicit Tusculum mare."—II FAB. 36.

This villa, or its site at least, was first possessed by C. Marius. It was afterwards

Boundless riches to expend,
Seeking for the wished-for end,
Which the great Gargettian sage ([1])
Says should all our thoughts engage.
Hither to some cool retreat
Did the proud patricians come,
When the dog-star's noxious heat
Drove them from Imperial Rome.
Hither with his shameless court
Did the tyrant([2]) oft resort,
Whose enormities defile
Th' annals of yon lovely isle.
'Midst the cheerful scenes around
Here was heard the hollow sound
Of his hapless victims' woe,
Issuing from the vaults below. ([3])
And 'twas here, at length, he fell,
Murder'd by a kindred hand,
His ([4]) whom he had chosen well ([5])
For imperial command,
Since with crimes himself might own
Still was stain'd the purple throne.
There, encroaching on the tide,
Once a splendid villa rose,
Where the monster matricide ([6])
(Monster more refined than those)
To his murder'd mother gave
All the honours of the grave. ([7])
But 'tis time to change the view;
For with sunset's glowing hue
Milder beams have blended now,
Baffling our imperfect sight—
Like the streaks of Iris' bow—
To divide the mingled light.
Westward, 'tis the God of Day
Gilds the sea with parting ray;
Eastward, 'tis his sister queen
Silvers o'er the mountain scene;—
But can any mortal eye
The mysterious point descry
In the airy vault above
Where they meet in kindred love?
Deeds that darken hist'ry's page
Should not now our thoughts engage.
Haste we to that ancient pile,
Where, through arch with ivy bound,
Ev'ning's star is seen to smile
On the ruin'd walls around.
Well may Venus o'er the site
Hover still with fav'ring light,
And, in spite of learned frown, ([8])
Claim the precincts as her own;
For in those more prosp'rous days,
Ere her myst'ries were forgot,
Never did her vot'ries raise
Altars in a lovelier spot.
And e'en now her genial power,
Aided by the scene and hour,
To my mind recals the theme,
Check'd awhile by Lethe's stream.
Shall I venture here to tell
Of the chances that befel
Gentle Lydia, ere she pray'd
To the goddess for her aid?
Or shall I reserve the tale
Till again we homeward sail?
Better so; for, as we gaze
On the distant mountain's height,
Stronger grow the silvery rays,
Till at length the Queen of Night,
Rising there in all her pride,
Sheds her radiance o'er the tide.
Let us then the shore forsake,
And our homeward progress make
O'er a shining path, that seems
Bright as youth's most sanguine dreams
Ere misfortune's envious cloud
Comes too quickly to enshroud
All those false or borrow'd rays
Of ambition, hope, and praise,
Which, upon its prospects thrown,
Lend them brilliance not their own.

(*To be continued.*)

purchased by Lucullus, and subsequently passed into the hands of the emperors. On the submission of the last of these to the conqueror Odoacer, it was made the prison of Romulus Augustulus, the miserable degrader of time-honoured names.

([1]) Epicurus. ([2]) Tiberius.

([3]) The subterranean vaults called the "cento camarelle" are said to have been used as dungeons by the tyrant Tiberius. ([4]) Caligula's.

([5]) Caligula was chosen by Tiberius as his successor, in consideration of his vices, and he did honour to the choice. He was strongly suspected of having hastened the death of Tiberius by suffocation. ([6]) Nero.

([7]) A ruin called Agrippina's tomb is shown on the beach near Bauli.

([8]) That learned and elegant writer, Forsythe, declares that this was no temple. He is probably right; but it is not always agreeable to be so.

A CHAPTER ON HAUNTED HOUSES.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

THE PALACE OF WOODSTOCK.—THE COCK LANE GHOST, &c.

Who has not either seen or heard of some house, shut up and uninhabitable, fallen into decay, and looking dusty and dreary, from which, at midnight, strange sounds have been heard to issue—aërial knockings, the rattling of chains, and the groaning of perturbed spirits? — a house that people have thought it unsafe to pass after dark, and which has remained for years without a tenant, and which no tenant would occupy, even were he paid to do so? There are hundreds of such houses in England at the present day; hundreds in France, Germany, and almost every country of Europe, which are marked with the mark of fear — places for the timid to avoid, and the pious to bless themselves at, and ask protection from, as they pass — the abodes of ghosts and evil spirits. There are many such houses in London; and if any vain boaster of the march of intellect would but take the trouble to find them out and count them, he would be convinced that intellect must yet make some enormous strides before such old superstitions can be eradicated.

Sir Walter Scott, in his Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft, tells a story, the hero of which was a gentleman of birth and distinction, well known in the political world. Shortly after he succeeded to his title and estates, there was a rumour among the servants concerning a strange noise that used to be heard at night in the family mansion, and the cause of which no one could ascertain. The gentleman resolved to discover it himself, and to watch for that purpose with a domestic who had grown old in the family, and who, like the rest, had whispered strange things about the knocking having begun immediately upon the death of his old master. These two watched until the noise was heard, and at last traced it to a small store-room, used as a place for keeping provisions of various kinds for the family, and of which the old butler had the key. They entered this place, and remained for some time, without hearing the noises which they had traced thither. At length the sound was heard, but much lower than it seemed to be while they were further off, and their imaginations were more excited. They then discovered the cause without difficulty. A rat, caught in an old-fashioned trap, had occasioned the noise by its efforts to escape, in which it was able to raise the trap-door of its prison to a certain height, but was then obliged to drop it. The noise of the fall resounding through the house had occasioned the mysterious rumours, which, but for the investigation of the proprietor, would, in all probability, have acquired so bad a name for the dwelling that no servants would have inhabited it. The circumstance was told to Sir Walter Scott by the gentleman to whom it happened.

One of the best stories of a haunted house is that of the royal palace of Woodstock, in the year 1649, when the commissioners sent from London by the Long Parliament to take possession of it, and efface all the emblems of royalty about it, were fairly driven

out by their fear of the devil and the annoyances they suffered from a roguish cavalier, who played the imp to admiration. The commissioners, dreading at that time no devil, arrived at Woodstock on the 13th of October 1649. They took up their lodgings in the late King's apartments — turned the beautiful bedrooms and withdrawing-rooms into kitchens and sculleries—the council-hall into a brewhouse, and made the dining-room a place to keep firewood in. They pulled down all the insignia of royal state, and treated with the utmost indignity everything that recalled to their memory the name or the majesty of Charles Stuart. One Giles Sharp accompanied them in the capacity of clerk, and seconded their efforts apparently with the greatest zeal. He aided them to uproot a noble old tree, merely because it was called the *King's* Oak, and tossed the fragments into the dining-room to make cheerful fires for the commissioners. During the first two days, they heard some strange noises about the house, but they paid no great attention to them. On the third, however, they began to suspect they had got into bad company; for they heard, as they thought, a supernatural dog under their bed, which gnawed their bedclothes. On the next day, the chairs and tables began to dance, apparently of their own accord. On the fifth day, something came into the bedchamber and walked up and down, and fetching the warming-pan out of the withdrawing-room, made so much noise with it that they thought five church-bells were ringing in their ears. On the sixth day, the plates and dishes were thrown up and down the dining-room. On the seventh, they penetrated into the bedroom in company with several logs of wood, and usurped the soft pillows intended for the commissioners. On the eighth and ninth nights, there was a cessation of hostilities; but on the tenth, the bricks in the chimneys became locomotive, and rattled and danced about the floors, and round the heads of the commissioners, all the night long. On the eleventh, the demon ran away with their breeches; and on the twelfth filled their beds so full of pewter-platters that they could not get into them. On the thirteenth night, the glass became unaccountably seized with a fit of cracking, and fell into shivers in all parts of the house. On the fourteenth, there was a noise as if forty pieces of artillery had been fired off, and a shower of pebble-stones, which so alarmed the commissioners that, "struck with great horror, they cried out to one another for help."

They first of all tried the efficacy of prayers to drive away the evil spirits; but these proving unavailing, they began seriously to reflect whether it would not be much better to leave the place altogether to the devils that inhabited it. They ultimately resolved, however, to try it a little longer; and having craved forgiveness of all their sins, betook themselves to bed. That night they slept in tolerable comfort, but it was merely a trick of their tormentor to lull them into false security. When, on the succeeding night, they heard no noises, they began to flatter themselves that the devil was driven out, and prepared accordingly to take up their quarters for the whole winter in the palace. These symptoms on their part became the signal for renewed uproar among the fiends. On the 1st of November, they heard something walking with a slow and solemn pace up and down the withdrawing-room, and immediately afterwards a shower of stones, bricks, mortar, and broken glass pelted about their ears. On the 2nd the steps were again heard in the

withdrawing-room, sounding to their fancy very much like the treading of an enormous bear, which continued for about a quarter of an hour. This noise having ceased, a large warming-pan was thrown violently upon the table, followed by a number of stones and the jawbone of a horse. Some of the boldest walked valiantly into the withdrawing-room, armed with swords and pistols; but could discover nothing. They were afraid that night to go to sleep, and sat up, making fires in every room, and burning candles and lamps in great abundance; thinking that, as the fiends loved darkness, they would not disturb a company surrounded with so much light. They were deceived, however: buckets of water came down the chimneys and extinguished the fires, and the candles were blown out, they knew not how. Some of the servants who had betaken themselves to bed were drenched with putrid ditch-water as they lay; and arose in great fright, muttering incoherent prayers, and exposing to the wondering eyes of the commissioners their linen all dripping with green moisture, and their knuckles red with the blows they had at the same time received from some invisible tormentors. While they were still speaking, there was a noise like the loudest thunder, or the firing of a whole park of artillery; upon which they all fell down upon their knees and implored the protection of the Almighty. One of the commissioners then arose, the others still kneeling, and asked in a courageous voice, and in the name of God, who was there, and what they had done that they should be troubled in that manner. No answer was returned, and the noises ceased for a while. At length, however, as the commissioners said, "the devil came again, and brought with it seven devils worse than itself." Being again in darkness, they lighted a candle and placed it in the doorway that it might throw a light upon the two chambers at once; but it was suddenly blown out, and one commissioner said that he had "seen the similitude of a horse's hoof striking the candle and candlestick into the middle of the chamber, and afterwards making three scrapes on the snuff to put it out." Upon this, the same person was so bold as to draw his sword; but he asserted positively that he had hardly withdrawn it from the scabbard before an invisible hand seized hold of it and tugged with him for it, and prevailing, struck him so violent a blow with the pommel that he was quite stunned. Then the noises began again; upon which, with one accord, they all retired into the presence-chamber, where they passed the night, praying and singing psalms.

They were by this time convinced that it was useless to struggle any longer with the powers of evil, that seemed determined to make Woodstock their own. These things happened on the Saturday night; and, being repeated on the Sunday, they determined to leave the place immediately, and return to London. By Tuesday morning early, all their preparations were completed; and, shaking the dust off their feet, and devoting Woodstock and all its inhabitants to the infernal gods, they finally took their departure.*

Many years elapsed before the true cause of these disturbances was discovered. It was ascertained, at the Restoration, that the whole was the work of Giles Sharp, the trusty clerk of the commissioners. This man, whose real name was Joseph Collins, was a concealed royalist, and had passed his early life within the bowers of

* Dr. H. More's Continuation of Glanvil's Collection of Relations in proof of Witchcraft.

Woodstock; so that he knew every hole and corner of the place, and the numerous trap-doors and secret passages that abounded in the building. The commissioners, never suspecting the true state of his opinions, but believing him to be revolutionary to the back-bone, placed the utmost reliance upon him; a confidence which he abused in the manner above detailed, to his own great amusement, and that of the few cavaliers whom he let into the secret.

Quite as extraordinary and as cleverly managed was the trick played off at Tedworth, in 1661, at the house of Mr. Mompesson, and which is so circumstantially narrated by the Rev. Joseph Glanvil, under the title of "The Demon of Tedworth," and appended, among other proofs of witchcraft, to his noted work, called "Sadducismus Triumphatus." About the middle of April, in the year above mentioned, Mr. Mompesson, having returned to his house at Tedworth, from a journey he had taken to London, was informed by his wife that during his absence they had been troubled with the most extraordinary noises. Three nights afterwards he heard the noise himself; and it appeared to him to be that of "a great knocking at his doors, and on the outside of his walls." He immediately arose, dressed himself, took down a pair of pistols, and walked valiantly forth to discover the disturber, under the impression that it must be a robber: but, as he went, the noise seemed to travel before or behind him; and, when he arrived at the door from which he thought it proceeded, he saw nothing, but still heard "a strange hollow sound." He puzzled his brains for a long time, and searched every corner of the house; but, discovering nothing, he went to bed again. He was no sooner snug under the clothes, than the noise began again more furiously than ever, sounding very much like a "thumping and drumming on the top of his house, and then by degrees going off into the air."

These things continued for several nights, when it came to the recollection of Mr. Mompesson that, some time before, he had given orders for the arrest and imprisonment of a wandering drummer, who went about the country with a large drum, disturbing quiet people and soliciting alms, and that he had detained the man's drum, and that, probably, the drummer was a wizard, and had sent evil spirits to haunt his house, to be revenged of him. He became strengthened in his opinion every day, especially when the noises assumed, to his fancy, a resemblance to the beating of a drum, "like that at the breaking up of a guard." Mrs. Mompesson being brought to bed, the devil, or the drummer, very kindly and considerately refrained from making the usual riot; but, as soon as she recovered strength, began again "in a ruder manner than before, following and vexing the young children, and beating their bedsteads with so much violence that every one expected they would fall in pieces." For an hour together, as the worthy Mr. Mompesson repeated to his wondering neighbours, this infernal drummer "would beat 'Roundheads and Cuckolds,' the 'Tat-too,' and several other points of war, as cleverly as any soldier." When this had lasted long enough, he changed his tactics, and scratched with his iron talons under the children's bed. "On the 5th of November," says the Rev. Joseph Glanvil, "it made a mighty noise; and a servant, observing two boards in the children's room seeming to move, he bid it give him one of them. Upon which the board came (nothing moving it, that he saw) within a yard of him. The man added, 'Nay, let me have

it in my hand;' upon which the spirit, devil, or drummer pushed it towards him so close, that he might touch it. This," continues Glanvil, "was in the day-time, and was seen by a whole room-full of people. That morning it left a sulphureous smell behind it, which was very offensive. At night the minister, one Mr. Cragg, and several of the neighbours, came to the house on a visit. Mr. Cragg went to prayers with them, kneeling at the children's bedside, where it then became very troublesome and loud. During prayer-time, the spirit withdrew into the cock-loft, but returned as soon as prayers were done; and then, in sight of the company, the chairs walked about the room of themselves, the children's shoes were hurled over their heads, and every loose thing moved about the chamber. At the same time, a bed-staff was thrown at the minister, which hit him on the leg, but so favourably, that a lock of wool could not have fallen more softly." On another occasion, the blacksmith of the village, a fellow who cared neither for ghost nor devil, slept with John the footman, that he also might hear the disturbances, and be cured of his incredulity, when there "came a noise in the room, as if one had been shoeing a horse, and somewhat came, as it were, with a pair of pincers," snipping and snapping at the poor blacksmith's nose the greater part of the night. Next day it came, panting like a dog out of breath; upon which some woman present took a bed-staff to knock at it, "which was caught suddenly out of her hand, and thrown away; and company coming up, the room was presently filled with a *bloomy noisome smell*, and was very hot, though without fire, in a very sharp and severe winter. It continued in the bed, panting and scratching for an hour and a half, and then went into the next room, where it knocked a little, and seemed to rattle a chain."

The rumour of these wonderful occurrences soon spread all over the country, and people from far and near flocked to the haunted house of Tedworth, to believe or doubt, as their natures led them, but all filled with intense curiosity. It appears, too, that the fame of these events reached the royal ear, and that some gentlemen were sent by the King to investigate the circumstances, and draw up a report of what they saw or heard. Whether the royal commissioners were more sensible men than the neighbours of Mr. Mompesson, and required more clear and positive evidence than they, or whether the powers with which they were armed to punish anybody who might be found carrying on this deception, frightened the evil-doers, is not certain; but Glanvil himself reluctantly confesses, that all the time they were in the house the noises ceased, and nothing was heard or seen. "However," says he, "as to the quiet of the house when the courtiers were there, the intermission may have been accidental, or perhaps the demon was not willing to give so public a testimony of those transactions which might possibly convince those who he had rather should continue in unbelief of his existence.

As soon as the royal commissioners took their departure, the infernal drummer recommenced his antics, and hundreds of persons were daily present to hear and wonder. Mr. Mompesson's servant was so fortunate as not only to hear, but to see this pertinacious demon; for it came and stood at the foot of his bed. The exact shape and proportion of it he could not discover; but he saw a great body, with two red and glaring eyes, which, for some time, were fixed

steadily on him, and at length disappeared." Innumerable were the antics it played. Once it purred like a cat; beat the children's legs black and blue; put a long spike into Mr. Mompesson's bed, and a knife into his mother's; filled the porrengers with ashes; hid a Bible under the grate; and turned the money black in people's pockets. "One night," said Mr. Mompesson, "there were seven or eight of these devils in the shape of men, who, as soon as a gun was fired, would shuffle away into an arbour;" a circumstance which might have convinced Mr. Mompesson of the mortal nature of his persecutors, if he had not been of the number of those worse than blind, who shut their eyes and refuse to see.

In the mean time the drummer, the supposed cause of all the mischief, passed his time in Gloucester gaol, whither he had been committed as a rogue and a vagabond. Being visited one day by some person from the neighbourhood of Tedworth, he asked what was the news in Wiltshire, and whether people did not talk a great deal about a drumming in a gentleman's house there? The visiter replied, that he heard of nothing else; upon which the drummer observed, "I have done it; I have thus plagued him! and he shall never be quiet until he hath made me satisfaction for taking away my drum." No doubt the fellow, who seems to have been a gipsy, spoke the truth, and that the gang of which he was a member knew more about the noises at Mr. Mompesson's house than anybody else. Upon these words, however, he was brought to trial at Salisbury for witchcraft; and, being found guilty, was sentenced to transportation; a sentence which, for its leniency, excited no little wonder in that age, when such an accusation, whether proved or not, generally insured the stake or the gibbet. Glanvil says, that the noises ceased immediately the drummer was sent beyond the seas; but that, somehow or other, he managed to return from transportation,—"by raising storms and affrighting the seamen, it was said;" when the disturbances were forthwith renewed, and continued at intervals for several years. Certainly, if the confederates of this roving gipsy were so pertinacious in tormenting poor weak Mr. Mompesson, their pertinacity is a most extraordinary instance of what revenge is capable of. It was believed by many, at the time, that Mr. Mompesson himself was privy to the whole matter, and permitted and encouraged these tricks in his house for the sake of notoriety; but it seems more probable that the gipsies were the real delinquents, and that Mr. Mompesson was as much alarmed and bewildered as his credulous neighbours, whose excited imaginations conjured up no small portion of these stories,

"Which rolled, and, as they rolled, grew larger every hour."

Many instances of a similar kind, during the seventeenth century, might be gleaned from Glanvil and other writers of that period; but they do not differ sufficiently from these to justify a detail of them. The most famous of all haunted houses acquired its notoriety much nearer our own time; and the circumstances connected with it are so curious, and afford so fair a specimen of the easy credulity even of well-informed and sensible people, as to merit a little notice in this chapter. The Cock Lane Ghost, as it was called, kept London in commotion for a considerable time, and was the theme of conversation among the learned and the illiterate, and in every circle, from that of the prince to that of the peasant.

At the commencement of the year 1760, there resided in Cock Lane, near West Smithfield, in the house of one Parsons, the parish clerk of St. Sepulchre's, a stockbroker, named Kent. The wife of this gentleman had died in child-bed during the previous year; and his sister-in-law, Miss Fanny, had arrived from Norfolk to keep his house for him. They soon conceived a mutual affection, and each of them made a will in the other's favour. They lived some months in the house of Parsons, who, being a needy man, borrowed money of his lodger. Some differences arose betwixt them, and Mr. Kent left the house, and instituted legal proceedings against the parish clerk for the recovery of his money.

While this matter was yet pending, Miss Fanny was suddenly taken ill of the small-pox; and, notwithstanding every care and attention, she died in a few days, and was buried in a vault under Clerkenwell church. Parsons now began to hint that the poor lady had come unfairly by her death, and that Mr. Kent was accessory to it, from his too great eagerness to enter into possession of the property she had bequeathed him. Nothing further was said for nearly two years; but it would appear that Parsons was of so revengeful a character, that he had never forgotten or forgiven his differences with Mr. Kent, and the indignity of having been sued for the borrowed money. The strong passions of pride and avarice were silently at work during all that interval, hatching schemes of revenge, but dismissing them one after the other as impracticable, until, at last, a notable one suggested itself. About the beginning of the year 1762, the alarm was spread over all the neighbourhood of Cock Lane, that the house of Parsons was haunted by the ghost of poor Fanny, and that the daughter of Parsons, a girl about twelve years of age, had several times seen and conversed with the spirit, who had, moreover, informed her, that she had not died of the small-pox, as was currently reported, but of poison, administered by Mr. Kent. Parsons, who originated, took good care to countenance these reports; and, in answer to numerous inquiries, said his house was every night, and had been for two years, in fact ever since the death of Fanny, troubled by a loud knocking at the doors and in the walls. Having thus prepared the ignorant and credulous neighbours to believe or exaggerate for themselves what he had told them, he sent for a gentleman of a higher class in life, to come and witness these extraordinary occurrences. The gentleman came accordingly, and found the daughter of Parsons, to whom the spirit alone appeared, and whom alone it answered, in bed, trembling violently, having just seen the ghost, and been again informed that she had died from poison. A loud knocking was also heard from every part of the chamber, which so mystified the not very clear understanding of the visiter, that he departed, afraid to doubt and ashamed to believe, but with a promise to bring the clergyman of the parish and several other gentlemen on the following day, to report upon the mystery.

On the following night he returned, bringing with him three clergymen, and about twenty other persons, including two negroes, when, upon a consultation with Parsons, they resolved to sit up the whole night, and await the ghost's arrival. It was then explained by Parsons, that although the ghost would never render itself visible to anybody but his daughter, it had no objection to answer the questions that might be put to it by any person present, and that it ex-

pressed an affirmation by one knock, a negative by two, and its displeasure by a kind of scratching. The child was then put into bed along with her sister, and the clergymen examined the bed and bedclothes to satisfy themselves that no trick was played, by knocking upon any substance concealed among the clothes, as, on the previous night, the bed was observed to shake violently.

After some hours, during which they all waited with exemplary patience, the mysterious knocking was heard in the wall, and the child declared that she saw the ghost of poor Fanny. The following questions were then gravely put by the clergyman, through the medium of one Mary Frazer, the servant of Parsons, and to whom it was said the deceased lady had been much attached. The answers were in the usual fashion, by a knock or knocks:—

"Do you make this disturbance on account of the ill usage you received from Mr. Kent?"—"Yes."

"Were you brought to an untimely end by poison?"—"Yes."

"How was the poison administered, in beer or in purl?"—"In purl."

"How long was that before your death?"—"About three hours."

"Can your former servant, Carrots, give any information about the poison?"—"Yes."

"Are you Kent's wife's sister?"—"Yes."

"Were you married to Kent after your sister's death?"—"No."

"Was anybody else, besides Kent, concerned in your murder?"—"No."

"Can you, if you like, appear visibly to any one?"—"Yes."

"Will you do so?"—"Yes."

"Can you go out of this house?"—"Yes."

"Is it your intention to follow this child about everywhere?"—"Yes."

"Are you pleased in being asked these questions?"—"Yes."

"Does it ease your troubled soul?"—"Yes."

[Here there was heard a mysterious noise, which some wiseacre present compared to the fluttering of wings.]

"How long before your death did you tell your servant, Carrots, that you were poisoned?—An hour?"—"Yes."

[Carrots, who was present, was appealed to; but she stated positively that such was not the fact, as the deceased was quite speechless an hour before her death. This shook the faith of some of the spectators, but the examination was allowed to continue.]

"How long did Carrots live with you?"—"Three or four days."

[Carrots was again appealed to, and said that this was true.]

"If Mr. Kent is arrested for this murder, will he confess?"—"Yes."

"Would your soul be at rest if he were hanged for it?"—"Yes."

"Will he be hanged for it?"—"Yes."

"How long a time first?"—"Three years."

"How many clergymen are there in this room?"—"Three."

"How many negroes?"—"Two."

"Is this watch (held up by one of the clergymen) white?"—"No."

"Is it yellow?"—"No."

"Is it blue?"—"No."

"Is it black?"—"Yes."

[The watch was in a black shagreen case.]

"At what time this morning will you take your departure?"

The answer to this question was four knocks, very distinctly heard by every person present; and accordingly, at four o'clock precisely, the ghost took its departure to the Wheatsheaf public-house, close by, where it frightened mine host and his lady almost out of their wits by knocking in the ceiling right above their bed.

The rumour of these occurrences very soon spread over London, and every day Cock Lane was rendered impassable by the crowds of people who assembled around the house of the parish clerk, in expectation of either seeing the ghost or of hearing the mysterious knocks. It was at last found necessary, so clamorous were they for admission within the haunted precincts, to admit those only who would pay a certain fee, an arrangement which was very convenient to the needy and money-loving Mr. Parsons. Indeed, things had taken a turn greatly to his satisfaction; he not only had his revenge, but he made a profit out of it. The ghost, in consequence, played its antics every night, to the great amusement of many hundreds of people, and the great perplexity of a still greater number.

Unhappily, however, for the parish clerk, the ghost was induced to make some promises which were the means of utterly destroying its reputation. It promised, in answer to the questions of the Reverend Mr. Aldritch of Clerkenwell, that it would not only follow the little Miss Parsons wherever she went, but would also attend him, or any other gentleman, into the vault under St. John's church, where the body of the murdered woman was deposited, and would there give notice of its presence by a distinct knock upon the coffin. As a preliminary, the girl was conveyed to the house of Mr. Aldritch near the church, where a large party of ladies and gentlemen, eminent for their acquirements, their rank, or their wealth, had assembled. About ten o'clock on the night of the 1st of February, the girl, having been brought from Cock Lane in a coach, was put to bed by several ladies in the house of Mr. Aldritch, a strict examination having been previously made that nothing was hidden in the bedclothes. While the gentlemen, in an adjoining chamber, were deliberating whether they should proceed in a body to the vault, they were summoned into the bedroom by the ladies, who affirmed, in great alarm, that the ghost was come, and that they heard the knocks and scratches. The gentlemen entered accordingly, with a determination to suffer no deception. The little girl, on being asked whether she saw the ghost, replied, "No; but she felt it on her back like a mouse." She was then required to put her hands out of bed, and, they being held by some of the ladies, the spirit was summoned in the usual manner to answer, if it were in the room. The question was several times put with great solemnity; but the customary knock was not heard in reply in the walls, neither was there any scratching. The ghost was then asked to render itself visible, but it did not choose to grant the request. It was next solicited to give some token of its presence by a sound of any sort, or by touching the hand or cheek of any lady or gentleman in the room; but even with this request the ghost would not comply.

There was now a considerable pause, and one of the clergymen went down-stairs to interrogate the father of the girl, who was waiting the result of the experiment. He positively denied that there was any deception, and even went so far as to say that he himself, upon one occasion, had seen and conversed with the awful ghost. This having been communicated to the company, it was

unanimously resolved to give the ghost another trial; and the clergyman called out in a loud voice to the supposed spirit that the gentleman to whom it had promised to appear in the vault was about to repair to that place, where he claimed the fulfilment of its promise. At one hour after midnight they all proceeded to the church, and the gentleman in question, with another, entered the vault alone, and took up their position alongside of the coffin of poor Fanny. The ghost was then summoned to appear, but it appeared not; it was summoned to knock, but it knocked not; it was summoned to scratch, but it scratched not; and the two retired from the vault, with the firm belief that the whole business was a deception practised by Parsons and his daughter. There were others, however, who did not wish to jump so hastily to a conclusion, and who suggested that they were, perhaps, trifling with this awful and supernatural being, which, being offended with them for their presumption, would not condescend to answer them. Again, after a serious consultation, it was agreed on all hands that, if the ghost answered anybody at all, it would answer Mr. Kent, the supposed murderer; and he was accordingly requested to go down into the vault. He went with several others, and summoned the ghost to answer whether he had indeed poisoned her. There being no answer, the question was put by Mr. Aldritch, who conjured it, if it were indeed a spirit, to end their doubts — make a sign of its presence, and point out the guilty person. There being still no answer for the space of half an hour, during which time all these boobies waited with the most praiseworthy perseverance, they returned to the house of Mr. Aldritch, and ordered the girl to get up and dress herself. She was strictly examined, but persisted in her statement that she used no deception, and that the ghost had really appeared to her.

So many persons had, by their openly expressed belief of the reality of the visitation, identified themselves with it, that Parsons and his family were far from being the only persons interested in the continuance of the delusion. The result of the experiment convinced most people; but these were not to be convinced by any evidence, however positive, and they therefore spread about the rumour that the ghost had not appeared in the vault because Mr. Kent had taken care beforehand to have the coffin removed. That gentleman, whose position was a very painful one, immediately procured competent witnesses, in whose presence the vault was entered, and the coffin of poor Fanny opened. Their deposition was then published; and Mr. Kent indicted Parsons and his wife, his daughter, Mary Frazer, the servant, the Reverend Mr. Moor, and a tradesman, two of the most prominent patrons of the deception, for a conspiracy. The trial came on in the Court of King's Bench, on the 10th of July, before Lord Chief-Justice Mansfield, when, after an investigation which lasted twelve hours, the whole of the conspirators were found guilty. The Reverend Mr. Moor and his friend were severely reprimanded in open court, and recommended to make some pecuniary compensation to the prosecutor for the aspersions they had been instrumental in throwing upon his character. Parsons was sentenced to stand three times in the pillory, and to be imprisoned for two years: his wife to one year's, and his servant to six month's imprisonment in the Bridewell. A printer, who had been employed

by them to publish an account of the proceedings for their profit, was also fined fifty pounds, and discharged.

The precise manner in which the deception was carried on has never been explained. The knocking in the wall appears to have been the work of Parson's wife, while the scratching part of the business was left to the little girl. That any contrivance so clumsy could have deceived anybody, cannot fail to excite our wonder. But thus it always is. If two or three persons can only be found to take the lead in any absurdity, however great, there is sure to be plenty of imitators. Like sheep in a field, if one clears the stile, the rest will follow.

About ten years afterwards, London was again alarmed by the story of a haunted house. Stockwell, near Vauxhall, the scene of the antics of this new ghost, became almost as celebrated in the annals of superstition as Cock Lane. Mrs. Golding, an elderly lady, who resided alone with her servant, Anne Robinson, was sorely surprised on the evening of Twelfth-Day, 1772, to observe a most extraordinary commotion among her crockery. Cups and saucers rattled down the chimney — pots and pans were whirled down stairs, or through the windows; and hams, cheeses, and loaves of bread disported themselves upon the floor as if the devil were in them. This, at least, was the conclusion that Mrs. Golding came to; and being greatly alarmed, she invited some of her neighbours to stay with her, and protect her from the evil one. Their presence, however, did not put a stop to the insurrection of china, and every room in the house was in a short time strewed with the fragments. The chairs and tables joined, at last, in the tumult, and things looked altogether so serious and inexplicable, that the neighbours, dreading that the house itself would next be seized with a fit of motion, and tumble about their ears, left poor Mrs. Golding to bear the brunt of it by herself. The ghost in this case was solemnly remonstrated with, and urged to take its departure; but the demolition continuing as great as before, Mrs. Golding finally made up her mind to quit the house altogether. She took refuge with Anne Robinson in the house of a neighbour; but his glass and crockery being immediately subjected to the same persecution, he was reluctantly compelled to give her notice to quit. The old lady, thus forced back to her own house, endured the disturbance for some days longer, when suspecting that Anne Robinson was the cause of all the mischief, she dismissed her from her service. The extraordinary appearances immediately ceased, and were never afterwards renewed; a fact which is of itself sufficient to point out the real disturber. A long time afterwards, Anne Robinson confessed the whole matter to the Reverend Mr. Brayfield. This gentleman confided the story to Mr. Hone, who has published an explanation of the mystery. Anne, it appears, was anxious to have a clear house, to carry on an intrigue with her lover, and resorted to this trick to effect her purpose. She placed the china on the shelves in such a manner that it fell on the slightest motion, and attached horse-hairs to other articles, so that she could jerk them down from an adjoining room without being perceived by any one. She was exceedingly dexterous at this sort of work, and would have proved a formidable rival to many a juggler by profession.

THE LAY OF ST. ODILLE.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY.

Odille was a maid of a dignified race;
Her father, Count Otto, was lord of Alsace;
Such an air, such a grace,
Such a form, such a face,
All agreed 'twere a fruitless endeavour to trace
In the Court, or within fifty miles of the place.
Many ladies in Strasburg were beautiful, still
They were beat all to sticks by the lovely Odille.

But Odille was devout, and, before she was nine,
Had "experienced a call" she consider'd divine,
To put on the veil at St. Ermengarde's shrine.
Lords, Dukes, and Electors, and Counts Palatine,
Come to seek her in marriage from both sides the Rhine;
But vain their design,
They are all left to pine,
Their oglings and smiles are all useless; in fine,
Not one of these gentlefolks, try as they will,
Can draw "Ask my papa" from the cruel Odille.

At length one of her suitors, a certain Count Herman,
A highly-respectable man as a German,
Who smoked like a chimney, and drank like a merman,
Paid his court to her father, conceiving his firman
Would soon make her bend,
And induce her to lend
An ear to a love-tale in lieu of a sermon.
He gained the old Count, who said, "Come, Mynheer, fill!
Here 's luck to yourself and my daughter Odille!"

The lady Odille was quite nervous with fear
When a little bird whispered that toast in her ear;
She murmur'd "Oh, dear!
My papa has got queer,
I am sadly afraid, with that nasty strong beer!
He 's so very austere, and severe, that it 's clear
If he gets in his 'tantrums,' I can't remain here;
But St. Ermengarde's convent is luckily near;
It were folly to stay,
Pour prendre congé,
I shall put on my bonnet, and e'en run away!"
She unlock'd the back-door, and descended the hill,
On whose crest stood the towers of the sire of Odille.

When he found she 'd levanted, the Count of Alsace
At first turn'd remarkably red in the face;
He anathematized, with much unction and grace,
Every soul who came near, and consigned the whole race
Of runaway girls to a very warm place.
With a frightful grimace
He gave orders for chase.
His vassals set off at a deuce of a pace,

And of all whom they met, high or low, Jack or Jill,
Ask'd, "Pray, have you seen anything of Odille?"

Now I think I've been told,—for I'm no sporting man,—
That the "knowing-ones" call this by far the best plan,
"Take the lead and then keep it!"—that is if you can.
Odille thought so too, so she set off and ran;
Put her best leg before,
Starting at score,
As I said some lines since, from that little back door,
And not being missed until half after four,
Had what hunters call "law" for a good hour and more;
Doing her best,
Without stopping to rest,
Like "young Lochinvar who came out of the West,"
"'Tis done! I am gone!—over brier, brook, and rill!
They'll be sharp lads who catch me!" said young Miss Odille.

But you've all read in Æsop, or Phœdrus, or Gay,
How a tortoise and hare ran together one day,
How the hare, "making play,
Progress'd right slick away,"
As "them tarnation chaps" the Americans say;
While the tortoise, whose figure is rather *outré*
For racing, crawled straight on, without let or stay,
Having no post-horse duty, or turnpikes to pay,
Till ere noon's ruddy ray
Chang'd to eve's sober grey,
Though her form and obesity caused some delay,
Perseverance and patience brought up her lee-way,
And she chased her fleet-footed "praycursor," until
She o'ertook her at last;—so it fared with Odille.

For although, as I said, she ran gaily at first,
And show'd no inclination to pause, if she durst;
She at length felt opprest with the heat, and with thirst
Its usual attendant; nor was that the worst,
Her shoes went down at heel; at last one of them burst.
Now a gentleman smiles
At a trot of ten miles;
But not so the Fair; then consider the stiles,
And as then ladies seldom wore things with a frill
Round the ancle, these stiles sadly bother'd Odille.

Still, despite all the obstacles placed in her track,
She kept steadily on, though the terrible crack
In her shoe made of course her progression more slack,
Till she reached the Swartz Forest (in English The Black),
Though I cannot divine
How the boundary line
Was passed which is somewhere there formed by the Rhine.
Perhaps she'd the nack
To float o'er on her back,
Or perhaps crossed the old bridge of boats at Brisach
(Which Vauban some years after secured from attack,

By a bastion of stone, which the Germans call "Wacke").
All I know is, she took not so much as a snack,
Till hungry and worn, feeling wretchedly ill,
On a mountain's brow sank down the weary Odille.

I said on "its brow," but I should have said "crown,"
For 'twas quite on the summit, bleak, barren, and brown,
And so high that 'twas frightful indeed to look down
Upon Friburg, a place of some little renown,
That lay at its foot; but imagine the frown
That contracted her brow, when full many a clown
She perceived coming up from that horrid post town.
They had followed her trail,
And now thought without fail,
As little boys say, to "lay salt on her tail;"
While the Count, who knew no other law but his will,
Swore that Herman that evening should marry Odille.

Alas, for Odille; poor dear! what could she do?
Her father's retainers now had her in view,
As she found from their raising a joyous halloo;
While the Count, riding on at the head of his crew,
In their snuff-coloured doublets and breeches of blue,
Was huzzaing and urging them on to pursue.
What indeed, *could* she do?
She very well knew
If they caught her how much she should have to go through;
But then—she'd so shocking a hole in her shoe!
And to go further on was impossible;—true
She might jump o'er the precipice; still there are few
In her place who could manage their courage to screw
Up to bidding the world such a sudden adieu:
Alack! how she envied the birds as they flew;
No Nassau balloon with its wicker canoe
Came to bear her from him she loathed worse than a Jew!
So she fell on her knees in a terrible stew,
Crying "Holy St. Ermengarde!
Oh, from these vermin guard
Her whose last hope rests entirely on you!
Don't let papa catch me, dear Saint!—rather kill
At once, *sur le champ*, your devoted Odille!"

It's delightful to see those who strive to oppress
Get baulk'd when they think themselves sure of success.
The Saint came to the rescue! I fairly confess
I don't see, as a Saint, how she well could do less
Than to get such a votary out of her mess.
Odille had scarce closed her pathetic address
When the rock, gaping wide as the Thames at Sheerness,
Closed again, and secured her within its recess,
In a natural grotto,
Which puzzled Count Otto,
Who could not conceive where the deuce she had got to.
'Twas her voice!—but 'twas *Vox et præterea Nil!*
Nor could any one guess what was gone with Odille.

Then burst from the mountain a splendour that quite
Eclipsed in its brilliance the finest Bude light,
And there stood St. Ermengarde drest all in white,
A palm-branch in her left hand, her beads in her right;
While with faces fresh gilt, and with wings burnish'd bright,
A great many little boys' heads took their flight
Above and around to a very great height,
And seem'd pretty lively considering their plight,
Since every one saw,
With amazement and awe,
They could never sit down, for they hadn't *de quoi*.
All at the sight,
From the knave to the knight,
Felt a very unpleasant sensation call'd fright;
While the Saint, looking down,
With a terrible frown,
Said, "My Lords, you are done most remarkably brown!—
I am really ashamed of you both; my nerves thrill
At your scandalous conduct to poor dear Odille!

Come, make yourselves scarce! it is useless to stay,
You will gain nothing here by a longer delay.
'Quick! Presto! Begone!' as the conjurors say;
For as to the lady, I 've stow'd her away
In this hill, in a stratum of London blue clay;
And I shan't, I assure you, restore her to-day
Till you faithfully promise no more to say Nay,
But declare, 'If she will be a nun, why she may.'
For this you 've my word, and I never yet broke it,
So put that in your pipe, my Lord Otto, and smoke it!—
One hint to your vassals,—a month at 'the Mill'
Shall be nuts to what they 'll get who worry Odille!"

The Saint disappear'd as she ended, and so
Did the little boys' heads, which, above and below,
As I told you a very few stanzas ago,
Had been flying about her, and jumping Jem Crow;
Though, without any body, or leg, foot, or toe,
How they managed such antics, I really don't know;
Be that as it may, they all "melted like snow
Off a dyke," as the Scotch say in sweet Edinbro',
And there stood the Count,
With his men on the mount,
Just like "twenty-four jackasses all in a row."
What was best to be done?—'twas a sad bitter pill;
But gulp it he must, or else lose his Odille.

The lord of Alsace therefore alter'd his plan,
And said to himself, like a sensible man,
"I can't do as I would,—I must do as I can;"
It will not do to lie under any Saint's ban,
For your hide, when you do, they all manage to tan;
So Count Herman must pick up some Betsey or Nan,
Instead of my girl,—some Sue, Polly, or Fan;—
If he can't get the corn he must do with the bran,
And make shift with the pot if he can't have the pan.

After words such as these
He went down on his knees,
And said, "Blessed St. Ermengarde, just as you please—
They shall build a new convent,—I 'll pay the whole bill,
(Taking discount,) its Abbess shall be my Odille!"

There are some of my readers, I 'll venture to say,
Who have never seen Friburg, though some of them may,
And others 'tis likely may go there some day.
Now if ever you happen to travel that way,
I do beg and pray,—'twill your pains well repay,—
That you'll take what the Cockney folks call a 'po-shay'
(Though in Germany these things are more like a dray);
You may reach this same hill with a single relay,—
And do look how the rock,
Through the whole of its block,
Is split open as though by some violent shock
From an earthquake, or lightning, or horrid hard knock
From the club-bearing fist of some jolly old cock
Of a Germanized giant, Thor, Woden, or Lok;
And see how it rears
Its two monstrous great ears,
For when once you 're between them such each side appears;
And list to the sound of the water one hears
Drip, drip from the fissures, like rain-drops or tears:
—Odille's, I believe,—which have flowed all these years;
—I think they account for them so;—but the rill
I 'm sure is connected some way with Odille.

Moral.

Now then for a moral, which always arrives
At the end, like the honey-bees take to their hives,
And the more one observes it the better one thrives.—
We have all heard it said in the course of our lives,
"Needs must when a certain old gentleman drives,"
'Tis the same with a lady,—if once she contrives
To get hold of the ribands, how vainly one strives
To escape from her lash, or to shake off her gyves.
Then let 's act like Count Otto, and while one survives
Succumb to *our* She-Saints—videlicet wives.
(*Aside.*)
That is if one has not a "good bunch of fives."—
(I can't think how that last line escaped from my quill,
For I am sure it has nothing to do with Odille.)
Now young ladies to you!—
Don't put on the shrew!
And don't be surprised if your father looks blue
When you 're pert, and won't act as he wants you to do!
Be sure that you never elope;—there are few,—
Believe me you'll find what I say to be true,—
Who run restive, but find as they bake they must brew,
And come off at the last with "a hole in their shoe;"
Since not even Clapham, that sanctified ville,
Can produce enough Saints to save *every* Odille.

ANECDOTES OF FLEET MARRIAGES.

MRS. FORESIGHT.—Married! How?

TATTLE.—Suddenly, before we knew we were—that villain, Jeremy! It is the most cruel thing to marry one does not know how, nor why, nor wherefore.

CONGREVE.

IF it be true that "one-half of the world knows not how t'other lives," it is equally certain that the greater part of the people in one century can form not the slightest idea of the manner of their countrymen and countrywomen in that which preceded it. It is scarcely a hundred years ago when the novels and dramas of the day contained dialogues and scenes, perused, witnessed, and talked of, by the young and the old in all classes of life, which at present would not only be intolerable, but would subject their writers to the punishment of the law. There is not a single work of Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, or even Richardson, which could now be read aloud in a family having the slightest pretensions to decency; nor could any one of the plays of Wycherly, Congreve, Farquhar, Vanbrugh, or Mrs. Centlivre, (to say nothing of the abominations in the comedies of Dryden, Southern, Otway, and Mrs. Behn,) be represented on the stage without very numerous expurgations in every scene. Yet these very works, wherein, among other offences, marriage was laughed to scorn, and connubial infidelity held up to admiration, formed the pastime of our grandfathers and grandmothers, who, nevertheless, and as a great wonder, do not appear to have been less discreet and virtuous than ourselves. Still the change from open grossness to purity of manner has been of valuable service in casting a grace over our social life, and in saving youth of both sexes from the confusion and pain always occasioned by the first contact with undisguised indecorum. Much of this good has been attributed to the writers in the Spectator and the Tatler; but, though the essays of Addison are comparatively pure, and though the comedies of Steele are almost free from offences against a proper taste, it is nevertheless apparent in the practice of succeeding popular writers that the evil was but imperfectly remedied. The "snake was scotch'd, not killed." Decorum is, after all, but a very modern affair, and can date no further back than the reign of George III, whose strict adherence to the proprieties, aided by the tone which Goldsmith, and still more, Johnson, gave to literature, brought decency into fashion, and rendered for ever infamous the indelicate sallies of wit, and the scandalous levity with which the most sacred obligations were treated.

Among the singular customs of our forefathers, arising in great measure from their indifference to decorum, one of the most remarkable was matrimony, *solemnized* we were going to say, but the fittest word would be, "performed" by the parsons in the Fleet prison. These clerical functionaries were disreputable and dissolute men, mostly prisoners for debt, who, to the great injury of public morals, dared to insult the dignity of their holy profession, by marrying in the precincts of the Fleet prison, and at a minute's notice, any persons who might present themselves for that purpose. No questions were asked; no stipulations made except as to the amount of the fee for the service, or the quantity of liquor to be swallowed on the occasion. It not unfrequently happened, indeed, that the clergyman, the clerk, the bride-

groom, and the bride, were drunk at the very time the ceremony was performed. These disgraceful members of the sacred calling had their "plyers," or "barkers," who, if they caught sight of a man and woman walking together along the streets of the neighbourhood, pestered them as the Jew clothesmen in the present day tease the passers-by in Holywell-Street, with solicitations, not easily to be shaken off, as to whether they wanted a clergyman to marry them. Mr. Burn, a gentleman who has recently published a curious work on the Fleet Registers, says he has in his possession an engraving (published about 1747,) of "A Fleet Wedding between a brisk young Sailor and Landlady's daughter at Rederiff." "The print," he adds, "represents the old Fleet market and prison, with the sailor, landlady, and daughter, just stepping from a hackney-coach, while two Fleet parsons in canonicals are contending for the job. The following verses are in the margin:

"Scarce had the coach discharg'd its trusty fare,
But gaping crowds surround th' amorous pair;
The busy Plyers make a mighty stir,
And whisp'ring cry, D'ye want the Parson, Sir?
Pray step this way—just to the Pen in Hand,
The Doctor's ready there at your command:
This way (another cries), Sir, I declare,
The true and ancient Register is here:

"Th' alarmed Parsons quickly hear the din,
And haste with soothing words t' invite 'em in:
In this confusion jostled to and fro,
Th' inamour'd couple know not where to go;
Till slow advancing from the coaches side,
Th' experienc'd matron came, (an artful guide,)
She led the way without regarding either,
And the first Parson splic'd 'em both together."

One of the most notorious of these scandalous officials was a man of the name of George Keith, a Scotch minister, who, being in desperate circumstances, set up a marriage-office in May-Fair, and subsequently in the Fleet, and carried on the same trade which has since been practised in front of the blacksmith's anvil at Gretna-Green. This man's wedding-business was so extensive and so scandalous, that the Bishop of London found it necessary to excommunicate him. It has been said of this person and "*his journeyman*," that one morning, during the Whitsun holidays, they united a greater number of couples than had been married at any ten churches within the bills of mortality. Keith lived till he was eighty-nine years of age, and died in 1735. The Rev. Dr. Gaynham, another infamous functionary, was familiarly called the Bishop of Hell.

"Many of the early Fleet weddings," observes Mr. Burn, "were *really* performed at the chapel of the Fleet; but as the practice extended, it was found more convenient to have other places, with the Rules of the Fleet, (added to which, the Warden was compelled by act of parliament not to suffer them,) and, thereupon, many of the Fleet parsons and tavern-keepers in the neighbourhood, fitted up a room in their respective lodgings or houses as a chapel! The parsons took the fees, allowing a portion to the plyers, &c.; and the tavern-keepers, besides sharing in the fees, derived a profit from the sale of liquors which the wedding-party drank. In some instances the tavern-keepers *kept a parson on the establishment*, at a weekly salary of twenty shillings!

Most of the taverns near the Fleet kept their own registers, in which (as well as in their own books) the parsons entered the weddings." Some of these scandalous members of the highest of all professions were in the habit of hanging signs out of their windows with the words "WEDDINGS PERFORMED CHEAP HERE."

Keith, of whom we have already spoken, seems to have been a barefaced profligate; but there is something exceedingly affecting in the stings of conscience and forlorn compunction of one Walter Wyatt, a Fleet parson, in one of whose pocket-books of 1716, are the following secret (as he intended them to be) outpourings of remorse:—

"Give to every man his due, and learn y[e] way of Truth."

"This advice cannot be taken by those that are concerned in y[e] Fleet marriages; not so much as y[e] Priest can do y[e] thing y[t] it is just and right there, unless he designs to starve. For by lying, bullying, and swearing, to extort money from the silly and unwary people, you advance your business and gets y[e] pelf, which always wastes like snow in sun shiney day."

"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. The marrying in the Fleet is the beginning of eternal woe."

"If a clerk or plyer tells a lye, you must vouch it to be as true as y[e] Gospel, and if disputed, you must affirm with an oath to y[e] truth of a downright damnable falsehood.—Virtus laudatur & alget[r]."*

"May God forgive me what is past, and give me grace to forsake such a wicked place, where truth and virtue can't take place unless you are resolved to starve."

But alas, for the weakness of human nature! This very man, whose sense of his own disgrace was so deep, and apparently so contrite, was one of the most notorious, active, and money-making of all the Fleet parsons. His practice was chiefly in taverns, and he has been known to earn nearly sixty pounds in less than a month.

With such facilities for marriage, and with such unprincipled ministers, it may easily be imagined that iniquitous schemes of all sorts were perpetrated under the name of Fleet weddings. The parsons were ready, for a bribe, to make false entries in their registers, to antedate weddings, to give fictitious certificates, and to marry persons who would declare only the initials of their names. Thus, if a spinster or widow in debt desired to cheat her creditors by pretending to have been married before the debt was contracted, she had only to present herself at one of the marriage-houses in the Fleet, and upon payment of a small additional fee to the clergyman, a man could instantly be found on the spot to act as bridegroom for a few shillings, and the worthless chaplain could find a blank place in his Register for any year desired, so that there was no difficulty in making the necessary record. They would also, for a consideration, obliterate any given entry. The sham bridegrooms, under different names, were married over and over again, with the full knowledge of the clerical practitioners. If, in other instances, a libertine desired to possess himself of any

* "On Saturday last a Fleet parson was convicted before Sir Ric. Brocas of forty-three oaths, (on the information of a plyer for weddings there,) for which a warrant was granted to levy 4*l.* 6*s.* on the goods of the said parson; but, upon application to his Worship, he was pleased to remit 1*s.* per oath; upon which the plyer swore he would swear no more against any man upon the like occasion, finding he could get nothing by it."—*Grub Street Journal*, 20 *July*, 1732.

young and unsuspecting woman, who would not yield without being married, nothing was easier than to get the service performed at the Fleet without even the specification of names; so that the poor girl might with impunity be shaken off at pleasure. Or, if a parent found it necessary to legitimatize his natural children, a Fleet parson could be procured to give a marriage-certificate at any required date. In fact, all manner of people presented themselves for marriage at the unholy dens in the Fleet taverns, — runaway sons and daughters of peers, — Irish adventurers and foolish rich widows, — clodhoppers and ladies from St. Giles's,—footmen and decayed beauties, soldiers and servant-girls,—boys in their teens and old women of seventy,—discarded mistresses, "given away" by their former admirers to pitiable and sordid bridegrooms,—night-wanderers and intoxicated apprentices,—men and women having already wives and husbands,—young heiresses conveyed thither by force, and compelled, *in terrorem*, to be brides, — and common labourers, and female paupers, dragged by parish-officers to the profane altar, stained by the relics of drunken orgies, and reeking with the fumes of liquor and tobacco! Nay, it sometimes happened that the "contracting parties" would send from houses of vile repute for a Fleet parson, who could readily be found to attend even in such places, and under such circumstances, and there unite the couple in matrimony!

Of what were called the "Parish Weddings," it is impossible to speak in terms of sufficient reprobation. Many of the churchwardens and overseers of that day were in the frequent practice of "getting up" marriages in order to throw their paupers on neighbouring parishes. For example, in the *Daily Post* of the 4th July, 1741, is the following paragraph:—

"On Saturday last, the churchwardens for a certain parish in the city, in order to remove a load from their own shoulders, gave forty shillings, and paid the expense of a Fleet marriage, to a miserable blind youth, known by the name of Ambrose Tally, who plays on the violin in Moorfields, in order to make a settlement on the wife and future family in Shoreditch parish. To secure their point, they sent a parish-officer to see the ceremony performed. One cannot but admire the ungenerous proceeding of this city parish, as well as their unjustifiable abetting and encouraging an irregularity so much and so justly complained of, as these Fleet matches. Invited and uninvited were a great number of poor wretches, in order to spend the bride's parish fortune."

In the Grub Street Journal for 1735 is the following letter, faithfully describing, says Mr. Burn, the treachery and low habits of the Fleet parsons:—

"SIR,—There is a very great evil in this town, and of dangerous consequence to our sex, that has never been suppressed, to the great prejudice and ruin of many hundreds of young people every year, which I beg some of your learned heads to consider of, and consult of proper ways and means to prevent for the future. I mean the ruinous marriages that are practised in the liberty of the Fleet and thereabouts, by a sett of drunken swearing parsons, with their myrmidons, that wear black coats, and pretend to be clerks and registers to the Fleet. These ministers of wickedness ply about Ludgate Hill, pulling and forcing people to some pedling alehouse or a brandy-shop to be married, even on a Sunday stopping them as they go to church, and almost

tearing their clothes off their backs. To confirm the truth of these facts, I will give you a case or two which lately happened.

"Since Midsummer last, a young lady of birth and fortune was deluded and forced from her friends, and, by the assistance of a wry-necked swearing parson, married to an atheistical wretch, whose life is a continued practice of all manner of vice and debauchery. And since the ruin of my relation, another lady of my acquaintance had like to have been trepanned in the following manner. This lady had appointed to meet a gentlewoman at the Old Playhouse in Drury-lane, but extraordinary business prevented her coming. Being alone when the play was done, she bade a boy call a coach for the city. One dressed like a gentleman helps her into it, and jumps in after her. 'Madam,' says he, 'this coach was called for me, and since the weather is so bad, and there is no other, I beg leave to bear you company I am going into the city, and will set you down wherever you please.' The lady begged to be excused; but he bade the coachman drive on. Being come to Ludgate Hill, he told her his sister, who waited his coming but five doors up the court, would go with her in two minutes. He went, and returned with his pretended sister, who asked her to step in one minute, and she would wait upon her in the coach. Deluded with the assurance of having his sister's company, the poor lady foolishly followed her into the house, when instantly the sister vanished, and a tawny fellow in a black coat and black wig appeared. 'Madam, you are come in good time; the Doctor was just a-going.'—'The Doctor!' says she, horribly frighted, fearing it was a madhouse; 'what has the Doctor to do with me?'—'To marry you to that gentleman. The Doctor has waited for you these three hours, and will be payed by you or that gentleman before you go!'—'That gentleman,' says she, recovering herself, 'is worthy a better fortune than mine,' and begged hard to be gone. But Doctor Wryneck swore she should be married, or if she would not, he would still have his fee, and register the marriage from that night. The lady, finding she could not escape without money or a pledge, told them she liked the gentleman so well, she would certainly meet him to-morrow night, and gave them a ring as a pledge, which, says she, 'was my mother's gift on her death-bed, injoining that, if ever I married it should be my wedding-ring.' By which cunning contrivance she was delivered from the black Doctor and his tawny crew. Some time after this I went with this lady and her brother in a coach to Ludgate Hill in the day time, to see the manner of their picking up people to be married. As soon as our coach stopt near Fleet Bridge, up comes one of the myrmidons. 'Madam,' says he, 'you want a parson?'—'Who are you?' says I.—'I am the clerk and register of the Fleet.'—'Show me the chapel.' At which comes a second, desiring me to go along with him. Says he, 'That fellow will carry you to a pedling alehouse.' Says a third, 'Go with me; he will carry you to a brandy shop. In the interim comes the Doctor. 'Madam,' says he, 'I'll do your jobb for you presently!'—'Well, gentlemen,' says I, 'since you can't agree, and I can't be married quietly, I'll put it off 'till another time:' so drove away. Learned sirs, I wrote this in regard to the honour and safety of my own sex: and if for our sakes you will be so good as to publish it, correcting the errors of a woman's pen, you will oblige our whole sex, and none more than, sir,

"Your constant reader and admirer,

"VIRTUOUS."

Such are but a few of the iniquities practised by the ministers of the Fleet. Similar transactions were carried on at the Chapel in May Fair, the Mint in the Borough, the Savoy, and other places about London, until the public scandal became so great, especially in consequence of the marriage at the Fleet of the Hon. Henry Fox with Georgiana Caroline, eldest daughter of the Duke of Richmond, that at length,—not, however, without much and zealous opposition,—a Marriage Bill was passed, enacting that any person solemnizing matrimony in any other than a church or public chapel, without banns or license, should, on conviction, be adjudged *guilty of felony*, and be transported for fourteen years, and that all such marriages *should be void*. This act was to take effect from the 25th of March, 1754.

Upon the passing of this law, Keith, the parson who has already been alluded to, published a pamphlet entitled, "Observations on the Act for Preventing Clandestine Marriages." To this he prefixed his portrait. The following passages are highly characteristic of the man:

"Happy is the wooing that is not long a-doing, is an old proverb, and a very true one; but we shall have no occasion for it after the 25th day of March next, when we are commanded to read it backwards, and from that period (fatal indeed to Old England!) we must date the declension of the numbers of the inhabitants of England."—"As I have married many thousands, and consequently have on those occasions seen the humour of the lower class of people, I have often asked the married pair how long they had been acquainted; they would reply, some more, some less, but the generality did not exceed the acquaintance of a week, some only of a day, half a day, &c."—"Another inconveniency which will arise from this act will be, that the expense of being married will be so great, that few of the lower class of people can afford; for I have often heard a Flete-parson say, that many have come to be married when they have had but half-a-crown in their pockets, and sixpence to buy a pot of beer, and for which they have pawned some of their cloaths."—"I remember once on a time, I was at a public house at Radcliff, which then was full of sailors and their girls; there there was fiddling, piping, jigging, and eating; at length, one of the tars starts up, and says, 'D—m ye, Jack, I'll be married just now; I will have my partner, and . . . . . .' The joke took, and in less than two hours ten couple set out for the Flete. I staid their return. They returned in coaches; five women in each coach; the tars, some running before, others riding on the coach-box, and others behind. The cavalcade being over, the couples went up into an upper room, where they concluded the evening with great jollity. The next time I went that way, I called on my landlord and asked him concerning this marriage-adventure. He at first stared at me, but recollecting, he said those things were so frequent, that he hardly took any notice of them; for, added he, it is a common thing when a fleet comes in, to have two or three hundred marriages in a week's time, among the sailors." He humorously concludes, "If the present Act in the form it now stands should (which I am sure is impossible) be of service to my country, I shall then have the satisfaction of having been the occasion of it, because the compilers thereof have done it with a pure design of suppressing my *Chapel*, which makes me the most celebrated man in this kingdom, though not the greatest."

The passing of the Marriage Act put a stop to the marriages at

May Fair; but the day before the Act came into operation (Lady Day 1754) * sixty-one couple were married there.†

It would exceed the limits of this brief sketch were we to give the *official* history of the different scandalous ministers who thus disgraced themselves, and impiously trifled with one of our most sacred institutions. That some of these wretched adventurers were merely pretended clergymen is certain; but it cannot be denied that many of them were actually in holy orders.

Our curiosity has been recently attracted to this subject by the following circumstance:—A tradesman sent us a packet the other day wrapped in paper covered with writing in a hand which Goldsmith's Croaker calls as cramp as the devil. We are naturally inquisitive into stray papers, and accordingly betook ourselves to the deciphering of this. Many of the words were in short hand, and some appeared in fantastic and grotesque characters, evidently with a view that particular passages should be legible only to the writer. With a little attention, however, it was not difficult to penetrate "the heart of his mystery," and we soon discovered that the paper was a leaf out of some private journal, and that the details were almost all connected with marriage ceremonies. The facts developed were so singular that we desired, if possible, to obtain more of the book out of which the leaf had evidently been torn, and therefore despatched the servant to the shop whence the fragment had been sent, with orders to purchase the remainder of the journal, if possible. In this he was unsuccessful, but the shopkeeper in rummaging among his waste-paper found one or two other loose leaves in the same queer penmanship, from the examination of which we ascertained that they undoubtedly formed part of a diary kept by one of the Fleet parsons. The name of the writer did not appear. As the circumstances recorded are abundantly characteristic, we shall give the ensuing extracts:—

"May 1st, 1721. To bed late, as I had been up till midnight drinking with Dr. Floud and Mrs. Blood. Before I was fairly awake, and not more than half sober, in comes Jack Connor, and wants me to marry a woman to a boy that sweeps the crossing over against St. Dunstan's. I came down in my night-gown. 'Where's the chap?' says I.—'You shall have him directly, master,' says he; and in a trice hauls in a young slip of a tatterdemalion. Upon this, I ordered Jack to call the woman, which he did, and a broad substantial landlady-like body appeared. They both looked sheepish enough, especially the boy, who hung down his head, and didn't seem to know what to make of the affair. 'Come,' said I, 'what is to be the garnish for this job?'—'Half a guinea,' answered the woman.—'Very well; Jack, take down their names.'—'Susan Pilcher and Ralph Woodgate,' said Jack. Upon

* In a letter to George Montagu, Esq. dated July 17, 1753, Horace Walpole says:—

"Lady Anne Paulett's daughter is eloped with a country clergyman. The Duchess of Argyle harangues against the Marriage Bill not taking place immediately, and is persuaded that all the girls will go off before next Lady-day."

† In a letter to George Montagu, Esq. from Horace Walpole, is the following notice of Keith.

"Strawberry Hill, 11th June 1753.

"I shall only tell you a *bon mot* of Keith's, the marriage-broker, and conclude:

"'G—d d—n the Bishops!' said he, (I beg Miss Montagu's pardon,) 'so they will hinder my marrying. Well, let 'em, but I'll be revenged: I'll buy two or three acres of ground, and by G—d I'll under-bury them all." Vol. i. p. 292.

this, the boy comes out with, 'That a'nt my name; my name is Bob Dawby.'—'Why, you fool,' whispered the woman, ha'nt I told you that you are to be Mr. Ralph Woodgate to-day, and to have five shillings to do what you like with?'—'Oh, oh,' said I; "I see plain enough this is a hired job—a skreen; I 'll have nothing to do with it; more especially in regard that I know Woodgate well, and wouldn't do him an ill turn.' So I told Jack to take the couple to Brother Stubbs, at the Bishop Blaze and Two Lawyers, in Fleet Lane, who, being blind, could marry them without detriment to his conscience. Having so settled the matter, I went to bed again, and slept sound till the afternoon."

The eccentricities of even the regular clergy at a period when the education and manners of a gentleman were by no means considered a necessary qualification for their sacred office, led to many similar extravagances; witness the Rev. Mr. Patten, for an account of which whimsical personage see Grose's Olio. He was curate of Whitstable, and Sea-Salter in Kent, in the early part of the last century; and from the register of the latter parish we give the following extracts (*verbatim*), which have never before been published.

"John Ponney of Canterbury, huntsman to that ancient corporation, and Elizabeth Johnson, daughter to the Devil's vicegerent, commonly called a bailiff, were trammelled at Cathedral of Sea-salter, April 26, 1734."

"John Honsden, widower, a gape-mouthed lazy fellow, and Hannah Matthews, hot 'apont, an old toothless hag, both of Feversham, were tramell'd by licence at the Cathedral of Seasalter, June 6, 1744. A Caspian bowl of well-acidulated Glimigrim."

"Old Tom Taylor, the great smoaker of Whitstable, and a deaf old woman called Elizabeth Church, were married at Seasalter *with two rings*, Oct. 29, 1734. *Si quis ex successoribus nostris hoc forte legat, rideat si velit.*"

"Rachael, daughter of Will. and Eliz^th^. Fox, bapt^d^. Novr. 10, 1734. —Mrs. Wigmore made the Punch, &c."

AN IRISH REASON FOR NOT ROBBING THE MAIL.

"Let 's rob the mail!" cried Pat to Tim O'Shay,
"And *sack* the *bags* before they reach Kilkenny."
Says Tim, "Be aisy! that same spec won't pay,
"For now a letter 's only worth a penny."

J. S.

ENGLAND'S QUEEN.

ODE FOR MUSIC.

The trumpet-call of Liberty
Through England's wide domain!
It fires the bosoms of the free,
It thrills their every vein:
From our seas the Goddess sprang, and here she built her throne.
Tyrants may not breathe our air;
If to taint our soil they dare,
Rouse thee, lion, from thy lair,
Swift as lightning's angry glare,
Strike them down!

Hero-chiefs of native valour,
Ye have earned your laurels well,
Nor crave I aught of magian lore
Your destinies to tell;
New-rising triumphs o'er my soul expand their proud array!
Ere the Roman eagle flew,
Ere th' Athenian olive grew,
Freedom long had dwelt with you,
And if to her your hearts be true,
She will stay.

There is virtue in the breeze
That lightly fans our temperate skies,
As it murmurs through the old oak-trees,
And o'er the violet sighs;
For our souls with patriot-love its breath inspires.
We may wander far and long
Balmy Eastern groves among,
Yet re-seek the Atlantic strand
Dearer but to prize the land
Of our sires.

O Lady, young and fair,
To whom such noble realm is given,
Loftier state than thine was ne'er
To mortal lent by fav'ring heaven.
Good angels ever guard thy sacred head!
Sweetest flower of this sweet isle,
Thousands wait upon thy smile;
Far from thy lips be taste of woe,
On the neck of each proud foe
May'st thou tread!

Blest auguries abide,
Royal Maiden, in thy name;
No evil chance divide
Thy sovereignty from Britain's fame!
Her faithful love is sworn to be thy shield!
This is thy most costly robe,
Queen of half a subject globe!
This the gem which far outshines
All that from her rifled mines
Earth can yield.

More than magic spells
Guard thy oft-imperill'd youth,
While with thee an inmate dwells,
That unspotted vestal, Truth:
O scorn not thou her mild mysterious voice!
Like the Jove-born goddess, she
Will not stoop to flattery;
Yet to form thy pliant age
By her counsel, heavenly sage,
Be thy choice!

A DAY IN THE BLACK FOREST.

"If care and sorrowe youre mynde oppresse,
Come hitherre and taste of ye hunterres cheere,
Let youre foode be nought but ye redde deeres fleshe,
And your onlie drinke our nutte-browne beere."
Old Song.

I remember some years since, when a schoolboy, going to see Weber's "Der Freischütz," and from that moment was filled with a desire to roam through the extensive forests of Germany, and to take part in those invigorating pursuits in which the Schwarzwälders so enthusiastically engage, and listen to their wild and supernatural legends. It was with no small degree of pleasure, therefore, that I received an invitation from the Jagd Gesellschaft of Forbach to participate in the pleasures of a day's sport in the romantic Black Forest. The time was at length arrived when I should visit the scene where the immortal opera is laid, the very spot where the Schwartz Jäger is supposed to hold his midnight revels.

Having made the requisite preparations, I started from Carlsruhe, accompanied by two friends, on a clear frosty morning in February, 1839. The air was sharp and chill, and the snow very deep upon the ground; but, although the thermometer stood at twenty degrees below zero, the sun shone brilliantly over head, and not a cloud was to be seen. Having arrived at Baden at five o'clock, we proceeded thence to Lichtenthal, a small village about a mile further, and passed the night there, in consequence of having received information that the ordinary tracks through the forest had been obliterated by the snow, which was twenty feet deep in some parts, rendering the journey somewhat hazardous in the darkness of night. I never remember to have spent a pleasanter evening; seated in a snug room before a well-spread table, by the side of a delightful stove, that bade defiance to the frost. Whatever may be said or sung of the cheerfulness of a blazing fire, commend me in such a climate to a German *ofen*, that diffuses its genial warmth into every corner of the room, while a coal fire usually roasts you to death on one side, and leaves the other in a state of frigidity not to be endured. The apartment was not, however, entirely destitute of brilliancy, for in one corner were to be seen four pair of the prettiest eyes imaginable; belonging to four maidens, employed over their spinning-wheels. One of them was a betrothed bride, the others were spinning for her peculiar advantage as fast as their fingers would let them. In the course of the evening they sang a succession of those beautifully simple ballads for which Germany is so famous; and, being possessed of really excellent voices and considerable musical skill, the effect was delightful. After supper we could not do less than invite them to partake of a bowl of mulled wine; and, being reinforced by the village-schoolmaster, a rather novel game of cards was introduced called "Hast du das Blättchen der Liebe nicht gesehen?" in which kissing was the principal incident. The parties who were to co-operate in performing this interesting ceremony being determined by the fall of the cards. So cheerfully passed the evening that the party did not break up till past mid-

night. We started the next morning at seven o'clock, after a substantial breakfast, (according to Tom Cringle's advice,) that is, to stow the ground-tier dry with meat and other solids, and afterwards taking a top-dressing of coffee, eggs, bread and butter, &c.—not forgetting to pouch the most considerable part of a cold hare, and a flask or so of kirchenwasser. Our track lay over a dense pine forest. After a tremendous fag of about two hours, wading up to our middle in snow, we reached the top. A glorious landscape now met our view. The Murgthal lay about a thousand feet immediately below us, and the Murg, which at other times was wont to roar and foam over its rocky bed, now glided silently through the snow, with its sides pinched up by the intensity of the weather, resembling a small inky stream. At a short distance was to be seen a little village; and the tiny tinkling of the church bell alone broke the stillness that reigned around. Mountain ridges, covered by the interminable pine forest, bounded the view. The air was sharp and bracing, and produced an exhilaration of spirits only to be felt on a mountain on a clear frosty day.

"Oh! the fresh morning, heaven's kind messenger."

On approaching a village we met a number of those specimens of womankind whom Lord Byron is pleased to call the

"Peasant girls, with deep blue eyes,
And hands that offer early flowers."

Now, poetical licence is a very good sort of thing in its way; but to a matter-of-fact-personage like myself the deep-blue eyes of these peasant girls bore a striking resemblance to those of a dead fish, glowering with lack-lustre gaze from beneath their hollow sockets; their appearance betokening severe labour and scanty rations. As for the hands that were supposed to offer early flowers, they were on the present occasion employed in dragging a mud-cart; and I can bear testimony that, although the fields might give promise of corn and wine, the poor creatures who cultivated them did not walk *smiling* over this paradise. I should say that their life appeared rather to resemble that of a London donkey. The female peasantry all along the banks of the Rhine, seem to be in a state of hopeless degradation.

Having put up at a small Wirthaus to drink a glass of wine, I took a survey of the "stube" in which we were ensconced. It was a low, white-washed room, fitted with benches and stools; the walls were hung about with a few coloured prints, and the eternal portraits of Leopold and Sophia, the Grossherzog and Grossherzogin, which are to be seen in every Gasthaus in Baden. These were interspersed with a few effusions, the general burthens of which were to the effect that the room of those persons who had no money in their pockets was more desirable than their company. Take a specimen.

"Good cheer and welcome to each guest,
Whose pouch well-furnished is with pence!
You that can pay, here take your rest,
You that can't, go quickly hence."

Mine host was a remarkably kind and disinterested fellow, who seemed to think that no trouble was too great to relieve his guests

from the trouble of acting for themselves. He invariably emptied the bottle into their glasses when he fancied they were too much fatigued to perform that operation for themselves; and then very good-naturedly refilled it from the tap; thereby saving them the trouble of ordering another, certainly a very considerate proceeding. He was a little man, with piercing grey eyes, and with an exceedingly sharp nose. His rib was the ugliest woman I had seen even in Germany, — and that is saying a great deal. She was the exact counterpart of the figure of the Lady in the Saque in an illustration to Sir Walter Scott's "Tapestried Chamber;" and when she grinned, which was often enough (for she was a good-natured old soul,) her face assumed an appearance bordering upon the diabolical, and such a one as I should by no means wish to see between my bed-curtains at midnight.

After leaving this house of entertainment for man and beast, a quarter of an hour's walk brought us to the domicile of our worthy friend, Sebastian Fritz, the jäger. We found a party just preparing to start for the chase; and the previous walk of twelve miles not having at all damped our ardour, we resolved to accompany them. The party consisted of about a dozen; each man was provided with a rifle, a hunting-bag, and iron spikes in the heels of his boots; and the *cortège* was followed by two or three of those good-natured, ragged vagabonds, which the Germans call *taugenichts*, and the Scotch ne'er-do-weel, who are always ready to go on such expeditions to beat the bushes, and take care of the dogs, if it is only to delude themselves into the idea that they are doing a day's work. On the way I was very much struck by the beautiful appearance of the various waterfalls and watermills. They were all completely frozen, and looked like glass as they glittered in the sunbeams.

After beating about the mountain's side for two or three hours without success, we struck into the depth of the forest, and were stationed at different points by an old huntsman, who seemed to have his weather-eye up; and the before-mentioned "ne'er-do-weels," were despatched to beat the bushes. A quarter of an hour elapsed, during which the deepest stillness prevailed, with the exception of the faint baying of the dogs in the distance. The scene was sombre and gloomy in the extreme: we were surrounded on every hand by the black tannenbäumen which bent beneath the weight of snow which covered them, their stems cased in a thick rind of moss; several scattered over the rock, evidently overthrown by some recent tempest: added to which, the night began to fall, and the cold became intense. My ardour was fast cooling for I was standing up to my middle in snow, when, hush! — whiz — bang — a shot was heard, a faint rustling, and in another moment a splendid roebuck was seen plunging through the thicket; he staggered onwards for a few paces, and then fell dead at my feet. What a picture for Landseer! The beautiful animal lay bleeding upon the snow, still graceful even in death, surrounded by the dogs, which crouched down as if guarding their prey; while a party of huntsmen were discussing weighty matters touching the animal's age, and congratulating the marksman, who was no other than the Sebastian himself. Suddenly another shot was heard in a distant part of the forest; but this was not attended by similar success. The buck was hit, however, and tracked by his blood till all traces were lost in a dense thicket. It was

now high time to return; but it was first necessary to take some refreshment; and, spying at a little distance a blazing fire, which proceeded from the encampment of a party of charcoal-burners, we immediately joined them. The German huntsmen were hearty, good-humoured fellows; but their enormous beards and moustachios gave them a wild, not to say ferocious aspect, not a little increased by the glare of the fire on their weather-beaten faces; altogether they would not have conveyed to the eye of an artist a bad idea of a band of robbers at their midnight carousals. "As hungry as a hunter" is a well-known proverb, and on this occasion it was sufficiently proved, hunches of cold meat, dried tongue, and ham, disappeared in an incredibly short space of time, washed down with proportionate quantities of spirits and Rhein wine: and as wine maketh the heart glad, certain members of the company related occasionally an anecdote or struck up a song.

"Och!" said Adolf Asall, "it was on such a night as this that my father shot the ——"

"Silence, fool!" roared Sebastian, "are we never to hear the last of that cursed story of your father shooting the seven poachers?"

"Shooting seven poachers!" exclaimed my friend; "I should very much like to hear that story."

"It is told in a few words," said Sebastian.—"The said poachers had committed numerous depredations in the forest, which were at length discovered by old Asall, and the seven rogues were heavily fined. For this they swore that they would murder the old huntsman whenever they met him alone in the forest; and there is no doubt that they would have been as good as their word if he had not prevented them. On a certain evening he was out with his dog and gun near this very spot, and fell in with the rascals. He had only just time to dart into a thicket, when a volley of bullets whizzed about his ears. Knowing that he should never leave the forest alive if he did not take hasty measures, he immediately resolved to pick off every man of them; which he did, and there is an end of the story, which this knave would not have told in less than two hours. But," continued he, "if you have a mind for a good jolly story, old Peter von Kraft is your man."

The individual alluded to was the Grand Duke's principal huntsman in the district; to which occupation he added the somewhat incongruous one of tailor. He was also bürgermeister of the village, and was altogether rather an important personage. He was a little man, with very odd small eyes, and seemed to have the faculty of looking two ways at once; he was reputed the best shot and the best story-teller in the neighbourhood. After a good deal of persuasion, and a little coquetting, he was induced to relate the following, which we shall call

THE HUNTSMAN'S STORY.

"Some years ago there lived in the village of Eberstein a farmer named Diederich von Raupp, who was tolerably well to do as the world went. He was a great favourite with everybody except his wife, who was the most terrible virago in the village, and thought she was entitled *ex officio* to make him as miserable as she could. In his turn, the good man thought that, as he could get no

peace at home, he had an undoubted right to go where he could get it. This caused a great many domestic altercations, which were invariably terminated by Diederich marching off to the neighbouring public-house, to make his mind happy over a bowl of mulled wine, and it was very curious that he generally found about half-a-dozen disinterested individuals, who lamented his domestic affliction, assisted him to drink his wine, and listened to his stories with the most devout attention.

"It so happened that the farmer had on a certain occasion some affairs to transact in Baden Baden; and in whatever way he might commence his business he always made a point of finishing it over a bowl of his favourite liquor, thereby fulfilling the very wholesome precept of making pleasure and business agree. He started homeward soon after mid-day, and trudged manfully over the pine-clad mountain which rises between Baden and Eberstein. Diederich was a firm believer in all sorts of supernatural lore, but he could not help thinking as he walked along that it was exceedingly strange what had become of those hosts of sprites and goblins with which every forest and ruin in Germany used to abound in the days of yore. Then whenever there happened to be an unusually heavy thunder storm on an unusually tempestuous night, it could not possibly proceed from any other cause than that the Black Huntsman was pursuing his wild sport through the air; and if at any time lights were seen, and strange noises heard, in any of the old castles, they must have been in consequence of the spirits of the departed barons holding their midnight revelry in those halls where they had formerly presided in the flesh. Latterly, however, those respectable personages had not been known to favour the longing eyes of mortals with a sight of their interesting visages. While pondering these matters in his mind, Diederich arrived at these conclusions, the top of the mountain, and the ruins of Baden Castle. Walking had produced weariness, and the heat of the weather thirst; he therefore betook himself to what had once been the court-yard of the castle, and seating himself in the shade, relieved the former, and appeased his thirst by application to a bottle. The old courtyard was now filled with pine trees, some of which grew out of the walls; on one side was a flight of steps leading to the keep, and on the other the Gothic windows of the large hall; beneath which was a suspicious-looking apartment, which evidently led to the dungeons. Diederich seated himself upon a fragment of stone near a port-hole, which commanded a view of Lichtenthal over the tops of the trees. He continued to lay the bottle under constant contribution, drinking all manner of toasts and sentiments. As all things must come to an end, so Diederich came to the bottom of his flask, and the last draught was devoted to his own peculiar honour and glory, — his noble self. In the height of his enthusiasm, and as an accompaniment to the cheering with which he honoured the toast, he threw away the bottle, which, as it fell dashed to atoms on the rocks below, disturbed the meditations of a couple of owls that were reposing in their respective ivy-bushes. As, with a loud too-whooing, they flew into the forest, these might have been taken for the spirits of the place entering their protest against the profanation which had thus been offered where the loud *hebe hoch's* had resounded in days of old

in honour of the fair, and noble, and knightly. Being of a thoughtful cast, as has been already shown, Diederich could not help recurring to those happy times when the banners of the Counts of Eberstein used to wave proudly over the battlements, and when a German nobleman could cut off one of the ears of his vassals for his morning's amusement without being obliged to resort to frivolous employment to pass away his time, as is the case now-a-days; and when, if he should be in want of a scarecrow, he could hang up a retainer without the least ceremony, thus saving a great deal of time in making an effigy; besides, it looked so much more natural that no bird in its sober senses would venture to approach it.

"At length Diederich began to doze, and in a few moments he fell into a profound sleep. How long he remained in this state it is impossible to say, but he was suddenly aroused by a loud blowing of horns, and a clashing and clattering of spears. He started up, and rubbed his eyes in astonishment. Every thing was changed: the court-yard appeared as it must have done in its most palmy days, and was filled with individuals clothed in antique hunting-dresses. Not wanting in courage, he boldly walked into the midst of the group to make some inquiries into the nature of their proceedings; but to his great wonderment no one took the least notice of him; they seemed to be quite unaware of his presence. Presently the whole party filed through a low archway, and, impelled by curiosity, Diederich followed them. They passed along a gallery hung round with helmets, spears, and crossbows, and thence emerged into a large apartment ornamented all round with enormous antlers, with an inscription under each stating when, where, and by whom, the animal to which it had formerly belonged was shot. The new comers were welcomed by another party, who were carousing at a long table. Diederich could not help being struck by the appearance of a personage seated at the upper end of the festive board, the most prominent feature in whose face appeared to be his nose; in fact, the whole fire of his composition seemed to be concentrated in that remarkable organ, and the pallid colour of the other parts of his face contrasted strongly with a pair of enormous black moustachios and beard. He was engaged in roaring a bacchanalian song while reclining gracefully, with one leg on the table, his right arm employed in flourishing a large goblet over his head, and the left in the most affectionate manner twined round the neck of the worthy who sat next him. One eye was closed in a very facetious way, and the other fixed with a comical sort of ferocity upon his neighbour; who, by the air of satisfaction which played about his features, and the bending of his head to the time, seemed to indicate that the sentiments contained in the song met with his entire approbation. Other parties were giving way to those little endearments which are invariably called forth at a time when man's best feelings are said to possess him. Indeed, the whole company were evidently following up the advice contained in the old song, which enjoins

> "Now let them drynke tyll they nod and winke,
> Even as goode fellowes sholde doe,"

and there certainly did not appear to be the least danger that the present assemblage would

"Mysse to have the blisse
Good wine doth bring man to."

Diederich thought it was a queer business; but he had heard a great many queer stories, and naturally supposed that the time had arrived when he should figure as the hero of some wonderful adventure; but what puzzled him most was, that the company seemed perfectly unaware that there was a stranger among them. He learned, however, from the tenor of their conversation, that Bertha, the fair daughter of the Count von Eberstein, was to be married on the morrow, and there would be a great banquet this night in honour of the bridegroom, who was expected every moment. Diederich had always considered that the Counts of Eberstein had been in their graves for centuries, and was revolving these incongruities in his mind, when the loud blast of a horn was heard. The bridegroom had arrived. All was bustle and activity. What a ringing of horses' hoofs was there! and what a clattering of swords and spears when the Baron von Gurgelschneider and his followers rode into the courtyard! Such a display of beards and moustachios as none but a German baron's retainers could exhibit! But who shall describe the baron himself? He was an *interesting youth* of between sixty and seventy, with a bald head, sharp, aquiline nose, and small grey eyes; and, if he had but little hair upon his head to boast of, the deficiency was amply made up by his large white whiskers, which were united with an equally large pair of moustachios of the same colour, which added greatly to the general air of benevolence that played upon his features, and gave a peculiarly pleasing appearance to the expression of his upper lip; in a word, his *tout ensemble* was that of an ouran outang with his hair powdered.

"The great hall was prepared for the banquet. The old suits of armour, which were arranged in groups, together with battle-axes, spears, and other warlike weapons, between the painted glass windows, had been furbished up; and the banners waved from the gallery. The table groaned beneath the weight of the good cheer with which it was loaded. At the upper end was seated the Count himself, looking very lordly and ferocious. On his right hand were the bride and bridegroom, and the whole of the dais was occupied by knights and ladies. At the lower end sat the retainers, according to the good old custom; who, if their fare was not quite so delicate, seemed to enjoy it quite as much, which was the hauptsache. Soon after the repast was finished the ladies thought it time to retire, and the fun became fast and furious; heads began to droop, and bodies to disappear in the most mysterious way. If the table had been previously groaning beneath the weight of good things, it was by no means to be compared with the groaning that was now heard under the table, where numerous boars, bears, and fatted calves were reposing after having thrown their various loads and cares together with themselves upon the bosom of their mother earth. The Count and the Baron, however, maintained their respective positions manfully; the former was reclining in an easy attitude, with one leg over the back of his chair, bidding defiance to the ills of life; and the latter, while he expressed peace and good will to all men, was engaged in pouring the contents of a wine flagon over the knowledge box of a neigbour who had fallen asleep with his head on the table, fancying in the innocence of his heart that he was fill-

ing his goblet. It was at this stage of the proceeding that Diederich caught the eye of an arch-looking little waiting-maid, who was telegraphing in the doorway, and evidently was beckoning him to follow her. Glad enough to be taken notice of at last, he followed the footsteps of the damsel to the private room of the youthful bride, whom he found bathed in tears, and with a handkerchief to her eyes, sobbing most mournfully; she informed Diederich how she could not endure the Baron Ernest von Gurgelschneider, but had agreed to marry him from fear of her father, and nevertheless would rather die than submit to the embraces of such an old monster. Diederich assured her that she was perfectly right; indeed, if she acted otherwise it would be without precedent, and he further agreed to do all in his power to assist her escape. The lady Bertha was all smiles and gratitude; and Diederich, who had never seen any one half so lovely before, soon began to forget his virago of a wife. Cloaks were provided, and Bertha having packed up all her valuables, made her way with Diederich towards the postern, which they opened softly; no sooner, however, had they safely bolted it, as they fancied, than they found themselves locked in the grasp of two stout retainers, while the Count and the Baron were close by the side of them in a high state of excitement.

" 'Hurl me this rascal from the highest battlement," roared the Count von Eberstein. 'Or rather stop. Summon the headsman; the villain's kopf will make an excellent scarecrow.'

" 'Pardon me, my Lord,' said the Baron; 'we must not be too hard upon the *armer tropf;* besides, I cannot bear the unnecessary shedding of blood. It affects my nerves. We must temper justice with mercy. Pray, is there such a thing as a well in the neighbourhood?'

" 'To be sure there is, in one of the dungeons,' replied the Count; 'I pitched Rudolph Hirchenfunger into it the other day for presuming to spear a wild boar before I came up to give him orders.'

" 'Then, suppose we pitch this scoundrel in, to keep him company,' replied the Baron. 'It will be more comfortable to his feelings, and it will be over before he is aware of it,' and he smiled benevolently at the culprit.

" 'Ah!' said the Count, 'you are a great deal too good-natured.'

" 'I am aware of it,' said the Baron, 'but it is an amiable weakness, you know.'

" 'An amiable fiddlestick's end!' said the Count. 'If I had my will he should be rent by wild horses. But, thank God! I have no amiable weaknesses. Do what you will with him.'

" Poor Diederich wished the baron and his good nature at the bottom of the Mummel sea, — if, indeed, there is any bottom to it; but he was determined to bear his fate like a man, and comforted himself with the idea that at all events he should never be troubled again by his wife, and that was no small consolation. But, when he was led into the noisome dungeon, he not only began to feel cold and damp himself, but his courage was considerably damped also, and when he found himself hanging over the mouth of the well, he fairly shrieked with horror.

" 'Down with him!' roared the Count, and down he went, losing his senses for a few moments; and, when he recovered, he found himself lying in a large puddle by the side of the rock upon which

he had sat when he took his doze. It was a tremendous night; the lightning was gleaming in the sky, and the rain pouring down in torrents, he was wet to the skin, and shivered with cold; but that was better than being at the bottom of a well. He made a hasty retreat homeward, being afraid to look back, for fear of seeing the benevolent countenance of the Baron Ernest von Gurgelschneider. There were some persons — his wife among the number — who ventured to hint that he had been drinking too much, and had been dreaming; but as this never failed to put him in a towering passion, and as he was never known to suffer any man to drink out of his punchbowl who disputed his veracity, it is astonishing how soon universal credence was given to the wonderful history of Diederich von Raupp.

W. H. T.

THE ROUND TABLE.

BY OLINTHUS JENKINSON.

THERE is a little river, of about the same size as the one Dr. Johnson jumped over in Scotland, in Hillsborough County, which in the Indian dialect rejoices in the name of Quohquinopassakirsananna-quog: — so careful are they to give everything its right name. No Richmond in Surrey, Richmond in Yorkshire, with them. Certain it is that names are of great importance, for invariably ideas are attached to them which it is hard to get rid of. Supposing, for instance, a Mr. John Potts to have penetrated into the interior of France,—let the gossip of Paris be as household words in his mouth, —let him proceed to Italy, and come back redolent of Camāos, and Pompayē, and La Scala, and the Maestri, and studios, and all that sort of thing,—let him talk of Rudesheimer amongst men as though it were but ditch-water, and go into modified hysterics over Mendelsohn amongst the weaker vessels, — let him be as familiar with Poles as the bears in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, — he may even have extended his researches to that land where the art of language consists in taking two vowels, and consonants *à discretion*, and combining these into one thing, which is called a word, with a whistleandsneezeandspit sound at the end of it, — he may get disguised on Tokay in Hungary, on Constantia at the Cape, on Hodson's pale ale in the East, and on sangaree along with the Baptist Missionaries in Jamaica. Let him do this—let him, I say, do all this. He may be tall, and pale, and very interesting, — let his jetty locks curl in profusion over his high marble brow,—let him have aggerawators in addition, without the assistance of Rowland's Opodeldoc, —Macassar, I mean,—let him write Byron-and-water, renounce animal diet, and turn down his collars, sing Swiss songs, with a charming repetition of la, la, la, ayieo, dotted in between every line,—let him

throw out dark hints of criminal proceedings and misdemeanours in which he has been engaged, which would infallibly cause him to be prosecuted as the law directs if he was discovered. Again, I say, let him do all this, and be adorned with all these gifts of art and nature, and then offer to lead the fair Cecilia Milkanwata to the hymeneal altar, and we will give any gentleman any odds that she informs him that she is very much obliged for his good opinion, but that she would see him something very unpleasanted first:—Cecilia Potts! in the name of the prophet—Figs. Imagine for a moment Donna Maria da Gloria Isabella Leopoldina da Cruz Francesca Xavier da Paula Isidora Michaela Gabriela Raphaela Gonzaga — is she not every inch a queen? — a question not to be asked. Had she been plain Sophy, might she not *ipso facto* have been dethroned? — a question to be asked. There is some truth in the old superstition of Greece, that the name imposed on a man (at the baptismal font, we were going to write) in some manner prefigured his fate. Thus, with them, *Helen* was supposed to have been marked out as a hell to the city of Troy, and to the people of her own country. *Henry*, with us, might be supposed to keep a grey mare in his stable; *John*, to be destined to a perpetual cold in his head, and so forth.

What man, woman, or child (those of the steam-engine go-a-head class excepted) could ever entertain a respect for the memory of Horne Tooke? Can we forget the feelings with which in our younger days we took down the Diversions of Purley from the book-shelves, under the idea of being instructed in the making of squibs and other combustibles, or, at any rate, of finding some amusement in the Boy's Own Book or Elegant Extract style? It is, doubtless, a useful and a learned production. We must have etymological, and ornithological, and icthyological dictionaries; but why on earth not name them so? Who would think of styling Tom Jones or Clarissa Harlowe "A Call to the Unconverted?"—or of refuting the Oxford Tracts under colour of "Evenings at Home?" If one was to call Dr. Dionysius Lardner's inveterate publication "Tales and Romances by the Author of Waverley," would it not be base, unjust, and unkind?

Such being the importance of names, it may be the less wondered at that some little hesitation arose as to the title it would be fitting to affix to these papers, containing a rather promiscuous assortment of selections from poets ancient and modern, differing in age, and style, and country, — in fact, in whatever can constitute difference in poetry, flowing as it does from one fountain through many channels. After as much internal reasoning as Launce bestowed upon his shoes to know which was his father and which his mother, we have determined upon the name of the Round Table, or Table Round (this is left to the reader's discretion), so that, as in the case of the minor prophets, all invidious distinctions might be avoided; and when the cloth is drawn, the whole of the *genus irritabile* here present may pull off their coats, and sit down in all good fellowship to spend a sociable evening over their favourite liquors.

Amongst the first of our collection we find an epitaph, if it may be so termed, written upon the Homer of Italy by a kindred spirit, Michael Angelo. Both of them excelled in the terrible. The following passage is curious, as showing how fond of this writer our own greatest poet was; it is taken from a letter of his to Bonmatthei the Florentine, with whom he made acquaintance during

his sojourn in Italy. "As far as my time of life permits," says he "I, who have drained deep goblets at the fountains of Greece and Rome, can yet once and again, with a right good will and a hearty appetite, feast at the table of Dante and Petrarch, and many others of your nation. Nor can the Attic Athens with her transparent Ilissus, nor the antique Rome enthroned on the banks of her Tiber, avail to quench my desire of frequently revisiting your Arno, and the Fæsulan hills." But here is the sonnet on Dante:

He went down to the world's dark caves, and then,
When both hells he had seen, alive with God,
Guarded by mighty thoughts, in heaven he trod,
And true light brought from thence on earth to men.
A star of mighty power to mortal ken,
With luminous beams he bared the eternal gloom,
And, as the bad world's wont is, met the doom
At last which small-prized heroes often gain,—
And Dante's labours were but slightly known!
An ingrate nation mourns, slow to confess
The greatness of the great whilst yet they live.
Would I were such! a kindred fate mine own,
Such virtues mine, such exile's bitterness,
The world's most high estate I 'd gladly give!

The story of the dissensions between the Cancellieri Bianchi (the Whiteboys) and the Cancellieri Negri (the blackguards) is quaintly and beautifully told by Giovanni Fiorentino, who flourished near the period of Boccaccio. It is contained in the volume entitled Il Pecorone, or the Dunce. They were the two branches of the family of Messer Cancelliere by two wives, and resided at Pistoia. Dante, when chief of the Priors at Florence, recommended that the two principals should be sent for to the city, and gave occasion thereby to violent dissensions, which were ultimately the cause of his own banishment by Charles of Valois. As Dante is said to have graduated at Oxford, he should possess a more than ordinary interest for Englishmen. Here is a sonnet of his own in honour of his ladye-love Beatrice:

So fair my ladye-love is wont to show,
  Modest withal when she doth men salute,
  That every tongue becomes with reverence mute,
And every timid eye is sunk full low;
Feeling the praise, she then away will go,
  Robing herself in mild humility,
  So that one fair thing here on earth should be
A heaven-sent miracle on earth below.
So fair she seems to all who may her meet,
  A pleasure each one for himself must prove
Pierceth the heart, shot from her beaming eye.
  From her disparted lips the breath so sweet
Proceedeth forth, and laden so with love,
  That to the fainting soul it whispers—Sigh.

Could any one imagine this to proceed from the same pen which wrote—

Questi sciaurati che mai non fur vivi
Erano ignudi, e stimolati molto
Da mosconi, e da vespe ch' eran ivi:
  Elle rigavan lor di sangue il volto,
Che mischiato di lagrime a' lor piedi
Da fastidissi vermi era racolto.

Let us all believe that the Ladye Beatrice was the daughter of Folco de' Portinari, "bellissima ed onestissima donzella," and not the meagre allegorical virtue which certain men, sons of Belial, would make her out to be. Who would reduce Laura, and Beatrice, and Fiammetta, and Geraldine to the level of the three asterisks to whom sucking poets address, "Most beautiful, I love thee!" One might as well fancy that these exquisite lines were written on the inspiration of the "portrait of a lady" or "portrait of a gentleman" in Somerset House. They are by the princely Lorenzo de' Medici.

The thought full many a time returns on me,
  Nor can I from my memory efface,
All I can do, the time she drew the place
  Where first I did my gentle ladye see.
Love, thou didst always bear her company,
  Was she not beauteous? Thou canst speak to this—
Her beauty, grace, and saint-like loveliness
  May not be told, no, nor conceived be.
Her hair upon her robe of white so fell,
  As on the snow-capt hills with scatter'd ray
Apollo's splendid light doth fair arise.
  It is not time nor place for me to tell
How, where so bright a sun, 'tis ever day—
  And where so bright a ladye—Paradise.

Francesco Petrarca has left a record in his brief sketch of his own life, which any man must be a pagan to disbelieve. "Laura," says he, "first shone before my eyes in the flower of my youth, in the year of our Lord 1327, on the 6th of April, at dawn, in the church of the Santa Chiara, in Avignon; and in the same city, in the same month of April, on the same day, the 6th, at the same hour, in the year of our Redemption 1340, this bright season was bereft of this bright light, whilst I was in Verona, ignorant, alas! of my calamity."

The epigrams which follow scarce need any remark, they belong to a different age and a different nation; the first is from Martial, on a statue of Hercules belonging to Nonius Vindex.

"Alciden modo Vindicis rogabam."—Lib. iv. 45.

"Alcides?" said I, when Vindex displayed it,—
"Whose happy hand so true to life has made it?"
He laughed—he always does, and, nodding to it,
"Forget your Greek," says he, "and you a poet?
The base will tell you. Phidias for ever!"
I cried, "Z. Y. Lysippus? well I never!"

"Omnes Sulpiciam legant puellæ."—Lib. x. 35.

All maidens should Sulpicia read,
Who seek to please one amn indeed.

Each husband here should study deep,
Who seeks one maiden's love to keep.
She does not rave of Colchis' sinner,
Nor spread Thyestes' dreadful dinner.
Scylla and Byblis knows not she;
True love she sings, and chastity.
Sports, charms, and jestings will delight you
In her sweet verse. Who judges rightly,
No songstress deems more archly witty,
And never holier a ditty;
Egeria, in her fountain cave,
With Numa used such jokes to have;
Sappho more skilled and modest were
If brought up with, or taught by her:
Stern Phaon would have far preferred her
If he with her had seen and heard her.
In vain, she would not wish to stay
The Thunderer's wife a single day;
Nor Bacchus', Phœbus' paramour,
Whene'er Calenus is no more.

To Sulpicia, in Tibullus, iv. 2.

From Heaven descend, great Mars, if wise; for see,
Sulpicia decked, these calends is for thee.
Thou 'st Venus' leave, surprised, mad god, beware,
Lest to thy shame thine arms dishonoured are;
For in her eyes, to scorch the gods above,
Twin lamps enkindled are by cruel Love.
Whate'er she does, where'er her footstep goes,
To grace her form a secret beauty glows.
Her hair when loosened shows most beautiful;
But, when she combs it, then more lovely still.
She wins all hearts, in Tyrian robes arrayed;
She wins them still, with snowy vest displayed,
So bright Vertumnus, on the Olympian height;
In each one charms, in thousand charms bedight.
Tyre deems her worthiest, and her alone,
The fleece twice steeped in costly dyes to own.
Give her whate'er upon her fragrant plains
Of odorous spice blest Araby contains;
And shells which near the sun's steed's eastern door
Picks the swart Æthiop from the ruddy shore.
Her on this festal day ye Muses praise;
Thy shelly lyre for her, proud Phœbus, raise;
This sacred rite for many a year shall stand;
No maiden worthier is to join your band.

" Hic festinatâ requiescit Erotion umbrâ," &c.—*Martial*, x. 61.

Erotion sleeps beneath this greedy shade,
Six winters only Fate decreed the maid.
Who o'er this little farm shalt next hold sway
To her slight manes annual reverence pay.
So may thy house, thy people live; alone
Within thy bounds this one sepulchral stone.

"Hæc mihi quæ colitur violis pictura rosisque," &c.—*Martial*, x. 32.

On a picture of Marcus Antonius Primus.

Whose picture this, my friend, you seek to know,
Round which the roses and the violets glow.
Antonius, such when life was in its prime;
In this, now old, he traces bygone time.
Might art but feign the mind's own purity,
No fairer picture here on earth could be.

" Quisquis Flaminiam teris viator," &c.—*Martial*, xi. 13.

Epitaph of Paris, the pantomimist.

Who treadest the Flaminian way,
Before this costly marble stay:
The town's delight, the wit of Nile,
Art, pleasure, elegance, each smile,
Joy, sorrow of the stage of Rome,
Each Cupid, and each Venus' bloom,
With Paris lie within the tomb.

The ballad which follows is taken from the beautiful collection of Spanish ballads which have been published at Leipsig by Depping. Any one who has taste and elegance of mind sufficient to appreciate our own beautiful English ballads, or Spenser, or Scott, or him who sang

" Le donne, i cavalier, l'arme, gli amori,
Le cortesie, l'audaci imprese,"

will in this collection meet with a never-failing source of delight. This one may possess some interest from our old associations with the Knight of La Mancha, and his descent into the cavern of Montesínos: he is conducted by the venerable guide to "una sala baja, fresquísima sobre modo y toda de alabastro, donde estaba un sepulcro de mármol con gran maestría fabricado, sobre el cual vi á un caballero tendido de largo á largo, no de bronce, ni de mármol, ni de jaspe hecho, como los suele haber en otros sepulcros; sino de pura carne, y de puros huesos." This cavalier is the miserable Durandarte, held in a state of living death by the enchantments of Merlin. Like the unfortunate father in the monastery, he is possessed by a singing devil; but, instead of "Good luck to your fishing," the burden of his song runs, " O mi primo Montesínos," &c. There is nothing here attempted beyond a simple version from the Spanish.

O Belerma! O Belerma!
  Thou wert born my bane to be;
Seven years I served thee truly,
  Nothing did I gain from thee.

In battle, ere I felt thy pity,
  A dying man, alas! I lay;
Thought of death could never move me,
  Though I fell before my day.

But I grieve no more to see thee,
  Never more to be thy slave;
O, my cousin Montesínos,
  Grant the last boon I shall crave!

As soon as I in death shall slumber,
And my soul and body part,
To the place where is Belerma
That thou wouldst convey my heart.

As from you I have expected,
Keep it well, for sake of me,
Every week but two times only
Call it to your memory.

Bid her call to her remembrance
How very dear she was to me;
All my manors give, and make her
Ladye of my signiory.

And since I, alas! have lost her,
All is gone that I held dear;
Montesínos, Montesínos,
O, the torture of that spear!

Now I feel my arm is wearied,
I no more may wield the sword;
And my wounds are gaping widely,
And my blood in streams outpoured.

With dismay my heart is fainting,
And my hands are very cold;
Who saw us both from France departing,
In France no more shall both behold.

Kiss, O kiss me, Montesínos!
Now my soul ascends on high,
And my words are uttered thickly,
Mist surrounds my glazed eye.

Take thou to thee all my armour,
In the which I here have died;
The Lord in whom you trust doth hear you,
If you to your word abide.

Durandarte gave the ghost up
At a lofty mountain's base;
Loud lamented Montesínos
To be present in the place.

Straight he took his armour off him,
From his side ungirt his blade;
And then, with a little poniard,
For his friend a grave he made.

His heart from out his side he took it,
To his plighted honour true,
To convey it to Belerma,
As he ordered him to do.

And the words which there he uttered
Sprang from out his very soul,
O my cousin Durandarte!
O thou kinsman of my soul!

O thou gallant blade unconquered!
  Most chivalrous of chivalry!
Whoso slew thee, O my kinsman,
  Let him guard himself from me!

We come to a few short specimens of a different class—the Greek epigrams, the sonnets of Greece. They may perhaps not unaptly be termed so, as mostly embodying one thought, developed in a few lines. The grace and loveliness of youth, beauty, the joys of drinking, the deformities of old age, the biting sarcasm pointed against the coward, the impostor, the false pretender to learning, — all these formed the subject of these exquisite fragments of antiquity. One prevailing idea runs through the liveliest of them, the deep bass accompanying their merriest moods, that of "eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die," and thus separates them by a great gulf from all poetry of modern times. It is to be traced in these lines of Rufinus on his mistress Melite, although remotely. Petrarch would have spoken of a happy meeting in heaven with his Laura; Boccaccio, with his Fiammetta. Rufinus wishes to bestow on his mistress (let the expression pass) the perishable immortality of sculpture.

Ποῦ νῦν Πραξιτέλης ποῦ δ'αἱ χέρες αἱ Πολυκλείτου; κ. τ. λ.

Praxiteles and Polycleitus, where,
Beneath whose hands their works, yea, soulèd were?
These fragrant locks of Melite, who may,
With eye of fire and glowing neck, portray?
Ye founders, sculptors, come! a shrine should be
To hold such beauty for a deity!

Here is a shorter one, a compliment to a physician, Magnus — a rare thing with the Greeks; for the epigrams abound with sarcasms against the learned faculty. What would they have said to St. John Long, and Mesmerism, and homœopathy?

Μάγνος ὅτ' εἰς 'Αΐδην κατέβην, κ. τ. λ.

When Magnus came to Hades, Pluto said,
Shaking the while—"He 's come to raise the dead!"

Paul the Silentiary to his mistress.
Εἰμὶ μὲν οὐ φιλόοινος, κ. τ. λ.

No drunkard I; but only taste the cup,
If thou wouldst have me drunk,—I drink it up.
Let thy lips touch it, no such easy thing
Sober to 'scape that cup's sweet offering;
For then the goblet wafts to me thy kiss,
And so imparts its late receivèd bliss.

The same to his mistress.
Εἰ καὶ τηλοτέρω Μερόης, κ. τ. λ.

Further than Meroë should thy footsteps bend,
Winged Love to bear me there his wings can lend.
Go to the East, where like thee glows the sun;
I, too, on foot the unmeasured course will run.
I send a small sea-gift, propitious be;
The sea-born Paphian goddess brings it thee.
Thy lovely form eclipses all her charms,
And, for she owns it, all her boasts disarms.

Marianus.

Ἠ καλὸν ἄλσος Ἔρωτος ὅπου καλὰ δένδρεα ταῦτα.

Sacred to love this grove! Through these fair trees
With soft breath whispers on all sides the breeze.
Sparkling with flowers is the dewy ground;
Her gems the violet cups, that here abound.
Here, from three rows of pipes, the Naiads' fount
Is shot aloft; each jet doth higher mount.
See, too, along the banks old Iris come,
Girding the long-haired Hamadryads' home.
In these glad fields the olives' rich fruit twines
Throughout the sunny plain with clustering vines.
Here warble nightingales; in harmony
Chirrups some grasshopper a shrill reply.
My gate is open. Stranger, pass not by;
Take some small gift of hospitality.

SONG OF THE MOUNTAIN ASH.

It is not vanity in me,—but all
The wanton zephyrs come and do declare
That when I'm leaning o'er a waterfall,
I am of sylvan beauties the most fair! *
Think not I bend to see my mirror'd form
In deep and glassy stream beneath my feet.
Graceful or not, it was the mountain storm
That shaped me thus, and not my own conceit.

For I by nature have been tall and straight.—
The warrior's wind-nursed spear of old was I,†
And breathed my sweets by fanes now desolate,‡
E'en where my sacred brother oak was nigh!
Though here, with scatter'd memories, I sink
Wherever chance may fix my love for earth :§
But, might I choose, sweet crystal river's brink ||
Is where I 'd rock the cradle of my birth!

* Virgil, too, amongst the poets, describes the Ash as the fairest tree of the forest:

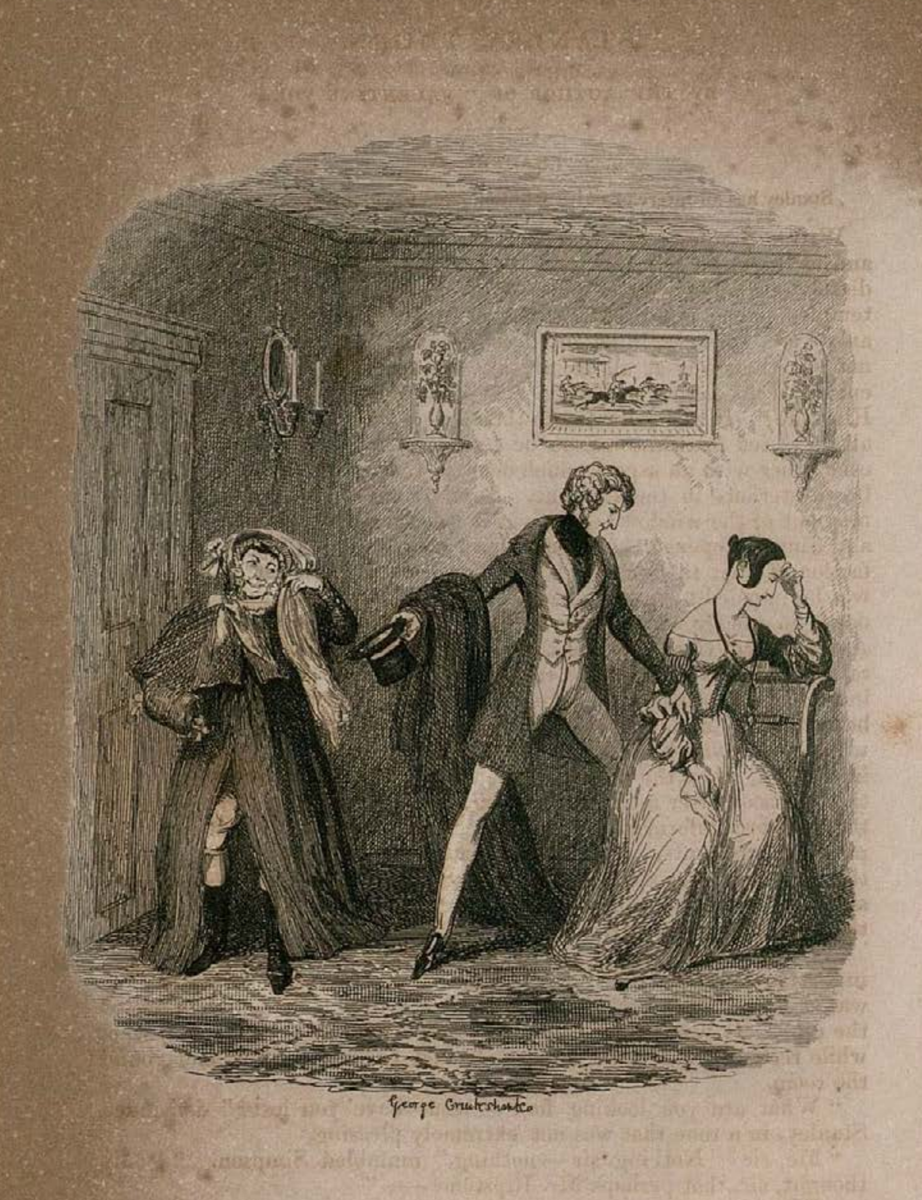
Fraxinus in sylvis pulcherrima.

† *Et fraxinus utilis hastis* (Ovid); and Homer, describing the spear of Agamemnon, has, "ἔχων ἀνεμοτρεφὲς ἔγχος."—Il. λ. Seneca observes that woods most exposed to the winds are the strongest and most solid; and that therefore Chiron made Achilles's spear of a mountain-tree.

‡ The sweet-smelling mountain-ash, or roan-tree, was held in great veneration by the Druids.

§ *Tantus amor terræ* (Virg.); and Evelyn of the ash says, it is an obstinate and deep rooter.

|| By the banks of *sweet and crystal rivers*, I have observed them to thrive infinitely.—Evelyn.



The Elopement.

London, Published by Richard Bentley, 1840.

STANLEY THORN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VALENTINE VOX."

CHAPTER IV.

Stanley has an interview with Ripstone, and upsets his nerves altogether.

When Stanley had summoned the servants with due promptitude and violence, he left the room, and such restoratives as were immediately available were applied with great delicacy and zeal to the temples, palms, and nostrils of the overwhelmed widow. The attendants were, however, in an intellectual maze, out of which they could not see their way at all clearly, for their mistress had not been accustomed to faint: and then that Mr. Ripstone!—where was Mr. Ripstone? It really seemed to them, viewing the thing as they did in all its varied ramifications, to be very suspicious; and they looked at each other with an aspect which denoted that they absolutely felt it to be mysterious in the extrême. Surely Stanley had not pitched the man out of the window?—and yet it was thought extremely probable; and Simpson opened the window with a view to the immediate satisfaction of that thought; but Mr. Ripstone was not in the area!—nor was he impaled upon any one of the spikes! This had a direct tendency to render the mystery more dense, for who had let him out? As not one of them had had that honour, the impression became general that he was still in the room. They hence examined every place in which it was both most likely and most unlikely for a gentleman to be concealed, and the butler was just on the point of ascertaining whether the well-known hat and peculiar cloak of Mr. Ripstone were in the hall, when the widow developed striking symptoms of reanimation and soon after retired for the night, without, however, imparting the slightest information as to the cause of the occurrence to her puzzled attendants, who—having created innumerable conjectures with the celebrated tact and ingenuity of their order—were by no means satisfied, but felt, strongly and most acutely felt, that there was something at the bottom of it.

As soon as the widow had retired the drawing-room bell was rung, in a style in which it never by any chance was rung save when Stanley was at home. There could not be two opinions about who had pulled the rope. It was therefore immediately answered by Simpson, who, while receiving orders for supper, looked curiously round and round the room.

"What are you looking for?—what have you lost?" demanded Stanley, in a tone that was not extremely pleasing.

"Me, sir? Nothing, sir—nothing," mumbled Simpson. "I only thought, sir, that perhaps Mr. Ripstone ——"

"What!" exclaimed Stanley.

Simpson muttered something, of which the design was apparently to convey some idea, and vanished.

Now, albeit the widow retired to bed, her sensibilities had received so powerful a shock that she found it impossible to sleep. She turned and turned again, and sighed and wept, and exclaimed, *sotto voce*, "Why should I have been so alarmed? The position was peculiar,

certainly — there's no denying that; but, then, why should a mother thus fear her own son?"

To this natural interrogatory she felt unable to give a perfectly satisfactory answer, and hence really began to form a resolution to break the chains which she herself had forged to shackle her will. But then her fond love for Stanley! And what can be compared with the love of a mother? It is ardent, enduring and pure to the last. There is — there can on earth be — no love so devoted, so constant, so powerful. By its virtue a mother's soul seems centred in her child, in whom alone exists the power to fill her heart with pure joy or to plunge it into misery the most poignant: still be that fond love the source of rapture or of wretchedness, it shines in the ascendant till life is extinct.

In its most comprehensive sense the widow was actuated by this love for Stanley. He was the pride of her heart: she idolized, adored him! Still she thought it hard, that she should be so controlled, because — as she explained to herself again and again very pointedly—if there be one state of life in which a lady has the privilege of being more independent of family influences than in another it is distinctly the state of widowhood: she therefore held control to be intolerable. She did not, she could not by any means recognise the right of a son to dictate to a mother at all under the peculiarly afflicting circumstances of the case: she thought it highly incorrect and very presumptuous, and the style in which she resolved to be thenceforth mistress of her own actions, as far, at least, as matrimonial matters were concerned, was so extremely energetic that it eventually sent her to sleep.

In the morning, when she met Stanley at the breakfast-table, he requested an explanation of the scene on the previous night.

"What you saw, I grant, was — odd: but then, under the circumstances ——"

"Circumstances? What were the circumstances?"

"Why, my love, the fact is—I feel that I must tell you—a proposal had just been made as you entered."

"A proposal? What, a proposal of marriage?" exclaimed Stanley, knitting his brows and pursing his lips into an expression which fluctuated finely between a smile and a sneer. "I had no idea the fellow had so much impudence in him. And of course — you *accepted* that proposal?"

"Why, my dearest love, look at my present position. It is really very lonely, more especially ——"

"Mother! do you mean to tell me that you have promised to marry old Ripstone?"

"Why, what could I do? He is a very old friend; and while conscious of his fondness for you, I well knew that you had ever been sincerely attached to him."

"I!—I attached to him?"

"What, not to your own Pippin?"

"Pippin! Mother, are you mad? But the thing is too monstrously absurd. If you must marry, choose some one worthy of you. Why have you not a becoming degree of pride? There are hundreds of men — men of influence and station! — with whom you might form an alliance. For Heaven's sake banish from your mind the idea of throwing yourself away upon so paltry a creature as this poor fool Pippin."

The fact of Stanley arguing any point which he had made up his mind to carry was a species of condescension for which the widow was not prepared: it had therefore, alone, no inconsiderable weight: but when in addition to this he assailed her vanity, the consideration sank deep into her heart. What Stanley had suggested *might* occur! She might become the wife of a man of influence — perhaps, of a Baronet! —why not of a Peer? She could really see nothing to prevent it! Yet how on earth could she ever look in the face of Mr. Ripstone again?

"Leave Pippin to me. Let him be invited here this evening. I will write to say that I am anxious to see him. I will make him feel that if he values his peace he had better not attempt to form an alliance with you."

An invitation was accordingly sent to Mr. Ripstone immediately after breakfast. Stanley then explained — without, however, entering at all into particulars — that he had left Eton. The widow, being of course utterly ignorant of the fact of his having been expelled, was amazed.

And so was Mr. Ripstone. The night preceding he had not an hour's sleep. He had been racked with conflicting emotions. He had placed,— with an eye to his own prospect of peace, — the widow's love in juxta-position with Stanley's tyrannous spirit, and found the balance against the former to be so considerable, that he really began to think that his present state of life was, on the whole, to be preferred. But, when he received the invitation, his ideas on the subject were in an instant, as if by magic, metamorphosed. The matter then assumed a very different aspect. He saw at a glance, and with a distinctness which was absolutely marvellous in itself, that Stanley, having had the prominent features of the case explained, wished to acknowledge his error and to apologize for his abruptness, which Ripstone very naturally held to be very proper. "I always thought," he observed, with great point to himself, "that that youth was all right at the bottom, and this tends to confirm the correctness of that thought, for he evidently feels that he was wrong, and is now anxious to make all the reparation in his power. But I'll have no apologies! No! it shall *never* be said that I exacted humiliation from any living soul."

Actuated by this extremely generous sentiment, he went with a light heart through those toils of the day which are notoriously inseparable from an official existence, and in the evening repaired to the mansion of his love.

The widow was invisible. He found Stanley in the drawing-room alone, and the coldness with which he received him not only contrasted very strongly with his own elastic bearing, but had the effect of inspiring him at once with the conviction that he had made a slight mistake.

"Be seated, Mr. Ripstone," said Stanley, in a haughty tone. "I sent for you, *sir*," he continued, "to demand an explanation of your conduct last night."

"An explanation?" echoed Ripstone with great timidity.

"Ay, sir! An explanation."

"Re-ally," observed Ripstone, who felt much confused, "I thought — I hoped — that — all had been explained."

"Sir! you have known me sufficiently long to know that I am not a man to be trifled with. Instantly, therefore, explain to me all that

has reference to the *disgraceful* scene I witnessed last night, or you hear from me, sir, in the morning; and, if you will *not* go out, I'll post you as the vilest coward that ever crawled."

In this there was nothing which could by any process be misunderstood: all was perfectly candid, straightforward and clear; but, then, what could Ripstone say? His gallantry forbade him to explain all, because that would have been most unfair towards the widow; and then the idea of going out!—why, he had never fired off a pistol in his life!—he had never even had one in his hand!—while the fact of his being posted, or brought before the public in any such shape, would in all probability accomplish his ruin! He therefore knew not how to act in this extremity: he paused and was puzzled; but at length he ventured to observe, that he really could not in any honourable act see anything disgraceful."

"Sir," exclaimed Stanley, "you are mistaken if you conceive that I am thus to be put off; I demand an explanation, and will have it, or the only alternative society prescribes."

"But I have nothing to explain," said Mr. Ripstone, "save that just as you entered we were performing that which is, I believe, invariably the little playful innocent prelude to the matrimonial bond." Here Ripstone ventured to smile, for he positively had an idea that he should thus be enabled to draw Stanley into a belief that it was nothing unusual after all.

Stanley, however, was not to be propitiated, for, looking fiercely at Mr. Ripstone, he demanded in a loud voice, and with authoritative emphasis, how he dared to presume to propose to his mother.

"Why," said Mr. Ripstone, "I do not conceive that I have been very daring, or very presumptuous."

"Indeed!" rejoined Stanley, with an expression of contempt. "Compare my mother's wealth with your own!"

"As far as wealth is concerned," said Ripstone blandly, "love levels all distinctions."

"Love!—bah!—an old fool like you talk about love!"

"That's very discourteous," observed Mr. Ripstone: "but I'll not be offended, because I make it an invariable rule not to be offended by any one. I must, however, repeat, that the application of the term 'old fool' is extremely discourteous.

"I know it," said Stanley: "I meant it to be so; and I mean to say farther, what you may deem equally discourteous, that if *ever* I again catch you beneath this roof, or ascertain that you hold even the slightest communication with my mother, in any shape, I'll blow your brains out."

Ripstone pouted his lips, and looked at Stanley in a very straightforward manner. "I'll blow your brains out" were very strong words; in fact, it was on the whole a very sanguinary sentence. He did not approve of it at all, and therefore said with some spirit and point, "Really this, I must confess, is not exactly the sort of reception I might reasonably have anticipated: nor do I acknowledge your right to interfere with the domestic arrangements of your mother and myself."

"Indeed!—do you not? Then, sir, let me tell you that I have such right, and will take special care that it is exercised fully. *I* am master here, and you shall know it."

"But I have the strongest possible reason," urged Ripstone, "to

believe that the feelings of affection between your mother and me are mutual."

"I care not for that," cried Stanley. "Do you flatter yourself for one moment that I shall ever be sufficiently idiotic to recognise you in any shape as *my* father! But without condescending to say another syllable on the subject,—for I will not exact from you anything like a promise, seeing that that would be leading you to suppose that I doubt my own power,—be assured that if ever you dare to communicate, either by word or by letter, with my mother, or ever presume again to enter this house,—(and if you have the temerity to do either, I shall be certain to know it,)—I will horsewhip you!"

There are, questionless, some who would have spurned this menace, and who—the widow being willing—would have married her at once, in defiance of all opposition; but Ripstone was not one of these. He was dreadfully alarmed; his whole nervous system had been utterly astonished. He knew the desperate characteristics of Stanley; he knew how fondly his mother loved him, and how zealous she had ever been in his cause: he also knew that if even they *were* to marry in opposition to him, he should never have a single moment's peace; and hence, as he held peace to be one of the greatest blessings in life, he rose, bowed, and, without giving audible utterance to another word, left the house, with the firm determination to enter it no more.

CHAPTER V.

Illustrates how an ardent youth may assume more characters than one.

THERE is perhaps nothing so grateful to the feelings of mankind as the possession of power. From the wearer of the crown, through all the varied ramifications of society, even down to the vilest beggar that ever blistered his leg to excite sympathy, however much may be said of the power of love, the love of power reigns supreme over all.

Without, however, dwelling upon a subject so deep, for it really is not essential to the progress of this history, it may in all probability be sufficient, for the present, to state that as Stanley fondly cherished this universal love, and was ardently enamoured of its developement, he derived no inconsiderable amount of pleasure from the fact of his having broken off the match between his mother and Ripstone; and as each successful exercise of his power increased it, it soon became abundantly clear that he required but the scope to be one of the most absolute tyrants that ever breathed.

The widow, who, in her innocence, had imagined that as his years increased he would become more subdued, now had ample cause to feel that the spirit she had fostered in his infancy was each succeeding year gaining strength. He *would* be supreme; he would be consulted upon every domestic matter, however foreign to him it might be, from the most important to the most trivial. She could no longer dress as she pleased. Her taste was impugned, and denounced by him as vulgar in the extreme.

"When will you learn to dress in a becoming style!" he would exclaim. "Upon my honour I'll not go out with you. Look at that thing, how it hangs!—there's a fit! You really have no taste. Upon my life, unless you choose to dress a little near the mark, I'll not go out with you at all."

And this was decidedly the most potent threat he could possibly hold out; for although she very frequently felt mortified, the pleasure

she derived from appearing with him in public was sufficient to heal all the wounds which his tyranny inflicted at home. No mother could have been more proud of her son. The highest delight she had the power to conceive was that which she experienced on being driven round the park by Stanley. He was so handsome, so elegant, so aristocratic in his bearing; he drove with so much grace; his cab was so attractive, his horse so beautiful; while Bob looked so much like the groom of a peer, that really it was such pleasure to be with him! —nothing could surpass it.

And it *was* a very stylish turn-out. His horse was full of blood and pride; and while his cab was of the most modern build, Bob was one of the most undeniable tigers that ever sprang.

Of course it was not long before he was surrounded by associates: but however extraordinary to some it may appear, it is nevertheless true that he was free from the most prevalent vice. He had given dinners to dozens of high-spirited fellows, and had accepted invitations in return; still in this particular point had he escaped contamination.

The family he visited most frequently at this period was that of Captain Joliffe, the father of his friend Albert, whose cause he had espoused at Eton, and who still entertained for him feelings of the warmest friendship; and here he soon became a favourite. The captain himself, although he could not but feel that he was somewhat too inflexible, highly esteemed him, and even applauded him privately for the part he had taken in the rebellion, invariably addressing him as General, in honour of his having been the leader on that occasion; for he, like every liberal-minded man, strongly felt that the practice of flogging young men in precisely the same fashion as that in which infants are flogged, was, to say the least of it, extremely indelicate. Whether Albert was at home or not, therefore, the captain was invariably pleased to see the General, and as the pleasure was reciprocal, his visits were very frequent.

There was, however, one member of the family who derived peculiar pleasure from these visits, and this was Amelia, the daughter of the captain, and one of the most elegant, interesting, loveable creatures that ever fascinated man. Amelia, at the period of Stanley's introduction, had just completed her twentieth year. She was not strictly beautiful, although her features were regular, and peculiarly expressive; but she was so graceful, so elegant, so intelligent, yet so gentle, that he who, having conversed with her for an hour, could perceive that she really lacked absolute beauty, must have been dull and cold.

She became attached to Stanley, not indeed from the very moment she saw him; for having associated his expulsion from Eton with the idea of recklessness, she of course had that prejudice to overcome, albeit she was even then struck with the extreme manliness of his bearing, his fine open countenance, and bold expressive eye,—but before she had been long in his society, she regarded him with a love so intense, that her heart absolutely seemed centred in his.

Stanley at once perceived this, for in such a case no prompter is required. No preliminary education is essential to the perfect knowledge of that, for a man becomes master of the language of love at once. No woman who really loves need employ any other. Give her but a moment's opportunity to let her eyes meet those of the object of her love, and their souls at once seem to commune with surpassing eloquence. Of course the practice of "making eyes" is a very different

thing altogether. They who resort to this practice are fraudulent bankrupts in love. The timid, soft, involuntary glance alone is entitled to claim an alliance with nature, — a glance which even the eyelids would, but cannot, conceal. Such a glance Stanley did receive from Amelia as she drew on her glove to retire after dinner on the day of his first introduction, — by that glance he knew that she loved him.

And Stanley loved her. She was the first for whom he had ever entertained an affectionate feeling apart from that which is engendered by consanguinity; and as of female society he had known absolutely nothing, it will not be deemed strange that he should have become at once enamoured of one so amiable, so innocent, so unaffected as Amelia. Had he seen more, or known more, of the influence either of the virtuous or of the abandoned, he might not, and would not have been so immediately susceptible of that sentiment which had taken full possession of his soul; but being, as he was, uncontaminated and inexperienced, his heart was taken by storm. He did love her: he felt even then that he loved her; and although that feeling did not subdue his spirit, it appeared to have completely changed its course. Her appearance, moreover, at once forbade him to suppose that she had not those intellectual qualities which are essential to the permanency of affection, and the conversation which he subsequently held with her that evening had the effect of confirming the belief he had inspired, that she was as intelligent as she was gentle: as confiding as she was guileless.

From that day Stanley's visits became constant: and as Albert was then at home, the lovers had opportunities of conversing with each other almost daily without exciting the suspicions of the Captain, from whom Albert advised Stanley to keep the affair at present a secret.

Things, however, were not permitted to go on long thus. Albert was soon to go to Cambridge, when the affair could be kept secret no longer, seeing that Stanley could not then go down, day after day, to the Captain's residence at Richmond without rendering his object apparent. He therefore proposed to himself, first, to convince Albert that delay was altogether unnecessary, secondly, to declare himself to Amelia; and, thirdly, to break the subject to the Captain, which he naturally held to be the most difficult of all.

The first was soon accomplished, and the next day afforded an opportunity for the achievement of the second. Amelia was sitting at the piano: she, Stanley, and Albert only were in the room; and when Albert had received the silent cue, he very correctly went to the door which opened into the lawn, and left the lovers together.

For Stanley this was a most anxious moment, and even Amelia felt rather confused and awkward, and ran over the keys with a tremulous hand, and struck an infinite variety of imperfect chords, and played really in the most unscientific manner possible; for it is a striking fact that she absolutely anticipated something bearing the semblance of a declaration at that very moment.

"Miss Joliffe," said Stanley, after a pause which created a powerful sensation, and he stuck at this point for a second or two, and then resumed,—"That is a very sweet air you were playing."

"Yes—it—you have heard it before, I believe?" And as she spoke, her eyes involuntarily met his; and she turned very pale, and slightly trembled.

"Amelia," said Stanley, and their eyes again met, "I cannot be mistaken. We love — yes, I feel that we love each other fondly. Am I not correct? That look renders me happy in the conviction of my proudest anticipations being realised." And he kissed her fair brow, which in an instant became crimson, as if by magic. "From the moment I first had the happiness to see you," he continued, pressing her still tremulous hand with all the fervour of affection, "I have loved — may I not *now* say my own dear Amelia? I am impatient— you will say that I am; but, Amelia, you will consent to my speaking upon this subject to your father?—I knew that you would!" he continued, as she slightly — or, as he thought she slightly — pressed the hand which held hers, and he fervently kissed the hand he held, and said, "Bless you, my Amelia!" as Albert, without any strict regard unto the correctness of the tune, but with electric effect, sang, "*And I'm coming; and I'm coming!*" which in itself was strictly proper, inasmuch as the Captain at that very instant appeared upon the lawn.

Stanley therefore retired from the piano with all the ease at his command, while Amelia attempted to play a favourite fantasia: but as she really made very sad havoc of the first dozen bars, she very naturally thought that if she turned over the leaves of her music-book rapidly instead, it would be, under the circumstances, perhaps quite as well.

"Well, General," said the Captain, as he entered with Albert, "we think about going for a ride: will you join us?"

"With pleasure," replied Stanley, being anxious to relieve Amelia.

"My girl," cried the Captain, addressing Amelia, "come; the air will brace you."

"Not this morning, papa," said Amelia tremulously.

"You are not well," said the Captain, as he kissed her. "There, there, run away to your mother; she will make you more cheerful."

Amelia was but too happy to leave the room, which she did very promptly, when, the horses having been ordered, the General, with the Captain and Albert, mounted at once.

Stanley, in Amelia's view, never looked so elegant as he did on passing the window of the chamber to which she had retired.

After riding pretty smartly for nearly an hour, the Captain, as usual, pulled up, with the view of talking, while his horse was in a short jolting trot, which, he held, had a more direct tendency not only to strengthen a man's lungs, but to reduce every corporeal exuberance than any other description of exercise. To prove this position, whether disputed or not, he invariably put forth himself as an example; and certainly, while he had no superabundance of flesh, his lungs were of an order the most powerful. Stanley, however, paid little attention to these distinguishing characteristics at the moment; but embracing the first opportunity that offered, said, "Captain, will you allow me to have five minutes' conversation in the library with you after dinner?"

"Of course! But what is it, General? Out with it now. It 'll strengthen your lungs."

"I wish," said Stanley, "to speak quietly on a subject of some importance."

"Ay, I see; and that you can't very comfortably do in a trot. No; very few can: but I have had five-and-twenty years' practice." And the Captain then commenced a long tale, which reached from Richmond

to Seringapatam and back, after lashing the Peninsula, the great object of which was to demonstrate that had he not practised the art of talking while trotting, he should have been, years ago, a dead man.

Amelia, who had been anxiously watching their return from the window of her dressing-room, felt her trepidation increase as they entered the gates; for during their absence, although she was unable to conceive what objection her father could have to one who was in all respects so perfect as Stanley, she had imagined it possible, just possible, that some difficulty might be raised; and that very possibility, unsupported as it appeared to be by anything probable, kept her in a state of the most painful suspense. She however resolved to preserve as tranquil a bearing as possible while at dinner; and Stanley, with the view of relieving her from all embarrassment, addressed nearly the whole of his observations to Mrs. Joliffe, who held him in high admiration.

"Now, General," said the Captain, when the ladies had retired, "we may as well settle this business here. It is warmer than in the library." And he drew nearer the fire, as Albert left the room.

"Sir," said Stanley, "I feel that I shall but awkwardly open this affair."

"Well, if that be the case, General, come to the point at once."

"To come, then, at once to the point," said Stanley; "I love— Amelia."

The Captain looked at him very steadily, and rather sternly for several seconds, when, relaxing his features, he said, "Well, well, there is nothing very incorrect in that. And you wish to propose—eh? *That*, I presume, is the point?"

"It is," returned Stanley; "and your consent, sir, will not, I hope, be withheld."

"Why—why," said the Captain, pursing his lips very thoughtfully, and filling his glass, "my girl is a good girl; but then she is young— very young; you are both very young. However, Stanley, this is my answer: I have myself no objection to you personally; on the contrary I admire your character, as far as I have seen it developed. If, therefore, you can prove to me—what indeed I have at present no reason to doubt—that you are in a position to support my girl in the style to which she has ever been accustomed,—(for, being a poor soldier, I can give her but little,)—I will consent to your marriage, provided, of course, that all parties be willing to sign the contract,—in five or six years."

Five or six years! Had the Captain said five or six thousand, it would not have struck Stanley as being more absurd. "Five or six years!" he exclaimed, on recovering from the state of astonishment into which it had thrown him, for it really seemed for the moment to have taken away his breath. "Five or six years! You are not serious, sir, I presume?"

"Indeed, sir, I never was more serious in my life. Would you marry my daughter now?—you, who have seen nothing, absolutely nothing, of the world! Why, sir, it would be about the most insane act of which you could by possibility be guilty."

"But five or six years!" repeated Stanley, to whom it still appeared an age. "*Why* five or six years?"

"Understand me," replied Captain Joliffe. "I have lived a long time in the world, and know something of the passions by which men

are actuated; something of the rocks upon which they split, and of the temptations to which they are exposed. I never will consent, therefore, to the marriage of my daughter with any man, however brilliant may be his prospects, unless he has seen at least something of the world; nor would any father, who has seen what I have seen, and who has the happiness of his child at heart, as I have, God bless her! Take my advice: think of marrying no one until you have had five or six years more experience; and then, as you will know many thousand things, of which you have not now the power even to dream, you will come to me, and say, if I should live so long, 'I feel that you have been my best friend;' and you will have cause to feel it till you sink into the grave, and your children will have reason to bless me."

"But why not say one year?" urged Stanley. "On reflection, you must yourself admit that five is an immense length of time."

"Believe me, Stanley, to be your friend when I state that I am inflexible upon this point, namely, that nothing shall induce me to consent to your marriage with Amelia in less than five years: therefore fill your glass, and say no more about it. Continue to come as usual. I shall at all times be happy to see you — if possible, more so than ever I have been; but don't cherish a thought that any power upon earth can shake my expressed determination. But come, come, come, let us join the people above. Reflect on what I have said, and be wise."

CHAPTER VI.

Proves how powerful Sophistry is when an Elopement is the object proposed.

As Stanley entered the drawing-room with the Captain, Amelia rivetted her eyes upon him with an expression of anxiety the most intense. Her fondest hopes were not to be realized!—she felt in an instant that they were not: his features betrayed the disappointment he had experienced, and she burst into tears.

"Amelia! Amelia!" whispered Albert, who had been endeavouring to amuse her during the conference below. "Courage, my girl, courage!"

Amelia strove to conceal her tears, and succeeded in doing so effectually from her father; but Stanley in a moment perceived her agitation, and therefore assumed an air of comparative content, which somewhat relieved her.

"You have no thought of leaving us to-night, General, have you?" said the Captain, as gaily as if nothing had transpired.

"I have ordered my cab at ten," replied Stanley, "as I must be in town early in the morning."

"Well, you will dine with us to-morrow?"

Stanley bowed; and although she conceived that bow to be somewhat too distant, she was unable to reconcile the tone of her father with the idea of his having withheld his consent. She therefore panted between hope and fear until Stanley embraced an opportunity of joining her at the table at which she was apparently reading, when he communicated the result of his conference with the Captain, who, with his lady, had just commenced a game of chess.

"Then why did you look so serious?" said Amelia, when Stanley had explained. "You cannot conceive how much you alarmed me!"

"Five years!" whispered Stanley. "It is an age!"

"Oh, the time will quickly pass," said Amelia; "and we shall have, I hope, many, very many happy hours in each other's society in the interim. It is not as if we were to be separated for five years."

At this moment Stanley's cab was announced; and although he soon after took leave with great gentleness, in driving to town he developed all the wild impetuosity of his nature.

Bob occupied the smallest conceivable space in the extreme corner of the vehicle. He perceived at a glance that there was something rather wrong, and winked, with a view to the acknowledgment of the quickness of his perception, several times in dark parts of the road. The horse flew over the ground with unparalleled swiftness; for albeit the whip was not used, an occasional angry *whiss!* seemed to strike the conviction into him that nothing less than lightning speed would do; and hence, on reaching town, his wide crimson nostrils were expanded to the utmost stretch, while his neck, back, and haunches were covered with foam.

Five years! Stanley felt it impossible to wait five: pooh! he could not, he *would* not! Yet what could be done? Why, what must be done in such a case? And yet Amelia was a gentle, patient creature, whom he knew the idea of an elopement would shock. No matter: she loved him — he firmly believed that she loved him fondly, passionately; and this was in his view sufficient to justify the attempt.

On the following day, therefore, he started again for Richmond; and as he then appeared to be somewhat more tranquil, Bob did what he dared not do at the time, namely, venture to intimate something which had reference to his strong disapproval of the state of *his* horse the night preceding. An angry glance from Stanley, however, convinced him that it was not even then a safe course to pursue, and he therefore, under the circumstances wisely, held his peace.

On his arrival Stanley found the Captain out, and Amelia walking thoughtfully in the garden. She appeared to be somewhat dejected, while her beautiful Italian greyhound had dropped his tail and was looking in the face of his gentle mistress with all the intelligence of which those animals are capable, apparently with the view of ascertaining what weighed upon her heart.

"Amelia!" cried Stanley; and she turned and flew to meet him, and the dog, as it bounded up the path, seemed filled with delight.

"I scarcely expected this happiness to-day," said Amelia, smiling as she blushed. "I much feared my dear father — that is — but, come, come, you must not be impatient! We are yet young. The time will swiftly fly away, will it not?"

"Amelia," said Stanley, still holding her hands and watching her eyes intently, "I cannot wait five years."

"Come, you must not speak so," said Amelia, gaily, "I shall really begin to be jealous if you do."

"Then you cannot really love me. Where love is, there confidence also must be; and confidence and jealousy cannot co-exist."

"Then," said Amelia, who never dreamed of opposing anything he advanced. "Then I never can be jealous, for I do love you—dearly!"

"If then you do love me ——"

"*If!*" interrupted Amelia, playfully pouting her beautiful lips.

"Well then, *as* you love me, you will not deny me one favour."

"One favour! What is it?"

"Nay, nay!—you must promise me first."

"My Stanley, I will promise. Secure in your honour and the purity of every motive by which you are guided, I feel that I can deny you nothing. What is it?"

Stanley paused. He felt that he might be too precipitate, and therefore at length said, "My dearest love, I will tell you—before I leave."

"No, now: pray, pray tell me now: it is cruel to keep me in suspense."

"Amelia, we are, as you have said, both young. It is hence that your father named this odious five years' probation; but why should we waste in doubts and fears the sweetest hours of our youth—the very period at which we are most susceptible of happiness?—why, why, my love, when we have that happiness within our reach should we fail to embrace it?"

"I admit," said Amelia, "that it appears a long time: but then, perhaps, you will be able to prevail on papa to name a somewhat shorter period."

"Impossible! The last words he uttered when conversing on this subject were that he was upon this point inflexible; that nothing on earth could alter his expressed determination. Why then should this be? Granted that we are young: what brilliant examples have we of the union of persons under *precisely* similar circumstances! Why should *we* be forbidden to act like others? Why should the ban be peculiarly upon us? My Amelia!—do you believe that we shall be happy?"

"Indeed, indeed, I do: oh, most happy!"

"Then why not at once? Amelia," he continued, as he perceived her eyes suddenly droop, "you understand me. I have done all that a man of honour could do. I have solicited—earnestly solicited—your hand from the hands of your father, who has consented to our union, but with a proviso which both you and I deem unnecessary, if not absolutely unjust. What more can I do? My love, I can do no more, and, therefore, as we cannot at once, *with* his consent, be united, there is but one course which, in justice to ourselves——"

"Stanley—Stanley!" said Amelia, "do not name it. As you love me say no more on that subject, I beseech you! I cannot, must not, *dare* not entertain the thought."

"Reflect, my sweet Amelia; reflect calmly upon the subject. I do not require an answer now!—say a week hence—a month!"

"My Stanley, I will not *love* you if you urge this matter further. Indeed, you must never allude to it again. A year, a century, would be insufficient to win my consent to that. But you are not serious! Say that you were but jesting, and I will love you more dearly than ever."

"Amelia, I cannot say that. I *am* serious."

"Oh! Stanley; consider well what it is you would have me do! Think of my dear father and of my mother, my kind, fond mother, whose affection for me is, and ever has been, most ardent! You *would* not have me utterly destroy that affection?"

"I would not," replied Stanley.

"I knew it! I knew that you would not. Oh, forgive me for harbouring the thought."

"But, my love, you take a superficial view of this matter. Your

mother might weep, and your father might be angry; but all this would be ephemeral. They would soon become reconciled."

"Never, Stanley, never! My poor mother, indeed, *might*, if her heart were not broken by the shock; but my father never would! Oh, Stanley, Stanley, banish the thought for ever. I never can, I never *will* ——"

"When you are calm, my love; reflect when you are calm."

"I am calm," rejoined Amelia firmly; "quite calm. I love you — you know that I love you — most fondly; but never, Stanley, never will I take that step."

Stanley said no more. He dropped his hands, which still held hers; and having led her across the lawn into the parlour, he stood over her in silence for some moments, when, kissing her brow affectionately, he left her in tears.

He paced the lawn for some considerable time in deep thought. He could not tell what course to pursue. Eventually, however, he walked round to the stables, ordered his cab, and drove towards town. On the road he met the Captain, who endeavoured to prevail upon him to return; but, without the slightest manifestation of disappointment, he declined and drove on.

Poor Amelia had no idea of his having left. As she sat absorbed in tears she expected him every moment to re-enter the room. She dried her eyes, and looked again and again towards the lawn. She could not see him. She went into the garden. No Stanley was there. He surely could *not* have left her so! She would not believe that he had. Even when she ascertained that he had driven off, she felt sure that he would shortly return; but when the Captain came home and explained that he had seen him, her worst fears were realised, and although she laboured hard, and to some extent successfully, to conceal her emotion, the thought of his having left her under the circumstances without a word, was, indeed, the most bitter pang she had ever experienced.

She had still, however, the hope of seeing him on the morrow; but then the morrow came without Stanley. Well, surely on the next day! The next day also came without Stanley; and the next and the next: a week, which seemed a year, passed, but Stanley did not come.

The Captain thought it strange, and sent Albert to ascertain if he were ill: but excuses came back without Stanley. Another week passed. The Captain sent no more. He began to regard it as a matter of extreme delicacy under the circumstances; and Albert left for Cambridge.

Amelia now called into action all the power at her command, with the view of enabling her to bear up against it. But then the thought of having lost him for ever! The third week passed. The colour left her cheeks: her eyes lost their wonted fire — her spirits their usual buoyancy: yet what could be done? She felt that to write to *him* would be extremely incorrect; and yet could there be anything very very indelicate in the pursuit of such a course? When a month had passed she could endure it no longer. She *must* write, and did to the following effect:—

"My Dear Stanley,

"If Amelia be not utterly despised you will come down to Richmond at once. Oh! Stanley, I cannot endure it. I am distracted.

It is cruel, very cruel. My heart is too full to say more, but believe me to be still your most affectionate, although almost broken-hearted.

"AMELIA."

On the receipt of this, Stanley—albeit he could not help feeling its force—experienced more than that common satisfaction which springs from the success of a deeply laid scheme. It developed precisely that state of mind to which he had been ardently anxious to bring her. He had kept away expressly in order to prove that he had enslaved her by making her feel that his absence was intolerable. He therefore detained the servant whom she had secretly despatched, and wrote the following answer:—

"MY OWN SWEET GIRL,

"You are still, and ever will be, dearer to me than life; but my absence has been prompted by the conviction, that during the probationary period which has been named, and which, indeed, you have sanctioned, it were better, as that period *must* elapse, for us to communicate with each other as seldom as possible, lest I may be tempted to renew those solicitations which appear to be so utterly abhorrent to your feelings. I will, however, as you desire it, drive down in the morning, when I hope to find you perfectly well.

"I am, my Amelia, still your own

"STANLEY."

This greatly relieved her. It reanimated her hopes. She felt that she was still beloved by him whom she adored, and was comparatively happy; and when he came the next morning she endeavoured to smile with her accustomed sweetness, and forbore to employ even the accents of reproof; but Stanley perceived that she had endured the most intense mental agony, and that, as he was still most affectionately attentive, she loved him if possible more fondly than before.

The subject was not renewed. Not a syllable having reference to his absence passed his lips, save to the Captain, to whom he made certain specious excuses. He dined there; and as he endeavoured to enslave her still more by calling up all his powers of fascination, he left her so happy! He went the next day and the next; still not a single syllable on the subject was breathed; but, on the day following that, he seized the earliest opportunity for renewing the attack, having found that he had so completely gained her heart as to render resistance improbable in the extreme.

"My dear Amelia," said he, as they sat in the arbour; "I cannot of course tell, love, how *you* feel; but really, in your society, I experience such happiness!"

"Indeed, my Stanley, it is mutual," said Amelia. "It is hence that your absence induced so much agony."

"Why, then," said Stanley, "should we ever be absent from each other? Amelia! forgive me; but I feel that I must again urge my suit. I must again try to prevail upon you to listen to that which——'

"Stanley, Stanley!" said Amelia, bursting into tears; "pray, pray do not mention that subject again."

"I know your extreme delicacy," he continued, "and appreciate it highly; but let me reason with you for a moment. You believe that your parents have your happiness at heart?"

"Oh! yes," replied Amelia. "Of that I am convinced."

"How then can you believe that they would be angry to see you happy?"

"I do not," said Amelia. "I feel that nothing could impart to them greater delight."

"Then you do not expect to be happy with me?"

"O Stanley! you know I feel sure that our happiness would be perfect."

"Then how can you suppose that when they see that you are happy, their anger will last?"

Amelia's head drooped, and she was silent.

"Come," continued Stanley, "come, look at this matter in a rational point of view. I believe, fully believe, their affection to be firm; but I cannot associate firmness with the love which one venial act of disobedience can for ever destroy. My sweet girl! confide in me!—All, all, will be well. Come say, my love, say that you will at once be mine!"

"O Stanley!" cried Amelia, who was able to resist no longer, "you are, indeed, my soul's guide. You will be kind to me, my love? Oh, yes!—I feel, I know that you will be *kind* to me!"

"This *is* a moment of happiness! Now do I feel that you love me indeed! My dear girl, words are insufficient to express the ardour of my affection: my life shall be devoted to prove it. Prepare, my sweet, at once. Let our happiness to-morrow be complete. Once over and all will be well. I may *depend* upon your firmness!"

"Stanley! I will be firm!"

They now returned from the arbour, and after dinner, Stanley having delivered into her hands a paper containing a few brief instructions, and extorted from her another declaration that her mind was made up, left with the view of making the arrangements which were essential to the performance of the highly important business of the morrow.

The morrow came; and at ten o'clock Stanley was at breakfast at an inn at Richmond; and at eleven a lady closely veiled, enveloped in a bronze satin cloak and attended by a servant, inquired for Mr. Fitzgerald, and was immediately shown — according to instructions — into the room which Stanley occupied. He received this lady with great formality, and directed the waiter, by whom she had been introduced, to send his servant up immediately; but the moment they were alone Stanley embraced her, exclaiming, "My noble girl! now have I proved your devotion."

"My Stanley," said Amelia, who trembled with great violence and looked pale as death as she spoke,—"thus far—thus far, have I kept my word; but, on my knees, I implore you to urge me no farther."

"*Hush!*" cried Stanley, raising her as Bob, who knew his cue, knocked at the door. "Confide in me, my sweet wife!—Still, still confide in me! Come in," he added, and Bob most respectfully entered hat in hand.

With all the delicacy of which he was capable, and with innumerable cheering expressions, Stanley divested Amelia of her bonnet and cloak, which he placed with great tact upon Bob, who appeared to be inexpressibly delighted. He was, it is true, somewhat shorter than Amelia; but that was of no great importance, as it merely made his train a little longer, and while he felt that the style of the bonnet became him well, he held the muff in the most lady-like manner possible.

While Bob was uniting the little hooks and eyes from the top to the very bottom of the cloak, with the laudable view of concealing his boots effectually, Stanley was preparing Amelia's disguise—Bob's hat and his own roquelaure.

"Now," said Stanley, "let us see, sir, how much like a lady you can walk." And Bob paced the room with all the dignity and grace at his command, although he occasionally turned to look at his train, and laughed with infinite enthusiasm, while Stanley was endeavouring to raise the spirits of Amelia, who had sunk into a chair in a state of exhaustion.

"My dear, sweet girl!" said Stanley, "have confidence: have courage. Be assured that we shall both have cause to bless this happy day. Now," he continued, addressing Bob, "you know, sir, what you have to do, and take care that you do it well."

"I will, sir. God bless you, miss," said Bob, "I wish you joy, and many happy returns;" and having curtsied, and veiled himself closely, he walked with due elegance from the inn, promptly followed by the Captain's servant.

Stanley had no sooner seen Bob safely off than he completed Amelia's disguise, rang for the bill, and ordered his cab to be brought to the door as soon as possible; and as the waiter saw Bob, as he believed, upon a chair with his hat on, he naturally inferred that he had been taken very suddenly ill, and hence proceeded at once to obey orders. The horse was already harnessed. He had *but* to be put to; and when the bill was brought the cab was at the door. Stanley, therefore, in an instant settled the amount, and, to the great admiration of the attendants, who regarded him as a kind and most considerate master, assisted poor Amelia with great care into the cab, stepped round, seized the reins, and drove off.



Guy Fawkes discovers Doctor Dee & Edward Kelley disinterring the body of Elizabeth Orton.

London, Richard Bentley, 1840.

GUY FAWKES.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

BOOK THE FIRST.

CHAPTER V.

CHAT MOSS.

The pursuivant was taken so completely unawares by the sudden appearance of Guy Fawkes and his companions, that he made no attempt at resistance. Nor were his attendants less confounded. Before they recovered from their surprise, Humphrey Chetham seized Viviana in his arms, and darting through the panel, called to the priest to follow him. Father Oldcorne was about to comply, when one of the soldiers, grasping the surcingle at his waist, dragged him forcibly backwards. The next moment, however, he was set free by Guy Fawkes, who felling the man to the ground, and, interposing himself between the priest and the other soldier, enabled the former to make good his retreat. This done, he planted himself in front of the panel, and with a petronel in each hand, menaced his opponents.

"Fly for your lives!" he shouted in a loud voice to the others. Not a moment is to be lost. I have taken greater odds, and in a worse cause, and have not been worsted. Heed me not, I say. I will defend the passage till you are beyond reach of danger. Fly!—fly!"

"After them!" vociferated the pursuivant, stamping with rage and vexation; "—after them instantly! Hew down that bold traitor. Show him no quarter. His life is forfeit to the King. Slay him as you would a dog!"

But the men, who had no fire-arms, were so much intimidated by the fierce looks of Guy Fawkes, and the deadly weapons which he pointed at their heads, that they hesitated to obey their leader's injunctions.

"Do you hear what I say to you, cravens?" roared the pursuivant. "Cut him down without mercy."

"They dare not move a footstep," rejoined Guy Fawkes, in a derisive tone.

"Recreants!" cried the pursuivant, foaming with rage, "is my prey to be snatched from me at the very moment I have secured it, through your cowardice? Obey me instantly, or, as Heaven shall judge me, I will denounce you to my Lord Derby and the Commissioners as aiders and abettors in Father Oldcorne's escape! — and you well know what your punishment will be if I do so. What!—are you afraid of one man?"

"Our pikes are no match for his petronels," observed the foremost soldier, sullenly.

"They are not," rejoined Guy Fawkes; "and you will do well not to compel me to prove the truth of your assertion. As to you, Master Pursuivant," he continued, with a look so stern that the other quailed before it, "unwilling as I am to shed blood, I shall hold your

life, if I am compelled to take it, but just retribution for the fate you have brought upon the unfortunate Elizabeth Orton."

"Ha!" exclaimed the pursuivant, starting. "I thought I recognised you. You are the soldier in the Spanish garb who saved that false prophetess from drowning."

"I saved her only for a more lingering death," rejoined Guy Fawkes.

"I know it," retorted the pursuivant. "I found her dead body when I visited her cell on my way hither, and gave orders to have it interred without coffin or shroud in that part of the burial-ground of the Collegiate Church in Manchester which is reserved for common felons."

"I know not what stays my hand," rejoined Guy Fawkes, fiercely. "But I am strongly tempted to give you a grave beside her."

"I will put your daring to the proof!" cried the pursuivant, snatching a pike from one of his followers, and brandishing it over his head. "Throw down your arms, or you die!"

"Back!" exclaimed Guy Fawkes, presenting a petronel at him, "or I lodge a bullet in your brain."

"Be advised by me, and rush not on certain destruction, good Master Pursuivant," said the foremost soldier, plucking his mantle. "I see by his bloodthirsty looks that the villain is in earnest."

"I hear footsteps," cried the other soldier; "our comrades are at hand."

"Then it is time for me to depart," cried Guy Fawkes, springing through the secret door, and closing it after him.

"Confusion!" exclaimed the pursuivant; "but he shall not escape. Break open the panel."

The order was promptly obeyed. The men battered the stout oak board, which was of great thickness, with their pikes, but it resisted every effort; nor was it until the arrival of a fresh band of soldiers with lights, mallets, chisels, and other implements suitable to the purpose, that it could be forced open. This accomplished, the pursuivant, commanding his attendants to follow him, dashed through the aperture. The passage was so narrow, that they were compelled to proceed singly along it, and, as they advanced, the roof became so low that they were compelled to adopt a stooping posture. In this manner they hurried on until their further progress was stopped by a massive stone door, which appeared to descend from above by some hidden contrivance, as no trace of bolt or other fastening could be detected; but the flag, fitting closely in channels in the walls, had all the appearance of solid masonry. After examining this obstacle for a moment, the pursuivant was convinced that any attempt to move it would be fruitless, and muttering a deep execration, he therefore gave the word to return.

"From what I have observed," he said, "this passage must communicate with the garden,—perhaps with the further side of the moat. We may yet secure them, if we use despatch."

Guy Fawkes, meanwhile, had taken the same course as the pursuivant. On arriving at the point where the stone door was situated, which he discovered by the channels in the wall above-mentioned, he searched for an iron ring, and, having found it, drew it towards him, and the ponderous flag slowly dropped into its place. He then groped his way cautiously along in the dark, until his foot encountered the top of a ladder, down which he crept, and landed on the floor of a

damp deep vault. Having taken the precaution to remove the ladder, he hastened onwards for about fifty yards, when he came to a steep flight of stone steps, distinguishable by a feeble glimmer of light from above, and mounting them, emerged through an open trap-door into a small building situated at the western side of the moat, where, to his surprise and disappointment, he found the other fugitives.

"How comes it you are here?" he exclaimed in a reproachful tone. "I kept the wolves at bay thus long, to enable you to make good your retreat."

"Miss Radcliffe is too weak to move," replied Humphrey Chetham; "and I could not persuade Father Oldcorne to leave her."

"I care not what becomes of me," said the priest. "The sooner my painful race is run the better. But I cannot—will not abandon my dear charge thus."

"Think not of me, father, I implore you," rejoined Viviana, who had sunk overpowered with terror and exhaustion. "I shall be better soon. Master Chetham, I am assured, will remain with me till our enemies have departed, and I will then return to the hall."

"Command me as you please, Miss Radcliffe," replied Humphrey Chetham. "You have but to express a wish to insure its fulfilment on my part."

"Oh! that you had suffered Mr. Catesby to tarry with us till the morning, as he himself proposed, dear daughter," observed the priest, turning to Viviana. "His counsel would have been invaluable at this frightful juncture."

"Has Mr. Catesby been here?" inquired Guy Fawkes, with a look of astonishment.

"He has," replied Oldcorne. "He came to warn us that the hall would be this night searched by the officers of state; and he also brought word that a warrant had been issued by the Privy Council for the arrest of Sir William Radcliffe."

"Where is he now?" demanded Fawkes, hastily.

"On the way to Chester, whither he departed in all haste, at Miss Radcliffe's urgent request, to apprize her father of his danger," rejoined the priest.

"This is strange!" muttered Guy Fawkes. "Catesby here, and I not know it!"

"He had a secret motive for his visit, my son," whispered Oldcorne, significantly.

"So I conclude, father," replied Fawkes, in the same tone.

"Miss Radcliffe," murmured Humphrey Chetham, in low and tender accents, "something tells me that this moment will decide my future fate. Emboldened by the mysterious manner in which we have been brought together, and you, as it were, have been thrown upon my protection, I venture to declare the passion I have long indulged for you:—a passion which, though deep and fervent as ever agitated human bosom, has hitherto, from the difference of our rank, and yet more from the difference of our religious opinions, been without hope. What has just occurred,—added to the peril in which your worthy father stands, and the difficulties in which you yourself will necessarily be involved,—makes me cast aside all misgiving, and perhaps with too much presumption, but with a confident belief that the sincerity of my love renders me not wholly undeserving of your regard,—earnestly solicit you to give me a husband's right to watch over and defend you."

Viviana was silent. But even by the imperfect light the young merchant could discern that her cheek was covered with blushes.

"Your answer?" he cried, taking her hand.

"You must take it from my lips, Master Chetham," interposed the priest: "Miss Radcliffe never can be yours."

"Be pleased to let her speak for herself, reverend sir," rejoined the young merchant, angrily.

"I represent her father, and have acquainted you with his determination," rejoined the priest. "Appeal to her, and she will confirm my words."

"Viviana, is this true?" asked Chetham. "Does your father object to your union with me?"

"He does," she replied, in a mournful tone, and gently withdrawing her hand from the young merchant's grasp.

"Then there is no hope for me?" cried Chetham.

"Alas! no," replied Viviana; "nor for me—of earthly affection. I am already dead to the world."

"How so?" he asked.

"I am about to vow myself to Heaven," she answered.

"Viviana!" exclaimed the young man, throwing himself at her feet, "reflect! — oh! reflect, before you take this fatal — this irrevocable step."

"Rise, sir," interposed the priest, sternly; "you plead in vain. Sir William Radcliffe will never wed his daughter to a heretic. In his name I command you to desist from further solicitation."

"I obey," replied Chetham, rising.

"We lose time here," observed Guy Fawkes, who had been lost for a moment in reflection. "I will undertake to provide for your safety, father. But, what must be done with Miss Radcliffe? She cannot be left here. And her return to the hall would be attended with danger."

"I will not return till the miscreants have quitted it," said Viviana.

"Their departure is uncertain," replied Fawkes. "When they are baulked of their prey they sometimes haunt a dwelling for weeks."

"What will become of me?" cried Viviana, distractedly.

"It were vain, I fear, to entreat you to accept an asylum with my father at Clayton Hall, or at my own residence at Crumpsall," said Humphrey Chetham.

"Your offer is most kind, sir," replied Oldcorne, "and is duly appreciated. But Miss Radcliffe will see the propriety — on every account — of declining it."

"I do — I do," she acquiesced.

"Will you entrust yourself to my protection, Miss Radcliffe?" said Fawkes.

"Willingly," replied the priest, answering for her. "We shall find some place of refuge," he added, turning to Viviana, "where your father can join us, and where we can remain concealed till this storm has blown over."

"I know many such," rejoined Fawkes, "both in this county, and in Yorkshire, and will guide you to one."

"My horses are at your service," said Humphrey Chetham. "They are tied beneath the trees in the avenue. My servant shall bring them to the door," and, turning to his attendant, he gave him directions to that effect. "I was riding hither an hour before midnight," he con-

tinued, addressing Viviana, "to offer you assistance, having accidentally heard the pursuivant mention his meditated visit to Ordsall Hall to one of his followers, when, as I approached the gates, this person," pointing to Guy Fawkes, "crossed my path, and, seizing the bridle of my steed, demanded whether I was a friend to Sir William Radcliffe. I answered in the affirmative, and desired to know the motive of his inquiry. He then told me that the house was invested by a numerous band of armed men, who had crossed the moat by means of a plank, and were at that moment concealed within the garden. This intelligence, besides filling me with alarm, disconcerted all my plans, as I hoped to have been beforehand with them,—their inquisitorial searches being generally made at a late hour, when all the inmates of a house intended to be surprised are certain to have retired to rest. While I was bitterly reproaching myself for my dilatoriness, and considering what course it would be best to pursue, my servant, Martin Heydocke,—son to your father's steward,—who had ridden up at the stranger's approach, informed me that he was acquainted with a secret passage communicating beneath the moat with the hall. Upon this I dismounted, and fastening my horse to a tree, ordered him to lead me to it without an instant's delay. The stranger, who gave his name as Guy Fawkes, and professed himself a stanch Catholic, and a friend of Father Oldcorne, begged permission to join us in a tone so earnest that I at once acceded to his request. We then proceeded to this building, and after some search discovered the trap-door. Much time was lost, owing to our being unprovided with lights, in the subterranean passage; and it was more than two hours before we could find the ring connected with the stone-door, the mystery of which Martin explained to us. This delay we feared would render our scheme abortive, when, just as we reached the panel we heard your shrieks. The spring was touched, and—you know the rest."

"And shall never forget it," replied Viviana, in a tone of the deepest gratitude.

At this juncture, the tramp of horses was heard at the door; and the next moment it was thrown open by the younger Heydocke, who, with a look, and in a voice of the utmost terror, exclaimed, "They are coming!—they are coming!"

"The pursuivant?" cried Guy Fawkes.

"Not him alone, but the whole gang," rejoined Martin. "Some of them are lowering the drawbridge, while others are crossing the plank. Several are on horseback, and I think I discern the pursuivant amongst the number. They have seen me, and are hurrying in this direction."

As he spoke a loud shout corroborated his statement.

"We are lost!" exclaimed Oldcorne.

"Do not despair, father," rejoined Guy Fawkes. "Heaven will not abandon its faithful servants. The Lord will deliver us out of the hands of these Amalekites."

"To horse, then, if you would indeed avoid them," urged Humphrey Chetham. "The shouts grow louder. Your enemies are fast approaching."

"Miss Radcliffe, said Guy Fawkes, "are you willing to fly with us?"

"I will do anything rather than be left to those horrible men," she answered.

Guy Fawkes then raised her in his arms, and sprang with his

lovely burden upon the nearest charger. His example was quickly followed by Humphrey Chetham, who, vaulting on the other horse, assisted the priest to mount behind him. While this took place Martin darted into the shed, and instantly bolted the door.

It was a beautiful moonlight night, almost as bright as day, and the movements of each party were therefore fully revealed to the other. Guy Fawkes perceived at a glance that they were surrounded; and, though he had no fears for himself, he was full of apprehension for the safety of his companion. While he was debating with himself as to the course it would be best to pursue, Humphrey Chetham shouted to him to turn to the left, and started off in that direction. Grasping his fair charge, whom he had placed before him on the saddle, firmly with his left arm, and wrapping her in his ample cloak, Guy Fawkes drew his sword, and striking spurs into his steed, followed in the same track.

The little fabric which had afforded them temporary shelter, it has already been mentioned, was situated on the west of the hall, at a short distance from the moat, and was screened from observation by a small shrubbery. No sooner did the fugitives emerge from this cover than loud outcries were raised by their antagonists, and every effort was made to intercept them. On the right, galloping towards them on a light, but swift courser, taken from Sir William Radcliffe's stables, came the pursuivant, attended by half-a-dozen troopers, who had accommodated themselves with horses in the same manner as their leader. Between them and the road leading to Manchester were stationed several armed men on foot. At the rear, voices proclaimed that others were in full pursuit; while in front, a fourth detachment menaced them with their pikes. Thus beset on all sides, it seemed scarcely possible to escape. Nothing daunted, however, by the threats and vociferations with which they were received, the two horsemen boldly charged this party. The encounter was instantaneous. Guy Fawkes warded off a blow, — which, if it had taken effect, must have robbed Miss Radcliffe of life,—and struck down the fellow who aimed it. At the same moment, his career was checked by another assailant, who, catching his bridle with the hook of his pike, commanded him to surrender. Fawkes replied by cleaving the man's staff asunder, and having thus disembarrassed himself, was about to pursue his course when he perceived that Humphrey Chetham was in imminent danger from a couple of soldiers, who had stopped him, and were trying to unhorse his companion. Riding up to them, Guy Fawkes, by a vigorous and well-directed attack, speedily drove them off; and the fugitives, being now unimpeded, were enabled to continue their career.

The foregoing occurrences were witnessed by the pursuivant with the utmost rage and vexation. Pouring forth a torrent of threats and imprecations, he swore he would never rest till he had secured them, and urging his courser to its utmost speed, commanded his men to give chase.

Skirting the brink of a sluice which served to convey the water of the Irwell to the moat, Humphrey Chetham, — who, as better acquainted with the country than his companion, took the lead, — proceeded in this direction for about a hundred yards, when he suddenly struck across a narrow bridge covered with sod, and entered the open fields. Hitherto, Viviana had remained silent. Though fully aware of the risk she had run, she gave no sign of alarm,—not even when the blow was aimed against her life. And it was only now that she con-

ceived the danger was in some degree passed that she ventured to express her gratitude.

"You have displayed so much courage, Miss Radcliffe," said Guy Fawkes, in answer to her speech, "that it would be unpardonable to deceive you. Our foes are too near us, and too well mounted, to make it by any means certain we shall escape them,—unless by stratagem."

"They are within a hundred yards of us," cried Humphrey Chetham, glancing fearfully backwards. "They have possessed themselves of your father's fleetest horses. And, if I mistake not, the rascally pursuivant has secured your favourite barb."

"My gentle Zayda!" exclaimed Viviana. "Then indeed we are lost. She has not her match for speed."

"If she bring her rider to us alone, she will do us good service," observed Guy Fawkes, significantly.

The same notion, almost at the same moment, occurred to the pursuivant. Having witnessed the prowess displayed by Guy Fawkes in his recent attack on the soldiers, he felt no disposition to encounter so formidable an opponent single-handed; and finding that the high-mettled barb on which he was mounted, by its superior speed and fiery temper, would inevitably place him in such a dilemma, he prudently resolved to halt, and exchange it for a more manageable steed.

This delay was of great service to the fugitives, and enabled them to get considerably a-head. They had now gained a narrow lane, and tracking it, speedily reached the rocky banks of the Irwell. Galloping along a foot-path which followed the serpentine course of the stream for a quarter of a mile, they arrived at a spot marked by a bed of osiers, where Humphrey Chetham informed them the river was fordable.

Accordingly, they plunged into the water, and while stemming the current, which here ran with great swiftness, and rose up above the saddles, the neighing of a steed was heard from the bank they had quitted. Turning at the sound, Viviana beheld her favourite courser on the summit of a high rock. The soldier to whom Zayda was intrusted had speedily, as the pursuivant foresaw, distanced his companions, and had chosen this elevated position to take sure aim at Guy Fawkes, against whom he was now levelling a caliver. The next moment a bullet struck against his brigandine, but without doing him any injury. The soldier, however, did not escape so lightly. Startled by the discharge, the fiery barb leapt from the precipice into the river, and throwing her rider, who was borne off by the rapid stream, swam after her mistress. She reached the opposite bank just as the others were landing, and at the sound of Viviana's voice stood still, and allowed Humphrey Chetham to lay hold of her bridle. Viviana declaring she was able to mount her, Guy Fawkes, who felt that such an arrangement was most likely to conduce to her safety, and who was, moreover, inclined to view the occurrence as a providential interference in their behalf, immediately assisted her into the saddle.

Before this transfer could be effected, the pursuivant and his attendants had begun to ford the stream. The former had witnessed the accident which had befallen the soldier from a short distance; and, while he affected to deplore it, internally congratulated himself on his prudence and foresight. But he was by no means so well satisfied when he saw how it served to benefit the fugitives.

"That unlucky beast!" he exclaimed. "Some fiend must have

prompted me to bring her out of the stable. Would she had drowned herself instead of poor Dickon Duckesbury, whom she hath sent to feed the fishes! With her aid, Miss Radcliffe will doubtless escape. No matter. If I secure Father Oldcorne, and that black-visaged trooper in the Spanish garb, who, I'll be sworn, is a secret intelligencer of the pope, if not of the devil, I shall be well contented. I'll hang them both on a gibbet higher than Haman's."

And muttering other threats to the same effect, he picked his way to the opposite shore. Long before he reached it, the fugitives had disappeared. But on climbing the bank, he beheld them galloping swiftly across a well-wooded district steeped in moonlight, and spread out before his view, and inflamed by the sight, he shouted to his attendants, and once more started in pursuit.

Cheered by the fortunate incident above related, which, in presenting her with her own steed in a manner so surprising and unexpected, seemed almost to give her assurance of deliverance, Viviana, inspirited by the exercise, felt her strength and spirits rapidly revive. At her side rode Guy Fawkes, who ever and anon cast an anxious look behind, to ascertain the distance of their pursuers, but suffered no exclamation to escape his lips. Indeed, throughout the whole affair, he maintained the reserve which belonged to his sombre and taciturn character, and neither questioned Humphrey Chetham as to where he was leading them, nor proposed any deviation from the route he had apparently chosen. To such remarks as were addressed to him Fawkes answered in monosyllables; and it was only when occasion required, that he volunteered any observation or advice. He seemed to surrender himself to chance. And perhaps, if his bosom could have been examined, it would have been found that he considered himself a mere puppet in the hands of destiny.

In other and calmer seasons, he might have dwelt with rapture on the beautiful and varied country through which they were speeding, and which, from every knoll they mounted, every slope they descended, every glade they threaded, intricacy pierced, or tangled dell tracked, presented new and increasing attractions. This charming district, which has since been formed into a park by the Traffords, from whom it derives its present designation, was at this time, — though part of the domain of that ancient family,—wholly unenclosed. Old Trafford Hall lies (for it is still in existence,) more than a mile nearer to Manchester, a little to the east of Ordsall Hall; but the modern residence of the family is situated in the midst of the lovely region through which the fugitives were riding.

But, though the charms of the scene, heightened by the gentle medium through which they were viewed, produced little effect upon the iron nature of Guy Fawkes, they were not without influence on his companions, especially Viviana. Soothed by the stillness of all around her, she almost forgot her danger; and surrendering herself to the dreamy enjoyment generally experienced in contemplating such a scene at such an hour, suffered her gaze to wander over the fair woody landscape before her, till it was lost in the distant moonlit wolds.

From the train of thought naturally awakened by this spectacle, she was roused by the shouts of the pursuers; and, glancing fearfully behind her, beheld them hurrying swiftly along the valley they had just quitted. From the rapidity with which they were advancing, it was evident they were gaining upon them, and she was about to urge

her courser to greater speed, when Humphrey Chetham laid his hand upon the rein to check her.

"Reserve yourself till we gain the brow of this hill," he remarked; "and then put Zayda to her mettle. We are not far from our destination."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Viviana. "Where is it?"

"I will show it you presently," he answered.

Arrived at the summit of the high ground, which they had been for some time gradually ascending, the young merchant pointed out a vast boggy tract, about two miles off, in the vale beneath them.

"That is our destination," he said.

"Did I not hold it impossible you could trifle with me at such a time as this, Master Chetham, I should say you were jesting," rejoined Viviana. "The place you indicate, unless I mistake you, is Chat Moss, the largest and most dangerous marsh in Lancashire."

"You do not mistake me, neither am I jesting, Miss Radcliffe," replied the young merchant, gravely. "Chat Moss *is* the mark at which I aim."

"If we are to cross it, we shall need a Will-o'-the-wisp to guide us, and some friendly elf to make firm the ground beneath our steeds," rejoined Viviana, in a slightly sarcastic tone.

"Trust to me, and you shall traverse it in safety," said Humphrey Chetham.

"I would sooner trust myself to the pursuivant and his band, than venture upon its treacherous surface," she replied.

"How is this, young sir?" interposed Guy Fawkes, sternly. "Is it from heedlessness or rashness that you are about to expose us to this new danger? — which, if Miss Radcliffe judges correctly, and my own experience of such places inclines me to think she does so,—is greater than that which now besets us."

"If there is any danger, I shall be the first to encounter it, for I propose to act as guide," returned Humphrey Chetham, in an offended tone. "But the treacherous character of the marsh constitutes our safety. I am acquainted with a narrow path across it, from which the deviation of a foot will bring certain death. If our pursuers attempt to follow us, their destruction is inevitable. Miss Radcliffe may rest assured that I would not needlessly expose so dear a life as hers. But it is our best chance of safety."

"Master Chetham is in the right," observed the priest. "I have heard of the path he describes; and if he can guide us along it, we shall effectually baffle our enemies."

"I cry you mercy, sir," said Viviana. "I did not apprehend your meaning. But I now thankfully resign myself to your care."

"Forward, then," cried the young merchant. And they dashed swiftly down the declivity.

Chat Moss, towards which they were hastening, though now drained, in part cultivated, and traversed by the busiest and most-frequented railroad in England, or the world, was, within the recollection of many of the youngest of the present generation, a dreary and almost impassable waste. Surveyed from the heights of Dunham, whence the writer has often gazed upon it, envying the plover her wing to skim over its broad expanse, it presented, with its black boggy soil, striped like a motley garment, with patches of grey, tawny and dunnish red, a singular and mysterious appearance. Conjecture fixes this morass as the

site of a vast forest, whose immemorial and Druid-haunted groves were burnt by the Roman invaders; and seeks to account for its present condition by supposing that the charred trees — still frequently found within its depths,—being left where the conflagration had placed them, had choked up its brooks and springs, and so reduced it to a general swamp. Drayton, however, in the following lines from the Faerie Land, places its origin as far back as the Deluge:—

—— Great Chat Moss at my fall
Lies full of turf and marl, her unctuous mineral;
And blocks as black as pitch, with boring augurs found
There at the General Flood supposed to be drown'd.

But the former hypothesis appears the more probable. A curious description of Chat Moss, as it appeared at the time of this history, is furnished by Camden, who terms it, "a swampy tract of great extent, a considerable part of which was carried off in the last age by swollen rivers with great danger, whereby the rivers were infected, and great quantities of fish died. Instead thereof is now a valley watered by a small stream, and many trees were discovered thrown down, and lying flat, so that one may suppose when the ground lay neglected, and the waste water of brooks was not drained off into the open valleys, or their courses stopped by neglect or desolation, all the lower grounds were turned into swamps, (which we call *mosses*,) or into pools. If this was the case, no wonder so many trees are found covered, and as it were, buried in such places all over England, but especially here. For the roots being loosened by two excessive wet, they must necessarily fall down and sink in so soft a soil. The people hereabouts search for them with poles and spits, and after marking the place, dig them up, and use them for firing, for they are like torches, equally fit to burn and to give light, which is probably owing to the bituminous earth that surrounds them, whence the common people suppose them firs, though Cæsar denies that there were such trees in Britain."

But, though vast masses of the bog had been carried off by the Irwell and the Mersey, as related by Camden, the general appearance of the waste, — with the exception of the valley and the small stream,— was much the same as it continued to our own time. Its surface was more broken and irregular, and black-gaping chasms and pits filled with water and slime as dark-coloured as the turf from which it flowed, pointed out the spots where the swollen and heaving swamp had burst its bondage. Narrow paths, known only to the poor turf-cutters and other labourers who dwelt upon its borders, and gathered fuel in the manner above described, intersected it at various points. But as they led in many cases to dangerous and deep gulfs, to dismal quagmires, and fathomless pits; and, moreover, as the slightest departure from the proper track would have whelmed the traveller in an oozy bed, from which, as from a quicksand, he would have vainly striven to extricate himself, — it was never crossed without a guide, except by those familiar with its perilous courses. One painful circumstance connected with the history of Chat Moss remains to be mentioned, namely, that the attempt made to cultivate it by the great historian Roscoe, — an attempt since carried out, as has already been shown, with complete success, — ended in a result ruinous to the fortunes of that highly-gifted person, who, up to the period of this luckless undertaking, was as prosperous as he was meritorious.

By this time, the fugitives had approached the confines of the marsh.

An accident, however, had just occurred, which nearly proved fatal to Viviana, and, owing to the delay it occasioned, brought their pursuers into dangerous proximity with them. In fording the Irwell, which, from its devious course, they were again compelled to cross, about a quarter of a mile below Barton, her horse missed its footing, and precipitated her into the rapid current. In another instant, she would have been borne away, if Guy Fawkes had not flung himself into the water, and seized her before she sank. Her affrighted steed, having got out of its depth, begun to swim off, and it required the utmost exertion on the part of Humphrey Chetham, embarrassed as he was by the priest, to secure it. In a few minutes, all was set to right, and Viviana was once more placed on the saddle, without having sustained farther inconvenience than was occasioned by her dripping apparel. But those few minutes, as has been just stated, sufficed to bring the pursuivant and his men close upon them; and as they scrambled up the opposite bank, the plunging and shouting behind them told that the latter had entered the stream.

"Yonder is Baysnape," exclaimed Humphrey Chetham, calling Viviana's attention to a ridge of high ground on the borders of the waste. "Below it lies the path by which I propose to enter the moss. We shall speedily be out of the reach of our enemies."

"The marsh at least will hide us," answered Viviana, with a shudder. "It is a terrible alternative."

"Fear nothing, dear daughter," observed the priest. "The saints, who have thus marvellously protected us, will continue to watch over us to the end, and will make the path over yon perilous waste as safe as the ground on which we tread."

"I like not the appearance of the sky," observed Guy Fawkes, looking uneasily upwards. "Before we reach the spot you have pointed out, the moon will be obscured. Will it be safe to traverse the moss in the dark?"

"It is our only chance," replied the young merchant, speaking in a low tone, that his answer might not reach Viviana's ears; "and after all, the darkness may be serviceable. Our pursuers are so near, that if it were less gloomy, they might hit upon the right track. It will be a risk to us to proceed, but certain destruction to those who follow. And now let us make what haste we can. Every moment is precious."

The dreary and fast-darkening waste had now opened upon them in all its horrors. Far as the gaze could reach appeared an immense expanse, flat almost as the surface of the ocean, and unmarked, so far as could be discerned in that doubtful light, by any trace of human footstep, or habitation. It was a stern and sombre prospect, and calculated to inspire terror in the stoutest bosom. What effect it produced on Viviana may be easily conjectured. But her nature was brave and enduring, and, though she trembled so violently as scarcely to be able to keep her seat, she gave no utterance to her fears. They were now skirting that part of the morass, since denominated, from the unfortunate speculation already alluded to, "Roscoe's Improvements." This tract was the worst and most dangerous portion of the whole moss. Soft, slabby, and unsubstantial, its treacherous beds scarcely offered secure footing to the heron that alighted on them. The ground shook beneath the fugitives as they hurried past the edge of the groaning and quivering marsh. The plover, scared from its nest, uttered its peculiar and plaintive cry; the bittern shrieked; other night-fowl poured forth their doleful notes; and the bull-frog added

its deep croak to the ominous concert. Behind them came the thundering tramp and loud shouts of their pursuers. Guy Fawkes had judged correctly. Before they reached Baysnape the moon had withdrawn behind a rack of clouds, and it had become profoundly dark. Arrived at this point, Humphrey Chetham called to them to turn off to the right.

"Follow singly," he said, "and do not swerve a hair's breadth from the path. The slightest deviation will be fatal. Do you, sir," he added to the priest, "mount behind Guy Fawkes, and let Miss Radcliffe come next after me. If I should miss my way, do not stir for your life."

The transfer effected, the fugitives turned off to the right, and proceeded at a cautious pace along a narrow and shaking path. The ground trembled so much beneath them, and their horses' feet sank so deeply in the plashy bog, that Viviana demanded, in a tone of some uneasiness, if he was sure he had taken the right course?

"If I had not," replied Humphrey Chetham, "we should ere this have found our way to the bottom of the morass."

As he spoke, a floundering plunge, accompanied by a horrible and quickly-stifled cry, told that one of their pursuers had perished in endeavouring to follow them.

"One poor wretch is gone to his account," observed Viviana, in a tone of commiseration. "Have a care!—have a care, Master Chetham, lest you share the same fate."

"If I can save you, I care not what becomes of me," replied the young merchant. "Since I can never hope to possess you, life has become valueless in my eyes."

"Quicken your pace, Master Chetham," shouted Guy Fawkes, who brought up the rear. "Our pursuers have discovered the track, and are making towards us."

"Let them do so," replied the young merchant. "They can do us no farther injury."

"That is false!" cried the voice of a soldier from behind. And as the words were uttered a shot was fired, which, though aimed against Chetham, took effect upon his steed. The animal staggered, and his rider had only time to slide from his back when he reeled off the path, and was ingulfed in the marsh.

Hearing the plunge of the steed, the man fancied he had hit his mark, and hallooed in an exulting voice to his companions. But his triumph was of short duration. A ball from the petronel of Guy Fawkes pierced his brain, and dropping from his saddle, he sank, together with his horse, which he dragged along with him into the quagmire.

"Waste no more shot," cried Humphrey Chetham; "the swamp will fight our battles for us. Though I grieve for the loss of my faithful horse, I may be better able to guide you on foot."

With this, he seized Viviana's bridle, and drew her steed along at a quick pace, but with the greatest caution. As they proceeded, a light like that of a lantern was seen to rise from the earth, and approach them.

"Heaven be praised!" exclaimed Viviana. "Some one has heard us, and is hastening to our assistance."

"Not so," replied Humphrey Chetham. "The light you behold is an *ignis fatuus*. Were you to trust yourself to its delusive gleam, it would lead you to the most dangerous parts of the moss."

And, as if to exhibit its real character, the little flame, which hitherto had burnt as brightly and steadily as a wax-candle, suddenly appeared to dilate, and assuming a purple tinge, emitted a shower of sparks, and then flitted rapidly over the plain.

"Woe to him that follows it!" cried Humphrey Chetham.

"It has a strange unearthly look," observed Viviana, crossing herself. "I have much difficulty in persuading myself it is not the work of some malignant sprite."

"It is only an exhalation of the marsh," replied Chetham. "But, see! others are at hand."

Their approach, indeed, seemed to have disturbed all the weird children of the waste. Lights were seen trooping towards them in every direction; sometimes stopping, sometimes rising in the air,—now contracting, now expanding, and when within a few yards of the travellers, retreating with inconceivable swiftness.

"It is a marvellous and incomprehensible spectacle," remarked Viviana.

"The common folk hereabouts affirm that these Jack-o'-lanterns, as they term them, always appear in greater numbers when some direful catastrophe is about to take place," rejoined the young merchant.

"Heaven avert it from us!" ejaculated Viviana.

"It is an idle superstition," returned Chetham. "But we must now keep silence," he continued, lowering his voice, and stopping near the charred stump of a tree, left, it would seem, as a mark. "The road turns here. And, unless our pursuers know it, we shall now quit them for ever. We must not let a sound betray the course we are about to take."

Having turned this dangerous corner in safety, and conducted his companions as noiselessly as possible for a few yards along the cross path, which being much narrower, was consequently more perilous than the first, Humphrey Chetham stood still, and, imposing silence upon the others, listened to the approach of their pursuers. His prediction was speedily and terribly verified. Hearing the movement in advance, but unable to discover the course taken by the fugitives, the unfortunate soldiers, fearful of losing their prey, quickened their pace, in the expectation of instantly overtaking them. They were fatally undeceived. Four only of their number, besides their leader, remained,—two having perished in the manner heretofore described. The first of these, disregarding the caution of his comrade, laughingly urged his horse into a gallop, and, on passing the mark, sunk as if by magic, and before he could utter a single warning cry, into the depths of the morass. His disappearance was so instantaneous, that the next in order, though he heard the sullen plunge, was unable to draw in the rein, and was likewise ingulfed. A third followed; and a fourth, in his efforts to avoid their fate, backed his steed over the slippery edge of the path. Only one now remained. This was the pursuivant, who, with the prudence that characterised all his proceedings, had followed in the rear. He was so dreadfully frightened, that, adding his shrieks to those of his attendants, he shouted to the fugitives, imploring assistance in the most piteous terms, and promising never again to molest them, if they would guide him to a place of safety. But his cries were wholly unheeded. And he perhaps endured in those few minutes of agony as much suffering as he had inflicted on the numerous victims of his barbarity. It was indeed an appalling moment. Three of the wretched men had not yet

sunk, but were floundering about in the swamp, and shrieking for help. The horses, as much terrified as their riders, added their piercing cries to the half-suffocated yells of their riders. And, as if to make the scene more ghastly, myriads of dancing lights flitted towards them, and throwing an unearthly glimmer over this part of the morass, fully revealed their struggling figures. Moved by compassion for the poor wretches, Viviana implored Humphrey Chetham to assist them; and finding him immoveable, she appealed to Guy Fawkes.

"They are beyond all human aid," the latter replied.

"Heaven have mercy on their souls!" ejaculated the priest. "Pray for them, dear daughter. Pray heartily, as I am about to do." And he recited in an audible voice the Romish formula of supplication for those *in extremis*.

Averting her gaze from the spectacle, Viviana joined fervently in the prayer.

By this time two of the strugglers had disappeared. The third, having freed himself from his horse, contrived for some moments, during which he uttered the most frightful cries, to keep his head above the swamp. His efforts were tremendous, but unavailing; and served only to accelerate his fate. Making a last desperate plunge towards the bank where the fugitives were standing, he sank above the chin. The expression of his face, shown by the ghastly glimmer of the fen-fires, as he was gradually swallowed up, was horrible.

"*Requiem æternam dona eis, Domine,*" cried the priest.

"All is over," said Humphrey Chetham, taking the bridle of Viviana's steed, and leading her onwards. "We are free from our pursuers."

"There is one left," she cried, casting a look backwards.

"It is the pursuivant," returned Guy Fawkes, sternly. "He is within shot," he added, drawing his petronel.

"Oh, no—no!—in pity spare him!" cried Viviana. "Too many lives have been sacrificed already."

"He is the cause of all the mischief," said Guy Fawkes, unwillingly replacing the petronel in his belt, "and may live to injure you and your father."

"I will hope not," rejoined Viviana; "but, spare him!—oh, spare him."

"Be it as you please," replied Guy Fawkes. "The marsh, I trust, will not be so merciful."

With this, they slowly resumed their progress. On hearing their departure, the pursuivant renewed his cries in a more piteous tone than ever; but, in spite of the entreaties of Viviana, nothing could induce her companions to lend him assistance.

For some time, they proceeded in silence, and without accident. As they advanced, the difficulties of the path increased, and it was fortunate that the moon, emerging from the clouds in which, up to this moment, she had been shrouded, enabled them to steer their course in safety. At length, after a tedious and toilsome march for nearly half a mile, the footing became more secure; the road widened; and they were able to quicken their pace. Another half mile landed them upon the western bank of the morass. Viviana's first impulse was to give thanks to Heaven for their deliverance; nor did she omit in her prayer a supplication for the unfortunate beings who had perished.

Arrived at the point now known as Rawson Nook, they entered a lane, and proceeded towards Astley Green, where perceiving a cluster

of thatched cottages among the trees, they knocked at the door of the first, and speedily obtained admittance from its inmates — a turf-cutter and his wife. The man conveyed their steeds to a neighbouring barn, while the good dame offered Viviana such accommodation and refreshment as her humble dwelling afforded. Here they tarried till the following evening, as much to recruit Miss Radcliffe's strength, as for security.

At the young merchant's request, the turf-cutter went in the course of the day to see what had become of the pursuivant. He was nowhere to be found. But he accidentally learnt from another hind, who followed the same occupation as himself, that a person answering to the officer's description had been seen to emerge from the moss near Baysnape at daybreak, and take the road towards Manchester. Of the unfortunate soldiers nothing but a steel cap and a pike, which the man brought away with him, could be discovered.

After much debate, it was decided that their safest plan would be to proceed to Manchester, where Humphrey Chetham undertook to procure them safe lodgings at the Seven Stars, — an excellent hostel, kept by a worthy widow, who, he affirmed, would do anything to serve him. Accordingly, they set out at night-fall, — Viviana taking her place before Guy Fawkes, and relinquishing Zayda to the young merchant and the priest. Shaping their course through Worsley, by Monton Green and Pendleton, they arrived in about an hour within sight of the town, which then—not a tithe of its present size, and unpolluted by the smoky atmosphere in which it is now constantly enveloped,—was not without some pretensions to a picturesque appearance. Crossing Salford Bridge, they mounted Smithy Bank, as it was then termed, and proceeding along Cateaton Street and Hanging Ditch, struck into Whithing (now Withy) Grove, at the right of which, just where a few houses were beginning to straggle up Shude Hill, stood, and still stands, the comfortable hostel of the Seven Stars. Here they stopped, and were warmly welcomed by its buxom mistress, Dame Sutcliffe. Muffled in Guy Fawkes's cloak, the priest gained the chamber to which he was ushered unobserved. And Dame Sutcliffe, though her Protestant notions were a little scandalized at her dwelling being made the sanctuary of a Popish priest, promised, at the instance of Master Chetham, whom she knew to be no favourer of idolatry in a general way, to be answerable for his safety.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DISINTERMENT.

Having seen every attention that circumstances would admit shown to Viviana by the hostess,—who, as soon as she discovered that she had the daughter of Sir William Radcliffe of Ordsall under her roof, bestirred herself in right earnest for her accommodation, — Humphrey Chetham, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour,—it was past midnight,—expressed his determination to walk to his residence at Crumpsall, to put an end to any apprehension which might be entertained by the household at his prolonged absence. With this view, he set forth: and Guy Fawkes, who seemed to be meditating some project which he was unwilling to disclose to the others, quitted the hostel with him, bidding the chamberlain sit up for him, as he should speedily return. They had not gone far when he inquired the nearest way to the Collegiate Church, and was answered that they were then proceeding towards it, and in a few moments should arrive at its walls.

He next asked the young merchant whether he could inform him which part of the churchyard was allotted to criminals. Humphrey Chetham was somewhat surprised by the question, but replied, "At the north-west, near the charnel;" adding, "I shall pass within a short distance of the spot, and will point it out to you."

Entering Fennel Street, at the end of which stood an ancient cross, they soon came in sight of the church. The moon was shining brightly, and silvered its massive square tower, its battlements, pinnacles, buttresses, and noble eastern window, with its gorgeous tracery. While Guy Fawkes paused for a moment to contemplate this reverend and beautiful structure, two venerable personages, having long snowy beards, and wrapped in flowing mantles edged with sable fur, passed the end of the street. One of them carried a lantern, though it was wholly needless, as it was bright as day, and as they glided stealthily along, there was something so mysterious in their manner, that it greatly excited the curiosity of Guy Fawkes, who inquired from his companion if he knew who they were.

"The foremost is the warden of Manchester, the famous Doctor Dee," replied Humphrey Chetham, "divine, mathematician, astrologer, —and, if report speaks truly, conjuror."

"Is that Doctor Dee?" cried Guy Fawkes, in astonishment.

"It is," replied the young merchant; "and the other in the Polish cap is the no less celebrated Edward Kelley, the doctor's assistant, or as he is ordinarily termed, his seer."

"They have entered the churchyard," remarked Guy Fawkes. "I will follow them."

"I would not advise you to do so," rejoined the other. "Strange tales are told of them. You may witness that which it is not safe to look upon."

The caution, however, was unheeded. Guy Fawkes had already disappeared, and the young merchant, shrugging his shoulders, proceeded on his way towards Hunt's Bank.

On gaining the churchyard, Guy Fawkes perceived the warden and his companion creeping stealthily beneath the shadow of a wall in the direction of a low fabric, which appeared to be a bone-house, or charnel, situated at the north-western extremity of the church. Before this building grew a black and stunted yew-tree. Arrived at it, they paused, and looked round to see whether they were observed. They did not, however, notice Guy Fawkes, who had concealed himself behind a buttress. Kelley then unlocked the door of the charnel, and brought out a pickaxe and mattock. Having divested himself of his cloak, he proceeded to shovel out the mould from a new-made grave at a little distance from the building. Doctor Dee stood by, and held the lantern for his assistant. Determined to watch their proceedings, Guy Fawkes crept towards the yew-tree, behind which he ensconced himself. Kelley, meanwhile, continued to ply his spade with a vigour that seemed almost incomprehensible in one so far-stricken in years, and of such infirm appearance. At length, he paused, and kneeling within the shallow grave, endeavoured to drag something from it. Doctor Dee knelt to assist him. After some exertion, they drew forth the corpse of a female, which had been interred without coffin, and apparently in the habiliments worn during life. A horrible suspicion crossed Guy Fawkes. Resolving to satisfy his doubts at once, he rushed forward, and beheld in the ghastly lineaments of the dead the features of the unfortunate prophetess, Elizabeth Orton.

THE HERDSMAN.

BY P. M^cTEAGUE, ESQ.

We can scarcely refer to a poet, ancient or modern, who has not touched his lyre in celebration of the shepherd's useful and honourable occupation. If

> "The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
> And crows are fatten'd with the murrain flock,"

the slothful shepherd is alone to blame (might perhaps have been added). If, on the contrary, the eye of the vigilant herdsman has foreseen the impending calamities of floods and tempests, and in the hour of peril provided a secure retreat for his cattle, he not only rises in his own estimation, but advances in the opinion of his employer. He is a man to be depended upon, — the greatest encomium we can bestow upon a servant.

How beautifully has Virgil described the various cares which devolve to the lot of the shepherd! Nor does our own immortal Shakspeare fail to praise the faithful guardian of the flock:—

> "The shepherd's homely curds,
> His cold thin drink, out of his leather bottle;
> His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade;
> All which, secure and sweetly, he enjoys."

Wherever we go — almost in every land we still see before us the well-known characteristics of the tranquil shepherd; whose deadliest weapon is his crook, and fiercest associate his faithful dog. In times of cruel warfare his is the occupation of peace; and, amidst the changes and chances of states and empires, his state, and his empire, remain unaltered. In the sweet words of Sir Henry Wotton:—

> "Nor wars are seen,
> Unless upon the green
> Two harmless lambs are butting one another;
> Which done, both bleating run each to his mother;
> And wounds are never found,
> Save what the ploughshare gives the ground."

There is only one young unhappy scapegrace that ever I heard of who says a word against this most honourable calling, — and that is Master Norval; who, after stripping a certain audacious freebooter of his arms (which was all very well in its way), thought proper to turn up his nose, and exclaim that he (forsooth),

> "Disdained the shepherd's slothful life!"

That such words should have been ever written by a Scotchman! That such words should have been ever repeated by a child of the Grampians!

"A purty piece of impudence," as our hero, Paddy Morony, would have said, were he now "to the fore." "Faix! anything in the wide world but that same. Slothful, indeed! Show me a slothful herdsman, and I 'll show you an ill-conditioned flock."

But, poor fellow! where is he? Where is Paddy Morony, the

pride of shepherds, and the boast of the whole barony of Burrin, in the sweet county of Clare?

Alas! poor Paddy, thou art gone!—but not for ever. Thy good deeds, thy love of truth, the remembrance of thy neighbourly acts, thy social harmless mirth, — all these will survive in the remembrance of those who love to cherish the name and service of an HONEST MAN. Thy Great Shepherd will provide for thee!

Well do I remember Paddy Morony, as among the wild valleys and craggy pastures of Burrin he led forth his flocks and herds, with the step, and almost with the pride, of a patriarch. To the casual visiter of this wild part of Ireland everything looks bleak and barren enough. As a sea, struck by the wand of an enchanter, on a sudden turned to stone, so do the wilds of Burrin show how fearfully Nature must have been convulsed before she composed herself here to rest; yet, to those better acquainted with the nutritive quality of the herbage interspersed among these rocks, and its plentiful intermixture with the finest clover, trefoil, and yarrow, as also with the mildness and healthiness of its climate, it will not be surprising that immense flocks of sheep are annually reared in this barony, besides numerous herds of black cattle.

In proportion as a country is rocky and precipitous, increased vigilance is of course required, — particularly when an early fall of snow occurs; but this is rare in Burrin, though in 1807 great losses were sustained. For few can provide any store of hay, except for that portion of a flock which it is designed to fatten for the spring,—and in that year many sheep were overwhelmed in the snow, and, singular to say, several were found again in a very tolerable state of health, after being actually buried three weeks!

Many a time have I walked a mile or two out of my way with my dogs and gun, just to stumble upon Paddy Morony. When I first knew him he was about sixty-five years of age, a fine, hale, vigorous man, with a keen eye and native step. He was as upright as a dart; but the uprightness of his body was not half so beautiful as the uprightness of his mind. His wife was an excellent woman of her class, and they had reared a large family with great credit.

At the period of which I am speaking he was in a comparative state of independence; but in his youth he had served a gentleman of old family and high character in a distant part of the county which I often visited, and from a friend of mine still living there, — (a worthy bachelor of the old school,) I had the following anecdote of Morony. I wish I could give it with half the *naïveté* and racy Hibernicisms of my good open-hearted old friend, Mr. Terence Coffy, who used to take great delight in repeating the stories and anecdotes of days bygone, and certainly never told them so well as when the parlour-fire burnt clear and bright, and the signal was given to replenish our glasses with a fresh supply of hot whisky punch.

Often, indeed, have I pressed him hard to write out a few of these stories; but he would only laugh at me, and observe, "That writing and reading were quite different sorts of accomplishments, and should never be mentioned together in the same breath. — Well, Mr. M'Teague!" he would exclaim, "the weather is cold and black, and, happen what will, I'm bound to take care of *you*. Come, draw nearer the fire. Now I hope you're in the way to be comfortable? Will you try the old potheen this evening, or will you stick to the

parlimint? Help yourself, now, and don't be one bit afraid of the spirits, for it's long before we'd come to the headach between either of them. I'm right glad to see you so well after your travels."

"Thank you kindly, Mr. Coffy; and I was never better pleased than to find myself in ould Ireland again, and particularly in *your* house."

"I'm proud to hear you say so; for we have a power of people going off, and not coming back again. *That* I look upon as a sin and shame both. Some persons will have it that the country is never the poorer by that means; but, for the life of me, I can't see either reason or honesty in the argument. We might just as well say that our bottles would never miss the glasses poured out of them. But I suppose you did not get much whisky abroad. I am told the French are a queer set of people, and drink their brandy raw, and their thin wines mixed with more than half *could* water, — can *that* be true, Mr. M'Teague?"

"Indeed, Mr. Coffy, it's true enough."

"Well — well, they have a right to please themselves, anyhow; but in my way of thinking, it would be far better if they put some hot water to their brandy, and let their sour wines alone. Was you in Holland, Mr. M'Teague?"

"I was, for a short time, sir."

"And, pray, let me ask you how they contrive to keep the *could* out of them there?"

"Oh, they have several very good contrivances. In the first place, the Dutch are a people that smoke a great deal; both the men and women wear plenty of flannels and friezes about them, and take most kindly to their gin, — which would be decent whisky enough, only for the juniper-berries they put into it; besides which, they have many cordials, such as aniseed and curaçoa; and then they have enormous feather-beds; and the ladies have fire-boxes to put their feet upon, and draw their petticoats over them, so as to keep all the heat to themselves."

"Oh, Mr. M'Teague, be easy now! these are your traveller's stories; but tell me when were you last in Burrin, and how is Paddy Morony. Will he ever be as fine a fellow as his old father?"

"I think he will grow up well, sir; but it will be hard to match the old herdsman, whose loss is severely felt in that neighbourhood. I understand the family are all decently provided for."

"Ay, I always said it would be so; Paddy was a snug man, and had a good helpmate with Peggy. None of your dirty lazy hussies was Peggy, but a clean, tidy, active, stirring body; she was lively in her youth, and fond of her jokes. Poor Paddy was a long time before he could get her to say *the word*; but she never had but the one bachelor, and that was Paddy. She delayed while she thought they were best apart, — and she was right enough; but there was a queer matter happened, that brought them together more suddenly than either of them expected. I was a slip of a lad at that time, but remember the story very well. She lived dairy-maid at the white house yonder, with Mr. Rochford, a sporting kind of gentleman; and Paddy, as you well know, was herdsman to Mr. Macnamara."

"That's the very point of Paddy's history I wish to come at," said I.

"Then I'll give it you in a few words," replied Mr. Coffy; and with that, after filling himself another tumbler, (for he never could manage to tell a story without wetting his lips occasionally,) he gave me, as nearly as I can recollect, the following account:—

"You must know, Mr. M'Teague, that about five-and-forty years ago, the county of Clare was quite a different sort of county to what it is at the present day. There was more cordiality and freedom of speech among all ranks of people, and less of the pride now going, which, as far as I can find out, must have come from some of the foreign countries. Neither do I think the people told so many lies as they do now,—and why? because we had plenty of the good old blood at that time of day—the real old gentlemen,—sprung from the right old stock. Oh! I could cry like a child when I think of the fields we had then,—such cracking of whips, and cracking of jokes,—ay, and of bottles of claret, too, when the day's sport was over! None of your calculators in those times,—none of your save-alls, and drivers, and five per cent. gentlemen, but all free-and-easy, and above board. The Macnamaras were the pride of the county; they were a noble race, and kept everything alive about them. Their hands were as open as their hearts, and their doors never closed. Them were the splendid days!—But I am wandering. God send us the good old times back again!

"Well, Mr. M'Teague; it was exactly at the period I am speaking of that there used to be sporting and betting among our country gentlemen; and if a gentleman was ever so high in rank, he did not think it beneath him to carry on the fun with a neighbour.

"Now it so happened, as you well know, that our old friend, Paddy, was herdsman to Mr. Macnamara: and no gentleman was ever better pleased with a servant; for he had had many proofs of Paddy's honesty, and used frequently to boast that if, as he had been told to his sorrow, telling lies was coming into fashion, he had never caught *his* herdsman in one, nor did he believe that anything could ever induce him to make use of any deception.

"You must, no doubt, have heard of Mr. Macnamara's fine breed of sheep, and that his flock was the pride of the whole country; but he had a black ram so justly celebrated, that he scarcely ever omitted looking at it every day. Not a morning came but he would go into the field to see this favourite black ram; and upon these occasions he seldom failed to speak some words of encouragement to his herdsman, and to give him such instructions as might be necessary—for, gentleman as he was every inch of him, Mr. Macnamara had great knowledge of sheep and cattle, and had, in fact, made Paddy—what he was to the day of his death—the best shepherd in the county of Clare.

"One fine summer morning, when Mr. Macnamara was in his fields with Paddy, inspecting his flock of sheep, and admiring his black ram, who should ride up but the sporting gentleman of the white house, Mr. Rochford.

"'Good morning, Mr. Macnamara, I am glad to see you looking so well, sir. I hope all the family are well?'

"'A good morning to you, Mr. Rochford: we are all well, I thank you. Come and look at my sheep. What do you think of the black ram?'

"'Sir, I believe your flock of sheep may safely challenge the

country; and, as for the black ram, I really don't think he could be matched in Ireland.'

"'I thought you would say so,' rejoined Mr. Macnamara; 'but to tell you the truth, and to do justice to a skilful and honest shepherd, I cannot but attribute the superior condition of my flock to the attention of my herdsman yonder, Paddy Morony, who has been with me from a boy; and, what is more, (eyeing his neighbour, Rochford, whose character he well knew, and had had frequent cause to despise,) I never knew any one, gentle or simple, upon whose *veracity* I would be more constantly disposed to rely.'

"Rochford was stung by this remark. In other words, the cap fitted; but in a moment he had formed his plan, and, bursting out into a loud laugh, he exclaimed, 'I tell you what it is, Mr. Macnamara, fellows of this kind are well enough till they are found out; but, if you are inclined for a bet this morning, I will make you a wager of twenty pounds that this fine honest herdsman of yours, of whom you boast so much, will tell you a lie, and a great one, too, before this very day week, at twelve o'clock.'

"'Done with you, Rochford,' said Mr. Macnamara, 'it is a bet: and so confident am I my herdsman will not do that which he has never yet attempted, that I would willingly double it; however, let it be twenty pounds, to be settled this day week, before twelve o'clock. I shall bring the money in my pocket, and I would recommend *you* to do the same, and we will meet in this very field.'

"'You will pledge your word that you will not caution your herdsman in any way, or mention the bet to him?'

"'Certainly; you have my word for that.'

"'Quite sufficient. Good morning, sir.' And with these words Rochford rode away.

"The idea which had occurred to Mr. Rochford when justly smarting under the remark of that excellent gentleman, Mr. Macnamara, and which he was conscious he deserved, was this:—Knowing the attachment between Peggy and the herdsman, and having remarked upon the extraordinary value which Mr. Macnamara put upon his black ram, he concluded (measuring that honest fellow's principles by his own) that it would be the easiest thing in the world for Peggy to coax the black ram away from her sweetheart, and that, of course, he would then be obliged to conceal the affair from Mr. Macnamara by pretending that he had lost the animal by some accident, or theft.

"On his return home, therefore, he took the first opportunity of seeing Peggy; and, after making the usual inquiries as to his stock of butter, and other domestic matters, he told her he had just had the pleasure of seeing her bachelor, Paddy Morony.

"At the name of her sweetheart—(for bachelor means sweetheart in the county of Clare,) Peggy blushed up to the eyes; but, pretending to wipe her face with the corner of her apron, and to be thinking of something else, observed, that the red cow was very ill.

"'Is she so?' replied Mr. Rochford, 'then, sure enough, we must have Paddy to look at her; for there is certainly nothing to equal his knowledge of cattle. Send little Micky, as from yourself, Peggy, and he will come over in the evening, I am sure he will.'

"Of course Peggy was not slow to fulfil her master's wishes. Away went little Micky over the ditches and fences; and in very short

time brought her back word that the herdsman would be there as soon as he had counted his sheep for the night.

"Peggy was, at that time of day, a fine creature, about twenty years of age, well brought up for her station in life, and very good-looking; but, though as virtuous a girl as ever lived in the parish, was, as I said before, lively, and fond of an innocent joke. The herdsman might then be about four or five years older, tall and straight, and well put together. He was one of the finest and truest lads in the country, and very few could equal him at a wrestling-bout or hurling-match. Not a doubt but they had made themselves a little sprucer than usual. Peggy had certainly bestowed some pains upon herself after milking the cows; and, true to his appointment, Paddy arrived at the white house at the edge of evening. It so happened they had not met for some time before; and Paddy, after examining the red cow, and administering the contents of a bottle he had brought with him, sat down upon a milking-stool, and Peggy upon another; and, whichever way it happened, Mr. M'Teague, I never could find out, but they began by sitting upon *two* stools, and ended by each of them sitting upon *one*. At all events, it was getting late with them, when, hearing Mr. Rochford's horse coming in, (for he had purposely absented himself,) they rose up, and went to the kitchen, whither he soon followed them.

"'Well, Paddy,' said Mr. Rochford, 'how are you this evening? I am greatly obliged to you for coming. Pray what's the matter with the cow?'

"'Oh, not much, sir, at all—a little touch of the murrain. I have given her a good dose this evening, and she will be quite well, I hope, in a day or two. If not, if your honour will send for me, I'll come again with pleasure.'

"'Thank ye, Paddy, I know that very well, and I won't be long in your debt. How are all your sheep?'

"'Quite well, sir.'

"'And the black ram?'

"'Never better.'

"'And do you really think, Paddy, that that black ram of your master's is anything to boast of, after all?'

"'Faith, I think he's a very fine ram; only, if I must confess the truth, I was never partial to the colour.'

"'Then you are not so fond of black sheep as white sheep, Paddy?'

"'I am not altogether so partial to them, sir.'

"'Nor I either; but they tell me the white sheep eat a great deal more than the black sheep. Did you ever hear that?'

"'Never, your honour; but I can easily believe it, for there's at least a hundred white sheep to one black one, and therefore it stands to reason the white sheep must eat the most entirely.'

"'Ha! ha! ha!—that's an old joke of mine, Paddy, and you have hit it. Good night to you.'

"In a few days Mr. Rochford inquired about his cow; and hearing a good account of her from Peggy, he told her that he well knew Paddy's attachment to her, and praised her choice; 'for,' said he, 'Peggy, that young fellow will never want for a good place; and if he and you were married, I would like to give you a spot of ground and money to build a cabin.'

"Peggy's heart swelled within her at this intelligence; but her native modesty was such, that she only held down her head, and could say nothing. She felt more gratitude than power to express it.

"'At all events,' continued Mr. Rochford, 'there will be nothing to prevent your being mistress of ten pounds, over and above what you have saved with me.'

"'How can that be, sir?' said Peggy.

"'Why, you must know, my good girl, that I have a heavy bet with a gentleman, not less, indeed, than twenty pounds, that Paddy Morony will give you the very black ram we were talking about the other night; and I think I was authorised in making such a bet, because I know of your mutual attachment. I know the ram is not worth more than five pounds; and that, even if Paddy should have to pay the cost of it, it could not be assessed beyond that sum. I cannot suppose that Paddy will hesitate about giving you the ram. At least, if he does not do so, it will surely be a proof that he does not value your affection at more than five pounds.'

"'But then, sir, if it is not his to give?'

"'Oh, as to that,' replied Mr. Rochford, 'never fear but I will make everything right with Mr. Macnamara. Sure he knows well enough that bets are for ever flying about the country; and when all is settled between the gentleman with whom I have the bet of twenty pounds and me, I promise, in the first place, that I will make you a present of ten pounds for your share in the business, and then make all smooth and correct with Mr. Macnamara; for you know very well, Peggy, the ram can be sent back again.'

"'Very true, sir. I think I'll be able to manage it so.'

"'Do, my good Peggy. But promise me one thing; and that is, that you will not tell Paddy one syllable either about me or the bet. That is a particular point—quite a condition between the gentleman and me; for if one word of it is known my money is lost, and yours, of course, also. So now be sure to go yourself to Paddy to-morrow evening when he is counting his sheep, and bring the black ram away with you, and you will see how happy you will be ever afterwards.'"

"'Never fear, sir, but I'll do my best,' said the poor unsuspecting girl.

Here my worthy friend, Mr. Coffy, took a good pull at his tumbler of punch, as if Rochford's foul play had risen in his throat.

"Well, Mr. M'Teague, I'm tiring you with this long story; but we'll soon be at the end of it now. Did you ever hear of such a thieving trick for a person calling himself a gentleman to play off on a poor innocent young creature? However, the next day came, as days usually come, one after the other, and in the afternoon Peggy set out gaily upon her errand, little suspecting she was about to do anything but what would benefit her lover, and serve her own master, to whom she was also much attached; and sure enough she soon saw her dear herdsman in a field, where he was busy putting in the sheep, with a pole in his hand.

"Right glad was honest Paddy to catch a glimpse of Peggy's purty face coming up, as it really gave him a hope that all would be well and happy with them at last.

"'Good evening, Paddy,' says she.

"'You're heartily welcome, agra,' says Paddy.

"'Them's fine sheep, Paddy, says she.

"'By dad, then they are,' says Paddy; 'and I wish to God a few of them were my own, that we might live happy and comfortable with each other.'

"'Oh! don't be botherin' me,' says she. 'That's an elegant fine one that black ram: what'll you take for it, and to let it go *unknownst*?'

"'Oh, an sure,' says Paddy, 'you must be certain I'd be very sorry to refuse *you* for anything, darlint; but you know that's my master's; and besides, he is so fond of that very ram, he would not part with it on any account.'

"'Will you take five pounds for it, then?' says she.

"'Oh no! I would not indeed — not one of me could,' says he.

"'I'll give you anything you'll ask for it,' says she; 'and it's the only thing I'll ever ask of you.'

"Paddy was silent.

"'And if I promise to marry you now, Paddy dear, will you give it me?'

"'Oh, now that's too much entirely,' says Paddy.

"Like a skilful general, Peggy saw that, however difficult to gain her point, a decisive moment was at hand. O Mr. M'Teague!" exclaimed the old gentleman, "when a woman gets a thing into her head, all the corkscrews in the world won't draw it out again. But that's neither here nor there.

"'Why, you must know, Paddy,' says she, 'I never had but the one thought about you; but if I was to be talking for ever, I could not say more. And if you will only give me the black ram, jewel, I tell you again I'll marry you as soon as it is convenient to yourself. But if you refuse me this request, and deny me the animal, don't blame me afterwards, Paddy, for I will never have you. Better to be unhappy all one's life long,' exclaimed Peggy, putting her apron to her eyes, 'than—than—'

"'Hush, darlint, hush!—put away the apron, and give me a kiss. I can deny *you* nothing. Take the black ram, in the name of God! —or anything else — take him away with you; for if I lost it for ever, or even was turned out of my good place here on account of it, I'd rather have your own *four bones* than all the rams, and the money, and the places in the world. And now you've got the animal, never fear, Peggy asthorogh, but I'll do my best to pass it off to the master. But take care, for the life of you, and never let *him* know a word about it, nor see the ram in your master's lands, after my excuses.'

"'Oh, then, thank you, my dear Paddy. Never fear but the ram will be far enough from home before night, and never trouble your head. I will tell you a great deal more about this business when we meet again.'

"So, after a loving farewell embrace, they parted; and Peggy, with a light heart and nimble step, drove the black ram home to her master, who, to be sure, was well pleased to think how nicely he had got hold of the twenty pounds; for he could not conceive how it would be possible for Paddy to escape telling, not one lie only, but a great many lies, in framing excuses about the ram. He made Peggy tell her story, and with ungenerous and dishonest exultation triumphed in his success, though too well aware the advantage

must be gained by the ruin of those he had taken such extraordinary pains to deceive. However, to lull her suspicions for the night, he said,

"'Well, Peggy, I see now how cleverly you have executed this business: and, indeed, to tell you the truth, no one in the world can blame that good fellow, Paddy, for giving up the black ram, considering how much he is beholden to you for it. And now I will repeat what I told you before, that the moment I get the money, which I am quite certain of doing to-morrow morning, I will make immediate intercession for poor Paddy, and crown the whole by giving you ten pounds. It will help to set you up, Peggy, and we will have a merry wedding of it.'

"Nothing could exceed poor Peggy's joy and thankfulness, and thus they parted.

"But to return to the young herdsman. As soon as Peggy had left the field with the black ram, Paddy began to feel himself up to the neck in as fine a piece of bewilderment as ever any poor lad was in, in this world. His wits were in such a state of confusion as they had never been in before. He had been taken by surprise: the wonderful change in Peggy's proceedings,—her unaccountable desire to possess herself of the ram, — her solemn promise of marriage, — her tears,—her fondness for him,—all conspired to involve him in what, to his imagination, appeared an endless state of confusion, a sea of troubles!

"But I must now lead you to Mr. Macnamara, for I had the whole account of it from himself— Heaven rest his soul! O Mr. M'Teague! that was the fine noble-hearted gentleman, the *real* warrant, and not a sharper eye in any man's head than he had in his own at that time of day. Nothing would happen, but he would be sure to know it; and do you suppose Peggy could come and go across his fields, and he not see her? No, faith! he was too keen a sportsman for that. So, as he used to tell the story, he crept very slyly out, and hid himself behind a wall, where he could see and hear pretty well, and never stirred hand or foot till Paddy was clean gone. And even then he used to say, he would not have sold his bet to Rochford for nineteen pounds nineteen shillings. In the whole of the business nothing amused him so much as Paddy's botheration. But to return.

"Paddy walked up and down the field, and backwards and forwards, wondering what excuses he could make about the black ram. He knew his master would come in the morning — what was he to say to him?—*that* was the question. However, as luck would have it, he hit upon a notable scheme at least. He determined upon trying the effect of an imaginary interview between his master and himself,—a sort of rehearsal or preparation for the scene, which was surely to follow the next morning. He accordingly, after sticking his pole in the ground, unbuckled his large herdsman's coat (called in this part of the country a riding-coat), and pulling it off, turned it inside out; for the riding-coat being lined with blue serge, and his master generally wearing a blue coat, Paddy thought this would make the nearest approximation to Mr. Macnamara's appearance. Thus altered, therefore, the riding-coat was put upon the pole, and surmounted by Paddy's hat; and he, drawing himself up opposite to the riding-coat, opened the scene.

"'There, now,' says Paddy, 'there's the master come to look at the sheep.'

"'Good morrow, Paddy,' says the riding-coat.

"'Your honour's welcome,' says Paddy.

"'A fine morning,' says the riding-coat.

"'It is indeed, sir, thank God,' says Paddy.

"'I hope the stock are all well this morning,' says the riding-coat.

"'They 're all well, indeed,' says Paddy.

"'Where's my sheep?' says the riding-coat.

"'They 're here, sir,' says Paddy, getting a little frightened, though.

"'Where?' says the riding-coat.

"'Here, inside this wall,' says Paddy.

"'Gather them up to me,' says the riding-coat, says he. So Paddy gathered all the sheep round the riding-coat.

"'Oh, I see,' says the riding-coat. 'But where have you put the black ram, Paddy?'

"'Why, your honour, in regard to the black ram, I don't know what your honour will say; but last night, unknownst to me, he fell into a bog-hole, and got drowned.'

"'Ah, Paddy, that won't do,' says the riding-coat. 'Why should he be drowned, and all the rest escape?'

"'No, that'll never stand agin the master;—try again,' says Paddy.—'O, by dad, sir, I'm very sorry to tell your honour some one stole him last night.'

"'That won't do,' says the riding-coat;—'the black ram would be too easily known for that.'

"'Well, what's become of my black ram?' says the riding-coat.

"Ay, ay; this was indeed the puzzler. The very shadow of his master and the force of his own reflections brought him to a full stop. He had never been tried before in the school of deceit, and already felt he was a *dunce* in it.

"'Well,' says Paddy, 'at any rate I'll take the master out of *that*, for fear he should be coming to life in the riding-coat. It won't do—the game's up with me.'

"So with that he walked to his riding-coat, turned the blue lining inwards as it was before, took up his long staff, and with melancholy steps proceeded home, and went to bed. There he consulted not only his pillow, but his conscience,—not only the master he had on earth, but Him whom he acknowledged in heaven. His mind was then made up, and he slept in peace.

"The next morning was the eventful one upon which the bet between Mr. Rochford and Mr. Macnamara was to be decided, and never was any man more confident of winning twenty pounds than the former. He rode off in high spirits, and at the appointed hour he and Mr. Macnamara proceeded to the field where Paddy was attending the sheep. On reaching the place, Mr. Macnamara, with a peculiar smile on his face, for which he had a better reason than Paddy thought for, then began

"'Good morrow to you, Paddy,' said Mr. Macnamara.

"'Your honour's welcome,' said Paddy.

"'A fine morning,' said Mr. Macnamara.

"'It is indeed, the Lord be praised!' said Paddy.

"'I hope the stock are all well this morning?' said Mr. Macnamara.

"'They 're all well, I *hope*,' said Paddy.

"'Where are my sheep?' said Mr. Macnamara.

"'They 're here, sir,' said Paddy.

"'Where?' said Mr. Macnamara.

"'Here, inside this wall,' said Paddy.

"'Gather them up to me,' said Mr. Macnamara. So Paddy gathered up all the sheep round his master.

"'Oh, I see them all right,' said Mr. Macnamara, 'but the black ram, and that's the very one I want to look at most, as you ought very well to know, Paddy.'

"'Oh! sir,' said Paddy, 'did you mean the black ram?'

"'To be sure I did,' said Mr. Macnamara.

"'Why, then, to tell your honour the raal truth, and it's as good to tell it at *wanst*,' said Paddy, 'the black ram has left your honour's service to make a happy man of me, and I'll tell your honour all about it. You see, this gentleman here has a servant as dairymaid, one Peggy Halloran, that I believe your honour may have seen or heard of, and the girl that I love better than any other woman in the world; and I must tell your honour that this Peggy Halloran—'

"'Stop there!' exclaimed Mr. Rochford; 'you need not go on, for I will tell the rest of the story myself to your master.' And upon this he confessed the whole business to Mr. Macnamara, acknowledged that he had fairly lost the money, which he instantly paid, and attempted to excuse himself with many lame apologies for what he had done.

"After receiving the money, and putting it safely in his pocket, Mr. Macnamara with great feeling and dignity addressed Mr. Rochford in the following words:—

"'Mr. Rochford, in making a remark which seemed to give you some offence last week, and in my subsequent proceedings with you, I was actuated by two motives: —The first was a hope that I might be able to show you the folly and impolicy of that course of occasional subterfuge, which I have had much pain in observing in you for some time back. My second motive was to testify that confidence in my herdsman, which I then thought, but now *know*, that he deserves. For the double injury which you have attempted on an innocent couple, and upon my purse, I freely forgive you. Your signal failure will, it is to be hoped, lead you to adopt an opposite course for the future, and thus enable you to re-establish yourself in your own opinion and that of others.

"'As for Peggy Halloran, I blame her not—she has come out of this business with a pure heart; and I am certain, from all I have ever heard of her, would never have acted as she did, had she not been herself deceived. She will only have to take a useful warning from the past, and let nothing ever persuade her to practise what her innocent spirit might condemn.

"'Now, then, Paddy, my faithful true-hearted herdsman,' continued Mr. Macnamara, 'hold up your head, man, and don't be looking down at your *brogues*. Hold up your head, and bless God that you did not fall into the cruel snare laid to deprive you of your well-earned character, and me of my twenty pounds. You love Peggy, and she loves you: I think she will make you an excellent wife—

take her, then, in God's name!—may you be happy together!—and upon the day of your marriage the whole of this twenty pounds shall be yours. Nor is this all I intend to do for you; for I will put you in a snug little spot of my own over in Burrin, where, with care and industry, I think and hope you will do well and be happy.'

"Many contending passions were still lurking in Mr. Rochford's breast; and had the occurrence taken place with any other person, a duel might have been the consequence. Gradually, however, his better feelings prevailed, nor was he afterwards ashamed to confess, that though he had lost his twenty pounds, he felt that he had still been a considerable gainer by the transaction.

"But the tumblers are empty!" said Mr. Coffy.

SONG—THE MONKS OF OLD.

Many have told of the monks of old,
What a saintly race they were;
But 'tis more true that a merrier crew
Could scarce be found elsewhere;
For they sung and laugh'd,
And the rich wine quaff'd,
And lived on the daintiest cheer.

And some they would say, that throughout the day
O'er the missal alone they would pore;
But 'twas only, I ween, whilst the flock were seen
They thought of their ghostly lore;
For they sung and laugh'd,
And the rich wine quaff'd,
When the rules of their faith were o'er.

And then they would jest at the love confess'd
By many an artless maid;
And what hopes and fears they have pour'd in the ears
Of those who sought their aid.
And they sung and laugh'd,
And the rich wine quaff'd,
As they told of each love-sick jade.

And the Abbot meek, with his form so sleek,
Was the heartiest of them all,
And would take his place with a smiling face
When refection bell would call;
And they sung and laugh'd,
And the rich wine quaff'd,
Till they shook the olden wall.

In their green retreat, when the drum would beat,
And warriors flew to arm,
The monks they would stay in their convent grey,
In the midst of dangers calm,
Where they sung and laugh'd,
And the rich wine quaff'd,
For none would the good men harm.

Then say what they will, we'll drink to them still,
For a jovial band they were;
And 'tis most true that a merrier crew
Could not be found elsewhere;
For they sung and laugh'd,
And the rich wine quaff'd.
And lived on the daintiest cheer.

W. J.

Leamington.

M. JASMIN.

M. Jasmin, the author of the following ballad, is neither an agriculturist nor a tender of flocks, but a hair-dresser at Agen, in the South of France. M. Jasmin is not unsuited to his occupation (one held dear by Gil Blas and Figaro) by the poetic turn his mind has taken, or the kind of talent with which he is gifted. He is a true native of the South of France, of the genuine and sterling race of the Marots; one in whose shop Molière would have delighted to sit, as was his wont in the house of the barber of Pezenas. Much has been lately said of M. Reboul of Nismes, who, while following the humble avocation of a baker, has been inspired with a poetic vein, to which the lyre of Lamartine has responded, and paid tribute. But the inspiration of Reboul has nothing in common with that of Jasmin.

Reboul is essentially a French poet of the meditative school; he writes and versifies harmoniously in classic French; but his originality consists still more in the contrast between his writings and his avocation, than in the character of his poetry. Necessitated to a state of manual labour, Reboul, although not ashamed of his condition, neither glories nor takes pleasure in it; sincerely religious, he considers his lot as a part of the duty imposed upon him by his Maker. At a certain hour of the day, when Reboul can command a little leisure, he lays aside his working-dress, and in the retirement of his little cell, in meditation before a crucifix, with the Bible on one hand, and Corneille on the other, he gives up his whole soul to poetry.

The works of Jasmin consist of a volume entitled Las Papillotos (Les Papillotes, or the Curl-papers), and of the following charming little poem, entitled L'Abuglo de Castel Cuillé (L'Aveugle de Castel Cuillé, or the Blind Man of Castel Cuillé). Les Papillotes is a collection of various poems written by the author between 1825 and 1835. The events of his life are therein related; but one of them, in three cantos, called Mons Souvenirs (Mes Souvenirs, or my Reminiscences), contains a detail of the adventures and opinions of Jasmin. This poem bears about it such an impress of reality, as carries conviction of its truth to the reader's mind.

James Jasmin (Jaquou Jansemin) was born in 1797 or 1798. "The last century, old and broken down, had no more," says he, "than a couple of years to pass upon the earth, when, in the corner of an old building, inhabited by a nation of rats, one Maunday Thursday there came into the world a child, the offspring of a lame father and a lame mother, and this little brat was no other than myself. When a prince is born, he is saluted with cannon, and the salute is to proclaim the general happiness; but as for me, poor son of a poor tailor, not even a pop-gun proclaimed my arrival. I was born, however, in the midst of a tremendous clamour, raised at the door of a neighbour, on the occasion of a nuptial serenade; the horns and kettles, the marrow-bones and cleavers, resounded in my new-born ears, accompanied by a song of thirty couplets, the composition of my father." Jasmin's father composed the greater part of the burlesque verses sung so frequently at rustic weddings. Here we find hereditary talent for poetry quite as satisfactorily established, as in the case of the two Marots.

The boyhood of poor Jasmin was marked by many troubles. He had an instinctive dread of school; and when his mother at her work would look at him sorrowfully, and talk in a low voice about school to his grandfather, he would shed tears. One day their poverty burst upon him with a force that made an indelible impression on his mind. It was a Monday; he was just ten years old, and was playing in the street. An old man was carried by in an arm-chair, and in the aged sufferer he recognised his grandfather. "Oh! grandfather," throwing himself on his neck, "where are you going? — why do you weep?" — "My child," said the old man, "I am going to the hospital: there the Jasmins die." In five days' time he was no more. From that sad Monday the boy never forgot the poverty of his family.

"At length," says Jasmin, "O joyful day! my mother running to me in an ecstasy of delight, cried out, 'To school, my child!—to school.'—'What,' I asked, 'are we grown rich, then?'—'No, my poor boy,' she replied, 'but you are to have your schooling for nothing.'" The boy was diligent; in six months he knew how to read; six months afterwards he could serve at mass; in another six months he was raised to the choir. In six months more he entered college on the foundation, but only for six months: he was, however, beginning to distinguish himself.

Poor Jasmin was, however, expelled suddenly from college for meddling with the canon's sweetmeats, and was compelled to return home.

In the midst of distress Jasmin's love for poetry continued unabated. In his small apartment under the tiles the young aspirant spent part of his nights in reading, musing, and making his first essays in verse. He read with delight the works of Florian: poverty was forgotten, and the hospital vanished from his memory. His razor in the mean time performed its part; and while his brain was teeming with poetry, the chins of his customers may be supposed to have been in no small danger. In due time he opened a little shop on his own account, in the beautiful *Promenade du Gravier;* and from the very commencement he prospered in his business. His shop was not crowded with customers, to be sure; but, as the proverb goes, — "*S'il ne pleut pas, il bruine.*"* In short, curls and poems produced at last a gentle influx of prosperity; and Jasmin, in one of his poetic flights, knocked to pieces the formidable arm-chair in which his forefathers had been carried to the hospital. Instead of going to the hospital he went to a notary, and saw his name —the first of his family, figuring conspicuously in the tax-gatherer's book. Oh, what an honour!

Since Jasmin's poetical reputation was established he has been able — thanks to the sale of his productions, and the interest his townspeople took in them, — to purchase the house he inhabits, and to secure a small independence, which seems the extent of his wishes.

Jasmin has already withstood that kind of temptation which invariably attends success, — he was advised to repair to Paris, but his good sense pointed out to him his right sphere. In some pretty lines, addressed to a rich agriculturist of Toulouse, who offered him this advice, he refutes playfully the flattering reasons his friend advanced, by an exposition of his taste and inclinations, to-

* If it does not pour, it drizzles.

gether with his moderate wishes. "In my town where every one works, leave me as I am. Every summer, happier than a king, I lay up my provision for the winter, and then I sing like a chaffinch under the shade of a poplar or an ash, too happy to grow grey in the land which gave me birth. As soon in the summer as the pretty chirping of the nimble grasshopper is heard, the young sparrow takes wing, and forsakes the nest where he first felt his growing plumage, — the wise man acts not thus."*

THE BLIND GIRL OF CASTEL CUILLÉ.

BY LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

The sky was bright, the air was soft,
On good St. Joseph's eve,
When bursting from the orchard's stems
The snowy blossoms heave.

While, echoing from the mountain height
Of Castel Cuillé, rose
A strain of passing sweetness through
The valley's deep repose.

And loud and clear the cadence rung
As gay young voices bore
The burthen of that bridal hymn
Their fathers sang of yore.

"Pour your snowy blossoms forth,
Peach, and pear, and almond trees;
Hang your rosy garlands on,
Wave them with yon waving breeze.

"Mountain paths, and hedges wild,
Bloom, that never bloom'd before;
The bride of Castel Cuillé comes,
Fling your gifts her pathway o'er."

And now, where on that verging rock
Their careless steps alight,
A troop of fair and laughing girls
Arrest their giddy flight;

And, placed betwixt the earth and sky,
Like some bright angels sent,
They stood, and o'er the vale below
Their radiant glances bent.

But soon along the mountain's side
With joyous steps they bound,
Where tow'rds the woods of St. Amand
Their narrow pathway wound.

Why seek they thus with childish glee
St. Amand's laurel grove,
And poise their osier-baskets light
Their smiling heads above?

And why with youth's unsparing hand
Do these gay truants tear,
And hence in verdant heaps away
The shining foliage bear?

It is that Castel Cuillé's maids
Are ever wont to shed
Their leafy tribute o'er the path
Where bridal lovers tread:

And she, that laughing, blooming girl
Who, foremost, bounds along,
With dancing step and flying hair,
The thoughtless group among,

Is on the morrow's dawn in all
The pomp of village pride,
To stand in Castel Cuillé's church
Young Baptiste's willing bride.

And, wherefore, then, is Baptiste sad
When all around is gay?
Was ever lover silent thus
On eve of bridal day?

What ails thee, sullen bridegroom, say?
Why wear so sad a brow?
Angèle is passing fair, and pure
As yonder mountain snow.

Is it that near the mountain's foot,
Where fast the streamlet glides,
The blind, the orphan Marguerite,
The soldier's daughter, bides?

Baptiste had woo'd that gentle girl,
Nor long had woo'd in vain,
The youth who fondly sought her love
Full soon she loved again;

And much she loved him, deeply too;
She cared for none beside,
Except her little brother Paul,
Who never left her side.

Betroth'd they were, and Marguerite,
His own affianced wife,
When came the dread disease that took
Her sight, but spared her life.

Alas! for these young lovers now,
Their earthly joys are o'er!
"My son the orphan shall not wed!"
An angry father swore.

* We are indebted for the foregoing particulars to an interesting paper in "La Revue des Deux Mondes."—Edit.

A lone and weary man, Baptiste
His sadden'd home had left,
And, back returning, found that home
Of love and peace bereft.

His father's prayers, his mother's tears,
Extort a hasty vow,
And Baptiste to the rich Angêle
His faith has plighted now.

But, hark! the bridal party shout
With now redoubled glee,
"The witch! the witch! the lame old Jeanne
Close by the fountain see."

And there she was, poor Jeanne, the witch,
With snowy hair and cheek,
Whose shrivell'd skin, and furrows deep,
Of age and sorrow speak.

Around her crowd the merry group,
And laughingly pursue,
For nought that Jeanne had e'er foretold
Had ever proved untrue.

Nor aught had maiden ever learnt,
From Jeanne's prophetic lore,
But what her trembling heart had oft
In secret wish'd before.

But stern is Jeanne the witch's eye,
And wildly glares it now,
From underneath her wizen'd locks,
On Baptiste's sullen brow.

For there he stood, and much, I ween,
His colour went and came;
And cold as marble, statue-turn'd,
The faithless lover's frame;

When, seizing on fair Angêle's hand,
The aged sibyl made
The cross's blessed sign thereon,
And thus address'd the maid:

"To-morrow's dawn the wedding sees
Of perjured Baptiste's bride;
God send, Angêle, it may not see
A maiden's grave beside!"

She hush'd, and moved away; her words
Have for one moment's space
O'ercast the sunny light of joy,
On each bewilder'd face.

But can two troubled drops of rain
The sparkling course obscure
Of yonder silver streamlet's wave,
Or stain its surface pure?

Oh, no! for one short instant hush'd,
The bridal voice of song
Burst forth anew, with louder glee,
The joyous hills among.

The bridegroom follows pale as death,
Whilst up the path they bound;
And as they go their wild refrain,
Awakes the echoes round.

"Mountain paths and hedges wild
Bloom, which never bloom'd before,
The bride of Castel Cuillé comes,
Fling your gifts her pathway o'er.

Alone her cottage home within,
In broken accents sweet,
With pale fair face, and thoughtful brow,
Laments poor Marguerite.

"He's come, yet three long days are past
Since little Paul ran in,
And clapp'd his hands for joy, and cried,
'Baptiste is come again.'

"And knows he not that six long months
I've sat and watch'd alone,
And deem'd my dark night's single star,
For aye and ever gone.

"For what is day, and what is night,
To one whose aching brain
Has strain'd, and sought in agony,
One ray of light in vain.

"When others say the light is come
Then darkest 'tis to me,
For each returning day renews
The light I cannot see.

"One night of fearful gloom is all
These burning eyelids know,
For other's light and joy, for me,
All, all is darkness now.

"Ah me! my soul is sad, and dark
My musing fancies grow,
But one sweet kiss from Baptiste's lip
Would cool my fever'd brow.

"For light I yearn, and surely light
Is but the sky so blue,
And Baptiste's beaming eyes reflect
That deep unchanging hue.

"A heaven of love like that above
Is mine, my loved one by;
No more I care for fields and flowers,
For earth, or sun, or sky;

"But far from him, my spirit mourns
The light of other days,
As ivy, rudely sever'd from
The parent stem, decays.

"They say the love of those who mourn
Has ever truest been;
But, oh! such love as blindness feels
Has never yet been seen.

"But will he come? God only knows;
Perchance I wait in vain.
Oh, horrid thought! away, away!
It scares my weaken'd brain!

"And, oh! 'tis wrong to doubt him thus;
On holy cross he swore;
Hush, hush, my foolish heart! he 'll come,
And never leave me more.

"Perchance my lover's wearied, ill,
And therefore tarries home;
But, hark! a hasty step! the latch!—
My Baptiste, art thou come?"

Then open flew the garden-gate,
And rose poor Marguerite,
With outstretch'd arms, and trembling pace,
His welcome steps to meet.

But no; 'tis Paul who comes alone,
And, bounding to her side,
"Come, sister, come; I fain would see
Angêle, the pretty bride.

"And fain would I the laurel boughs
Have borne from St. Amand:
Why came they not to fetch us here?
Come, sister, take my hand."

"Angêle a bride! and hast thou seen
The bridal party gay?
How secret was this wedding kept!
And who the bridegroom, say?"

"Why, sister, 'tis thy friend Baptiste!"—
A feeble cry was all
The poor blind orphan gave, and sunk
Against her cottage wall.

Her heart well nigh had ceased to beat
For some fews seconds' space;
Whilst, half afraid, the startled child,
Gazed on her alter'd face.

But now her ear has caught the sound,
The well-known bridal strain,
And life returns, and with it, too,
The icy grasp of pain.

"Now, hearken, sister, how they sing,
And shout, and dance along;
To leave us out, sweet Marguerite,
I can't but think it wrong.

"At early dawn the bells will ring
To mark the wedding time;
How sad 'twill be, alone the while,
To hear the merry chime."

"Hush, hush! and fret not, little Paul,
Thou shalt not miss the show;
To this gay bridal, brother dear,
Together we will go.

"And now run out awhile, and close
The garden-gate;" but ere
The boy had left his sister's side,
Old Jeanne, the witch, was there.

"Why, by my witchdom, ne'er did I
So vile a racket know;
But, sure thy hand is icy cold,
My child; what ails thee now?"

"There 's nothing ails me, Jeanne; 'tis sweet
For me to sit and hear
Those nuptial voices gay, and think
My wedding day is near.

"When Easter comes, I too shall be
A proud and happy bride;
Thy fortune-telling cards, good Jeanne,
Have never, never lied.

"And much, I ween, Baptiste and me
Will praise thy wondrous lore,
And, oh! 'twill be a blessed thing
To hear his voice once more."

"Too dearly dost thou love him, child;
Too fondly dost thou lay
Thy hopes upon a broken reed:
Kneel down, kneel down, and pray."

"The more I pray, the more I love,
A sin it cannot be,
For surely, Jeanne, Baptiste is kind,
And ever true to me?"

No answer; all is over then;
Her last faint hope is gone,
And true the fatal tale that turn'd
Her tender heart to stone.

But wildly smiled poor Marguerite,
And laugh'd, and questioned on,
The while a hectic flush arose
Her pallid cheek upon.

And well till night, when Jeanne withdrew,
The orphan play'd her part;
And little thought poor Jeanne she left
Behind a breaking heart.

Alas! poor Jeanne the witch, 'tis clear
No magic arts are thine;
Nor can thy simple skill the depths
Of grief like hers divine.

Perchance this morn thy full heart found
By yonder well side's brink
A clearer view of future woe
Than even thyself could think.

Slow dawns the day; the clock has struck
The hour of nine; meanwhile
Two maidens in their cottage homes
The weary hours beguile.

Queen of the day, the one displays
Her crown of orange flower;
The golden cross, and gay attire,
Must grace the bridal hour.

And gazing on the lovely form
Reflected in her mirror, smiles,
And, pleased, rehearses all her store
Of beauty's playful wiles;

But no bright flowery wreath adorns
The other maiden's brow;
And 'tis no golden cross, I ween,
Her pale hands clasp e'en now,

As, tottering through her narrow room,
Closer she draws the folds
Of her light vesture o'er the prize
Her grasp securely holds.

With jest and song, a thoughtless group
Around the one repair,
And she embraced, and flatter'd still,
Omits her daily prayer.

The other kneels the while, and prays
In murmured accents low,
Whilst cold her brow the death-drops stain,
"Oh God! have mercy *thou!*"

And now they start, and, led by Paul,
The orphan calmly wends
Her way the mountain path along,
That towards the church ascends.

The day was foggy, damp the air,
Perfumed with laurel came,
And with it deadly shivers brought,
That wrung her feeble frame.

Not far from where the ruins stand
Of Castel Cuillé's tower,
The little Gothic church erects
Its weather-beaten spire;

Around whose cloud-enveloped height
The ocean eagle sings,
Whilst underneath its time-worn roof
Her brood the swallow brings.

"Hush, Paul!" the maiden cries; "methinks
The steep ascent we reach."
"Oh, yes! we're come, and, sister, hark,
I hear the ospray screech.

"I hate that dark, ill-omen'd bird,
Ill luck it surely brings,
And some misfortune follows still
Whene'er it hoarsely sings.

"Dost thou remember, sister dear,
What time our father died,
When, kneeling by his bedside, both
The live-long night we cried.

"We cried all night, but chiefly when
He kiss'd us both, and said,—
'Take care of Paul, my girl, for I
To-morrow shall be dead.'

"Oh, how we wept; and, sure enough
He died; and on the roof
The ospray sung—I marked it well—
As now she sings aloof.

"Ah! sister, do not clasp me so;
You hurt me, Marguerite!
You stifle me with kisses:—see,
The bridal-train we meet!

"But, pale thou art, and trembling too,
I fear me thou wilt swoon."
And true it was, the maiden's strength
O'ertask'd, must fail her soon.

The chord her brother's words have wrung,
Has snapp'd with sudden pain;
Affrighted, back she starts, but Paul
Has urged her on again.

And when the poor bewilder'd girl
The laurel trod beneath
Her feet, and 'gainst her head had struck
The porch's hanging wreath,

A change came o'er her; on she rush'd
The moving crowd among—
As if to some gay festive scene,—
The narrow aisle along.

But, lo! with joyous peal, and loud,
The marriage-bells resound,
And, far and wide, through rock and vale,
Awake the echos round.

The clouds have pass'd away, the sun
In splendour beams again,
As, winding through the portal gate,
Appears the bridal train.

But, gloomy still, as yester eve
The false one's cheek grew pale,
As in that nuptial hour he mused
On Jeanne's prophetic tale.

Whilst Angèle recks of little else
Her golden cross beside;
Enough for her, she moves along,
The fair and envied bride;

And shakes her pretty head and smiles,
As all around her say,—
"Was ever bride as fair as her
Whom Baptiste weds to-day?"

And now high mass is said, and near
The altar stood the priest;
Betwixt his trembling fingers held
The spousal ring, Baptiste.

But, while his bride's expecting hand
The glittering pledge awaits,
He needs must speak the few short words
That seal their mutual fates.

'Tis done; and lo! a voice has struck
The bridegroom's ear, and chill'd
His heart's warm blood, and wildly through
The wond'ring crowd has thrill'd,

Who from some dark, sequester'd shrine,
Behold, with sudden fear,
The waving arms, and face insane
Of Marguerite appear.

"Baptiste has will'd my death!" she cried:
"*This*, *this* shall set me free!
At this gay wedding blood must needs
The holy-water be."

And as she spoke, a knife she drew
That in her bosom lay;
But ere the fearful deed was done
Her spirit pass'd away.

And God in mercy call'd her home
"Where those who mourn are blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest."

That eve, in place of bridal songs,
The "De Profundis" rose,
As borne by weeping girls along
A coffin churchward goes.

And village maids, in white attire,
Around in silence drew,
And then, in murmur'd accents low,
Their dirge-like chaunt renew.

"Peach, and pear, and almond trees,
Away your snowy blossoms hide,
For death has woo'd the sweetest flower
That grew on Castel Cuillé's side.

"Mountain paths, and hedges wild,
Weep, that never wept before;
Wave your darkest cypress boughs,
Wave them yonder pathway o'er."

IZAAK WALTON AND HIS FRIENDS.

BY EDWARD JESSE, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "GLEANINGS IN NATURAL HISTORY," ETC.

The English, perhaps, more than any other nation, are capable of appreciating the charms of Nature, and those thousand beauties which are to be found in our little sequestered dells, and in the smiling valleys through which many of our pretty trout-streams find their way. The secret satisfaction and complacency which arise from a contemplation of the beauties of the works of creation,—our walks in verdant fields and shady woods, — the song of birds, and the calmness and stillness of Nature in her most sequestered spots, all these have been dwelt upon and described both by naturalists and poets. It is indeed impossible to see the verdure of our fields and woods, to hear the melodious songs of birds, to witness the fertility of the earth, and to view the order and economy which pervade all Nature, without appreciating the charms of Walton's pastoral, or the tranquil pursuits of Gilbert White.

We have often thought that the amusement of angling has been too much despised by those who are not anglers themselves. If all the pleasure of the pursuit consisted in dragging a fish to shore, or in watching a float to see it go under water, we might join in the ridicule which has been bestowed on the "brethren of the rod and line." The pleasure of angling, however, takes a far wider range, and we are convinced that the mere act of fishing is only a secondary consideration with those who join with it a fondness for the charms of Nature. The enjoyment of air and exercise as the angler pursues his course through flowery meadows, and fields covered with herds and flocks, listening to the unseen lark, or watching the varied movements of the swallows as they glide around him in every direction, has charms which add a relish to his walk, and harmonize with every kindly feeling of his heart.

Walton, perhaps more than any other writer we are acquainted with, appreciated the delight of thus strolling on the banks of a river. His charming pastoral is a proof of this, and we are convinced that he merely made angling a secondary consideration in describing those scenes in which he so much delighted. While he amuses he also instructs his readers; and his fervent and unaffected piety, the simplicity of his taste, the benevolence of his mind, and the contentedness of his spirit, are apparent in every thought and expression.

We are aware that in describing the character of Walton, we have to encounter the serious charge of a want of humanity, which has been brought against him.* We are anxious to rescue "our good father" from this charge, and we are afraid that we can only do it at the expense of his piscatory skill. In expressing our opinion that

* We have been assured that the two stanzas in Byron's "Don Juan," in which Walton's supposed cruelty is so severely censured, were written by Mr. Leigh Hunt, and also the note which is subjoined to them.

Walton did not deserve the name of an angler in the modern acceptation of the word, we know we shall excite the astonishment, if not the indignation, of many of his admirers. We must, however, honestly avow our conviction that "Master Izaak" was almost as ignorant of the mystery of fishing as the contented-looking cockneys we occasionally see every summer dozing in a punt near Richmond-Bridge. We believe that the old Cromwellian trooper, Richard Frank, was right when he hinted that Walton had derived his knowledge of fishing from "antiquated authors and mouldy records." We chance to have some of these "mouldy records" in our possession, —on which we set no little store, — and, on looking over some of them, we are bound to admit that "our honest and worthy father" has taken not a few of his hints from these rare "treatyses of fysshynge." It is evident that his own skill was confined to watching his float as it glided gently down one of the pretty streams he has so delightfully described; while his hints and instructions to anglers are derived from those who had preceded him in piscatory information. Indeed he appears to have copied from others with but little discrimination, and an evident ignorance of the art he professes to teach. This is apparent in several of the instructions he gives to his disciple, Venator; and it is evident that his contemporary, Richard Frank, thought that they were compiled from authorities which were anything but authentic. The charge of cruelty brought against Walton is founded on the instructions he gives his scholar for baiting a hook with a frog, in which he tells him to "use him as though he loved him, that he may live the longer." In looking through some of our ancient books on the art of angling, similar instructions may be found; and in one of them a recommendation is given to attach the frog by a string to the leg of "a goose's foot," in order to "see good halynge whether the gose or the pyke shall have the better." Another authority, speaking of the best bait for a pike, says, "But the yellow frog, of all frogs, brings him to hand, for that's his dainty and select diet, wherein Nature has placed such magical charms, that all his powers can never resist them, if fastened on the hook with that exactness, *that his life may shine*, and the bait seem undeprived of natural motion."* That Walton copied implicitly from others, without practising what he recommends, is evident, as, if he was a fisherman at all, he was what is called in modern times a ground-bait angler. Sir Henry Wotton, while he was himself employed in fly-fishing, apostrophized his companion thus:—

"There stood my friend with patient skill,
Attending to his trembling quill."

Independently of this, however, we may refer to the whole tenor of Walton's life and writings as sufficient to contradict the charge of

* And in the "Secrets of Angling"(1612) are the following directions for taking pike.

"Now for to take this kind of fish withall
It shall be needful to have still in store
Some living baits, as bleiks, and roches small,
Gudgeon, or loch, not taken long before,
Or *yellow frogs*, that in the waters crawle,
But all alive they must be evermore.
But as for baits that dead and dull do lie,
They least esteem, and set but little by."

cruelty which has been brought against him. The age in which he lived was not one of very great refinement, and the custom of fishing for pike with a live frog was probably a very prevalent one at the time he wrote his "Complete Angler." The simplicity and innocence of our "good father's" character are, however, the best proof which can be brought forward of the kindness of his heart, and the tenderness of his disposition.

But, as we have said, it would appear that the "gentle art of angling" was only a secondary consideration with Walton, or rather a vehicle to introduce his beautiful descriptions of the country, and to prove that pure religion proceeds from a meek, cheerful, and thankful spirit. Indeed, the charm of his book consists in his taste for the innocent pleasures of rural life, in his fervent and unaffected piety, the benevolence and simplicity of his mind, and the contentedness of his disposition. These are apparent in all that he thought, and in all that he expressed. The contemplation of the works of creation not only afforded to Walton, as it must to every good man, the certainty of a benevolent and superintending Providence, but it furnished him with an endless theme for praise and admiration. We find such men as Dr. Johnson, Lord Hailes, and Dr. Horne, anxious for the preservation and elucidation of Walton's "Lives," and recommending the perusal of his "Complete Angler." We find Sir Walter Scott calling him the "good old man," and stating that "he had so true an eye for nature, so simple a taste for her most innocent pleasures, and, withal, so sound a judgment both concerning men and things, that he regretted it had not fallen upon him to detail, in the beautiful simplicity of his Arcadian language, his observations on the scenery and manners of Scotland."

Perhaps, however, the greatest compliment paid to the biographical labours of Izaak Walton is to be met with in the following beautiful sonnet by Mr. Wordsworth.

"There are no colours in the fairest sky
So fair as these; the feather whence the pen
Was shaped that traced the lives of these good men,
Dropped from an angel's wing. With moistened eye
We read of faith and purest charity,
In statesman, priest, and humble citizen.
Oh! could we copy their mild virtues, then
What joy to live, what blessedness to die!
Methinks their very names shine still and bright,
Apart—like glow-worms in the woods of spring,
Or lonely tapers shooting far a light
That guides and cheers,—or, seen like stars on high,
Satellites burning in a lucid ring,
Around meek *Walton's* heavenly memory."

Had he been a cruel, he must necessarily have been a bad, man; but, so far from this being the case, we find writers of every class, and of every degree of fame, all joining in praise of his religious integrity and undissembled honesty of heart. In fact, he was his own biographer; and who can read his works without feeling convinced that the tranquillity of his mind, and the simplicity of his manners, were the result of his own unblemished virtues, and the innocence of his life. We have dwelt the longer on this subject be-

cause we were anxious to rescue the memory of the "good old Walton" from a charge which we happen to know has led some excellent persons to depreciate his character.

We have already endeavoured to point out in what the charm of Walton's writings consists. When we peruse them we are led to wonder how a man who was apprenticed to the unsentimental trade of a sempster and haberdasher, and lived in the midst of a crowded city, should have imbibed his taste for Nature, and described her beauties in such glowing colours. His love of literature appears to have commenced at an early period of his life, and never to have deserted him, although he resigns all claim "to acquired learning or study." His acquaintance with the celebrated Dr. Donne, whose parishioner he was, probably influenced his future character, and caused his introduction to Sir Henry Wotton, Dr. Henry King—son of the Bishop of London, — John Hales of Eton, and other eminent persons, some of whose lives he afterwards wrote. He was also known to Ben Jonson, and calls Drayton his "honest old friend." He appears, indeed, to have lived on terms of intimacy with many of the most distinguished literary men of his age, and his amiable and placid temper, his agreeable conversation and unaffected benevolence, seem to have inspired them with esteem and regard.

As might be expected from his early habits and associations, Walton adhered steadfastly during the civil wars to the throne and the altar, and was in every sense of the word a devoted royalist. His religious and political opinions may be seen in every page of his writings, and he suffered with other royalists for his fidelity to his sovereign. He relates from his own knowledge the following remarkable fact respecting the execution of Archbishop Laud in 1645. "About this time," says Walton, "the Bishop of Canterbury, having been by an unknown law condemned to die, and the execution suspended for some days, many citizens, fearing time and cool thoughts might procure his pardon, became so maliciously impudent as to shut up their shops, professing not to open them till justice was executed. This malice and madness is scarce credible, but I saw it."

It has been supposed that Walton sought seclusion during the civil wars in a cottage of his own, near to his native town of Stafford, where he indulged in his favourite pursuits of literature and angling. It is certain that he was a sufferer during the civil war, although he praises God that he was not of the party which helped to bring in the covenant, and occasioned the sad confusions which followed it. During his rural retirement Walton appears to have enjoyed the society of many learned and excellent men, and, amongst others, that of Sir Henry Wotton. A congeniality of disposition and pursuits, particularly in that of angling, led to the great intimacy which existed between them. Sir Henry Wotton writes to Walton that he hopes shortly to enjoy his own ever-welcome company at the approaching time of the fly and the cork; and he also sends him his beautiful hymn, beginning,

"Oh, thou great Power! in whom I move,
For whom I live, to whom I die," &c.

When he became Provost of Eton, Walton appears to have visited him frequently; and a spot is still pointed out, about a mile from

the college, where they enjoyed together the diversion of the rod and line. The following are the concluding lines of an imaginary address by the Provost to his companion, describing this spot, and which struck us as being a happy imitation of the style of their supposed author:—

"Good Izaac, let us stay and rest us here;
Old friends, when near,
Should talk together oft, and not lose time
In silly rhyme,
That only addles men's good brains to write,
While those who read bless God they don't indite.

There is a tree close by the river's side;
There let 's abide,
And only hear far off the world's loud din,
Where all is stir;
While we our peaceful rods shall busy ply
When fish spring upward to the dancing fly.

Our sports and life full oft contemned are
By men that spare
No cost of time, wealth, life, to gain their end,
And often spend
Them all, in hopes some happiness to see
In what they are not, but they wish to be.

We will not search for what we may not find,
But dearly bind
Our hearts, friend Izaac, in a tighter knot;
And this our lot
Here long to live together in repose,
'Till death for us the peaceful scene shall close."*

Very little is known of Walton between 1645 and 1650. In the latter year he took a house in the parish of Clerkenwell. In 1651, he published a collection of the writings of Sir Henry Wotton, under the title of "Reliquiæ Wottonianæ," with a memoir of the author. This appears to have been hastily printed; and Walton tells us that "the printer fetched it so fast by pieces from the relater, that he never saw what he had writ all together till it was past the press." He also apologises for some deficiencies, in consequence of the State Paper Office "having suffered a strange alienation." This work went through several editions, and was repeatedly revised.

Soon after the fatal battle of Worcester, Walton was intrusted with a commission of some delicacy, if not danger. In consequence of the sudden flight of the King, the baggage in his quarters at Worcester fell into Cromwell's hands. A collar and a garter which belonged to his Majesty formed part of the spoil, and were brought to the Parliament by Major Corbet, who was despatched by Cromwell with an account of his victory. The Sovereign's lesser George was, however, preserved by Colonel Blague, who having taken shelter at Blow Pipe House, two miles from Eccleshall, in Staffordshire, then the residence of Mr. George Barlow, delivered the jewel into that gentleman's custody. In the ensuing week, Mr. Barlow

* The above verses are extracted from Mr. Pickering's charming edition of Walton's "Angler," and were, we understand, written by a young lady, one of the contributors to this Miscellany.

carried it to Robert Milward, Esq. who was at that time a prisoner in the garrison of Stafford, and Milward shortly afterwards gave it into "the trusty hands" of Mr. Izaac Walton, to convey to Colonel Blague, who was confined by the Parliament in the Tower of London. It is said that Blague, "considering it had already past so many dangers, was persuaded it could yet secure one hazardous attempt of his own;" and having made his escape from the Tower, he had the gratification of restoring the George to its royal owner. This anecdote is related by Ashmole, in his "History of the Order of the Garter," from the statement of Blague, Milward, and Walton themselves; and he takes that opportunity of speaking of the latter as "a man well known, and as well beloved of all good men, and will be better known to posterity by his ingenious pen, in the Lives of Dr. Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, Mr. Richard Hooker, and Mr. George Herbert." Milward was an intimate friend, if not a distant relation, of Walton's; and this circumstance of his being a prisoner at Stafford, when he intrusted the George to him, makes it likely that Walton was in that town towards the end of 1651. He, however, appears to have been in London on the 9th of September in that year, when his son was born; and if he went to Stafford soon afterwards, he must have returned to the metropolis before Blague made his escape from the Tower.

Walton's joyful feelings at the Restoration are not merely presumed from his known devotion to the cause of monarchy and religion, but they are expressed in a "humble eclogue," addressed to his "ingenious friend, Mr. Brome, on his various and excellent poems." They begin:—

"Hail, happy day! Dorus, sit down:
Now let no sigh, nor let a frown
Lodge near thy heart, or on thy brow.
The King!—the King's return'd! and now
Let's banish all sad thoughts, and sing
We have our laws, and have our King."

It was probably while he was on a visit to his old friend Dr. Morley, then Bishop of Worcester, that his second wife, Anne Ken, a sister of the excellent bishop of that name, died in that city. This was in 1662. The same year Dr. Morley was translated to the see of Winchester, and Walton found a permanent asylum for his old age in the episcopal residence. The occupation attendant upon his removal, the change of scene, and his own practical piety, combined to alleviate his grief for the loss of his wife; and the evening of his days was happily passed in literary pursuits, in the society of his family and friends, and, it may be added, in the performance of his religious duties. He was in his sixty-ninth year when he became the guest of Dr. Morley. In this retirement he wrote his celebrated lives, which were afterwards collected and printed in one volume, a copy of which he presented to Walter Lord Aston, which is preserved in the library at Tixall; and the following inscriptions prove that he was highly esteemed by that nobleman. Walton wrote on the first leaf,

"For my Lord Aston,
"Iz. Wa."

Beneath which his lordship added,

"Izake Walton gift to me, June ye 14, 1670, wch I most thankfully for his memmory off mee acknowledge a greate kindnesse.

"Walter Aston."

It is a curious fact that Walton had attained his sixtieth year before he published his "Complete Angler," although it is written with all the freshness and vivacity of youth. He is more indebted to it for the admiration of posterity than to his biographical labours. "Whether considered as a treatise upon the art of angling, or as a beautiful pastoral, abounding in exquisite scenery, in sentiments of the purest morality, or in an unaffected love of the Creator and his works, it has long ranked amongst the most popular compositions in our language."* We may add, that it contains a pleasing and accurate picture of many of the manners and customs of the time in which it was written, forming a curious and interesting contrast with some of those of the present day.

Walton's book is indeed altogether a delightful work. It breathes the perfume of country air, and of flowers in the windows of his cottages. The reader is charmed with the varied pictures of rural scenery, the snatches of old songs, the simplicity and kindness of heart of the author, and the manner in which the little incidents he meets with are related. Even his little dinners with his companions are so well described, that we can almost fancy we see the party seated round their dish of fish and foaming tankards of ale, while we listen to their harmless and amusing conversation. Walton was like one who, from the enjoyment of the freshness of country air, seemed to awake to new life, and added a charm to his descriptions from the very pleasure which they afforded him.

The publication of his Angler appears to have added considerably to the reputation which he had already acquired by his biographical labours. It enlarged the circle of his friends amongst men of worth and talent, one of whom was Flatman the poet. We have seen a copy of his poems presented by him to Walton, on the title-page of which the latter has written, "Izaac Walton, July 3, 1682, given me by the author." They appear to have been carefully perused by him, and he has marked those poems which pleased him most, amongst others the one entitled "A Thought on Death," which is better known in Pope's imitation of it, "The Dying Christian." Pope never, we believe, acknowledged his obligation to Flatman. Boswell, however, records a conversation,† in which Mrs. Thrale observed that Pope had *partly* borrowed "The Dying Christian" from Flatman.

His beautiful lines to Walton, commencing—

> "Happy old man, whose worth all mankind knows
> Except himself,"

have always struck us as conveying a true picture of Walton's character, and of the estimation in which he was held after the appearance of his "Angler." It is indeed evident that men of the highest character both for piety and learning had a veneration and affection for him, and paid that tribute to his virtues they so well deserved. Nor has time had any influence upon this feeling. Here do we find ourselves, after a period of more than one hundred and sixty years from the appearance of his "Angler," sitting down to pay,

* Sir Harris Nicolas. † See Mr. Croker's "Boswell," vol. iii. p. 395.

with no small degree of affection and pleasure, our own trifling meed of applause to one whose works have afforded us not only instruction, but gratification of no ordinary kind.

The last male descendant of our "honest father," the Rev. Dr. Herbert Hawes, has lately died. He has very liberally bequeathed the beautiful painting of Walton by Houseman to the National Gallery, a fit and appropriate destination for it. It is, however, a curious fact, as showing the estimation in which anything connected with the name of Walton is held in the present day, that the lord of the manor in which Dr. Hawes resided should have laid claim to this portrait as a heriot. We heartily hope that this claim will not be successful. Dr. Hawes also bequeathed the greater portion of his library to the Dean and Chapter of Salisbury; and his executor and friend has presented the celebrated prayer-book, which was Walton's, to Mr. Pickering It could not have been bestowed in a better or in a more appropriate manner. We also understand that the watch which belonged to Walton's connexion, the excellent Bishop Ken, has been presented to his amiable biographer, the Rev. W. Lisle Bowles.

Walton's death took place in the house of his son-in-law, Dr. Hawkins, at Winchester. He was buried in Winchester Cathedral, in the south aisle, called Prior Silkstead's chapel. A large black marble slab is placed over his remains, and, to use the poetical language of Mr. Bowles, "the morning sunshine falls directly on it, reminding the contemplative man of the mornings when he was for so many years up and abroad with his angle on the banks of the neighbouring stream." We went some distance out of our way, in pure love and admiration of Walton's memory, to pay a visit to his tomb, and were glad to learn that the Dean and Chapter of Winchester had offered to forego their fees, and to allot a proper situation in their beautiful and well-preserved cathedral for a mural monument to perpetuate the virtues of Walton, in case his honest and enthusiastic disciples should be disposed to erect one. We hope that this liberal offer, which does credit to the Chapter of Winchester, will not be lost sight of. During our recent visit to the cathedral, we were grieved to see the slab which covers the remains of our "good father" trodden upon by unhallowed feet — they were not those of anglers,—and we left a small sum in the hands of the verger, with a request that he would do his best to prevent such profanation in future.

There are few places in England where an angler may enjoy his favourite diversion in such perfection as within a morning's drive of the town of Winchester. The Test and Itchen, sometimes sparkling over the white chalk, and at others flowing through rich and fertile meadows, appear as if the speckled trout must delight in their waters. We have traced their fanciful windings, and could almost identify in our imagination the favourite haunts of "our venerable father."

It is probable that Walton's friendship with Charles Cotton began at an early period, as it would appear from the verses by the latter, addressed "to my old and most worthy friend, Mr. Izaac Walton, on his Lives," that Cotton's father was a friend of Walton's.

His acquaintance with Cotton must have been a source of great pleasure to him. He frequently visited him at Beresford during the spring and summer months, sometimes alone, and at

others accompanied by his son or by a friend. Not long before 1676, Cotton built a little fishing-house on the Staffordshire side of the banks of the Dove, where the windings of the river form a small peninsula. In commemoration of their friendship, Cotton caused a stone to be placed in the centre of the building, with the initials of his own and Walton's name conjoined in a cipher, a representation of which was introduced, agreeably to Cotton's request, in the title-page of his part of the "Complete Angler." This stone, which no true disciple of the venerable Piscator can contemplate with indifference, was erected between Walton's last visit to Beresford and that which he is supposed to have paid Cotton in May 1676. The fishing-house and stone are thus described by Cotton:—"My house stands upon the margin of one of the finest rivers for trouts and grayling in England. I have lately built a better fishing-house upon it, dedicated to anglers, over the door of which you will see the two first letters of my father Walton's name and mine twisted in cypher." We can fancy the pleasure the good old angler received on first witnessing this little compliment paid to him, and the delight he took in the beautiful scenery near the fishing-house. He indeed tells us, that "the pleasantness of the river, mountains, and meadows about it cannot be described, unless Sir Philip Sidney or Mr. Cotton's father were again alive to do it."

Charles Cotton was a country gentleman, of ancient family and high connections, and a poet withal. His "Wonders of the Peak" went through four or five editions. It is also well known that he wrote the second part of the "Complete Angler" at the request of Walton. His person is said to have been graceful and handsome; and his portrait, painted by his friend Sir Peter Lely, is now in the possession of John Beresford, Esq. of Ashbourn.

Several stories are related of Cotton's pecuniary distress; but, though it is unquestionable that he generally laboured under embarrassments, and that he hints that he had occasionally concealed himself from his creditors, yet there is no better authority for the following anecdote than tradition. Sir John Hawkins states, that "a natural excavation in the rocky hill on which Beresford Hall stands is shown" (like the Baron of Bradwardine's) "as Mr. Cotton's occasional refuge from the pursuit of his creditors; and but a few years since the grandaughter of the faithful woman who carried him food while in that humiliating retreat was living." He adds, "that during Cotton's confinement on one occasion in a prison in the city, he inscribed these lines on the walls of the apartment:

'A prison is a place of care,
Wherein no one can thrive,
A touchstone sure to try a friend,
A grave for men alive.'"

After all, perhaps the greatest compliment which can be paid to the memory of Cotton was his having been the intimate friend of Walton, and he tells us that "his Father Walton will be seen twice in no man's company he does not like, and likes none but such as he believes to be very honest men."

We cannot conclude our sketch of the life of Walton without expressing our regret that his character should have been so much misunderstood and misrepresented, chiefly, we are persuaded, by

those who have not read his works. We know that he was but an humble citizen, yet bearing the significant title of "good" and "honest," living in dismal and dangerous times, his friends, and especially the clergy, suffering from the violence of party, and himself also suffering with them. Yet amidst all these troubles we find him steadily following his literary pursuits, and at the same time making his little piscatory excursions, leaving the din and discord of the city behind, and trudging over Tottenham Hill to the banks of his favourite Lea, and there trying

"The all of treachery he ever learnt."

Here he viewed the placid stream, the reflex of his own mind, possessing a soul full of contentment, meekness, and devotion, by which he was nurtured and matured for heaven, after having lived the term of "full ninety years and past."

Few men could boast of more illustrious or numerous friends and connexions than Walton, with most of whom he appears to have lived on terms of the greatest intimacy. We may mention, amongst others, the Archbishops of Canterbury (Sheldon and Sancroft), the Bishops of London (Henchman), Winchester (Morley), Salisbury (Duppa and Seth Ward), Exeter (Hall), Durham (Morton), Lincoln (Sanderson), Bath and Wells (Ken), the Archbishop of Armagh (Usher). His first wife was descended from Cranmer, and his second was the sister of Bishop Ken.

This list alone would be sufficient to show the estimation in which the character of Walton was held, especially when we consider his humble origin and occupation; but we may add to it the names of Dr. Donne, Fuller, Chillingworth, Hammond, Pierce, Sir Henry Wotton, the ever-memorable John Hales, Sir William Dugdale, and Anthony Wood. His friends also among the poets were Ben Jonson, Drayton, Cartwright, Alexander Brome, Quarles, C. Harvey, Flatman, and, though last not least, Charles Cotton. In this list may be found the names of many who "loved virtue, were quiet, and went a-angling;" and these alone should be sufficient to remove the stigma which has been attached to those who follow the pursuit. We will now endeavour to show that this stigma is unmerited.

We think Sir Humphrey Davy has clearly proved in his "Salmonia" that the nervous system of fish, and cold-blooded animals in general, is less sensitive than that of warm-blooded animals. He adds, that "the hook is usually fixed in the cartilaginous part of the mouth, where there are no nerves; and the proof that the suffering of a hooked fish cannot be great is found in the circumstance, that though a trout has been hooked and played for some minutes, he will often, after his escape with the artificial fly in his mouth, take the natural fly, and feed as if nothing had happened, having apparently learnt only from the experiment that the artificial fly is not proper food." We have ourselves caught a pike soon after it had broken away from another person, with two or three hooks in its mouth, which we think is a clear proof that the pike was not undergoing any pain at the time. We believe that it is either from meeting with resistance, or from the sight of an object which alarms them, that occasions fish to struggle in the water, and not from any actual pain they suffer from the hook. We must also be allowed to

express our doubt whether any animal which is deprived of life for the purpose of affording food for man does not suffer more pain than a fish, provided the latter is killed as soon as it is caught. A true angler not only does this, but he is careful not to inflict unnecessary pain, and will never use anything but a dead or an artificial bait.

When we recollect the many kind, amiable, and excellent men, who have followed the graceful and fanciful windings of our pretty streams, plying their rods, and enjoying the calm serenity of the scene around them, far removed from the haunts of the idle and the profligate, we cannot bring ourselves to believe that there is aught of cruelty either in the disposition of an honest angler, or in the pursuits he delights in. A celebrated writer has ventured to assert that no angler can be a good man; we would say, on the contrary, that no real angler can be a bad one. In proof of this, we might bring forward a long list of humane, generous, tender-hearted, and excellent men who haunted streams, threw the fly, and caught trout and salmon amidst the wild and beautiful scenery of Nature. We will mention a few as they occur to us, and we will begin with one whose fondness for animals, and whose kindly disposition we invariably associate with his other pre-eminent qualities. We need not add that we refer to Sir Walter Scott. The next that occurs to us is Sir Francis Chantrey, a first-rate fly-fisher, and one whose amiable disposition is only equalled by his talents in the art which has so greatly distinguished him. We may also mention Dr. Wollaston, an ardent angler, Sir Charles Bell, Sir H. Davy, Sir Benjamin West, Dr. Paley, Mr. Mackenzie, the Author of the "Man of Feeling," Professor Wilson, and we may add Lord Nelson.*

To the above list of anglers we may add the names of our poets, Thomson, Gay, Waller, Pope, and perhaps Shakspeare,† with many others, were it necessary, in further proof of what we have advanced. We cannot refrain, however, from referring to the amiable president and members of the Walton and Cotton Fishing-club, a society formed of gentlemen expert in the "gentle art," and which they practise with equal skill and humanity. The art of angling is at this time not what it was in the days of Walton. Those only who have handled the newly-invented salmon and trout-rods of Mr. Edmondson of Liverpool, and seen his beautiful and numerous collection of flies,—who have witnessed the performances of our five or six first-rate Thames spinners, and watched the skill of a master in the art on the banks of the Tweed or Shannon, can alone form an idea of the excitement which such sort of angling produces. We say excitement, because it is now allowed by those who have tried both, to be greater, as it is certainly less cruel, than that of either hunting or shooting. We have now done with our apology for those who, like ourselves, are, or have been, "brethren of the rod and line." With the following beautiful remarks, we conclude.

* "The stern courage of Nelson, tempered as it was with all the kindly feelings of humanity, was sufficient to excite in the breast of Davy the most enthusiastic admiration; but the circumstance of his being a fly-fisher, and continuing the sport even with his left hand, threw, in his opinion, a still brighter halo around his character."—*Paris's Life of Sir H. Davy.*

† "The pleasanst angling is to see the fish cut with her golden oar the silver stream, and greedily devour the treacherous bait."

"How delightful is the early spring, after the dull and tedious time of winter, when the frosts disappear, and the sunshine warms the earth and waters, to wander forth by some clear stream, to see the leaf bursting from the purple bud, to scent the odours of the bank perfumed by the violet, and enamelled, as it were, with the primrose and the daisy; to wander upon the fresh turf below the shade of trees, whose bright blossoms are filled with the music of the bee; and on the surface of the waters to view the gaudy flies sparkling like animated gems in the sunbeams, whilst the bright and beautiful trout is watching them from below; to hear the twittering of the water-birds, who, alarmed at your approach, rapidly hide themselves beneath the flowers and leaves of the water-lily; and, as the season advances, to find all these objects changed for others of the same kind, but better and brighter, till the swallow and the trout contend, as it were, for the gaudy May-fly, and till, in pursuing your amusement in the calm and balmy evening, you are serenaded by the songs of the cheerful thrush and melodious nightingale, performing the offices of paternal love in thickets ornamented with the rose and woodbine."*

* Sir H. Davy's "Salmonia."

MR. PETERS'S STORY.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY.

THE BAGMAN'S DOG.

Stant littore puppies.—VIRGIL.

IT was a litter, a litter of five,
Four are drown'd and one left alive,
He was thought worthy alone to survive;
And the Bagman resolved upon bringing him up,
To eat of his bread, and to drink of his cup,
He was such a dear little cock-tail'd pup.

The Bagman taught him many a trick;
He would carry and fetch, and run after a stick,
        Could well understand
        The word of command,
        And appear to doze
        With a crust on his nose,
Till the Bagman permissively waved his hand:
Then to throw up and catch it he never would fail,
As he sat up on end, on his little cock-tail.
Never was puppy so *bein instruit*,
Or possess'd of such natural talent as he;
        And as he grew older,
        Every beholder
Agreed he grew handsomer, sleeker, and bolder.—

Time, however his wheels we may clog,
Wends steadily still with onward jog,
And the cock-tail'd puppy 's a curly-tail'd dog!
When just at the time
He was reaching his prime,
And all thought he 'd be turning out something sublime,
One unlucky day,
How, no one could say,
Whether some soft *liaison* induced him to stray,
Or some kidnapping vagabond coax'd him away,
He was lost to the view
Like the morning dew;
He had been, and was not—that 's all that they knew;
And the Bagman storm'd, and the Bagman swore,
As never a Bagman had sworn before;
But storming or swearing but little avails
To recover lost dogs with great curly tails.—

In a large paved court, close by Billiter Square,
Stands a mansion old, but in thorough repair,
The only strange thing, from the general air
Of its size and appearance, is, how it got there;
In front is a short semicircular stair
Of stone steps,—some half score,—
Then you reach the ground floor,
With a shell-pattern'd architrave over the door.
It is spacious, and seems to be built on the plan
Of a Gentleman's house in the reign of Queen Anne;
Which is odd, for although,
As we very well know,
Under Tudors and Stuarts the City could show
Many Noblemen's seats above Bridge and below,
Yet that fashion soon after induced them to go
From St. Michael Cornhill, and St. Mary le Bow,
To St. James, and St. George, and St. Anne in Soho.
Be this as it may, at the date I assign
To my tale,—that 's about Seventeen Sixty Nine,—
This mansion, now rather upon the decline,
Had less dignified owners, belonging in fine,
To Turner, Dry, Weipersyde, Rogers, and Pyne,
A respectable House in the Manchester line.

There were a score
Of Bagmen and more,
Who had travell'd full oft for the firm before;
But just at this period they wanted to send
Some person on whom they could safely depend,
A trustworthy body, half agent, half friend,
On some mercantile matter as far as Ostend;
And the person they pitch'd on, was Anthony Blogg,
A grave steady man not addicted to grog,—
The Bagman, in short, who had lost this great dog.

* * * * *

"The Sea! the Sea! the open Sea!—
That is the place where we all wish to be,
Rolling about on it merrily!"
So all sing and say,
By night and by day,
In the *boudoir*, the street, at the concert, and play,
In a sort of coxcombical roundelay;
You may roam through the City, transversely or straight,
From Whitechapel turnpike to Cumberland gate,
And every young Lady who thrums a guitar,
Ev'ry mustachio'd Shopman who smokes a cigar,
With affected devotion,
Promulgates his notion,
Of being a "Rover" and "child of the Ocean"—
Whate'er their age, sex, or condition may be,
They all of them long for the "Wide, Wide Sea."
But, however they dote,
Only set them afloat
In any craft bigger at all than a boat,
Take them down to the Nore,
And you'll see that before
The "Wessel" they "Woyage" in has half made her way
Between Shell-Ness Point and the pier at Herne Bay,
Let the wind meet the tide in the slightest degree,
They'll be all of them heartily sick of "the Sea."

* * * * *

I've stood in Margate, on a bridge of size
Inferior far to that described by Byron,
Where "palaces and pris'ns on each hand rise,"—
That too's a stone one, this is made of iron—
And little donkey-boys your steps environ,
Each proffering for your choice his tiny hack,
Vaunting its excellence; and should you hire one,
For sixpence, will he urge, with frequent thwack,
The much-enduring beast to Buenos Ayres and back.

And there, on many a raw and gusty day,
I've stood and turn'd my gaze upon the pier,
And seen the crews, that did embark so gay
That self-same morn, now disembark so queer;
Then to myself I've sigh'd and said, "Oh dear!
Who would believe yon sickly-looking man's a
London Jack Tar,—a Cheapside Buccaneer!—"
But hold, my Muse! for this terrific stanza,
Is all too stiffly grand for our Extravaganza.

* * * * *

"So now we'll go up, up, up,
And now we'll go down, down, down,
And now we'll go backwards and forwards,
And now we'll go roun', roun', roun'."
I hope you've sufficient discernment to see,
Gentle Reader, that here the discarding the *d*,

Is a fault which you must not attribute to me;
Thus my Nurse cut it off when, "with counterfeit glee,"
She sung, as she danced me about on her knee,
In the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and three:
All I mean to say is that the Muse is now free
From the self-imposed trammels put on by her betters,
And no longer, like Filch, midst the felons and debtors
At Drury Lane, dances her hornpipe in fetters.
Resuming her track,
At once she goes back,
To our hero, the Bagman—Alas! and Alack!
Poor Anthony Blogg
Is as sick as a dog,
Spite of sundry unwonted potations of grog,
By the time the Dutch packet is fairly at sea,
With the sands called the Goodwin's a league on her lee.

And now, my good friends, I 've a fine opportunity
To obfuscate you all by sea terms with impunity,
And talking of "caulking"
And "quarter-deck walking,"
"Fore and aft,"
And "abaft"
"Hookers," "barkeys," and "craft,"
(At which Mr. Poole has so wickedly laught,)
Of binnacles,—bilboes,—the boom called the spanker,
The best bower cable,—the jib,—and sheet anchor;
Of lower-deck guns,—and of broadsides and chases,
Of taffrails and topsails, and splicing main-braces,
And "Shiver my timbers!" and other odd phrases
Employ'd by old pilots with hard-featured faces;
Of the expletives sea-faring Gentlemen use,
The allusions they make to the eyes of their crews,
How the Sailors, too, swear,
How they cherish their hair,
And what very long pig-tails a great many wear.—
But, Reader, I scorn it— the fact is, I fear,
To be candid, I can't make these matters so clear
As Marryat, or Cooper, or Captain Chamier,
Or Sir E. Lytton Bulwer, who brought up the rear
Of the "Nauticals," just at the end of last year,
With a well-written preface, to make it appear
That his play, the Sea-Captain, 's by no means Small beer;—
There!—"brought up the rear"—you see there 's a mistake
Which not one of the authors I 've mention'd would make,
I ought to have said, that he "sail'd in their wake."—
So I 'll merely observe, as the water grew rougher
The more my poor hero continued to suffer,
Till the Sailors themselves cried in pity, "Poor Buffer!"

Still rougher it grew,
And still harder it blew,
And the thunder kick'd up such a halliballoo,

That even the Skipper began to look blue;
While the crew, who were few,
Look'd very queer, too,
And seem'd not to know what exactly to do,
And they who'd the charge of them wrote in the logs,
"Wind N. E.—blows a hurricane,—rains cats and dogs."
In short, it soon grew to a tempest as rude as
That Shakspeare describes near the "still vext Bermudas,"
When the winds, in their sport,
Drove aside from its port
The King's ship, with the whole Neapolitan Court,
And swamp'd it to give "the King's Son, Ferdinand," a
Soft moment or two with the Lady Miranda,
While her Pa met the rest, and severely rebuked 'em
For unhandsomely doing him out of his Dukedom.
You don't want me, however, to paint you a Storm,
As so many have done, and in colours so warm;
Lord Byron, for instance, in manner facetious,
Mr. Ainsworth more gravely,—see also Lucretius,
A writer who gave me no trifling vexation
When a youngster at school on Dean Colet's foundation.
Suffice it to say
That the whole of that day,
And the next, and the next, they were scudding away
Quite out of their course,
Propelled by the force
Of those flatulent folks known in Classical story as
Aquilo, Libs, Notus, Auster, and Boreas;
Driven quite at their mercy
Twixt Guernsey and Jersey,
Till at length they came bump on the rocks and the shallows,
In West longitude, one, fifty-seven, near St. Maloes;
There you'll not be surprized
That the vessel capsized,
Or that Blogg, who had made, from intestine commotions,
His specifical gravity less than the Ocean's,
Should go floating away,
Midst the surges and spray,
Like a cork in a gutter, which, swoln by a shower,
Runs down Holborn hill about nine knots an hour.

You've seen, I've no doubt, at Bartholomew fair,
Gentle Reader,—that is, if you've ever been there,—
With their hands tied behind them, some two or three pair
Of boys round a bucket set up on a chair,
Skipping, and dipping
Eyes, nose, chin, and lip in,
Their faces and hair with the water all dripping,
In an anxious attempt to catch hold of a pippin,
That bobs up and down in the water whenever
They touch it, as mocking the fruitless endeavour;
Exactly as Poets say,—how, though they can't tell us,—
Old Nick's Nonpareils play at bob with poor Tantalus.

—Stay—I 'm not clear,
But I 'm rather out here;
'Twas the water itself that slipp'd from him, I fear;
Faith, I can't recollect—and I haven't Lempriere.
No matter,—poor Blogg went on ducking and bobbing,
Sneezing out the salt water, and gulping and sobbing,
Just as Clarence, in Shakspeare, describes all the qualms he
Experienced while dreaming they 'd drown'd him in Malmsey.

"O Lord," he thought, "what pain it was to drown!"
And saw great fishes, with great goggling eyes
Glaring, as he was bobbing up and down,
And looking as they thought him quite a prize,
When, as he sank, and all was growing dark,
A something seized him with its jaws!—A Shark?

No such thing, Reader:—most opportunely for Blogg,
'Twas a very large web-footed curly-tail'd Dog!

* * * * *

I 'm not much of a trav'ler, and really can't boast
That I know a great deal of the Brittany coast,
But I 've often heard say
That, e'en to this day,
The people of Granville, St. Maloes, and thereabout
Are a class that Society doesn't much care about,
Men who gain their subsistence by contraband dealing,
And a mode of abstraction strict people call "stealing;"
Notwithstanding all which, they are civil of speech,
Above all to a Stranger who comes within reach;
And they were so to Blogg,
When the curly-tail'd Dog
At last dragg'd him out, high and dry on the beach.
But we all have been told
By the proverb of old,
By no means to think "all that glitters is gold;"
And, in fact, some advance
That most people in France
Join the manners and air of a *Maître de Danse*,
To the morals—(as Johnson of Chesterfield said)—
Of an elderly Lady, in Babylon bred,
Much addicted to flirting and dressing in red.—
Be this as it might,
It embarrass'd Blogg quite
To find those about him so very polite.

A suspicious observer, perhaps, might have traced
The *petites soins*, tender'd with so much good taste,
To the sight of an old-fashioned pocket-book, placed
In a black leather belt well secured round his waist,
And a ring set with diamonds, his finger that graced,
So brilliant, no one could have guess'd they were paste.

The group on the shore
Consisted of four;
You will wonder, perhaps, there were not a few more;
But, the fact is, they 've not, in that part of the nation,
What Malthus would term, a "too dense population,"
Indeed the sole sign there of man's habitation
Was merely a single
Rude hut, in a dingle
That led away inland direct from the shingle,
Its sides cloth'd with underwood, gloomy and dark,
Some two hundred yards above high-water mark;
And thither the party,
So cordial and hearty,
Viz. an old man, his wife, and two lads, make a start, he,
The Bagman, proceeding,
With equal good breeding,
To express, in indifferent French, all he feels,
The great curly-tail'd Dog keeping close to his heels.
They soon reach'd the hut, which seem'd partly in ruin,
All the way bowing, chattering, shrugging, *Mon-Dieu*-ing,
Grimacing, and what Sailors call *parley-vooing*.

* * * * *

Is it Paris or Kitchener, Reader, exhorts
You, whenever your stomach 's at all out of sorts,
To try, if you find richer viands won't stop in it,
A basin of good mutton broth with a chop in it?
(Such a basin and chop as I once heard a witty one
Call, at the Garrick "a c—d Committee one,"
An expression, I own, I do not think a pretty one.)
However, it 's clear
That, with sound table beer,
Such a mess as I speak of is very good cheer;
Especially too
When a person 's wet through,
And is hungry, and tired, and don't know what to do.
Now just such a mess of delicious hot pottage
Was smoking away when they enter'd the cottage,
And casting a truly delicious perfume
Through the whole of an ugly, old, ill-furnish'd room;
"Hot, smoking hot,"
On the fire was a pot
Well replenish'd, but really I can't say with what;
For, famed as the French always are for ragouts,
No creature can tell what they put in their stews,
Whether bull-frogs, old gloves, or old wigs, or old shoes;
Notwithstanding, when offer'd I rarely refuse,
Any more than poor Blogg did, when, seeing the reeky
Repast placed before him, scarce able to speak, he
In ecstasy mutter'd "By Jove, Cocky-leeky!"
In an instant, as soon
As they gave him a spoon,
Every feeling and faculty bent on the gruel, he

No more blamed Fortune for treating him cruelly,
But fell tooth and nail on the soup and the *bouilli.*

* * * * *

Meanwhile that old man standing by,
Subducted his long coat tails on high,
With his back to the fire, as if to dry
A part of his dress which the watery sky
Had visited rather inclemently.
Blandly he smiled, but still he look'd sly,
And a something sinister lurk'd in his eye.
Indeed, had you seen him, his maritime dress in,
You 'd have own'd his appearance was not prepossessing,
He 'd a "dreadnought" coat, and heavy *sabots*
With thick wooden soles turn'd up at the toes,
His nether man cased in a striped *quelque chose,*
And a hump on his back, and a great hook'd nose,
So that nine out of ten would be led to suppose
That the person before them was Punch in plain clothes.

Yet still, as I told you, he smiled on all present,
And did all that lay in his power to look pleasant.
The old woman, too,
Made a mighty ado,
Helping her guest to a deal of the stew;
She fish'd up the meat, and she help'd him to that,
She help'd him to lean, and she help'd him to fat,
And it look'd like Hare—but it might have been Cat.
The little *garçons* too strove to express
Their sympathy towards the "Child of distress"
With a great deal of juvenile French *politesse;*
But the Bagman bluff
Continued to "stuff"
Of the fat and the lean, and the tender and tough,
Till they thought he would never cry "Hold, enough!"
And the old woman's tones became far less agreeable,
Sounding like *peste!* and *sacre!* and *diable!*

I 've seen an old saw which is well worth repeating,
That says,
"Goode Eatynge
Deserbyth goode Drynkynge."
You 'll find it so printed by Caxton, or Wynkyn,
And a very good proverb it is to my thinking.
Blogg thought so too;—
As he finish'd his stew,
His ear caught the sound of the word "*Morbleu!*"
Pronounced by the old woman under her breath.
Now, not knowing what she could mean by "Blue Death!"
He conceived she referr'd to a delicate brewing
Which is almost synonymous,—namely "Blue Ruin."
So he pursed up his lip to a smile, and with glee,
In his cockneyfy'd accent, responded "Oh, *Vee!*"

Which made her understand he
Was asking for brandy;
So she turn'd to the cupboard, and, having some handy,
Produced, rightly deeming he would not object to it,
An orbicular bulb with a very long neck to it;
In fact, you perceive her mistake was the same as his,
Each of them "reasoning right from wrong premises;"
And here, by the way,
Allow me to say
—Kind Reader, you sometimes permit me to stray—
'Tis strange the French prove, when they take to aspersing,
So inferior to us in the science of cursing:
Kick a Frenchman down stairs,
How absurdly he swears!
And how odd 'tis to hear him, when beat to a jelly,
Roar out in a passion, "Blue Death!" and "Blue Belly!"

"To return to our sheep" from this little digression:—
Blogg's features assumed a complacent expression
As he emptied his glass, and she gave him a fresh one;
Too little he heeded
How fast they succeeded.
Perhaps you or I might have done, though, as he did;
For when once Madame Fortune deals out her hard raps,
It's amazing to think
How one "cottons" to drink!
At such times, of all things in nature, perhaps,
There's not one that's half so seducing as *Schnaps.*

Mr. Blogg, beside being uncommonly dry,
Was, like most other Bagmen, remarkably shy,
—"Did not like to deny"—
—"Felt obliged to comply"—
Every time that she ask'd him to "wet t'other eye;"
For 'twas worthy remark that she spared not the stoup,
Though before she had seem'd so to grudge him the soup.
At length the fumes rose
To his brain; and his nose
Gave hints of a strong disposition to doze,
And a yearning to seek "horizontal repose."
His queer-looking host,
Who, firm at his post,
During all the long meal had continued to toast
That garment 'twere rude to
Do more than allude to,
Perceived, from his breathing and nodding, the views
Of his guest were directed to "taking a snooze:"
So he caught up a lamp in his huge dirty paw,
With (as Blogg used to tell it) "*Mounseer, swivvy maw!*"
And "marshalled" him so
"The way he should go,"
Upstairs to an attic, large, gloomy, and low,

Without table or chair,
Or a moveable there,
Save an old-fashion'd bedstead, much out of repair,
That stood at the end most removed from the stair.—
With a grin and a shrug
The host points to the rug,
Just as much as to say, "There!—I think you'll be snug!"
Puts the light on the floor,
Walks to the door,
Makes a formal *Salaam*, and is then seen no more;
When, just as the ear lost the sound of his tread,
To the Bagman's surprise, and, at first, to his dread,
The great curly-tail'd Dog crept from under the bed!

It's a very nice thing when a man's in a fright,
And thinks matters all wrong, to find matters all right;
As, for instance, when going home late-ish at night
Through a Churchyard, and seeing a thing all in white,
Which, of course, one is led to consider a Sprite,
To find that the Ghost
Is merely a post,
Or a miller, or chalky-faced donkey at most;
Or, when taking a walk as the evenings begin
To close, or, as some people call it, "draw in,"
And some undefined form, "looming large" through the haze,
Presents itself, right in your path, to your gaze,
Inducing a dread
Of a knock on the head,
Or a sever'd carotid, to find that, instead
Of one of those ruffians who murder and fleece men,
It's your Uncle, or one of the "Rural Policemen;"
Then the blood flows again
Through artery and vein;
You're delighted with what just before gave you pain;
You laugh at your fears—and your friend in the fog
Meets a welcome as cordial as Anthony Blogg
Now bestow'd on *his* friend—the great curly-tail'd Dog.

For the Dog leap'd up, and his paws found a place
On each side his neck in a canine embrace,
And he lick'd Blogg's hands, and he lick'd his face,
And he waggled his tail, as much as to say,
"Mr. Blogg, we've foregather'd before to-day!"
And the Bagman saw, as he now sprang up,
What beyond all doubt
He might have found out
Before, had he not been so eager to sup,
'Twas Sancho!—the Dog he had rear'd from a pup!
The Dog who, when sinking, had seized his hair,—
The Dog who had saved, and conducted him there,—
The Dog he had lost out of Billiter Square!!

It 's passing sweet,
An absolute treat,
When friends, long sever'd by distance, meet,—
With what warmth and affection each other they greet!
Especially, too, as we very well know,
If there seems any chance of a little *cadeau*,
A "Present from Brighton," or "Token," to show,
In the shape of a work-box, ring, bracelet, or so,
That our friends don't forget us, although they may go
To Ramsgate, or Rome, or Fernando Po.
If some little advantage seems likely to start,
From a fifty-pound note to a two-penny tart,
It 's surprising to see how it softens the heart,
And you 'll find those whose hopes from the other are strongest,
Use, in common, endearments the thickest and longest.
But it was not so here;
For although it is clear,
When abroad, and we have not a single friend near,
E'en a cur that will love us becomes very dear,
And the balance of interest 'twixt him and the Dog
Of course was inclining to Anthony Blogg,
Yet he, first of all, ceased
To encourage the beast,
Perhaps thinking "Enough is as good as a feast;"
And besides, as we 've said, being sleepy and mellow,
He grew tired of patting, and crying "Poor fellow!"
So his smile by degrees harden'd into a frown.
And his "That 's a good dog!" into "Down, Sancho, down!"

But nothing could stop his mute fav'rite's caressing,
Who, in fact, seem'd resolved to prevent his undressing,
Using paws, tail, and head,
As if he had said,
"Most beloved of masters, pray, don't go to bed;
You had much better sit up and pat me instead!"
Nay, at last, when, determined to take some repose,
Blogg threw himself down on the outside the clothes,
Spite of all he could do,
The Dog jump'd up too,
And kept him awake with his very cold nose;
Scratching and whining,
And moaning and pining,
Till Blogg really believed he must have some design in
Thus breaking his rest; above all, when at length
The Dog scratch'd him off from the bed by sheer strength.

Extremely annoy'd by the "tarnation whop," as it
's call'd in Kentuck, on his head and its opposite,
Blogg show'd fight;
When he saw, by the light
Of the flickering candle, that had not yet quite
Burnt down in the socket, though not over bright,

Certain dark-colour'd stains, as of blood newly spilt,
Reveal'd by the dog's having scratch'd off the quilt,
Which hinted a story of horror and guilt!
'Twas "no mistake,"—
He was "wide awake"
In an instant; for, when only decently drunk,
Nothing sobers a man so completely as "funk."

And hark!—what's that?—
They have got into chat
In the kitchen below—what the deuce are they at?—
There's the ugly old Fisherman scolding his wife—
And she!—by the Pope! she's whetting a knife!—
At each twist
Of her wrist,
And her great mutton fist,
The edge of the weapon sounds shriller and louder!—
The fierce kitchen fire
Had not made Blogg perspire
Half so much, or a dose of the best James's powder.—
It ceases—all's silent!—and now, I declare
There's somebody crawls up that rickety stair!

* * * * * * *

The horrid old ruffian comes, cat-like creeping;
He opens the door just sufficient to peep in,
And sees, as he fancies, the Bagman sleeping!
For Blogg, when he'd once ascertain'd that there was some
"Precious mischief" on foot, had resolved to "play 'Possum:"—
Down he went, legs and head,
Flat on the bed,
Apparently sleeping as sound as the dead;
While, though none who look'd at him would think such a thing,
Every nerve in his frame was braced up for a spring.
Then, just as the villain
Crept, stealthily still, in,
And you'd not have insured his guest's life for a shilling,
As the knife gleam'd on high, bright and sharp as a razor,
Blogg, starting upright, "tipped" the fellow a "facer:"
Down went man and weapon.—Of all sorts of blows,
From what Mr. Jackson reports, I suppose
There are few that surpass a flush hit on the nose.

Now, had I the pen of old Ossian or Homer,
(Though each of these names some pronounce a misnomer,
And say the first person
Was call'd James M'Pherson,
While, as to the second, they stoutly declare
He was no one knows who, and born no one knows where,)
Or had I the quill of Pierce Egan, a writer
Acknowledged the best theoretical fighter
For the last twenty years,
By the lively young Peers,

Who, doffing their coronets, collars, and ermines, treat
Boxers to "Max," at the One Tun in Jermyn Street;—
—I say, could I borrow these Gentlemen's Muses,
More skill'd than my meek one in "fibbings" and bruises,
I'd describe now to you
As "prime a Set-to,"
And "regular turn-up," as ever you knew;
Not inferior in "bottom" to aught you have read of
Since Cribb, years ago, half knock'd Molyneux' head off.
But my dainty Urania says, "Such things are shocking!"
Lace mittens She loves,
Detesting "The Gloves;"
And, turning, with air most disdainfully mocking,
From Melpomene's buskin, adopts the silk stocking.
So, as far as I can see,
I must leave you to "fancy"
The thumps and the bumps, and the ups and the downs,
And the taps, and the slaps, and the raps on the crowns,
That pass'd 'twixt the Husband, Wife, Bagman, and Dog,
As Blogg roll'd over them, and they roll'd over Blogg;
While what's called "The Claret"
Flew over the garret:
Merely stating the fact,
As each other they whack'd,
The Dog his old master most gallantly back'd;
Making both the *garçons*, who came running in, sheer off,
With "Hippolyte's" thumb, and "Alphonse's" left ear off;
Next, making a stoop on
The buffeting group on
The floor, rent in tatters the old woman's *jupon;*
Then the old man turn'd up, and a fresh bite of Sancho's
Tore out the whole seat of his striped Callimancoes.
Really, which way
This desperate fray
Might have ended at last, I'm not able to say,
The dog keeping thus the assassins at bay:
But a few fresh arrivals decided the day;
For bounce went the door,
In came half a score
Of the passengers, sailors, and one or two more
Who had aided the party in gaining the shore!

It's a great many years ago—mine then were few—
Since I spent a short time in the old *Courageux;*—
I think that they say
She had been, in her day,
A First-rate, but was then what they term a *Rasée*,—
And they took me on board in the Downs, where she lay.
(Captain Wilkinson held the command, by the way.)
In her I pick'd up, on that single occasion,
The little I know that concerns Navigation,
And obtain'd, *inter alia*, some vague information

Of a practice which often, in cases of robbing,
Was adopted on shipboard—I think 'twas call'd "Cobbing."
How 'twas managed exactly I really can't say,
But I think that a Boot-jack was brought into play—
That is, if I 'm right:—it exceeds my ability
To tell how 'tis done;
But the system is one
Of which Sancho's exploit would increase the facility.
And, from all I could learn, I 'd much rather be robb'd
Of the little I have in my purse, than be "cobb'd;"—
That 's mere matter of taste:
But the Frenchman was placed—
I mean the old scoundrel whose actions we 've traced—
In such a position, that, on his unmasking,
His consent was the last thing the men thought of asking.
The old woman, too,
Was obliged to go through,
With her boys, the rough discipline used by the crew,
Who, before they let one of the set see the back of them,
"Cobb'd" the whole party,—ay, "every man Jack of them."

Moral.

And now, Gentle Reader, before that I say
Farewell for the present, and wish you good day,
Attend to the moral I draw from my lay!—

If ever you travel, like Anthony Blogg,
Be wary of strangers!—don't take too much grog!—
And don't fall asleep, if you should, like a hog:
Above all, carry with you a curly-tail'd Dog!

Lastly, don't act like Blogg, who, I say it with blushing,
Sold Sancho next month for two guineas at Flushing,
But still on these words of the Bard keep a fixt eye,
INGRATUM SI DIXERIS, OMNIA DIXTI!!!

L'Envoye.

I felt so disgusted with Blogg, from sheer shame of him,
I never once thought to inquire what became of him;
If *you* want to know, Reader, the way, I opine,
To achieve your design,—
Mind, it 's no wish of mine,—
Is,—(a penny will do 't,)—by addressing a line
To Turner, Dry, Weipersyde, Rogers, and Pyne.

APPENDIX.

Since penning this stanza, a learned Antiquary
Has put my poor Muse in no trifling quandary,
By writing an essay to prove that he knows a
Spot which, in truth, is
The *real* "Bermoothes,"

In the Mediterranean,—now call'd Lampedosa;
For proofs having made, as he farther alleges, stir,
An entry was found in the old Parish Register,
The which at his instance the excellent Vicar ex-
-tracted: viz. "Caliban, base son of Sycorax."—
—He had rather by half
Have found Prospero's "Staff;"
But 'twas useless to dig, for the want of a pick or axe.—
Colonel Paisley, however, 'tis everywhere said,
When he 's blown up the whole Royal George at Spit-head,
Takes his new apparatus, and goes out to look
And see if he can't try and blow up "the Book."—
—Gentle Reader, farewell!—If I add one more line,
He 'll be, in all likelihood, blowing up mine!

GREENWICH AND GREENWICH MEN,

WITH A SONG OF TRAFALGAR AND NELSON.

BY J. HAMILTON REYNOLDS, ESQ.

"Under the shade of melancholy boughs
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of Time."
As You Like it.

Have you, my most feeling, and considerate, and imaginative reader, ever taken an evening lounge, sojourn, saunter, meditation — (call it what you will)—in Greenwich Park, on a real summer's evening, when sunlight, and verdure, and decay, harmonize together, and make music to the human heart? If you have, you will know the scene I would bring before you; and if you have not, you will never waste a coming summer. I would speak, moreover, more particularly to the initiated, —to those who have entered the inconvenient doorway, escaping, as it would seem, through triangular iron bars from the scattered flock of cocked-hats on broad gravelled roads, and under great globe-crowned gate-columns, and from silent though frequented cloisters into goodly meads, with hills rising, tree-crowned (pensioner-looking trees!), and with rich old brown-red buildings,—yet all the grass, timber, and edifice speaking of other days and other monarchs, — all sublimed and sweetly saddened by sunshine and time! In summer, I perhaps could not thus speak of this affectingly-charming, sacred scene; but at the moment when I am writing, the north-east wind has suddenly driven me to winter in the *Italy* of the mind, — we all know that the mind can make its own Italy, — and I choose mine, for reasons which will immediately appear, to be in my dear, old, solemn, sun-honoured, colour-chastened, hero-dotted park of Greenwich. Reader! come with me! Let us pay our mite to the Janitor that *opens* the *open* gate, and enter. The change is wondrous!

Recently — but an instant ago—we were on the very loosest of gravelled roads, amidst a throng of the longest blue-flaps, the "shockingest bad hats," (all, however, three-cornered,) the most irregular apportionment of arms and eyes, the greatest variety of legs obtained from *Crooked-lane* (save where the leg had put in *to wood*, when perchance

the eye was compelled *to water*) that ever traveller here, in Kent, or in Asia, Africa, or America, saw assembled, or *not* assembled. To what reflections do not the passing of these stunted, distorted, crinkley-faced, battered, shattered, homely wrecks of valour and patriotism, in *cartridge*, not *Bath-wove* — lead! One man leans, with a face like a map of the world he has sailed round, beneath a huge granite gateway —and he is not all before you! No;—one eye parted company at the Nile, at the night hour, when the Orient exploded in the eyes of the shore-bordering Egyptians,—a leg had previously been tossed to a shark that hungered in the troubled and bloody waves which rolled from the Baltic around the "leviathans of the deep," close to the walls of Copenhagen! — Another hero lounges with the shortest and brownest of pipes, over the worn rail, that invariably supports *a crew*, over the unloading of *one* collier close to the Ship Tavern, — it appearing that the same age-and-curiosity-paralysed crew will never withdraw their varieties of cocked-hats and blue body-flags, that the vessel is always unloading, and never *will* unload; that the river is running, ever running; and that the sun is in a ruby state of eternal sunset. What serene expression is in his yellow face and deeply-rivetted grey eye!—but it is the expression of a placid and protected retirement from a thousand storms,—and his arm has fed the multitudinous fish off Cape Trafalgar! The feeling that I experience in seeing these *lay figures* of heroes, these *Chantrey-charmed* men by the effect of Time's sculpture power, — these dreamers of the sea, — these Zobeide-people of an un-eastern city, — not, however, the less silent, the less-motionless, the less imagination-lustred,—is almost inexplicable. I can hardly bear to see them walk, — and a *crawler* is of sea things my preference, my *passion*. A *quick* little man in blue, with a regular cocked-hat, and all his arms, legs, and eyes, is my aversion! I would rather see a wooden-aided and (in battle) a reliable gentleman in *yellow!* — the stay of motion in this scene, the repose of colour, the pause, as it would seem, of Time, is only realized to me in the exquisite description of the Grecian urn by Keats! He would have felt, wild as my feelings seem to have run (from a Greenwich pensioner to a Grecian vase), the *truth* of that sentiment,—

> "What little town by river or sea shore,
> Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
> Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
> And, little town, thy streets for evermore
> Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
> Why thou art desolate can e'er return."

And here I may take leave to produce a sketch of Greenwich Terrace, made some years ago. The same men are leaning over the iron rail still!

"The terrace that runs along the whole range of the building, between it and the water, is pleasantly situated; but, as it does not much abound with pensioners, is by no means a striking attraction in my eyes. In the walk below it, at the edge of the water, narrow, inconvenient, and thronged with watermen, sailors, and other bronzed men,—we all delighted to walk. There do the maimed and weather-tried tenants of the place saunter out their indolent and late holiday of existence. There do they sit for hours, like Crabbe's Peter Ghrimes, but without his terrors, looking upon the flood. There do they lean,

—there stand,—there recline,—there sidle about. The passing of a packet,—the slow drifting of a merchantman,—the heavy slumber of a Dutch vessel,—the arrowy course of a wherry,—are all beheld and thought over with an unchangeable profundity and a deathless silence. It appears to me that words are of no use by the water side. The only object that calls up an extraordinary expression of surprise or distaste on the mahogany line of visages along the railing, is the aquatic innovation of a steam-boat;—*that* elevates the bristles of twenty or thirty pair of rugged old eyebrows, and crumples up so many dark brown cheeks till they look like a row of biffens. But not a word passes. The long rapid smoking machine goes rattling by, convulsing the river, and agitating the lesser craft; but, much as it offends the eyes of the oldest sailors, it is passed, and passes in a dignified silence. I was much amused, and nudged my good friends on each side to share in my amusement, by watching one hale old man, with a peculiar and shrewd cock of his tri-cornered beaver, probing with his gimlet eye the hole in the bottom of a worn-out skiff. He stood sideways, peering into it with all the sagacity of the magpie's marrowbone survey,—now ogling it on this side, now contemplating it on that, and appearing to see in it something far deeper than our poor optics could discern. He looked closer and closer, twined his glossy antiquated fingers upon the small of his back, pursed his under lip, and gave his head a more intense twist, till I really thought the hole might not be a mere hole, and that I ought not, as Mr. Puff says, to be 'too sure that he was a beef-eater.' Five minutes elapsed, but the inquisition was not over;—indeed, it deepened and deepened, and just as I was satisfied the scrutiny was ripening to a purpose, and that the old man was arriving at a conclusion, he suddenly dispersed all our expectations by loosening his hands, giving the silver buckle of his right leg an easy elevation into the sun, and, whistling off the last notes of some rickety tune, he left us with an empty stare at ourselves, the building, and the river. And this is, with these old men, an incident—a sample of life. Thus do they dwell, thus exist in doing nothing, with more industrious exactness than any other kind of idlers in the world!"

Old age appears to me to be the great primeval bird; and whilst such favourites as Jesse, Buffon, Gould, Yarrell, and other naturalists, are mere bewildered ornithologists, I may pretty well reckon upon where Time builds its nests, and has its progeny. Warwick Castle is a healthy nest, and the eggs are very productive; Arundel Castle, where the dear *Lord Thurlow* laid an egg, is a beautiful nest for my bird; so is Belvoir Castle,—so are many others; but the favourite nest for Time, the nest on which it sits brooding, is Greenwich Hospital!—In it is hatched a perpetually young old age,—in it repose birds that never *have flown*, and never will fly,—birds of unvariable plumage and indisputable courage,—game birds, in fact, that in their hour are trimmed, and have "metal hot at heel," and that can never so happily die as when they die in the *cockpit!*

The cockpit!—what a spur it is to imaginative truth!—for truth is never so beautiful as when it can take its way winged by imagination. I have a passion for Greenwich Park, Greenwich Pensioners, the sea, and the river, by which the two were married—and the past! I love the old victories—I love the squandering of life which the devoted wooden-cooped men in the sanction of courage permitted to their

country. Nelson's uneducated devotion of heart, soul, mind, and modicum of body to his country, always makes out to me the beauty of the spirits of the shades, — the life of the trees, — the whole colour of Greenwich Park. I find him there. If my own private feelings intrude upon the sacredness of the place, behind some aged oak (and I feel at once the timber sacred to the waves) I catch some triangular hat that recals me to Nelson. The sea should be called Nelson. What is the Atlantic but Nelson's parlour?—what is the Pacific but Nelson's receiving-room? — what, in short, is any home for the salt wave but Nelson's particular home, to which he at first invited his enemies, and at last enjoyed the power of inviting his friends. Greenwich Hospital should never be mentioned without a devotional paragraph to Nelson, and the sea will not permit a reference to him, without the imaginary trident being placed in his hands. I love him so unaffectedly, that I would cut my right hand off which writes this, (one ought to write it with one's *left!*) if I thought I could forget him.

The writer of this paper well remembers Nelson—he remembers seeing him come out of Burgess's shop in the Strand, a short time before the glorious October 1805 — and the sight of that wondrous hero can never be forgotten. He was a thread-paper in a cocked hat! Had he not been immortalized by confidence and experience, an English mind might well have said, through an English tongue, that such a trifle of humanity could never assert English rights either on land or water. But his form was in its very slightness awful. He was a great man in little—great in thinness—he was the *British line.* Grand in himself, the touch of his cocked hat, as he passed by all our uncovered heads, was quick, simple, decisive, like one of his sea acts. It savoured of Copenhagen and the Nile, and was prophetic of Trafalgar! Dear, dear old thin, thin man! is it not true that a giant mind may make its abiding-place in the hollow of a reed!

But I see a cocked hat with a man under it beckoning to me. How have I been feeling, how have I been dreaming upon a scene, and the men connected with it, when, instead of referring to past days, the dead, and the associations allied to them, I should have turned me to the dear lingering living! Who is the man in the cocked hat? He is not a slight-shouldered man — he sits right up upon the bench. Oh! I know him at once by his manly bearing, and great gracious sailor mode of "going large" through life in love and friendship, to be my long-coated, pensioned, happy, quiet, confiding friend, Tom W——. Bless him!—I 'll have a talk with him.

And so saying, up I walked to one of those well-carved, unadorned, shady seats, whose destiny it is to bear initials and pensioners eternally. There sat Tom, erect as a mainmast, his eye glistening in its moist hazel light with pleasure at greeting me; for Tom and I are old Park messmates. I seldom idle to Greenwich that I do not, before my departure for home, seek my old friend at his well-accustomed gate, and pass a civil word into his ear, and a shilling into his crippled hand. Having a very remote uneducated turn for sketching, my acquaintance with this noble *first-rate* in decay commenced in the Park, on one rich autumnal evening, when no one molesting a seat and the solitude near the cellars and deer-spots under One-tree Hill, I fell in love with his grandeur, capaciousness, serenity, and dress; and having opened on his larboard side very steadily with a *gun* of remark at a time, to ascertain his distance, I at last captured him by a broadside of five well-directed

shillings, to give my sketching powers a fair trial. I ran him out on the back of a card, quite truly enough for loving memory to look upon without an eye to faults; and this interview gave *him* a notion I was an artist. The *sleepiness* of a pensioner's curiosity was the marvel to me, for he never asked to see what I had made of him; but, sitting bolt upright in his grizzled hair, appeared determined to see it out, and I believe, if I had continued pencilling away until the present moment, he would have never *struck*. But, reader, you must allow me to enter into conversation (it will be not very lengthy) with good old Tom.

"Well, Tom," said I, "and how fares it with you this evening?"

Tom cleared his mouth, sideways, of a little treacle-coloured spittle, took out the *wadding*, turned his eyes cheerfully upon me, and returned my greeting manfully and quietly.

"I aint, sir, *quite* the thing this evening; and depend on it, sir, there's a change o' weather getting up,—for you see this arm o' mine gnaws away when a turn's a-comin' on, as sure*ly* as the glass gives a fall. There'll be wet."

"Wet!" replied I. "Why, was there ever a clearer evening?"

"Look in the wind. Do you see *them?*"—(looking at a few small ruffled clouds on the outskirt of the sky)—"them's wet! As sure as you're a painter, them's wet."

"Ah, Tom! you see what it is to have been a sailor. Now, I can no more guess why rain should be seen in those little clouds than—"

"No—picturs is your natural knowledge,—now, weather's ourn! We larns clouds as a charity child larns a Sunday hymn-book. You see, the wind likes at sea to come upon us like a tiger, and therefore it an't to be supposed we shouldn't keep a look-out, and get into his ways o' springing on us. I can smell rain like snuff. *Them's rain.*"

"Well, Tom, the rain won't come to-night, to—"

"It will! It'll come on about mid-watch, as sure*ly*" (this seemed a favourite word with him) "as Mother Carey's chickens are sartain to make a foul pie. Howsomever, it's fine and sunshiny now; so there's no occasion to clear for action when the enemy's all but out o' sight."

"So you feel your arm tell you this, eh?" said I; for I observed him confirm every dead assertion of foul weather by a faint shrug up of his injured limb. "When and where were you wounded?"

"I wasn't wounded no-when and no-where. I fell out o' the rigging on a sloppy night, and neglected myself."

"Neglected yourself!"

"Ay, to be sure; never said nothing of breakage. Grog's stopped, you see, when a body gets splintered; and I never had no mind to alter my way o' living. I an't no drinker down to the brink o' 'tostication, and that; but men in cold damp sea-nights likes something as makes the innards glow. And mind you, I sat in my soaked things, and slept in 'em, cause I couldn't no way get out o' my jacket."

"Madness, indeed!"

"Not a bit of it,—'twas neglect, and downright hog-headedness. All night I never closed my eyes, like winking. I knowed what pain was,—like my mother's slap, when I was a babby. And, didn't I *not* know how to move next day?"

"You must have been a frightful sufferer!"

"No—no—hang it! not frightful, neither. In them days few things could make me frightful, for I was an owdacious young man!"

"Well—well, Tom?"

"Well. The doctor looked at my arm, as blue as the seam of a craft in mourning; but he spliced it, under a lecture,—so I got it, you see, both ways."

"Then," said I, "how came it so lame and withered as it now appears to be?"

"Why, you see, the wet made a dead set at it, and roomatiz walks right into me, and that's *it*."

"How mortifying for you, who have been in battle and in tempest, to lose a limb by the mere accident of a slip, and a wet jacket!"

"Yes; that's all very fretful: but I don't see no use—as I suffered in the sarvice enough to get me here,—moping about because I ain't been shot. Some, in course, has the luck to be wounded, and not disfiguredly so; but, lauk! some gets shot right out, as if they'd been snuffed, and never gets here at all. Bill Eames, now—Bill Eames, one of our men out o' Kent,—had hardly larned the name of a rope in the ship, when he got *his* gruel; and he was a taut young man, and unaccountable eager to fight. You see there's a deal o' chance a-board a ship: one man gets made a leeftenant right bang arter he's passed, while another goes out, to the tune of hats off and an open Bible, to make the shark chubby. Luck's more to do with it than men as don't think thinks."

"What a blessing it is that a building like the one near us is open to receive those who suffer for their country!" exclaimed I.

"Why, yes, it's very comfortable, only they're a little too *taut* about liquor. A man as has been knocked about, and sits down late in life, as one may say figure-headedly (I presume Tom meant *figuratively*, but I did not stop him to set his metaphor right,) likes to have his pipe in his mouth, and his glass to cool it,—and men *will* be in liquor,—and the governors and them, shouldn't be too rigid."

"But, Tom, if no check were kept upon the loose habits of men, you know, as well as I do, that there would be no safety to the ship, nor discipline in the crew."

"Oh! very right. I hate, as much as any man, to see a chap drink himself mad or stupid. But there's a pleasant line, as one may say, as one should set oneself again crossing. Howsomever, if a man's grown old in the sarvice o' drink, it's a no use exposing, and huffling, and parsecuting, and marking on him,—that's my religion. You might just as well preach to my old Tabby as has passed his life with his fellow-creaturs, that he maunt go no more on the tiles."

"True; but marking him?—how *marking* him, Tom?"

"Why,—but that's a little abated, as we says o' the sea when we have just sniggered out o' the Bay o' Biscay. They don't *yellow* the men all over, like a *line-tarring*, as they used to do."

"*Yellow* the men?"

"You see, afore my old captain, old Hardy, come to be in command here, the moment as one of our people couldn't keep his wooden-leg straight, you see, they'd a nasty way o' not overlooking it. O lord! I've seen aboard a ship, an over-grogged man (got so by accident, or so,) as helpless as a babby, and the leeftenant as blind as a kitten. One o' my maxims is this:—when things ar'n't always desirable to be looked at, it's a good thing to look another way."

"Well, Tom, but as to '*yellow* the men?'"

"Well, I was a-coming to that. You see, afore old Sir Thomas's time here, the minute a man was cotched drunk, they whips him into a

yellow jacket, and he walks about, you see, disgraced with his misfortunes. Now no old man, not even if he 's been at sea, likes to know, as every man as overtakes him, knows he 's been overtaken! Feelings is feelings, and men is men. I know many a man as is oudacious in gin, shy and sensible when he comes to his senses. So you see that *yellowing* was all agin men's spirits!"

"You 've made it quite clear, Tom; and you 're quite right. But you spoke of old Hardy, do you mean Sir Thomas Hardy, Nelson's captain?"

"Sir Thomas Hardy it *was;* my captain, as well as Nelson's. He was one o' the right sort, and fought his way like a man. But I think he deserved well of his country most, for two things,—he did away with the yellow-jackets,—and got us these blue trowsers, which are more looser and comfortabler than them knee-things, and are more shipshape. Now that 's what I call being a captain!"

"Ah! Tom, he was a great man; a fit captain for his admiral and crew. But, when and where did you serve with him?"

"Oh! in that 'ere last settler. I was with him when Nelson died, and I see the old man dead."

"What! served at Trafalgar—saw Nelson dead?"

"Did both. It sartainly was a skrimmage. My eyes! I can hear it now, whenever I chooses to put my ears on the watch. Lord! the old man——"

"Whom do you mean by the old man?"

"Why, in course, who should I mean—Admiral Lord Nelson. We always called him the old man."

"Oh! I see."

"Lord! as I was saying, how the old man did come the quiet over himself when he seed they *must* fight! He was a d—d sight more peaceable, than any on us. Nobody don't know what men is as is going into battle, but them as has see'd 'em. Some ain't quite up,—some 's over uppish,—some 's making up their parcels, and thinking of their mothers and sisters, and them,—some 's stripping to their skins, and drinking cold water,—some 's a-shaking hands with a brother messmate, jist for the sake like of feeling a *friend* for the last time for a few hours, or perhaps for the last time. Some sits, or stands quiet as sheep, —some sings, but, mind you, that ain't no good sign. But, Lord! fighting ain't a thing sailors is so eager at, jist as they 're a-going at it. But, mark me, they 've no more idea o' giving over, than a shark; they are oudacious voracious at it, sure*ly*!"

"Your account of the men going into battle, Tom, sounds truth itself to me."

"Why, 'tis truth. I can't have no use in deceiving o' you. If it ain't true, I ain't Tom. I wish you could have seen the old man come upon deck as fine as paint, jist as if he was a-going to a dance, all his best things on, covered with stars, and his one eye shining like any one on 'em. Well, he sartainly did chirrup us all up, and it would have been marciful if he could have weathered it all out, and have come home to see the 'luminations."

"Did *you*, Tom, make any preparations before you went into the battle?"

"Didn't I? And this I always calls the *feeling* part of my life. There was a man a-board our ship, Ben Holmes, who come from the same town as me, and we was unpartial to one another, 'cause, you see,

we both loved one gal. She *was* a sweet young woman; but I have since heard she waun't over-constant to neither on us. Howsomever, she had winning ways when one was with her; and I always thought nobody but myself was her'n."

"What was her name, Tom?"

"Sarah Blakemore. I used to call her Sally for short. Well, you see, Ben and me, when we gets to sea, and is both away from her, gets mighty *nuts* with one another 'cause we liked the same gal, and could take a sort o' pleasure in talking on her, without either on us getting *a pull.*"

"How natural!" exclaimed I.

"I b'lieve you. Well, now, and here comes what I call the *feeling* part o' my life. We meets arter the decks were cleared, and neither on us seemed very eager to begin talk. Howsomever, there was no time to lose."

"Poor fellows!"

"Well, it was *nearly* that. We, clean off, agreed to tie up all we had in one bundle, and let the lucky one take it; and, in course, mind you, if both was lucky, the things was to be ontied, and be as they was."

"Ah! Tom, that was right."

"Oh! that ain't the hour when men can do no wrong. Well, we does the bundle up off-hand, but neither of us said nothing; and I put *my* lock of her hair in, and he put his'n; and we made up two pound seventeen in money, and stowed it all away."

"I trust, my good friend, that you opened the bundle together, and that the things were as they were?"

"Not by no means. I went *through the sieve* for many a good hour; but, late in the day, when I was a little less bustled, and arter the dear old man had been carried down, (ordering, bless his care! new tiller-ropes to be rove where they were shot away, though he was a-going down to die,) I thought I 'd see what had become o' Ben. I didn't find him at his gun, so I know'd there was something wrong. My mind misguv me."

"Then he, too, poor Ben! was wounded?"

"I went into the cockpit, and I see Ben black with gunpowder, but quieter than I ever seed him afore. He said he was shot in the arm, but that it was all right; but I seed it *warn't;* he said he was numbed in the groin: he died o' that numbness, for he was *shot there.* Afore I parted with him, though,—for I couldn't in course stay,—he axed me whether the old man was dead. I turned down a few o' the tops o' the sheets, and, Lord! *there he was,* about the third from Ben. I wish I may die if I ever see anything so quiet and happy, and it 's clear, therefore, the French couldn't spoil his natur.—So you see, I got the bundle."

The old sailor pulled up in silence here, and looked out, as if he was looking at the past. The solemn manliness of his appearance was too impressive to allow of my abruptly tearing him from the subject he was contemplating. He was literally *at sea.* With a wish, therefore, to draw him from the then sadness of his thoughts of that sea, and yet not to break him from his beloved element, I allowed silence for a short time to occupy, while it relieved him. I then recurred to the previous promise I had given of seeing his picture of Trafalgar. But the day was too far gone, and the treasure of Tom's cabin was

therefore yet to remain my "Yarrow unvisited." Trafalgar, the cockpit, Ben Holmes, Nelson, and the bundle, haunted me by times all the way home, and in a sea-spirit I passed that evening. The following song was the result, and my chief aim was to make it true and simple, so that a sailor — even my Tom — might not object to hear, nor fail to understand it.

Tom and I took a silver parting at the park gate, better friends than ever, for the sake of Trafalgar.

THE SONG OF TRAFALGAR AND NELSON.

"FOUNDED ON FACTS."

A goodly vessel did I then espy,
Come like a giant from a haven broad;
And lustily along the bay she strode,
Her tackling rich, and of apparel high.
WORDSWORTH.

THE ship rode well in Portsmouth's sea,
The gallant, good old ship;
She had her perfect company,
And waited Victory's trip:
She had her many hundred men,
Yet all with but *one* heart;
And she swung—impatient now and then
For *one man*—to depart!"*

He came—she went—in awful sail,
Right out, with glorious bow;
And day and night, before the gale,
She heaved to meet the foe.
In Cadiz bay—the deathless bay
Henceforth for evermore,—
She pull'd up in her pathless way,
By many a Seventy-four.

At daylight, on a precious day,
The watchful fleet's good eyes†
Saw, creeping out upon their way,
The foe, prize after prize.
The Victory and her gallants yet‡
Kept coyly out of sight,
From dread lest backing-sails be set,
And fear should spoil the fight.

No! fight they must—they cannot fly,—
Harbour no more is theirs!
The hero gives the long full sigh,
Contentment's sigh, and prayers.

* "The ships appointed to reinforce the Mediterranean fleet, were despatched singly, each as soon as it was ready."—*Southey's Life of Nelson*, p. 323.

† "At this time he was not without some cause of anxiety; he was in want of frigates—*the eyes of the fleet*, as he always called them."

‡ "They were observed so well that all their motions were made known to him; and, as they wore twice, he inferred that they were aiming to keep the port of Cadiz open, and would retreat there as soon as they saw the British fleet; for this reason he was very careful not to approach near enough to be seen by them during the night."—*Ibid.* p. 328.

"Fearing that if the enemy knew his force they might be deterred from venturing to sea, he kept out of sight of land, and desired Collingwood to fire no salute, and hoist no colours."—*Ibid.* p. 322.

Down in his cabin sits he then,*
  As in his parlour's chair;
And absent loves,† and all his men,‡
  Are folded in his care.

The guns are good, the crew is good,
  And deadly the intent;
The vessel offers all its blood—
  Will carnage be content?
The very waves are stunn'd to hear
  Such long dun thunder keep
Its roar and horror, far and near,
  Over the mid-sea deep!

The God of Battles from his throne
  Looks down through lurid light,
And claims the victor for his own
  To hallow the great fight.
As triumph shouted oft and oft,§
  The dying hero's eyes
Flash'd light, Death could not render soft,
  Nor anguish agonize.

Home came the news that on the sea
  England was all alone! ||
Home came the mighty victory
  To wring a nation's groan!
Though joy from every window glared
  'Twas joy that still must yearn;
Mourning and joy together pair'd—
  The lamp-light and the urn!

He sleeps beneath the lofty dome,—
  His sailors saw him home;
They rent his flag ¶ above his tomb,—
  Each got a charm to roam!

* "Having seen that *all was as it should be*, Nelson retired to his cabin, and wrote the following prayer:—

"'May the great God whom I worship grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory, and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it; and *may humanity after victory* be the predominant feature of the British fleet! For myself, individually, I commit my life to Him that made me, and may his blessing alight on my endeavours for serving my country faithfully! To Him I resign myself, and the just cause which is intrusted to me to defend. Amen. Amen. Amen.'"—*Southey's Life of Nelson*, p. 329.

† See the memorandum respecting Lady Hamilton and his daughter, Horatia Nelson. *Ibid.* p. 329.

‡ "One of the last orders of this admirable man was, that the name and family of every officer, seaman, and marine, who might be killed or wounded in action, should be, as soon as possible, returned to him, in order to be transmitted to the chairman of the Patriotic Fund, that the case might be taken into consideration for the benefit of the sufferer, or his family."—*Ibid.* p. 327.

§ "As often as a ship struck the crew of the Victory hurraed; and at every hurra a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes, and marked the countenance of the dying hero."—*Ibid.* p. 341.

|| "Officers and men were in the highest spirits at the prospect of giving them a decisive blow; such, indeed, as would put an end to all further contest on the seas."—*Ibid.* p. 324.

"So perfectly, indeed, had he performed his part, that the maritime war, after the battle of Trafalgar, was considered at an end. The fleets of the enemy were not only defeated, but destroyed."—*Ibid.* p. 350.

¶ "At his interment, his flag was about to be lowered into his grave,—the sail-

The mainmast * makes his latest berth—
Oh! were not ship-wood press'd
Around his gracious form on earth,
He could not take his rest!

COLIN CLINK.

BY CHARLES HOOTON.

BOOK THE SECOND

CHAPTER XIV.

The "Yorkshire House."—Its company.—And an adventure.

In the course of some subsequent conversation, Colin's friend the coachman ascertained that his "green" passenger came from some place in the county of York, and instantaneously concluded, by a peculiar process of reasoning, that our hero ought of necessity to put up at a "Yorkshire House." He forthwith recommended him to a tavern of some notoriety in the city, backing his recommendation with the assurance that, as he was but raw in London, it would be better for him to be amongst his own countrymen.

In the "Yorkshire House," then, we will suppose him His first business, after having refreshed himself, was to call for ink and paper, and indite an epistle to Squire Lupton, giving him not only an explicit statement of the cause of his precipitate retreat from Bramleigh, and his consequent inability to attend at the Hall on the appointed day, but also detailing the horrible scene of the lawyer's confession respecting the situation of James Woodruff, which had led to his recent attempt, and compelled that retreat. This being done, and duly despatched, he hastily prepared himself, fevered and confused in brain as he was by the long night-journey, to take a turn in the streets. He longed, as every stranger does who first enters this mighty city, to wander among its endless maze of houses, and witness the vastness of its resources. He passed down one of the by-streets into Cheapside; wondered at the numbers of caravans and carts, the coaches and cabs, which blocked themselves to a temporary stand-still in the streets branching from either side; marvelled what all the vehicles that shot along could be employed for; where the contrary and cross currents of human beings could all possibly be setting in; or how the enormous evidences of almost inconceivable wealth, displayed on all sides, could ever have been thus accumulated. As he ruminated, the crowd every now and then half spun him round, now one way, now another, in the

ors, who assisted at the ceremony, with one accord rent it in pieces, that each might preserve a fragment while he lived."—*Southey's Life of Nelson*, p. 350.

* "Part of L'Orient's mainmast was picked up by the Swiftsure. Captain Hallowell ordered his carpenter to make a coffin of it; the iron as well as wood was taken from the wreck of the same ship. It was finished as well and as handsomely as the workman's skill and materials would permit, Hallowell then sent it to the admiral, with the following letter:—

"'Sir,—I have taken the liberty of presenting you with a coffin made from the mainmast of L'Orient, that when you have finished your career in this world, you may be buried in one of your trophies. But that that period may be far distant is the earnest wish of your sincere friend,

"'Benjamin Hallowell.'"—*Ibid.* p. 158.

endeavour to pass or to outstrip him. Some belated clerk, hurrying to his duty, put a forcible but inoffensive hand upon his shoulder, and pushed him aside; the butcher's boy (and butchers' boys are *always* in a hurry) perhaps poked the projecting corner of his wooden tray or the shank of a leg of mutton into his ear; the baker drove a loaf into his ribs; the porter knocked his hat off with the box on his knot; the merchant pushed it into the gutter, in order to avoid treading upon it, and the policeman, standing front outwards by the lamp-post, smiled as sedately as a wooden doll, whose lower jaw is pulled down with a string, and, when advice was useless, kindly told him to "take care of his hat."

By the time he had passed through Fleet Street, and round along Oxford Street, and Holborn, his head was in a whirl. In the course of a few short hours his senses had received more numerous and striking impressions than had been made upon them probably during the whole course of his previous life. London seemed a Babel, and himself one of those who were lost utterly in the confusion of tongues, — tongues not of men merely, but of iron and adamant, rattling together their horrible jargon, until his ears sounded and reverberated like two shells beside his head, and his brain became bewildered as if with (that which he had happily never yet experienced) a night's excess.

About seven o'clock in the evening he returned to his inn. Having placed himself quietly in a retired corner of the parlour of the "Yorkshire House," and immediately beneath a sloping skylight extending the whole breadth of the room, — a position which very strongly suggested the idea that he was sitting under a cucumber-frame, Colin amused himself by making silent remarks upon the scene before him. Sundry very miscellaneous-looking personages formed the principal figures of the picture, and were relieved by numerous accessaries of mutton-chops, biscuits, broiled kidneys, pints of stout, and glasses of gin-punch; the whole being enveloped in an atmosphere of such dense smoke, as gave a very shadowy and mysterious character to every object seen through it.

"There 's a fly on your nose, Mr. Prince," remarked a lean hungry-looking fellow; "a blue-bottle, sir, just on the end there."

The individual thus addressed was a sinister-looking man, who, it afterwards appeared was a native of Leeds, in which he had formerly carried on business, and contrived to scrape together a large fortune. In mercantile phraseology, he was a "thirty thousand pound man;" and, though as ignorant and surly a brute as ever went on two legs, on account of his property he was looked up to and respected by everybody as ignorant as himself. On hearing his friend Hobson's remark, Mr. Prince suddenly seized the end of his own nose, and grasped it in his hand, as he was in the regular habit of doing whenever the fly was mentioned, while with a very shallow assumption of facetiousness he replied, "Then I 've got him to-night, by go!"

Every individual in the company who knew his business properly now forced a laugh at the great man's witty method of doing things, while Hobson replied,

"I think not, Mr. Prince. He 's too 'fly' for you again."

"Look in your hand, Mr. Prince," suggested a thick-headed fellow, from the East-Riding, not unlike a bullock in top-boots. Mr. Prince thanked him for the hint; but declined adopting it, on the score that if he opened his hand he should lose him.

"Put him in Hobson's glass," said another.

"Well," replied Hobson, "as we all know Mr. Prince is very poor, I'll give him sixpence if he will."

This hint at Mr. Prince's poverty was exceedingly relished both by the Prince himself and all the toadeaters about him. Its ingenuity seemed to delight them, as did also the reply made by the great man himself.

"I doubt whether you ever had a sixpence to spare in your life."

Another mechanical laugh was here put in at Hobson's expense, which that gentleman not relishing quite so well as he would have done had the insinuation been made at the expense of any other person, he repelled it by challenging Mr. Prince to produce, there and then, as many sovereigns upon the table as any other man in the company. This touched Mr. Prince in a delicate place, and he growled out, with a horrible oath, that he could buy Hobson and all his family up with only the simple interest of his capital. At the same time he put his hand in his breeches-pocket, and drew forth a broad-bellied greasy black pocket-book, which he slapped heavily on the table, as he swore there was more money in it than Hobson had ever even so much as seen together before. Hobson flatly denied it, and offered to bet glasses round that it did not contain twenty pounds more than his own.

"Done!" roared Mr. Prince, as his clenched fist fell on the table, with a weight which made all the pipes and glasses upon it dance a momentary hornpipe. A comparison of pocket-books was immediately instituted. Mr. Prince's was declared to contain one hundred and seventy bank-notes more than Hobson's, and Hobson was called upon for the grog. This being more than he expected, he endeavoured to evade the bet altogether, by insinuating that he should not believe Mr. Prince's notes were good, unless he looked at them himself. Several voices cried together "No, no!" and the rest vented their opinions in loud exclamations of "Shame, shame!—Too bad!" and the like.

Mr. Prince felt the indignity offered to his pocket-book most keenly. He looked unutterable things at Hobson, and bellowed loud enough to have been heard as far as Lad Lane, that "he would see him in" — (a very uncomfortable place, I can assure the reader, according to all accounts)—"before he would trust a single farthing of his money in the hands of such a needy, starving, penniless bankrupt as he was." Many of those present felt that this language was not exactly warrantable; but there were no cries of shame in favour of Mr. Hobson.

At this interesting period of the discussion, Colin's eyes chanced to be fixed very earnestly on the countenance of Mr. Prince, which that gentleman remarking, he forthwith turned suddenly on the young man with this abrupt demand:—

"What are *you* staring at, eh? Did you never see a man's face before."

"Yes," very quietly replied Colin; "I have seen many *men*'s faces before."

"What do you mean by that, eh?" cried Prince. "What does he mean?" addressing the company. "Come—come, young man, I'll soon teach you how to know your betters." And he strode towards Colin, with the apparent intention of practically illustrating the system he maintained. The latter instantly rose on his feet to meet the foe. All eyes were now turned towards these two, while the squabble with Hobson appeared for the time to be wholly forgotten.

"Beg my pardon, sir!" bellowed Prince.

"I shall beg no man's pardon whom I have neither injured nor insulted," coolly answered Colin.

"I say, beg my pardon!" repeated Prince. "Do you mean to take the law of me if I strike you? Say no, and I'll knock you down."

"No!" replied Colin, "I shall appeal to no law except that of my own force. If you strike me, I shall probably strike again, old as you are."

Smash went Mr. Prince's fist at Colin's face; but the latter parried the blow adroitly, and by a cool "counter" succeeded in pressing Mr. Prince's nose very much closer to his face than nature herself had intended it to be. Cries of "Shame!" again arose against Colin, and some attempts were made to seize and turn him out. These, however, were prevented by other portions of the company, who exclaimed loudly in favour of fair play, and against any interference. In the mean time Mr. Prince grew furious, and raised his stick to strike Colin with the determination of a butcher about to knock a bull on the head. The youth again parried the intended blow, and turned the weapon aside by receiving it in a slanting direction on his right arm. In order to close with him on the opposite side, Prince now jumped on the table; but this manœuvre the young man avoided, and at the same instant a shower of broken glass fell upon him. Colin's enraged assailant's stick had gone through the lid of the "city cucumber-frame," and some half-dozen fractured squares attested his powers of mischief. A loud laugh echoed from every part of the room, which put Mr. Prince in a perfect whirlwind of passion. He plunged at his young opponent as though he meditated crushing him by the mere weight of his body; but as the coolness of the latter enabled him to take advantage of the slightest circumstance in his favour, he slipped aside at the critical moment, and his antagonist's head went with the power of a paviour's rammer against the wall. This terminated the fight. Mr. Prince lay on the floor, and groaned with pain and vexation, until he was picked up, and placed, almost as inanimate as a sack of potatoes, in his chair.

In an instant afterwards a gentleman, dressed in a dark-blue great-coat, and who, as Colin thought, was so very rich in that particular article of clothing as to lay himself under the necessity of having them numbered on the collar, made his appearance in the room; and at the instance of the landlord stepped forwards, and collared our hero, with the intention of conveying him to the station-house. Against this proceeding several friendly individuals protested, and joined vehemently in the opinions expressed by a stout young Welshman, who sat with a pipe in his mouth, that "Py cot! it was too bad to meddle with him instead of the old one." This timely interference saved Colin for the present, and the policeman was obliged to retire.

Deeply fatigued as our hero was from previous want of rest, he early retired to his apartment, and soon fell into a slumber of many hours' duration. On rising in the morning, what was his astonishment to find a roll of paper like bank-notes lying near him, for the presence of which he knew not how to account?

After some hesitation he dressed, and rang for the servant.

"That roll of paper," said he, when she appeared, "lay on my chair when I woke. It was not there last night, and it does not belong to me. How it came there I know not. The papers appear to be bank-

notes. You had better take them to your master, and inquire whether any person in the house has lost them."

The girl looked surprised; but took them up, and followed his advice.

Very soon after Colin heard a hue and cry raised below-stairs. A few minutes elapsed, and then a rush of people towards his room announced that the mystery of the roll of papers was about to be cleared.

"Is this him?" demanded a man, with a belt round his body, and a glazed rim on the edge of his hat-crown.

"That's him!" replied the servant-girl. "He gave them to me."

"Come, young man, I want you," said the policeman, seizing Colin roughly. "Come along with me." And, in spite of all his entreaties and protestations he was hurried away. It appeared that Mr. Prince, who occupied a room on the same floor as his young antagonist, had identified the notes as his own, and declared that Colin must have robbed him.

After the lapse of a very short period, Colin stood before the grave magisterial authorities sitting at Guildhall, with Mr. Prince as his accuser. The charge having been heard, Colin replied to it with all the fearlessness, determination, and indignation, which the consciousness of innocence is sure to inspire. He related the occurrences of the previous evening, and concluded by expressing his firm belief that the money had been placed upon his chair in order to bring him into trouble. When searched, ten sovereigns and some silver had been found upon him. He was asked to account for the possession of so much money? To this question he flatly refused to answer, as well as those bearing upon his own character and employment; who he was; where he came from; and what place he had left when he arrived at the Yorkshire House.

In this dilemma an idea struck the subtle brain of Mr. Prince. He felt now perfectly secure of his victim. *He* owned them also, and declared they were part of the money which had been abstracted during the night from his pocket-book. Here, however, he overstepped the mark. Colin instantly requested that the landlord of the inn might be called to witness that the money was in his possession at the time he arrived there, and many hours before it could even be pretended that he saw the individual who now stood forwards as his accuser. To this fact the landlord honestly bore testimony, — a piece of evidence which caused the face of Colin's accuser to assume the tint of a thundercloud with the sunshine on it—he looked black and white at the same time. Boots also declared that on going upstairs to leave the gentlemen's boots at their doors, he saw some person come out of the young man's room, who certainly bore very little resemblance to the occupant of that room himself. After some further investigation Mr. Prince was accommodated with a reprimand from the bench, and the case was dismissed.

CHAPTER XV.

Colin makes an acquaintance, and is put in a way of being introduced to his sister, a "public singer."

THE temptations of the Yorkshire House were not sufficiently great to induce Master Clink to remain in it after the conclusion of the foregoing adventure. Having returned to discharge his shot, he bade good b'ye to the place altogether, and again betook himself to the streets,

both with the idea of looking about him, and of seeking out another home. In the course of the afternoon he contrived to pick up an acquaintance at a small public house where he called, in the person of a tall, thin, laddish-looking young man, not unlike a pea-rod split half-way up: clad in a blue coat, partially out at elbows, and so short in the arms that his wrists, and great red hands hung out full a quarter of a yard, like fly-flappers; while his trowsers, — an old-fashioned, striped, summer pair, value about one and threepence, if ticketed, — allowed his ancles to descend below them in no contemptible imitation of a pair of stilts. His countenance — which was nearly of the same hue as a sago pudding, strongly resembled in shape a boy's humming-top. From certain conversations which Colin had with him, it appeared that this miserable creature, whose name was Wintlebury, was but about two-and-twenty years of age, and had been brought up as assistant to a poor painter of window-blinds, scenes for licensed concert-taverns, and such like, then resident in some obscure back street near the Commercial-Road. As his master was himself half-starved upon the productions of his genius, the lad — who came in but second, very naturally starved outright; and one night, in the mere desperation of hunger, he fell upon two chops, which had been prepared for the family's supper, and devoured them. On the discovery of this atrocious act, he was turned out of the house at ten o'clock, and left to wander about the streets. His only friend was his sister, who sang and performed some minor parts at the threepenny tavern concerts, so numerous at the eastern end of the town; and whose finances, unfortunately, were not in a much better condition than his own. Sickness had ruined her: and she paid much more to keep herself alive, than her living ordinarily cost her. He therefore could not find in his heart to apply to her. That night he walked the streets till, tired and worn out, he sat down about two o'clock on the steps of Guildhall, and fell asleep. Here he was apprehended and lodged in the watch-house; taken to the police-office the next day, and committed to prison for sleeping in the open air;—a sentence the term of which had expired but a short time before. Such was the brief story of the poor creature who now had made an acquaintance with Colin.

As our hero had yet a round sum left, and, as the day advanced, began to feel something like the want of a dinner, he adopted the advice of Wintlebury, and walked with him into one of those bow-windowed shops in which a display of greasy-looking hams, varnished pork-pies, and dry boiled-beef, is usually made; while a savoury steam ascends through the bars of the area-gate, as a sort of hint to the nose of the passer-by that in the region above he may make his dinner. Having regaled himself and his companion with an ample repast, Colin discharged the bill, and they wandered into the town. As neither of them knew where to put up at night, Wintlebury advised Colin, for economy's sake, to look out for a private lodging: and recommended him to apply at the identical house where his own sister lodged; as he thought the mistress most probably would have one sort of room or another unoccupied.

To this proposal our hero consented. They walked in the direction of Shoreditch, and did not halt until they arrived at the door of a house in the Mile End-Road.

"All right!" said Colin's companion,—"there's a paper in the window."

Just as Wintlebury had ceased to agitate the knocker, Colin — whose eyes were downwards — saw a dirty face popped close to the panes of the low kitchen window, with a pair of white eyes turned up to catch a glimpse of the applicants.

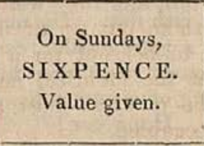
Mrs. Popple soon made her appearance; and having ascertained the object of the visit, proceeded to conduct them into the house. As the party ascended the stairs, Mrs. Popple informed Colin that he would find her upper room a most delightful retreat. He might there read his book in peace; or, if he were so disposed, might play his flute, violin, trombone, tambourine, or even drum, without fear of complaint from any of the other lodgers, who really agreed so well together, that it was almost like paradise itself to live in such a social community. The window of it also overlooked all the backs of the surrounding houses, while a skylight in front opened directly upon the heavens themselves. Colin replied, that he neither played on any musical instrument, nor did he particularly admire such heavens as he had hitherto seen over London. He did not think the attic was likely to suit him. As he threw a careless eye around, he observed a black stump-bedstead, one decent chair, and three rush-bottomed ditto; while in one corner stood an old oak chest, made, probably, in the early days of George the First, and large enough almost to be converted, if occasion required, into a family burying-place. On the white-washed walls were scratched with the artistical finger-nails of previous occupants various ill-proportioned figures.

Colin at length decided to become "the monarch of all he surveyed" for the space of one week. In the mean time Wintlebury had taken the opportunity of seeing his sister, and had received two free orders from her for a concert at the Condor Tavern that evening.

CHAPTER XVI.

A Peep at a Tavern Concert.—Colin falls in love, parts with his money, and gets into difficulties.

The entrance to the "saloon" of the Tavern where the Concert was to be held lay through a dram-shop. As Colin and his companion passed the bar, the latter familiarly recognised several shabby-genteel and dissipated-looking young men, who stood there drinking gin-and-water, and talking exquisite nonsense to a pretty-faced toy-like bar-maid, whose principal recommendation with her master consisted in the skill with which she contrived to lure and detain at the bar all such simpletons as usually spent the greater portion of their spare time amidst such scenes. By the side of the passage, and near the door of the saloon, was pasted up a small paper, on which was the following announcement,


On Sundays,
SIXPENCE.
Value given.

The "value given" consisted of about a dozen spoonsful of either gin or rum, with very hot water, to make it appear strong,—or of a pot of ale or stout, at the discretion of the customer.

Very much to Colin's astonishment, — as well it might be, considering that he had never before seen aught of the kind more extensive than a country inn, — he was suddenly ushered by his companion into a "saloon," containing about from three to five hundred persons, arranged on forms placed across the room, each form having before it a narrow raised ledge, not unlike those sometimes seen in the pews of churches, on which to lodge the respective pots, bottles, and glasses of the company. Down the avenues, which ran longitudinally, for the convenience of passage, certain individuals were calling shrimps, screwed up in conical white packages of one penny each; while the perfume, if such it could be called, from some scores of pipes and cigars, ascended in multitudinous little clouds above the heads of the company, and covered as with a filmy atmosphere the frescoed landscapes with which the walls above were bountifully decorated. At the remote end of the room appeared a stage and proscenium on a small scale, after the fashion of a Minor Theatre.

Shortly after Colin and his friend had taken their seats, a gentleman commenced playing an overture upon an instrument which had been highly admired there ever since its introduction, as it formed within itself a magnificent combination of organ, piano, clarionet, and bagpipe, and possessed besides the additional advantage of occasionally producing tones at its own will and pleasure, to which those of no other instrument in the world might be compared, and of which no adequate conception can be formed, unless the reader has enjoyed the exquisite delight of hearing a "fantasia extempore" played on the hinges of some unoiled door, as it gradually, and in varying time, declined from a wide open position to the door-cheek.

As I have not the most distant intention of wearying either the reader or myself with a detailed description of the night's entertainment, I shall merely observe, that after the curtain drew up, a succession of songs, comic, patriotic, pathetic, and snivelitic, was introduced, and sung by various members of the professional company. Amongst these appeared one, on seeing whom Wintlebury exclaimed to his companion, "That's my sister!"

Colin looked. A beautiful-complexioned girl was on the stage,— bright-eyed, lively, and attractively attired in the showy costume of a theatrical Neapolitan maid. After a brief prelude on the famous Orchestræolophonagpipe, she sung, apparently not without effort, but with the most bewitching assumption of modesty telling its troubles to the moon, a song, the burden of which ran "*Too many lovers will puzzle a maid!*"

"Encore! — encore!" enthusiastically cried a gentleman, who was sitting a few seats in advance, as he clapped his hands madly together, and tossed his legs at random under the seat before him, "admirable, bi'gar!—me quite consent vith dat. Too many *is* too much!"

"Hangcoor!" repeated a young sailor, considerably more than half-seas over, as he unconsciously re-charged his pipe, as though he were ramming down the wadding of a gun, "hangcoor!—Go it agen, Bess, or whatever your name is. Hangcoor!"

This word, under a dozen different pronunciations, ran round the room, while Miss Harriet Wintlebury made a profound courtesy, and proceeded to repeat her song.

As Colin gazed, and gazed again, turned away his eyes, and as instantly fixed them upon the same beautiful object again, his bosom

burned, and his cheeks grew flushed, — he felt as though in the presence of a being whom he could think scarcely inferior to the angels— at least, he had never in his life seen *woman* as she is before. For what were the simple beings under that name whom he had met in the out-of-the-way country nook he had so recently left? What was his late mistress, Miss Sowersoft?—what the maids on the farm?—what even Fanny herself?—mere plain, dull, plodding, lifeless creatures of the feminine gender, and nothing more. But this enchanter!—his heart leaped up, and in that one moment he felt more of the deep yearning of love than ever in the course of his whole life he had felt before.

"Let us go nearer," he whispered to his companion; and in the next minute they were forcing their way down one of the passages between the forms towards the other end of the room. Before they had succeeded in obtaining a seat on the last form, close under the stage-lamps, Miss Harriet had concluded her melody, and retired amidst considerable applause. Until the period of her reappearance the time occupied by other performers seemed to Colin endless. Under other circumstances, the novelty and freshness of such an entertainment would have beguiled his attention deeply, and resolved hours into the seeming space of but a few minutes; but now the sense of pleasure derived from this source was rendered dull and pointless by comparison with that far keener delight, that tumultuous throng of hopeful passions, which had so suddenly and strangely, taken possession of his bosom. At length she came again,—he started astonished. Could it be the same? The clear bright complexion—(or what had seemed at the further end of the room to be so) — now looked opaque and earthy; the white was dead white, and the red as abruptly red as though St. Anthony had been busy with his pencil, patching those cheeks with fire; while the substratum of bone and flesh looked worn into a shape of anxious pain, that gave the lie direct and palpable to the colourable pretensions of the surface. And then the handsome bust, which at a distance seemed so beautiful, now appeared a most miserable artistical mockery of nature; and the fixed meaningless gaze, — the mouth formally extended in order to display the teeth, —the dead lack-lustre stare at the remote end of the room, calculated to produce an impression on the more distant portion of the audience, — all combined deeply and strongly to impress the horrible conviction on the mind, that this poor creature, in spite of all assumptions and decorations to the contrary, was a *very poor*, worn-out, deplorable creature indeed! It forced upon the spectator something like the idea of a death's head endeavouring to be merry,—a skull fitted with glass eyes, and covered with a thin painted mask of parchment, striving to laugh and look happy, in order to be consistent with the laughter and the happiness around it. Add to this the hollow faint voice, — (the mere echo of the sound it once had been,) — pumped up from lungs that seemed to have lost all power, — to have decayed until scarcely any portion remained, — and we shall feel impressed, as did Colin, with a fearful, almost a terrible, sense of the poor uses to which humanity is sometimes put, and of the deep wretchedness often existing among those whose occupation in life it is to *look* gay, whatever they may feel.

In truth, consumption was feeding on her, seemingly deep and irremediable. Yet she struggled on: what else could she? She still

strove, still fulfilled her occupation every night, still sung, still tried to look merry, although her heart was all out of heart, and her bosom was filled with fear and anxiety from the dread sense of approaching death—too surely at hand—and she unprepared! Perhaps to come to her on that very stage,—perhaps *then!* And all this to gain a morsel of daily bread!

Although reflections of this nature crowded on Colin's mind in a heavy throng, as he gazed on the poor made-up form before him, still he could not entirely free himself from the impression which her appearance had previously produced upon him. That which was artificial, and affected to others, was not so to his perceptions, for his inexperience would not allow him to see it. The appearance of modesty was to him modesty; of grace, was grace; of light-heartedness and joy, as real as though a single care had never entered that bosom since the day it first stemmed the rude tide of the world. And as for the rest,—just as with every other imperfection which may exist in the object of any lover's hopes—so was it with hers. Through familiarity they were soon overlooked; and, like the shadows on the moon, though they chequered, they did not extinguish the general light.

At the conclusion of the performance Mr. Wintlebury borrowed ten shillings of Colin,—promising to pay him again as soon as he could get into work,—and they parted for the evening. Our hero returning to his humble bed in Mrs. Popple's garret, to pass a restless night amidst strangely-mingled visions of tavern concerts, and beautiful singing ladies.

As, in his present state of feeling, there was nothing which in his heart Colin so much desired as an opportunity of obliging his second-floor neighbour, Miss Wintlebury, it luckily happened that in the course of a very short time she failed not to afford him various opportunities of so doing, having in all probability been taught her cue by the brother. At one time she would send up a message to Mr. Clink, regretting that she was under the necessity of troubling her brother's friend, but if he could lend her a little tea and sugar, just to avoid the unpleasantness of sending out while it rained so very fast, she should feel exceedingly obliged to him indeed. At another she borrowed his loaf, because it was stale, and none but new was to be had at the baker's; or his cheese, because a friend had come in, and she had none of her own in the house; or a few shillings, until she could go out, and draw upon her employer; and at last she ventured, though very reluctantly indeed, to ask the loan, just for three days, of four pounds fifteen, if he *could* possibly do her that great obligation, in order to satisfy the impudent demands of the apothecary, the tea-dealer, the baker, and the butcher, who severally and respectively had peremptorily cut off the supplies of medicine, tea, bread, and mutton-chops, until certain arrears had been paid.

All these friendly applications Colin responded to with unparalleled promptitude, although the last one so very materially enlarged the hollow of his purse, that he began to marvel how he himself should contrive to clear his way as far as to the end of the next fortnight.

This position of affairs somewhat aroused him from the idle day-dream in which he had been indulging. It was time, high time, that he set about doing something to earn a subsistence; for, besides the amount he had thus expended in supplying the wants of others, he had also lessened his stock very rapidly by attending nightly at the concert-room

to which he had first been introduced, in order to gratify himself with those repeated glimpses of his mistress, without which he never felt at peace; as well as to hear her voice, which he thought the finest in the world, and to rejoice over the popular applause with which she there seldom failed to be greeted. For, singular as it may appear, he had never yet met with her in their own house, nor exchanged a single word with her in private upon any occasion whatever. His personal introduction yet remained to be made.

Several subsequent days he spent in various futile endeavours to obtain employment. Some, who otherwise would have engaged him, wanted a character from his last place. He had none to give; and, therefore was denied the opportunity of earning one. Others required a person partially acquainted with their business; and so his services could not be rendered available. Meantime he had not neglected to call once or twice at the Yorkshire House, and inquire whether any letter had arrived there directed for him. No. The squire had not written in reply to the letter he had despatched from that place, and all hope of deriving assistance from that quarter seemed, of course, entirely banished. "Doubtless," thought he, "Mr. Lupton has heard some bad accounts of me, and has wholly given me up." In this conjecture our hero was, however, totally mistaken. Mr. Lupton had not yet returned from the excursion of a few week's duration, of which he spoke when Colin was at the hall; and, consequently, had not seen the letter in question. Neither, had he done so, would his return have been of any avail in this particular instance; since it most unfortunately happened for Colin that on the day but one following the arrival of his epistle, it so fell out that Doctor Rowel was called to attend the squire's housekeeper upon the attack of a sudden illness. On this occasion, while left in the drawing-room alone, the doctor's eye chanced to alight upon a number of unopened letters lying on the table, in readiness for the owner of the mansion on his arrival; and amongst them he espied one, on the corner of which was written the name of "Colin Clink." He hastily took it up; stole a glance at its contents by shining it against the sun; and, finding it to contain certain very serious statements touching himself, he took a bold step at once, and, regardless of consequences, put it into the fire. Before the servant returned to conduct him up stairs, every vestige of the letter had totally disappeared. Thus had Doctor Rowel not only for the time being saved himself, but also obtained that knowledge of which he stood in much need, — the knowledge of Colin's place of retreat and particular address. Of these he instantly resolved to make the earliest possible use.

Disappointed in all his expectations, and defeated in every endeavour to obtain the means of making a livelihood, Colin returned to his little domicile, and on the spur of the moment wrote a very dolorous letter to his mother and Fanny, in which he set forth all his recent disasters, and the trouble he was now in, adding, that unless something or other to his advantage turned up very shortly he should scarcely know what way to turn himself for a living.

And yet, when he thought the matter more calmly over again, after the letter was despatched, and could not be recalled, he plucked up heart, and for another evening at least drove away care by retiring to the Condor Tavern, and taking his accustomed place within easy sight of the adorable Harriet Wintlebury.

THE HAIR AND BEARD,

AS FASHIONED BY POLITICS AND RELIGION AT VARIOUS PERIODS.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

The famous declaration of St. Paul, "that long hair was a shame unto a man," has been made the pretext for many singular enactments, both of civil and ecclesiastical governments. The fashion of the hair and the cut of the beard were state questions in France and England from the establishment of Christianity until the fifteenth century.

We find, too, that in much earlier times men were not permitted to do as they liked with their own hair. Alexander the Great thought that the beards of his soldiery afforded convenient handles for the enemy to lay hold of, preparatory to cutting off their heads; and, with the view of depriving them of this advantage, he ordered the whole of his army to be closely shaven. His notions of courtesy towards an enemy were quite different from those entertained by the North American Indians, amongst whom it is held a point of honour to allow one "chivalrous lock" to grow, that the foe, in taking the scalp, may have something to catch hold of.

At one time, long hair was the symbol of sovereignty in Europe. We learn from Gregory of Tours that, among the successors of Clovis, it was the exclusive privilege of the royal family to have their hair long, and curled. The nobles, equal to kings in power, would not show any inferiority in this respect, and wore not only their hair, but their beards, of an enormous length. This fashion lasted, with but slight changes, till the time of Louis le Debonnaire; but his successors, up to Hugh Capet, wore their hair short, by way of distinction. Even the serfs had set all regulation at defiance, and allowed their locks and beards to grow.

At the time of the invasion of England by William the Conqueror, the Normans wore their hair very short. Harold, in his progress towards Hastings, sent forward spies to view the strength and number of the enemy. They reported, amongst other things, on their return, that "the host did almost seem to be priests, because they had all their face and both their lips shaven." The fashion among the English at the time was to wear the hair long upon the head and the upper lip, but to shave the chin. When the haughty victors had divided the broad lands of the Saxon thanes and franklins among them, when tyranny of every kind was employed to make the English feel that they were indeed a subdued and broken nation, the latter encouraged the growth of their hair, that they might resemble as little as possible their cropped and shaven masters.

This fashion was exceedingly displeasing to the clergy, and prevailed to a considerable extent in France and Germany. Towards the end of the eleventh century, it was decreed by the Pope, and zealously supported by the ecclesiastical authorities all over Europe, that such persons as wore long hair should be excommunicated while living, and not be prayed for when dead. William of Malmesbury relates, that the famous St. Wulstan, Bishop of Worcester, was peculiarly indignant whenever he saw a man with long hair. He declaimed against the practice as one highly immoral, criminal, and beastly. He continually carried a small knife in his pocket, and whenever anybody offending in this respect knelt before him to receive his blessing, he would whip it

out slily, and cut off a handful, and then, throwing it in his face, tell him to cut off all the rest, or he would go to hell.

But fashion, which at times it is possible to move with a wisp, stands firmly against a lever; and men preferred to run the risk of damnation to parting with the superfluity of their hair. In the time of Henry I, Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, found it necessary to republish the famous decree of excommunication and outlawry against the offenders; but, as the court itself had begun to patronise curls, the fulminations of the church were unavailing. Henry I. and his nobles wore their hair in long ringlets down their backs and shoulders, and became a *scandalum magnatum* in the eyes of the Godly. One Serlo, the King's chaplain, was so grieved in spirit at the impiety of his master, that he preached a sermon from the well-known text of St. Paul before the assembled Court, in which he drew so dreadful a picture of the torments that awaited them in the other world, that several of them burst into tears, and wrung their hair as if they would have pulled it out by the roots. Henry himself was observed to weep. The priest, seeing the impression he had made, determined to strike while the iron was hot, and, pulling a pair of scissors from his pocket, cut the King's hair in presence of them all. Several of the principal courtiers consented to do the like, and for a short time long hair appeared to be going out of fashion. But the courtiers thought, after the first glow of their penitence had been cooled by reflection, that the clerical Dalilah had shorn them of their strength, and in less than six months they were as great sinners as ever.

Anselm, the Archbishop of Canterbury, who had been a monk of Bec, in Normandy, and who had signalized himself at Rouen by his fierce opposition to long hair, was still anxious to work a reformation in this matter. But his pertinacity was far from pleasing to the King, who had finally made up his mind to wear ringlets. There were other disputes of a more serious nature between them; so that when the Archbishop died, the King was so glad to be rid of him, that he allowed the see to remain vacant for five years. Still the cause had other advocates, and every pulpit in the land resounded with anathemas against that disobedient and long-haired generation. But all was of no avail. Stowe, in writing of this period, asserts, on the authority of some more ancient chronicler, "that men, forgetting their birth, transformed themselves, by the length of their haires, into the semblance of woman kind;" and that when their hair decayed from age, or other causes, "they knit about their heads certain rolls and braidings of false hair." At last accident turned the tide of fashion. A knight of the court, who was exceedingly proud of his beauteous locks, dreamed one night that, as he lay in bed, the devil sprang upon him, and endeavoured to choke him with his own hair. He started in affright, and actually found that he had a great quantity of hair in his mouth. Sorely stricken in conscience, and looking upon the dream as a warning from Heaven, he set about the work of reformation, and cut off his luxuriant tresses the same night. The story was soon bruited abroad; of course it was made the most of by the clergy; and the knight, being a man of influence and consideration, and the acknowledged leader of the fashion, his example, aided by priestly exhortations, was very generally imitated. Men appeared almost as decent as St. Wulstan himself could have wished, the dream of a dandy having proved more efficacious than the entreaties of a saint. But, as Stowe

informs us, "scarcely was one year past when all that thought themselves courtiers fell into the former vice, and contended with women in their long haires." Henry, the King, appears to have been quite uninfluenced by the dreams of others, for even his own would not induce him a second time to undergo a cropping from priestly shears. It is said that he was much troubled at this time by disagreeable visions. Having offended the Church in this and other respects, he could get no sound refreshing sleep, and used to imagine that he saw all the bishops, abbots, and monks of every degree, standing around his bedside, and threatening to belabour him with their pastoral staves; which sight, we are told, so frightened him, that he often started naked out of his bed, and attacked the phantoms sword in hand. Grimbalde, his physician, who, like most of his fraternity at that day, was an ecclesiastic, never hinted that his dreams were the result of a bad digestion, but told him to shave his head, be reconciled to the Church, and reform himself with alms and prayer. But he would not take this good advice, and it was not until he had been nearly drowned a year afterwards, in a violent storm at sea, that he repented of his evil ways, cut his hair short, and paid proper deference to the wishes of the clergy.

In France the thunders of the Vatican with regard to long curly hair were hardly more respected than in England. Louis VII, however, was more obedient than his brother-king, and cropped himself as closely as a monk, to the great sorrow of all the gallants of his court. His Queen, the gay, haughty, and pleasure-seeking Eleanor of Guienne, never admired him in this trim, and continually reproached him with imitating not only the head-dress, but the asceticism of the monks. From this cause a coldness arose between them. The lady proving at last unfaithful to her shaven and indifferent lord, they were divorced, and the Kings of France lost the rich provinces of Guienne and Poitou, which were her dowry. She soon after bestowed her hand and her possessions upon Henry Duke of Normandy, afterwards Henry II. of England, and thus gave the English sovereigns that strong footing in France which was for so many centuries the cause of such long and bloody wars between the nations.

When the Crusades had drawn all the smart young fellows into Palestine, the clergy did not find it so difficult to convince the staid burghers who remained in Europe of the enormity of long hair. During the absence of Richard Cœur de Lion, his English subjects not only cut their hair close, but shaved their faces. William Fitzosbert, or Long-beard, the great demagogue of that day, reintroduced among the people who claimed to be of Saxon origin the fashion of long hair. He did this with the view of making them as unlike as possible to the citizens and the Normans. He wore his own beard hanging down to his waist, from whence the name by which he is best known to posterity.

The Church never showed itself so great an enemy to the beard as to long hair on the head. It generally allowed fashion to take its own course, both with regard to the chin and the upper lip. This fashion varied continually; for we find that, in little more than a century after the time of Richard I, when beards were short, that they had again become so long as to be mentioned in the famous epigram made by the Scots who visited London in 1327, when David, son of Robert Bruce, was married to Joan, the sister of King Edward. This epigram, which was stuck on the church-door of St. Peter Stangate, ran as follows—

"Long beards heartlesse,
Painted hoods witlesse,
Gray coats gracelesse,
Make England thriftlesse."

When the Emperor Charles V. ascended the throne of Spain, he had no beard. It was not to be expected that the obsequious parasites who always surround a monarch could presume to look more virile than their master. Immediately all the courtiers appeared beardless, with the exception of such few grave old men as had outgrown the influence of fashion, and who had determined to die bearded as they had lived. Sober people in general saw this revolution with sorrow and alarm, and thought that every manly virtue would be banished with the beard. It became at the time a common saying,—

"Desde que no hay barba, no hay mas alma."
We have no longer souls since we have lost our beards.

In France, also, the beard fell into disrepute after the death of Henry IV, from the mere reason that his successor was too young to have one. Some of the more immediate friends of the great Béarnais, and his minister Sully among the rest, refused to part with their beards, notwithstanding the jeers of the new generation.

Who does not remember the division of England into the two great parties of Roundheads and Cavaliers? In those days every species of vice and iniquity was thought by the Puritans to lurk in the long curly tresses of the Monarchists, while the latter imagined that their opponents were as destitute of wit, of wisdom, and of virtue, as they were of hair. A man's locks were the symbol of his creed, both in politics and religion. The more abundant the hair, the more scant the faith; and the balder the head, the more sincere the piety.

But among all the instances of the interference of governments with men's hair, the most extraordinary, not only for its daring, but for its success, is that of Peter the Great, in 1705. By this time fashion had condemned the beard in every other country in Europe, and with a voice more potent than popes or emperors, had banished it from civilized society. But this only made the Russians cling more fondly to their ancient ornament, as a mark to distinguish them from foreigners, whom they hated. Peter, however, resolved that they should be shaven. If he had been a man deeply read in history he might have hesitated before he attempted so despotic an attack upon the time-hallowed customs and prejudices of his countrymen; but he was not. He did not know or consider the danger of the innovation; he only listened to the promptings of his own indomitable will, and his fiat went forth, that not only the army, but all ranks of citizens, from the nobles to the serfs, should shave their beards. A certain time was given that people might get over the first throes of their repugnance, after which every man who chose to retain his beard was to pay a tax of one hundred roubles. The priests and the serfs were put on a lower footing, and allowed to retain theirs upon payment of a copeck every time they passed the gate of a city. Great discontent existed in consequence; but the dreadful fate of the Strelitzes was too recent to be forgotten, and thousands who had the will had not the courage to revolt. As is well remarked by a writer in the "Encyclopedia Britannica," they thought it wiser to cut off their beards than to run the risk of incensing a man who would make no scruple in cutting off their heads. Wiser, too, than the popes and bishops of a former age, he did not threaten them with eternal damnation, but made them pay in hard cash the

penalty of their disobedience. For many years a very considerable revenue was collected from this source. The collectors gave in receipt for its payment a small copper coin, struck expressly for the purpose, and called the "*borodováia*," or "the bearded." On one side it bore the figure of a nose, mouth, and mustachios, with a long bushy beard, surmounted by the words, "*Deuyee Vyeatee*," "money received;" the whole encircled by a wreath, and stamped with the black eagle of Russia. On the reverse it bore the date of the year. Every man who chose to wear a beard was obliged to produce this receipt on his entry into a town. Those who were refractory, and refused to pay the tax, were thrown into prison.

Since that day the rulers of modern Europe have endeavoured to persuade, rather than to force, in all matters pertaining to fashion. The Vatican troubles itself no more about beards or ringlets, and men may become hairy as bears, if such is their fancy, without fear of excommunication, or deprivation of their political rights. Folly has taken a new start, and cultivates the mustachio.

Even upon this point governments will not let men alone. Religion as yet has not meddled with it; but perhaps it will; and politics already influence it considerably. Before the revolution of 1830 neither the French nor Belgian citizens were remarkable for their mustachios; but after that event there was hardly a shopkeeper either in Paris or Brussels whose upper lip did not suddenly become hairy with real or mock mustachios. During a temporary triumph gained by the Dutch soldiers over the citizens of Louvain, in October 1830, it became a standing joke against the patriots that they shaved their faces clean immediately; and the wits of the Dutch army asserted that they had gathered mustachios enough from the denuded lips of the Belgians to stuff mattresses for all the sick and wounded in their hospital.

The last folly of this kind is still more recent. In the German newspapers, of August 1838, appeared an ordonnance, signed by the King of Bavaria, forbidding civilians, on any pretence whatever, to wear mustachios, and commanding the police and other authorities to arrest, and cause to be shaved, the offending parties. Strange to say, mustachios disappeared immediately, like leaves from the trees in autumn; everybody made haste to obey the royal order, and not one person was arrested.

The King of Bavaria, a rhymester of some celebrity, has taken a good many poetical licences in his time. His licence in this matter appears neither poetical nor reasonable. It is to be hoped that he will not take it into his royal head to make his subjects shave theirs; nothing but that is wanting to complete their degradation.

We in this country are more fortunate than the Bavarians. We have our absurdities in the matter of hair as well as they, but who shall meddle with us? Not Queen Victoria, in all the plenitude of her cheerfully recognised authority, dares to touch the hair or the beard of the meanest of her subjects. We should laugh her manifestoes, if she issued any, to scorn. Let her ministers try it, that's all, as those of the King of Bavaria did, and an insurrection would break out for the defence of our crowns, which might shake the very foundation of society. No. Our young men may wear coats hairy as the bear's hide, and strut about with their sleek locks falling adown their necks *à la* Raphael, living caricatures of the portraits of that almost divine painter, but no legislative enactment will interfere with them.



"I should de-ci-ded-ly say, try it."

MR. TRICKETT DONKS.

Thrice happy is the mortal who can boast of having passed through life in blissful ignorance of those cabalistic words, "*trover*," "*trespass*," "*non pros.*" "*quo warranto*," "*latitat*," "*scire facias*," "*venire facias*," and the thousand other legal nonsensicalities, couched in illegitimate French and Latin, that "came over with William of Normandy."

The litigious disposition of the Normans, by the way, is proverbial. It is said that the "statute-book" is their "primer;" and they are such adepts at quibbling, that a *suit* often descends to the great-grandchild,—which must prove in some cases remarkably convenient, as it frequently happens that the said great-grandchild has no credit with his *tailor*.

By way of illustration (we do not mean a satirical cut), we will relate a veracious anecdote.

In a certain town in Normandy, the authorities ("for divers good reasons them thereunto moving") thought proper to issue a proclamation to the effect that none of the worthy inhabitants, under a severe penalty, should stir abroad after sunset without a lantern. Well, it chanced that on the very same evening a man was seized and taken incontinently before the dispenser of justice, to be summarily dealt with according to the new law.

"I am exceedingly sorry," said the chief officer, recognising the in-

dividual, "that a citizen of your respectability and station should be the first to infringe the new regulations."

"I would not willingly do so," said the man, coolly.

"Have you not read it?"

"Certainly," replied the captured party; "but I may have unfortunately misunderstood it. Will Monsieur oblige me by reading it, that I may learn of what I am guilty?"

The officer graciously complied, and, after glibly running over the verbose preamble, came to the point, "that no inhabitant should stir abroad after sunset without a lantern," which he certainly delivered with peculiar emphasis, to the admiration of the fellow who had taken the man in custody, and was twiddling his fingers, impatient to receive his moiety of the fine.

"I *have* a lantern, Monsieur," firmly contended the man, holding it up to view.

"Yes; but there is no candle in it," replied the officer, with a smile.

"The proclamation does not mention a *candle*, I believe, Monsieur," replied the cunning fellow, most respectfully.

"A candle!—but of course—" began the informer, trembling lest he should lose the fish he had hooked.

"It does not mention a candle; and I contend, Monsieur, I have not infringed the law," persisted the quibbler. "The words are 'without a lantern,'—and here it is."

"Hem!" cried the officer, endeavouring to conceal the confusion occasioned by his defeat by poring over the copy of the proclamation. "I must — yes, I must confess there *is* an omission, and — I am too happy to give you the benefit arising thereout. The case is dismissed."

The informer was not only completely defeated, but rather alarmed, when the prisoner called to his mind a certain act which rendered him the aforesaid informer liable to heavy damages for false imprisonment, &c. and the poor devil was fain to avert the infliction of an action at law by disbursing a certain sum in hard cash to the accused.

But lo! on the next evening he again encountered his "dear" acquaintance, and, to his infinite delight, he beheld the same unillumined lantern in his hand; for an amended proclamation had been issued that morning, with the words "that no inhabitant should stir abroad without a lantern and a candle therein!"

The informer chuckled at the ignorance of the man who had so coolly victimized him on the preceding night, and with a heart beating with the desire of revenge, and the certain prospect of the restitution of the mulct which he had suffered, he with a sneering politeness requested the honour of his company to the justice-room.

"Really it is impossible to resist the amiable importunities of a gentleman who pays such delicate compliments and—such good coin!" replied the man; and away he walked, chatting good-humouredly and joking with his delighted captor.

"What, again?" cried the officer.

"I hope Monsieur will do me the honour to remember that my former appearance here was not only against my inclination, but against the law," said the prisoner. "Really these proceedings are very vexatious and —"

"Have you read the proclamation?" interrupted the officer.

"Monsieur did me the favour to read it only last night, and —"

"I will read it again for your edification," replied the officer; and he looked furtively at the informer, who could scarcely contain himself for very joy.

The amended proclamation was read. The accused stood placidly smiling at the rigmarole verbiage; but when the officer deliberately dealt out the concluding words, "that no inhabitant should stir abroad without a lantern and candle," he started.

"Ha!" cried the informer, unable longer to restrain his feelings.

"How very — very fortunate!" cried the delinquent, and, quickly opening his lantern, continued, "Lo! here *is* a candle! How fortunate!"

"But it is not lighted!" exclaimed the informer with uncontrollable agitation. "It is not lighted, nor has it been, as the wick itself proves!"

"Lantern and candle! — *a* lantern and *a* candle!" repeated the man. "I appeal to the proclamation—I appeal to the justice of Monsieur, there are no such words as *lighted candle* in any part of that respected document!"

This was a clencher! The parties were completely outwitted; while, to abate the fever of the informer's extraordinary excitement, the man charitably repeated the "bleeding" which he had so effectually performed on the former occasion. Of course the lawyers lost no time in "amending" the "amended" proclamation, and inserted "*lighted*" before the word "*candle*."

We beseech the courteous reader to excuse this garrulous digression (the peculiar privilege of old men and women,) for the sake of the apt, although ridiculous exposition of the dangers and difficulties which surround all legal proceeding. Most men, indeed, who have "been to law" have only found to their sorrow

"That *law* was *expensive* and *justice* was *blind!*"

and that the ordinary "effects" of the majority of "causes" are a feverish anxiety (*pendente lite*), and a bill of costs (*ad finem*)!

* * * * *

Mr. Trickett Donks was what is termed a "sharp practitioner," and well known to the gentlemen of the profession as a "shabby fellow."

No one was quicker at discerning and taking advantage of a "flaw" in an indictment; he was remarkably successful, too, in proving an *alibi:* he, consequently, got a number of those cases in which the defendants had not "the shadow of a chance."

He was a short, punchy, fidgetty little mortal, with a white stubble-crop, and ragged whiskers, and a voluminous unstarched muslin cravat tied in a bow beneath his chin, which was usually sprinkled with snuff,—for Donks was one of those "*lights* of the age" who require continual "*snuffing*" to keep them bright.

A pair of vulgar ferret eyes peered through a respectable pair of bright silver spectacles, while a suit of black, (glossy as the plumage of the carrion-crow,) completed his "real and personal estate."

"Well, Grimes," said he, as his chief clerk entered his sanctum, "have you finished that bill of costs?"

"I have, sir," emphatically replied Grimes, with something of the tone of the murderer in Macbeth when he announces the "premature death" of Banquo; and, laying the precious document on his desk, he

continued, "and I *do* think, sir, I *have* screwed it up as tight as it will bear. Two hundred and twenty pounds."

"Well; come, that *is* pretty well," said Donks approvingly.

A cloud of disappointment, mingled with indignation, darkened the brow of the assiduous Grimes; but he "knew his man," or rather his master, and therefore calmly continued, "If you remember, sir, you doubted my ability to 'turn the corner' of one hundred and eighty?"

"True," replied Donks; "but that was merely to put you on your mettle, Grimes," and he "grinned horribly a ghastly smile," intended for an irradiation of facetiousness. The lean bilious-looking Grimes attempted something of the same sort in order to conceal his vexation, for he felt a sad presentiment that his superior intended, by throwing cold water upon his exertions, to "sneak out" of his special agreement (verbal, without witnesses,) of a per centage upon the "*gross*" amount of that bill which he had so painfully strained his conscience (?) to extend to its present awful longitude; for from melancholy experience he well knew that Donks was one of those who would even cheat the "devil of his due," nor "blush to find it fame."

In fact, the threadbare dependent, in the bitterness of his feelings, confessed to a brother-quill, over a third tumbler of diluted Geneva, that "to the best of his knowledge and belief" his old governor had actually given a *post-obit* bond to the aforesaid "gentleman" in lieu of "all claims and demands whatsoever."

"Then there are some hopes he'll have the old fellow at last!" cried his pot-companion, with sympathetic exultation.

"Not at all," replied Grimes, mournfully, "for, before Death serves him with a *subpœna*, he will very probably purchase a 'perpetual *living*,' and so, by a quibble, diddle the infernal obligee in the 'courts below!'"

On two or three occasions Mr. Trickett Donks narrowly escaped being struck off the rolls for his malpractices. Twice he brought actions for defamation against two honest clients, who were not aware that "truth is a libel," and an enlightened British jury were compelled from the evidence to award the miscreant damages! OH! LAW!

When any rogue—an enemy to justice, but a friend to law,—applied to him,—and his clients were mostly of that stamp,—he dexterously put out his "feelers," (while pretending to discuss the merits of the case,) and if he found that the litigant could raise wherewithal to defray the charges, he advised him to proceed forthwith, although he had not "a leg to stand on," nevertheless, notwithstanding, for there was a *reasonable* chance (by which *he* meant *legal*) that he might obtain a verdict, and he sincerely wished he might get it!

In fine, to the application of all, whether zoologically classed "fox" or "goose," the pompous *dictum* of Mr. Trickett Donks was invariably, "I should de-ci-ded-ly say, try it!"

ALFRED CROWQUILL.

STANLEY THORN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VALENTINE VOX."

CHAPTER VII.

Bob takes his pedestrian tour incog.

When James, the devoted servant by whom Amelia had been attended to the inn, followed Bob, he did not entertain the smallest doubt about his being his young mistress; for while he knew the cloak and bonnet so remarkably well, that he could have sworn conscientiously to either, Bob walked with indisputable elegance and ease, — a fact which will by no means be deemed extraordinary on its being announced that Stanley had trained him throughout the whole of the previous night, by making him pace the widow's drawing-room clad in her habiliments, until he became satisfied with the graceful character of his carriage, which could not in the nature of things happen, albeit the practice was extremely severe, until just as the day began to dawn.

In consequence of this training, Bob very naturally felt somewhat fatigued; but it must not be presumed that this circumstance tended, even in the slightest degree, to subdue his spirit. On the contrary, he gloried in the performance of the task; he held it to be a thing in which his honour was involved, and felt proud of having been chosen to play a part so peculiarly important. But the particular consideration from which he derived the greatest pleasure, was that of *how* he should work the respectable victim behind him. He was able to dive to some considerable depth into the thoughts, the secret thoughts of that individual; and as he had a peculiarly aristocratic contempt for him, — holding him as he did, notwithstanding his cockade, to be in the social scale one chalk below him, — he resolved to make him feel before he had done with him, that in life there are positions more congenial to the feelings of a respectable person than that which he then occupied.

In limine, however, Bob had one great difficulty to surmount: he knew nothing of the vicinity of Richmond. He had a perfect knowledge only of the direct road to town, and, as he wished to avoid going that way, he had turned round by Petersham Rise on speculation; but as to the point to which it led, or to which it was likely to lead, he was in a state of the most absolute ignorance. He nevertheless went to the bottom boldly, and made a little turn to the right; but as he found that the very narrow path he was pursuing had a tendency to lead him back to Richmond, he branched off at once to the left, and thus approached the noble porch of a magnificent edifice, the appearance of which struck him as being so extraordinary that he stopped, partly in order to lose a little time, and partly with the view of lavishing upon that edifice looks of admiration. The particular architectural order of this noble fane — and nothing *can* be more correct than to state, without any unnecessary delay, that it was Petersham church before which he stopped — is peculiarly its own. It is neither Tuscan, Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, nor Composite; nor does it belong to any of those three which modern architects in their wantonness have designated Gothic, French,

and Persian. It forms an order of itself, one which, moreover, never has been, and probably never will be, copied in any civilised part of the globe. Bob viewed its extraordinary steeple, which, "pointing to the skies," stand boldly in the full developement of its height, which being nearly three feet and three quarters from its base to its ball, forcibly strikes, even in the present day, the eyes of all beholders. He then directed his attention to the wonderful tower upon which it stands in all its glory; and having with critical minuteness examined the twelve triumphal turrets, composed of antique bricks and mortar, by which the tower itself is surmounted, he was about to take a view of the glorious ecclesiastical chimney, of which the pot pretty nearly reaches the summit of the noble cupola, when Sir Samuel Ray, whom he had often seen at the captain's house, and whom he knew to be on terms of extreme intimacy with the family, turned into the passage in which he was standing.

Bob was startled. What was to be done in this extremity? If he met him, Sir Samuel was certain to speak; and if he walked back, Sir Samuel was certain to follow. He had not much time then to turn over many ideas in his mind, and therefore resolved at once to cut Sir Samuel dead.

He accordingly gathered up his veil in treble flutes, with the view of making his face as invisible as possible, and walked on; and as Sir Samuel raised his hat in the similitude of a preliminary to some highly-complimentary greeting, Bob tossed his head proudly, and averting his face, passed on with an air of disdain the most superb.

Sir Samuel looked — of course he looked! — and so did James, who, nevertheless, felt perfectly justified in touching his hat to Sir Samuel; conceiving, as he did very wisely, that he had nothing to do with any misunderstanding that might have arisen between them. Still he could not but look; for he thought it very remarkable, especially as the existence of any such misunderstanding was a circumstance of which he was altogether unconscious.

Having arrived at the end of the church-passage, to his entire satisfaction, Bob turned to the right, and went on until he saw some white gates, which he entered, in the perfect conviction that the avenue before him led somewhere. Up this avenue, accordingly, he walked, and, on reaching the top, found another to the left, which had no gravelled path; and, as it had rained almost incessantly during the three preceding weeks, the narrow track which pedestrians had established by wearing away the grass was particularly filthy. Instead, however, of being induced by this circumstance to retrace his steps, Bob proceeded, and soon found it a source of great comfort to him, seeing that James's shoes were long-quartered and very thin, and his hose were of the purest virgin whiteness. On, therefore, he went, slipping about in all directions, for the path was very boggy, and the mud was very greasy, and James followed him, although it really turned the whole of his notions of cleanliness completely inside out. He tried at first to pick his way with great presence of mind, and did for a time hop about with much energy; but when, having got into the thick of it, the mud had sucked his right snoe off, and nearly filled it, he gave the affair up as hopeless, and took the bogs as they came with the most exemplary resignation, although he did undeniably perspire at every pore; for whenever a part presented itself of a character more filthy than the parts adjacent, that part Bob invariably took.

By dint of extraordinary perseverance they eventually arrived at the end of this avenue, and having passed the gates there established, found themselves upon Ham Common, where a posse of little rag-gamuffins made some remarks upon the disguised state of James's white stockings, which James, however, treated with appropriate contempt, being unable to leave his post, although it is not by any means clear that he would have borne it so tranquilly had he been alone.

On reaching the common, Bob, instead of going round by the pond on the right, like a decent respectable Christian, went straight over the grass, making each footstep visible six inches deep, while every hole thus made was immediately filled up with water.

To affirm that James approved of this proceeding were to affirm that which is not particularly true. He did not; but then how could he act? How could he help himself? Having reached, however, as nearly as possible the middle of the common, he saw a hope near the horizon in the semblance of a cloud, which bore a remarkably black threatening aspect. This he hailed as a blessing, and stepping a little closer to Bob, said, with all due humility, "I beg pardon, miss,—but if you please, I think we're going to have a shower."

Of this Bob took no other notice than by tossing his head superciliously.

"Well," observed James to himself, somewhat piqued, "I only mentioned it. Let her catch her death if she likes—what do I care? Let her be laid up for a month with the rheumatiz — what's it to me? I only wish she wasn't a-going for to take such a tower."

This last observation was excessively natural, and much to the purpose; for he really began to think that they had already walked quite far enough, taking all things into consideration, including the mud. Bob, however, was decidedly not of this opinion, and hence he kept straight on until he reached the other side of the common, when he turned very deliberately to the right, and having passed through a gate, which an old woman had opened with a very low curtsey, he got at once into a sort of lane, which promised, to his entire satisfaction, to be a long one.

"Well," said James, who already felt tired, for beyond all dispute, the process of walking any great distance slowly is fatiguing "I should like to know how much furder she's a-going. I hope she'll have enough on it afore she gets home."

This acute observation did not reach Bob,—and if it had, it would not have made even the smallest difference; for he felt at that moment more highly pleased than ever, having just turned a little to the left, and found himself in another long lane, which appeared to have no end at all.

After walking down this lane for about a mile and a half, James began to look at the thing very seriously indeed. Had he known how far he had to go, or even where, without any immediate reference to the distance, or anything, however slight, about it, he would not have cared so much; but, called upon as he was to walk on and on, at the rate of about half a mile an hour, in a state of utter darkness as to where he was going, and without any other earthly object in view than that of continuing to follow, it was really so dreadfully tiresome, that he himself began to wonder how flesh and blood could stand it.

Where was she off to? What could she have got into her head?

When did she mean to turn? What time could she expect to get back? These were questions which he found it impossible to solve. It was a profound mystery to him. He could not fathom it at all! for Bob still kept on, the grace and dignity of his deportment being interfered with only by an occasional convulsive, but half-suppressed chuckle.

At length the ancient town of Kingston met their view, and the spirits of the victim did somewhat revive. "At all events," said he, "this is the end of the tower, and *may* her legs ache well afore she gets back." The probability of such an occurrence in some degree restored him to good humour, and he drew off his gloves to put up his collar, and to raise his cravat, with the view of making himself appear as respectable under the circumstances as possible; but no sooner had they entered the town than Bob deliberately turned into the King's Arms public-house, and called for a glass of hot brandy and water.

James, who stood at the door, looked amazed. He was perfectly bewildered. He peeped in again, and saw Bob at the bar, with the glass to his lips. What! a delicate and highly-accomplished young lady bounce boldly into a common public-house, call for a glass of hot brandy and water, and drink it at the bar! He could have relished a little himself, for he felt very faint.

"I say," said he to a coach-porter standing near the door,—"I say, get us a pint of ale; I'm fit to drop. *Good luck* to you, make haste!"

The porter darted into the house with all possible speed; when Bob, who knew as well what they were after as they did themselves, unexpectedly finished his glass and walked out. The porter followed with the ale very promptly. "Give us *hold*," cried James, in an energetic whisper. "Only let's have one pull." Accordingly he seized the pot on the instant; but in his eagerness he not only poured a small portion of the beverage over his collar and cravat, and down the bosom of his shirt, thus spoiling the respectability of his appearance altogether, but the first mouthful went "the wrong way!"—a slight accident, which made him spurt and cough with unequivocal violence. "Catch hold!" said he, as soon as he had recovered the power to speak. "Here, *give* us the change—quick!"

James, straining to keep down his cough as the hot water streamed from his eyes, followed Bob.

When he had sufficiently recovered himself to see his way with distinctness, a feeling of horror crept over him on perceiving that Bob was still going *from* Richmond.

"Why, what—why—why—where is she off to *now!*" he exclaimed, as they passed over the bridge. "If this isn't a comfort I don't know what is. Who *would* be a servant? But, never mind, *she'll* soon give in, for all she has had a glass of brandy and water. I wonder she ain't beastly; but they'll smell my lady; they're safe to find her out when she gets home: that's one consolation, anyhow. But let's just see how far she *will* go. I warrant I'll keep it up as long as she can. Let her walk on. Who cares?"

"Where can she be going?" he exclaimed, in despair. "It is all very fine, but— Well," he continued, clutching a newly-created hope with surpassing promptitude and tightness, "she must ride back; that's quite clear."

This hope was, however, strangled in its earliest infancy, for Bob at that moment turned into Bushy Park. This, in the judgment of James, was more monstrous than all, for he happened to know the extent of that park, and Bob walked about as leisurely as if he had not been then more than a hundred yards from home. He kept to no particular path, but wandered here and there, as his fickle fancy happened to change. He at one time got very near the Hampton-Court gate, but he turned back, and walked round and round the park again,until James became in such a state of mental excitement that he absolutely made up his mind to do something.

"I *will* speak! I 'll speak, if I lose my place!" he cried firmly. "They can't be off giving me a character." And he cleared his throat desperately, and shook his head recklessly, and said to Bob boldly, "If you please, Miss, it 's getting very late."

"Fellor!" cried Bob, in a tone of virtuous indignation. "How dare you address a lady, fellor? What do you mean, sir, by follerin' of me?"

James stood aghast! It was not, then, his young mistress! His state of mind now became dreadful, as the conviction flashed vividly across his active brain that he had been following a strange lady: in fact he felt perfectly paralysed.

"I—I—I beg pardon, ma'am," he eventually muttered; "but it 's quite a mistake."

"A mistake," cried Bob, "you imperent fellow, you! For two pins I 'd give you in charge for a nuisance."

Bob said no more. He felt that he had said quite enough, and therefore tossing his head with the most superb *hauteur*, left James in a state of bewilderment, so absolute that the whole of his intellectual functions appeared to be deranged.

"Well," said he, when his faculties were a little restored, "here 's a go! Here have I been the whole of this here blessed morning, a-following and following that creature there miles after miles, like a fool; and, when all comes to all, it ain't her! Why, when I tell 'em they won't believe me. I wouldn't believe myself if I wasn't myself. Sha'n't I catch it? I ought to have known it wasn't her. Is it likely that *she* would have waded through the muck all these miles? Is it anything like, anything likely? Not a bit of it! Jim, you 're an ass!"

Having arrived at this highly-satisfactory conclusion, he started off; but before he had reached the gates he suddenly conceived an idea.

"It was her cloak," said he, stopping remarkably short. "I 'll take my solemn oath to the cloak."

At this moment the whole affair struck him as being most extraordinary, and, as the force with which it struck him turned his head completely round, he beheld Bob in the distance assuming a variety of inelegant and unladylike attitudes, holding his back and sides as if in laughing convulsions, and twisting, and stooping, and slapping his knees in a state of unadulterated rapture.

"She stole it! I 'll lay my life she stole it!" cried James, and he instantly took upon himself the entire responsibility of running back.

Bob saw him coming, and inferred therefrom that his suspicions had been awakened; and, as he had not the slightest desire to be

identified, he instantly started off; but, being totally unaccustomed to run in a lady's cloak, although he had in his time jumped in a sack very cleverly, he found that it materially impeded his progress. For the first hundred yards he held it up with great success; but as it drópped while he endeavoured to adjust the veil, which annoyed him, he stepped upon it, and down he went heavily. He cared not, however, two straws about that. It was not in his nature to give in. He scrambled up again in an instant, but in doing so tore the front, breadths all to ribbons. He could do nothing at all with the little hooks and eyes; they could not be prevailed upon to separate; and hence, as James was gaining fast upon him, he at once tore the cloak completely off, and left that, with the little muff, behind him.

James now saw the figure of a man in top-boots, and became more than ever convinced that an audacious larceny had been committed. He therefore passed the abandoned muff and cloak which were lying upon the grass, with the laudable view of securing the delinquent; but as Bob now threw off his bonnet — seeing that, in the first place he could run before the wind much more swiftly without it, and being, in the second, convinced that it would be well taken care of by James, who would thereby save him a great deal of trouble,— he darted off at a speed which outstripped that of the victim, to whose view he was very soon lost among the trees.

For some considerable time James hunted about with due severity of aspect. He felt perfectly certain that he in the tops was not far off: nor was he. Bob was up one of the chestnut trees, perched upon a branch, from which he was able to look on securely. But then James was not aware of this at all. The possibility of such a thing never entered his vivid imagination. He looked round and round the trunks with all his characteristic cunning, and flew from tree to tree like a wild individual; but the idea of looking an inch above his head never entered that head for an instant.

Under these peculiar circumstances, therefore, it will not be deemed marvellous that he failed to find Bob. That he did not approve of being baffled is a fact which at the time was abundantly obvious, for he clenched his fists desperately, and looked very severe; but as Reason eventually came to his aid, he felt inspired with the conviction of its being, as a general rule, useless to look for that which he had no chance of finding, and therefore left the vicinity of the chestnut-tree, and gathered together the bonnet, muff, and cloak, with the view of taking them back as trophies to Richmond.

Bob, from his elevated position watched him fairly out of the park, and then descended. He was, of course, inexpressibly delighted; but as he felt very hungry, he made for the nearest public-house, where he ordered a rump-steak smothered in onions. He then had another glass of brandy and water, and afterwards got the ostlers around him, and treated them with innumerable pots of half-and half, and screws beyond all human calculation; called for songs; sang himself; proposed the health of his master and new mistress, which was drunk enthusiastically again and again; and thus, being about as happy as a prince, he laughed, smoked, drank, and sang, until his head very suddenly dropped upon the table, when the kind-hearted host, in consideration of his having paid like a gentleman for what he had ordered, had him carefully carried up to bed, in a state of the most absolute oblivion.

CHAPTER VIII.

Stanley's trip to Gretna Green.

WITH all possible speed Stanley drove up to town, and on his arrival in Regent Street dashed into a yard, where he found in perfect readiness a travelling carriage, into which he at once handed Amelia from the cab.

"Pray, pray, my dear Stanley, I beseech you — pray, let me go home!" said the trembling girl, in accents the most touching, as she entered the carriage.

"My dearest!—why, surely you would not return now?"

"Oh, yes! Indeed, indeed my courage fails me. My dear mamma will be so dreadfully alarmed. *Do* let me return. You cannot tell, Stanley, how dearly I will love you—you cannot, indeed!"

"My Amelia, I believe that you love me now. You *must* not endeavour to make me feel that you do not repose in me that confidence which is the very essence of love."

Amelia sank back in the carriage, and sobbed like a child.

The horses were put to, and the female servant whom the postmaster had provided had taken her seat on the box; all, therefore, being ready, the postilions mounted, Stanley joined Amelia, and the carriage dashed out of the yard.

For the first three stages Amelia was in tears. Stanley employed all his eloquence, which was not inconsiderable, with the view of enforcing his sophistries, which were at all times most specious, still in vain. He tried with all the power of which he was capable to wean her thoughts from home, but without any sensible effect, until vexation caused him to be gloomy and silent—then Amelia turned to cheer *him*.

"My Stanley," she cried, "why are you so dull? If you repent of this step, my love, believe me I shall be overjoyed. Let us return even now."

"Amelia, if I am hateful in your sight, if you feel that you cannot confide in my honour, I will; but if we do return, never must we see each other more. I have not repented — I feel that I never can repent; but when I see you so cold, so exclusively occupied with the consideration of the sacrifice you have made, that you cannot devote a single smile, look, word, or thought to me, I should be stone, my Amelia, if I did not feel the slight most acutely."

"Forgive me! I do not think that I have made any sacrifice—I do not indeed! But I cannot help thinking of poor dear mamma!" And fresh tears gushed forth, which she hastened to conceal. "But, she added, "you will not be dull? I know that I am weak; but you will not be angry?"

"I cannot, my love. Although you do try to vex me by being a little coward, you know that I cannot be angry with you."

"Well, well, I will summon more courage," and she again sobbed while striving to assume an air of gaiety. "I will *not* vex you thus, and then you will talk to me, Stanley, will you not? Yes—and then we shall be happy. I have but you now—I have no soul on earth to confide in but you! There!—now you look yourself again! You are not like my Stanley when you are dull." And she adjusted the curls which partly concealed his fine forehead, as his face brightened into a smile.

Thus by assuming an air of coldness, and making her feel that he was jealous of her thoughts, he restored her to apparent contentment, albeit even then her heart was ready to break.

As the evening drew near, Stanley desired the servant to get inside the carriage, ostensibly in order that she might not catch cold, but in reality in consideration of Amelia, with whose delicacy he was perfectly well acquainted. During the night, however, Amelia slept but little. Her mind was on the rack, and even when she did sleep her dreams were of a nature to induce her to keep as much awake as possible. Stanley did all in his power to diminish the fatigue of the journey. He procured a pack of cards and a small table, upon which they played for hours, while the servant held the lamp; and when tired of playing, he read an amusing book aloud, told a variety of interesting anecdotes, — in short, all that a man could do he did to raise her spirits, and to prove that he had her happiness at heart.

They stopped but little on the road. Stanley placed great reliance upon the tact and dexterity of Bob, and felt certain that, even in the event of the disguise being discovered, he would not suffer his attendant to return before the evening; he was however far too good a general not to follow up the advantage he had gained, and hence he calculated not upon the probability alone, but upon the bare possibility of an accident.

At length they reached Carlisle, and Stanley felt that they were then quite safe; but he would not even then stop for any refreshment, although it was 3 P. M. and they had had but a biscuit and a glass of wine since six o'clock that morning. As they had, however, but nine miles farther to go—it was of little importance; and, as Stanley was most anxious to have the ceremony over, in order that his mind might be perfectly at ease, he ordered a change as quickly as possible, — and the facility with which those worthies at Carlisle can change horses if they like is truly astonishing,—and off they started again.

They had scarcely, however, got three miles from Carlisle when Stanley, who was continually on the look-out, saw in the distance a carriage and four dashing towards them at a speed which seemed to outstrip the wind altogether.

"What—what's that?" cried Amelia, who saw in an instant by the altered countenance of Stanley that he perceived something coming.

"Nothing—nothing but a carriage, my love. Don't be alarmed. It is probably—" At this moment he saw an elderly person thrust his grey head out of the window, with the view of urging the postilions on. "Now, my lads," continued Stanley, "Look alive!—send them forward!"

One of the post-boys looked round, and muttered something, which was meant to intimate that the pursuers would not be permitted to catch them.

"It is my father!" cried Amelia, "it is my father!"

"No, no, my love—no! Don't be alarmed. It is, in all probability, some other happy pair who are anxious to be married before us. But we must not allow them to beat us, you know. We are ahead now, the race must be ours."

Amelia saw at a glance that he apprehended something more than that, but was silent.

Stanley now let down one of the front windows, and having mounted the seat, put his hands upon the box, in which position, being half out of the carriage, he could see both before and behind him. "Fly! fly!" he cried to the post-boys. "Away! — Where are your spurs?—we are pursued!"

The fellow who had the command of the wheelers looked round, and by a wink seemed anxious to make him understand that the old people on that road never were suffered to overtake the young ones.

Of this Stanley at the time was perfectly unconscious, although he subsequently found it to be a fact. The pursuers have indeed but little chance between Carlisle and Springfield. The post-boys—their own—know better than to allow them to overtake the fugitives; for, independently of the spirit of knight-errantry which actuates the chivalrous dogs, the principle of self-interest — seeing that they all share the profits with his Reverence—prompts them to keep at a most respectful distance in the rear. They will lash, and spur, and swear at their horses, if urged, with unexampled desperation,—flourishing their whips, and apparently digging away with their heels, and performing a variety of extraordinary equestrian antics, curbing, fretting, and fidgetting the animals, until their knees tremble again, and their nerves are so unsettled, that on a clear cold day there is no such thing as seeing through the steam which proceeds from their foaming bodies; but the lads hold it tightly to be a sharp point of honour not to suffer the pursuers to reach Springfield until the pursued have had time to get *welded*.

Had Stanley known this at the time, it is highly correct to suppose that he would not have been quite so much astonished. He saw them cutting, and slashing, and spurring, and manœuvring, and yet they lost ground! — which was very remarkable. Feeling, however, that they should not even then be in time to get the ceremony comfortably over, Stanley cried,

"Twenty pounds for another mile an hour!—thirty for two!"

The post-boys no sooner heard this than to work they went, whip and heel. *They* were in earnest, and therefore dashed along in a style the most superb.

Just, however, as they had got within two miles of Springfield, the near wheeler struck his unhappy foot against a stone and fell, sending his rider about twenty yards a-head. The man, however, knowing how to fall, was comparatively unhurt, and was on his legs again in an instant.

"All right!" cried Stanley. "Be quick, but cool. Up with the horse, and away!"

The horse, however, could not get up,—not that he was severely injured, but because he had got one of the traces beneath him, and two of his legs above the pole.

Stanley leaped from the carriage, with the view of assisting them to unhook the trace; and while they were thus engaged, the post-boys of the pursuers were exerting all their energies in order to keep back. They checked and curbed their horses, while they appeared to lash and spur them with great severity, as they pulled them all over the road; still, being compelled to go forward at *some* pace,

every moment of course brought them nearer. They tried hard, very hard to upset the carriage, by pulling it over the hillocks which stood on the roadside; but no—the carriage would not upset. Nothing could persuade it to do so —it would, in very spite of them, keep upon its wheels! They were therefore compelled, though with manifest reluctance, to overtake the fugitives before they could make a fresh start.

Stanley now rushed to the door of the carriage, bade Amelia not to be alarmed whatever might occur; and in an instant an elderly person, backed by another much younger, approached him.

"Villain!" cried the former, "*have* I caught you at last?" And he ground his teeth furiously, and, shaking his fist in the face of Stanley, tried to force him from the door.

Stanley at the moment looked pale; but he was cool, and stood firm as a rock.

"By whose authority," said he, "do you pursue this most outrageous course?"

"Authority, scoundrel!" cried the hot old gentleman, foaming with rage to an extent which interfered with the distinctness of his articulation. "Stand aside!" And, seizing Stanley by the collar, he struck him several times with his cane, and his friend felt in a manner bound to follow his example, when Stanley, who could not approve of this proceeding, shook them both off at once.

"Stand back!" he cried firmly. "Use no violence, and I will use none. But who are you?"

"Insolent villain!" cried the elder assailant.

"Knock him down!" exclaimed the younger.

"*Touch* me," cried Stanley, "at your peril!"

In an instant they both rushed upon him, and the next moment both were on the ground. The younger started up again, and Stanley again sent him down, where he remained a while to turn the matter over in his mind.

"Help! help!" shouted the elder. "My good fellows, help us! Secure him!"

"Stand off!" cried Stanley, as the post-boys approached. "If you value your beauty, stand off!"

At this moment Stanley's men, who had just got the horse up, and made things all right for a start, rushed with much affected fury to the spot, and, without uttering a syllable, sprang at the other post-boys, who, however, seemed to understand them perfectly well, and the four fellows wrestled with great desperation, while Stanley was keeping the principals at bay.

"Get in!" cried the man who had been thrown, as he passed close to Stanley, while struggling with his opponent. "Get in, and we're off!"

The next moment Stanley sprang into the carriage, and keeping the two principals well from the door, his men at once threw their antagonists cleverly, and left them both lying in the road, — in a dreadful state of exhaustion, of course, — while they mounted their horses, and flew from the spot with a loud shout of triumph.

"Bravo! bravo!" cried Stanley. "Well done!—nobly done!—Keep them up, and stop for nothing."

As they dashed away in style, Stanley turned to look after his as-

sailants. The post-boys were still on the ground, apparently writhing with the most intense species of agony. The torture they experienced appeared to be so singularly dreadful, in fact, that they had not risen when Stanley's carriage whirled out of sight.

Nor did they rise for some time after that. They had both been so dreadfully shaken!—Oh! the power to stand was out of the question altogether. Threats and bribes were alternately resorted to in vain. They roared with anguish, and rolled about the road in a state of torture; in short, it was not until their employers were about to vault into their saddles, with the view of pursuing the fugitives alone, that they felt themselves sufficiently recovered to mount, so horribly had they been shattered; and when they did mount, they rolled over the horses so ingeniously, and performed such a variety of astonishing evolutions, that their ability to keep on at all seemed an absolute miracle. Albeit while they did, with undoubted ingenuity, their five miles an hour, they continued to shout, as a matter of course, "We'll catch 'em now!—oh, we'll catch 'em!"

By the time they had thus fairly started, Stanley was within five hundred yards of Springfield. Poor Amelia was half dead with fright. Had either of the pursuers been her father, the probability is that she would have rushed into his arms; but, as it was, she shrank into a corner of the carriage. The voice of one of them she was unable to recognise distinctly, but that of the other she felt quite sure was the voice of one of her father's most intimate friends.

The carriage now stopped at the inn, when Stanley and Amelia instantly alighted, and went into the first room they reached. Fortunately his Reverence was at the time in the house, in a state which stands midway between pure sobriety and absolute intoxication, and being invariably on the *qui vive*, he on this occasion rushed into the room, without waiting for a summons.

"I am raddy," said he, as he drew forth a book.

"That's fortunate," cried Stanley. "No time must be lost."

"What fay? What do you gi'?" enquired his Reverence. "These matters are always sattled beforehan'.

"Do it quickly, and I'll give you twenty pounds."

"Wheugh!" cried his Reverence between a whistle and a hiss. "In a case o' thees descraption I canna do 't for less than forty."

"Well forty, fellow, and begin."

"Fallow!" echoed his Reverence, who held the term to be discourteous. "Maybe I'll no do 't at a'!"

"Proceed with the ceremony," cried Stanley, "or we'll go at once over to your rival."

"Weel! weel! but fallow!" cried his Reverence, who did not by any means like it; but he, notwithstanding, opened the book, and muttered very indistinctly and very hastily certain very small portions of the regular service, and having called upon Stanley and Amelia to join hands, and then to sign the marriage record, the ceremony was at an end.

His Reverence then sat down to write out the "marriage lines," of which the following is a copy:—

"*These are to certify to all whom it may concern, that Stanley Thorn and Amelia Henrietta Joliffe came before me, and declared themselves to be both single persons, and were lawfully married according to the way of the Church of England, and agreeably to the laws of*

the Kirk of Scotland. Given under my hand at Springfield, near Gretna Green, this day, before these witnesses."

Here followed the signatures of his Reverence, a waiter, a chambermaid, and the servant whom Stanley had brought from town.

On handing over the "lines," the priest received the fee for which he had stipulated, and then took his leave; Stanley gave the still trembling Amelia in charge of the females, and waited the arrival of his pursuers alone.

The postboys had timed the thing admirably. Nothing could have been more correct. The very moment Amelia left the room with her attendants the carriage drove up to the door.

Stanley at once darted to the window, and as he saw the postboys wink at each other with peculiar significance, he for the first time distinctly understood the real character of the whole arrangement.

Of course the pursuers were not long before they alighted, nor when they had alighted were they long before they entered Stanley's room.

"Oh! you shall pay dearly for this!" cried the elder of the two, shaking his cane, and looking daggers at the fugitive. "I'll make you smart for it, scoundrel!"

"Who are you!" cried Stanley. "I am not to be bullied! Are you ashamed of your name? I know nothing of *you!*"

"Villain! thief! where is my daughter?"

"Your daughter?" cried Stanley. "*Your* daughter? Oh! I see; a mistake. My wife is no daughter of yours."

"Liar!" exclaimed the fierce old gentleman, shaking his stick with additional violence. "I am not to be trifled with. It *is* my child whom you have stolen—*my* child—my *only* child, villain! and I'll have her!"

"If for a moment you will be calm, I will convince you that she is not. I am not in the habit of allowing persons to address me in this way with impunity; but I am disposed, under the circumstances, to make every allowance. Look at this—the certificate of our marriage. Stanley Thorn is my name, Amelia Joliffe was the name of my wife. Are you satisfied?"

"No: nor shall I be until I see her."

"I will consent even to that," said Stanley, and he sent for Amelia at once.

"And why, if what you state be correct," said the old gentleman, "why did you not explain on the road?"

"Because," replied Stanley, "you conducted yourself with so much violence."

"But, of course you knew that I was not the father of the lady?"

"I did; but I did *not* know that you were not her father's friend."

Amelia now timidly entered the room, expecting, of course, to see some one who knew her.

"Have courage, my girl," said Stanley, taking her hand. "These gentlemen are perfect strangers. I sent for you simply to convince them that they have made a mistake."

"I have to apologise, madam," said the old gentleman with due politeness, "for having caused so much alarm. I am satisfied," he continued, addressing Stanley, "and I have also to apologise to you."

The apology was accepted, and the strangers left the room, with



Stanley Thorn after a Jovial Party

the view of making inquiries having reference to the arrival of the parties of whom they were really in pursuit.

"Pray—pray leave this place," said Amelia. "Papa may yet arrive."

"And if he should," replied Stanley, "it will be useless. He cannot sever us, my girl. You are mine now!—mine from this happy hour. We will, however, return to Carlisle after dinner, if you do not feel too much fatigued?"

"Oh, do. It is not far. I should not, indeed, like to remain here."

It was thus settled. Dinner was ordered, and in a short time produced in rather an unexpected style; but they had scarcely been seated at the table ten minutes when a dirty post-chaise and pair stopped at the door.

Stanley rushed to the window in an instant, and Amelia, notwithstanding the turn-out was wretched, quickly followed, in the full expectation of seeing her father.

Before the postboy had time to dismount, the old gentleman by whom they had been pursued, opened the door of the dirty chaise, and without the slightest unnecessary ceremony, dragged an exquisitely-dressed individual out by the heels in the most inelegant manner possible.

"Hollo!—hollo!—why, what—I say—my God!—well, *may* I—!" hastily exclaimed the individual in question, as he bumped from step to step, for he didn't understand it. The thing was quite new to him. He hadn't an idea of anything of the sort. Hence he became very much confused; and before he had time to collect his faculties, a fair-haired girl—in appearance quite a child—sprang from the chaise, and rushed into the arms of the old gentleman, apparently but too happy in having escaped.

Stanley threw up the window with a view to the perfect enjoyment of the scene. He saw at a glance that the "gallant gay Lothario" was anything but a gentleman, and highly relished the supremely ridiculous style in which he rose from the mud to assert his dignity as a man.

"I claim her as my wife!" he cried fiercely. "You may be her father, or you may be anybody else for what I care; I claim her unmitigatedly and decidedly as my wife, and I am strongly justifiable, accordin' to the laws of Scotland. I reckonize her before all these gentlemen," he continued, pointing with remarkable energy to the postboys, whose countenances were at the moment particularly droll, "and accordin' to the laws of Scotland a reckonition is sufficient."

"Take charge of her," said the old gentleman to his friend. "Leave this poor weak puppy to me."

The friend was about to lead her in, when the gallant Lothario, with due dramatic action, threw his arms round her neck with the view of recovering possession; but his lady-love cried,

"Leave me alone. Get away, you mean creature! Don't touch me. I hate you!" When, as if this were not quite sufficient for flesh and blood to bear, her father clutched his richly-figured satin stock, and inflicted upon him a most exemplary chastisement before he relinquished his hold.

"Oh!" roared the gay Lothario, whose blood began to boil.

"I command satisfaction—satisfaction!" and he threw his arms about in a state of mind apparently tottering on the very verge of madness.

"Satisfaction!" exclaimed the old gentleman, with an expression of contempt. "You miserable, narrow-minded, poor, wretched fool! You—*you* run away with my daughter!"

"And, what 's more, I still claim her as my wife. You 're mistaken in your man. You 've got the wrong pig by the year. I 'm not to be flummaxed. I 'll not give her up. She 's my wife—my lawful wife; and I 'll have her accordin' to the law of Scotland."

"The law of Scotland, you pitiful scoundrel! Attempt to follow me into the house, and I 'll give you a caning so severe that you shall dream to-night of having dropped into a nest of hungry scorpions. Put the horses in," he continued, addressing the postboys, who enjoyed the scene much; "but before you do that I 'll give you five pounds to cool that fellow's head in a bucket of water."

This offer had no sooner been made than the postboys rushed at the victim, and having turned him upside down with consummate dexterity, bore him triumphantly into the yard.

"I have seen that person before," said Amelia. "If I am not much mistaken, he sold me the dress I have on."

And this proved to be the fact. He was a silkmercer's shopman, who, having a sister officiating as housemaid at a school in the vicinity of Kensington, had, through her instrumentality obtained interviews with the object of his unalterable love, who was, of course, understood to be an immensely rich heiress, and who, having become enamoured of his slavish deportment, as well as of his chains, rings, and brooches, which were of the finest conceivable mosaic gold, had consented without much solicitation to elope. They had scarcely, however, got clear off, when the affair became known to the mistress of the establishment, and through her to the silly girl's father, who at once posted off to the north, and was enabled to reach Gretna first, by going through Pontefract, while they went through Manchester, and, by having during the whole distance four horses, while they had but two, as the mercer found that travelling was very expensive, and that the money he had borrowed for the occasion was getting rather low.

Nothing could exceed the indignation with which the gallant Lothario, when the cooling operation had been performed, ran dripping from the yard, with the postboys laughing and yelling behind him. He raved, and stamped, and looked so fiercely, and shook his fists, and threw himself into a variety of the most picturesque attitudes, vowing the most heavy and inexhaustible vengeance, bawling through the window to "command an explanation," and asserting his rights according to the law of Scotland; in short, he was so dreadfully energetic, and worked himself up into such a frightful fever, that in a short time his hair became perfectly dry.

The postboys now brought round the carriage, and the persecutor-in-chief made his appearance again, with his child in one hand, and his stick in the other. Lothario placed himself before the carriage-door. He wished to argue the point calmly. He wished to show that the thing was "an out-and-out do." The old gentleman, however, pushed him aside with great violence, and having stepped into the carriage after his daughter and friend, left the cruelly ill-used individual to reflect upon his fate.

This incident somewhat raised the spirits of Amelia, who, for the first time since their departure from Richmond, allowed a smile to play upon her lips, which were promptly rewarded. Of course Stanley was too good a tactician to dwell then upon any other subject than that of the disappointed mercer. Upon this he accordingly dwelt, and in the most amusing strain, until the cloth was removed, when he ordered the carriage and four horses to be brought to the door as soon as possible.

"My love," said Amelia, when this order had been given, "let us have but a pair. We *may* meet papa; and if we should, he will not then suppose it to be us."

"Oh! we are sure, my dear, not to meet *him;* and, if we should——"

"I would not see him for worlds! If I were to see him to-day I should die."

"Well—well; as you please. The fellow shall *drive,* if you like; in which case the carriage will be supposed to be empty."

"Yes, let him, there's a dear!—let him drive."

Very well. Orders were given to this effect; and when the pecuniary matters had been arranged to the entire satisfaction of all concerned, they started for Carlisle.

The spirits of Amelia were now far more buoyant; and although they returned much more slowly than they went, they appeared to travel infinitely quicker, and were hence within view of Carlisle before they thought of being more than half way.

Just as they were about, however, to enter the town, a carriage and four came dashing towards them at the rate of nearly twenty miles an hour.

"That's papa!" cried Amelia. "It's our carriage. Stanley—Stanley! what is to be done?"

"Be calm, my love!" said Stanley,—"be calm!" and he coolly, but with promptitude, drew up the blinds before the carriages met; and as they passed he saw through the little window at the back not only the Captain's carriage, but the Captain himself, urging on the postilions.

"Now, my Amelia," said Stanley, "we are safe."

"But he will follow us."

"No: they will take care of that. I have bribed them too well: besides, their interest will prompt them, if possible, to detain him."

"But that poor silly person?" suggested Amelia.

"He is not at all likely to come in contact with him."

They now reached Carlisle; and at the inn to which the horses belonged they put up for the night.

CHAPTER IX.

Amelia receives her first impressions of married life.

On the following morning they left Carlisle, and having stopped a day at Doncaster, a day at Grantham, and a day at Stamford, they arrived by easy stages in town within the week, and proceeded at once to the house of the widow, where Stanley had decided on remaining until other arrangements could be made.

The widow, who had received a short letter from Stanley containing a vague intimation that on his return he *might* bring home his

bride, could not, and would not pretend to understand it. He had not consulted *her* on the subject, and she most acutely felt that she was the first whom he *ought* to have consulted. She would not believe it; for Stanley himself, on leaving, had told her that he was going out of town for a few days with a friend, which, when she came to reflect upon it calmly, was held to be perfectly conclusive. The very moment, however, Stanley returned and presented Amelia, her ideas on the subject expanded; and she wept, she knew not why, —yet she wept, and kissed Amelia, and congratulated her warmly, and hoped that she would be happy, and gave Stanley a good character, and declared that she highly admired his choice;—still she could not but feel very deeply that, as a mother, she had privileges, natural privileges, which ought not to have been violated, and that deep feeling caused her to weep and weep again. She nevertheless bustled about, and displayed the most earnest anxiety to make matters perfectly pleasant; and although at first Amelia would have been perhaps somewhat more at ease had the widow been somewhat less fussy, she soon understood her, and felt quite at home.

Amelia's first task, on becoming composed, was to write a deeply penitential letter to her father. In the performance of this task she wished Stanley to assist her; but as they could not agree as to terms, —their views on that subject being diametrically opposed,—he gave the matter up altogether to her. She began it several times, and nearly finished it several times: it was, however, eventually completed and sent, and the captain immediately returned it unopened.

At this Stanley neither felt nor expressed any surprise, — it was, in short, precisely what he expected; but to Amelia it was indeed a most bitter disappointment. The roughest answer that could have been penned would have been endured with more fortitude. Having somewhat recovered from the depression it induced, Amelia wrote a long letter to her mother, couched in terms of the strongest affection, urging every conceivable excuse for the step she had taken, without, however, exciting the belief that she felt that it ought to be excused, and got the widow to direct it. She, of course, felt quite certain of having an answer to this, and therefore waited with the utmost impatience till the following morning, when indeed a somewhat heavy letter bearing the Richmond post-mark arrived. The superscription had been written by the captain. She kissed it, and then broke the seal with avidity. Its contents were the letter she had written to her mother, — which had been opened, the hand-writing of the widow not being known,—and the following note:—

"Madam, — Your husband is a villain; and, as *you* have proved yourself unworthy our affection, we disown you for ever."

This was signed by both her father and her mother; but the paper near the almost illegible signature of the latter, was blistered with tears. Amelia well knew from whose eyes they had fallen, and wept bitterly as she placed the cruel note in her bosom.

"Amelia," said Stanley, whose attention had been firmly fixed upon her, "I do not insist upon seeing any note you may receive; but in a matter of this description I think that you ought to conceal nothing from me."

Amelia again burst into tears as she drew the note slowly from her bosom and said, "You had better not see it, my love."

"Well, well, I will not. I understand;—they speak harshly of me." And he returned the note unopened, but extorted a promise, which almost amounted to an oath, that she would never, without his special consent, write again.

Of course Stanley's former associates no sooner heard of his return, and the purpose for which he had been absent, than they crowded in to lavish upon him their warmest congratulations. For the first three weeks he gave a dinner almost every alternate day; and as his guests were nearly all unmarried men, they subsequently, at various hotels, gave him dinners in return. This necessarily took him much from home; for, although he loved Amelia, there was a charm in their society which he could not resist,—a joyous spirit which she could not inspire. She zealously strove on all occasions to convince him that she was indeed quite happy; she strove to talk as gaily, and to smile as sweetly, as before; but there was at her heart a silent sorrow which overshadowed all.

Having lived at the widow's about two months, he, at the suggestion of his friends, who were perpetually rallying him on the subject of a married man residing with his "ma," engaged a house, which the widow magnificently furnished. When, however, this change was effected, he deserted Amelia more and more. He might even then have seen the force of that sound objection which her father had urged to their immediate union; for, as every scene of folly was new to him then, he was strongly, irresistibly seduced by its attractions; whereas had he been previously acquainted with those scenes, they would at least have lost the charm of novelty, if indeed they did not actually engender disgust. He seemed only then to have commenced life. Three, four, and five o'clock in the morning were the hours at which he commonly returned; and when he did return, the effects of the wine he had drunk were almost invariably visible. Amelia, however, never reproached him by a word, nor even by a look of displeasure. Let him return at what hour he might, she would dry up her tears, and fly to meet him; and, having welcomed and affectionately kissed him, would endeavour to make him think that she still felt happy.

"I am late," he would sometimes say, "very late, Amelia."

"Oh, do not say a single word about it. I care not how late it is, now you are at home."

"You imagine, I fear, that I neglect you."

"Oh, no! indeed, my Stanley, I do not. But," she would add, as the tears trickled down her cheeks, "I cannot but feel overjoyed when you return."

It was not, however, always that he was able to speak thus rationally on his return; still he avoided coming home in a state of absolute intoxication, until one dreadful morning about four, when the rain had for hours been falling in torrents, while the thunder and lightning had been really terrific. On that occasion two of his most valued associates accompanied him home, and left him the very moment they had seen him safely in; but the door had no sooner been closed than he with infinite dexterity slipped down upon the floor, where he sat firmly resolved to suffer no one to approach him but Bob, whom, by virtue of closing one eye with great muscular energy, he was enabled to see indistinctly with the other.

Amelia rushed down in a state bordering on distraction, the awful conviction having flashed across her mind that he had been struck by the lightning.

"My Stanley!" she exclaimed, "you are injured—much injured—tell me—oh, speak!—are you not?"

"Go to bed—Meley—go—go to bed. I want something—something—*to eat*—something—some—eat."

As Amelia's worst fears were subdued, she thanked God. She now saw the real state of the case, and, with the assistance of his favourite servant,—(for he would still suffer no one but Amelia and Bob to touch him,)—succeeded in getting him up stairs, when the cloth was immediately laid, and he was placed near the table.

"Bob!—you old rascal—do you hear, sir?—down upon your knees, and—pull—off—my—boots."

Amelia at this moment was standing over him weeping, and as Bob was pulling off one boot, Stanley, lifting his disengaged leg upon the table, stuck the heel of the other into a richly-ornamented raised pie, when leaning back in his chair, he rested his head upon the bosom of Amelia, and thus sank at once into a sleep so profound, that the process of undressing and lifting him into bed proved quite insufficient to rouse him.

In the morning, however, Amelia felt amply repaid by the fact of his asking her simply to forgive him.

"I cannot forgive myself," said he; "I am too much ashamed of my conduct; but if you will forgive me, I will give you—I don't know how many kisses.'

"I will not forgive you for any number of kisses; but I will, if you will promise that you will remain at home this evening, and that you will never be so naughty again."

"But why this evening, my love? You know Crofton gives his dinner to-day at the Tavistock. Of course I must be there; but I will leave very early."

"You really will?"

"I will indeed."

"Then on those terms, although you were a very naughty creature, I suppose I must forgive you."

At the appointed hour Stanley joined his friends at the Tavistock, and according to his promise he did leave early—unusually early—but instead of returning to Amelia, he turned into Drury Lane Theatre, with the view of seeing a popular low comedian in "a new and entirely original" farce, translated from the French, and founded upon a real English comedy, originally adapted from the German. The house on the occasion was thin—a circumstance which at that particular period was by no means unusual, and he sat in a box in the dress circle, near the proscenium, alone. The farce, however, had scarcely commenced when a fine, handsome, gentlemanlike fellow entered the box, and sat beside him. He took no apparent notice of Stanley, nor did Stanley take more than a passing notice of him. He was elegantly dressed; and, although the brilliant jewellery he displayed might of itself have tended to generate the idea of foppery, there was an intelligence in his eye, and a thoughtful expression about his lips which not only at once banished that idea, but inspired the conviction of his being altogether a superior man. For some time he appeared to be exceedingly attentive to the performance,

and occasionally patted one hand with the other slightly, and cried, with a patronising air, *sotto voce*, "Bravo! bravo!"

At length, addressing Stanley, he said, apparently on the impulse of the moment, "He is an excellent actor—is he not?"

"Very clever," said Stanley,—"very clever, indeed."

"In my judgment we have at present no actor on the stage at all comparable with him in his line."

"There is not one," said Stanley, "whom *I* so much admire;" and he proceeded to enlarge upon his peculiar excellences without the least reserve.

From this fair point the stranger started other interesting topics, and with great ingenuity drew Stanley fully out by gently fanning his smouldering self-esteem, for as he prided himself, and with reason, upon the facility with which he could read the real character of a man, it was not long before he discovered the weak points of his new friend, and when he had made the discovery he assailed them with a species of flattery so ingenious that Stanley became quite charmed with his conversation, which developed, indeed, much intelligence, with an apparently profound knowledge of the world.

"Who can he be?" thought Stanley. "He is evidently some one of importance. How can I ascertain who he is?"

The stranger, as if conscious of what had been passing in Stanley's mind now for some time kept silent; but said as the curtain was about to fall, "Well, we may in our travels meet again."

"Nothing," said Stanley, "would give me greater pleasure."

"Which way do you walk?"

"Westward," replied Stanley.

"I shall be happy to accompany you as far as I go."

Stanley bowed, and having taken the proffered arm, they left the theatre together.

"I generally drop in here," said the stranger, on reaching the entrance of an hotel under the piazza of Covent Garden. "They give you a magnificent glass of champagne, and there is nothing I more enjoy after sitting in a hot theatre. I shall pass, however, this evening—unless, indeed, *you* are disposed to join me?"

"Oh! I have no objection," returned Stanley, "not the slightest."

The stranger at once led the way; and, having reached the coffee-room above, ordered a bottle of iced champagne, and then began to relate a variety of anecdotes, which could not in any case have failed to impart pleasure. Another bottle was ordered. Stanley was charmed. He had never met so splendid a fellow before; in a word, he was so entertaining, so full of wit and spirit, that it was past three before Stanley thought it was one.

"Well," said the stranger, when they had finished the second bottle, "I am sorry to make a move; but I promised to look in at my club; where, by the by, I shall be happy to introduce *you*, if you are not in haste."

"I should like it much," said Stanley; "but not to-night. It is getting very late."

"Well—well! another time. Let me see. To-morrow I dine with *Chesterfield*; but the next day. Have you any engagement for Friday?"

"I am not at this moment aware that I have: I think not"

"Well, come and dine with me here, then, on Friday?"

"I will. At what time?"

"Why, say seven."

This was agreed to, and the stranger wrote with a pencil. "To meet at seven," upon a card, on which was engraved, "*Colonel* Palmer," and presented it to Stanley.

He then drew out his purse, and Stanley produced his.

"No—no," said the Colonel; "this is mine. You shall pay for the next;" and, having settled the amount, they rose to quit the hotel."

"By the way," said the Colonel, as they descended the stairs, "were you ever in one of the *salons* about here?"

"No," said Stanley. "Are there many of them?"

"There used to be several; but I have not been in one of them for years. *They* were the places for those who wished to see life! What say you? Shall we step into one for five minutes?"

"It is so very late," urged Stanley.

"So it must always be to see them to advantage. But, come; now we are here, five minutes can be of no importance. They are places which every man of the world *ought* to see. I pledge you my honour I 'll not stop long."

Stanley could not resist. He thought, indeed, of his promise to Amelia; but held the fact of his having broken that promise already to be a sufficient excuse for going at once with the Colonel.

They had scarcely walked three hundred yards, when they stopped at a gaily-painted door, and, having knocked, were admitted by a peculiarly ill-looking fellow, who had previously withdrawn a slide, and examined them through a hole about six inches square, with a singularly scrutinizing aspect. They then ascended a flight of gaudy gingerbread stairs, and entered a room, in which about forty persons were assembled, the majority of whom were females, dressed in a style the most attractive and superb. Several of these creatures ran up to the Colonel, with the apparent view of addressing him with the utmost familiarity, but a peculiar look from him at once repulsed them, which Stanley thought strange, although, instead of inducing the slightest suspicion, it tended to convince him still more of the superiority of the man.

"Well," said the Colonel, "we must have a glass of negus, and then we 'll be off."

The negus was ordered and produced, and they seated themselves to contemplate the gay scene before them; but the moment they had done so, a finely-formed girl, who appeared to be very young, really very handsome, came and sat beside Stanley.

"How can you be so selfish?" she playfully observed. "The idea of you two gentlemen drinking alone, when I am dying to wet my lips."

"Drink, my girl—drink!" said Stanley, passing the glass. "It is not very good."

The girl nearly finished the glass before she ventured to pronounce her unbiassed opinion. She then declared that it tasted like mahogany and water, and suggested, in addition, that if she chose the chances were that she could get a glass nearer the mark.

"Well, do so," said Stanley, as he placed half-a-crown in her hand; "let us see the extent of your influence."

"No, no," said the Colonel; "we had better be off. Come, let us have no more. I feel stupid already."

"*You* need have no more, you know, Colonel," said the girl, who received a withering scowl for her pains.

"Oh! oh!" exclaimed Stanley, "you are recognised! Well, come, one more, and then."

The Colonel now suddenly and very unaccountably exhibited striking symptoms of intoxication. Stanley could not at all understand it. "My good fellow," said he, "why, how is this? You were very well just now."

"I have a very poor head," replied the Colonel,—"a most unfortunate head. I can scarcely stand anything at all."

The girl now returned with the "negus;" and having carefully put her lips to it, and said that it was different stuff altogether,—which was in reality a fact,—she gave it to Stanley, who drank of it with more than usual freedom, although it appeared to him to have a most remarkable flavour. Without, however, mentioning this, (for he did not pretend to understand much about it, he handed the glass to the Colonel, who would not touch a drop, for his symptoms of inebriety continued to increase, and he pronounced himself to be "too far gone already."

Stanley was now entertained by the female. She had a brief tale to tell of every person in the room, and succeeded in occupying his attention until his articulation became somewhat indistinct, which the Colonel no sooner perceived than he cried, "Come, finish your glass and let us be gone. I never felt so queer in my life."

Stanley himself now began to feel somewhat confused; and, as he had an unnatural thirst at the moment, he at once emptied the glass; but he had no sooner done so than the room seemed to whirl round and round with great velocity. He attempted to rise. The effort made him worse. He sank down again on the instant.

"Hollo!" cried the Colonel. "What, have you caught it too? Well, never mind, old boy! we can't laugh at each other."

From that moment Stanley became insensible.

THE ILLUMINATION.

A TALE OF ALMA MATER.

Palsatus rogat, et pugnis concisus adorat,
Ut liceat paucis cum dentibus inde reverti.
JUVENAL, iii. sat. 300 v.

PREFACE.

The subject of the following tale is matter now of History,
But shrouded, to avoid offence, in due poetic mystery;
And I assure my readers all, in cottage, hall or palace, Sirs,
That, though I "nought *extenuate*," I "nought set down in *malice*," Sirs.

AIR—*Guy Faux.*

A tragi-comedy I sing; three "grave and *Reverend* signors"
Who sallied forth one luckless night, with dignified demeanours,
To send home all *their* College men, on pain of rustication,
Whom they found joining in the *row* at last Illumination!

For sundry graceless Undergrads, with wine somewhat "*promiscuous*,"
From flooring bumpers to "*The Queen*" (such power good port and whisky has!)
A *Gown-and-town row* had got up to testify their loyalty,
By "*milling*" well all *Rads* and *Cads* and other foes to Royalty!

At length the streets, "at noon of night," had grown a little quieter,
For one by one had dropped off home each capless, gownless rioter,
On which our heroes, satisfied with this consoling knowledge, Sirs,
And thinking all their labours o'er, were hastening back to College, Sirs!

When, just as they had turned into the Lane of classic* "Simmary,"
They fell among a mob of *cads*, assembled there in grim array,
Who set upon them, blacked their eyes, and mauled them so confoundedly,
That one of them, "*intirely kilt*" and bleeding on the ground did lie!

As he lay groaning o'er his wounds, in sad and doleful *barytones*,
There chanced to be among the crowd some modern "*good Samaritans*,"
Who pitying sore his hapless plight, with love quite *Demiurgical*,†
Conveyed him home, where he was forced to send for aid chirurgical!

The "*Sawbones*" came, with visage long, and shook his head mysteriously,
Says he, "The patient has, I fear, been damaged very seriously,
But trust my skill—(on frailer hopes doth oft the life of man turn, Sirs,)—
They haven't quite put out the *light*, though they've sorely smashed the *lantern*, Sirs!"

Some drugs were sent *instanter* by this son of Æsculapius;
"Hanc *lotionem* applices, et huncce *haustum* capias!"
But, through his stupid *scout's* mistake, being *addled* most infernally,
He swallowed up the *lotion* and applied the *draught* externally!!

By gnawing pains, ere long, was rack'd his stomach *magisterial*,
Which made him dread his latter end and inquest Coronerial;
"Quick, fetch a stomach-pump!" he groan'd, "with strong emetics cram me well!
I've '*been and done it*'—'tis a case of—'*pison yourself, Samiwel!*'"

A stomach-pump was quickly brought, and "*all hands*" set to work at it,
And speedily they *clean'd him out!*—let no one smile or smirk at it!
His life was saved; but, to this day, (of that night's row the last trophy)
That stomach-pump "*sticks in his throat!*" Thus ended this catastrophe!

MORAL.

Be warned, ye *Dons*, for *Gown-town rows*, like matrimonial quarrels, Sirs,
Produce for those who interfere more broken heads than laurels, Sirs!
But if you *will* thus waste the breath, which was to "*cool your porridge*" meant,
You'll meet with many a "*heavy blow, and very sad discouragement!*"

Sage counsel would I likewise give to each bold Under-graduate—
"*Experto crede*"—brothers all, when in a *row* a *cad* you hit,
The chances are, that, *though you win*, you'll find it bad economy
To carry home a tattered gown and battered physiognomy!

A. R. W.

Oxford, 19*th February*, 1840.

* St. Mary Hall.

† For the enlightenment of my *unlearned* readers, I have the honour to inform them that the *Demiurgus* was the deity of the Platonists, and by them regarded as a Being of pure love and benevolence.

LITERARY PORTRAITS, No. VI.

WILLIAM HAMILTON MAXWELL.

(WITH A PORTRAIT.)

Opposite this page, good reader, you will behold the comely countenance of the author of the Stories of Waterloo, and many other *polemical* works of the same school. If not exactly painted *con amore*, it is nevertheless drawn by Lover, which is a tolerable guarantee for its excellence in every respect; and yet we do not, however, think due justice done to the facial appearance of William Hamilton Maxwell.

But Lover will say or swear, "How the devil is it to be expected that my brush or Greatbatch's burin should impress upon paper or canvas *that* face?" Tom Moore has somewhere said that Sheridan's genius resembled a peacock's tail, which compliment we imagine would have tickled the risible faculties of that red-beaked senator and dramatist. But we suppose that Tom, of whom we speak in the highest honour, especially as he is a contributor of *ours*, intended to say that in variety of brilliant colouring, and ever-changing diversity of beautiful tint, Sheridan's talent was deserving of being compared to one of the finest, gayest, grandest, and most graceful things in nature. Now, if Sheridan's mind was like a peacock's tail, and therefore hard to be depicted in a stationary drawing, how can it be expected that Maxwell's face, which is in no particular like a peacock's tail, but something far more splendid, is to be caught simpered and simmered down into one standing position? " Sir," continues Lover, for it is he who has been speaking all this time, though we have made a sort of jumble of ourselves with his oration,—" Sir, I tell you that Maxwell has fifty faces, all of them indicative of genius, frolic, wit, fun, knowledge of the world, good-nature, and good-humour; and as for his nose, why to quote Tom Moore once again,

'Rich and rare *are* the gems it wears;'—

gems, no doubt, purchased at a price which would have bought up any brilliant in the world short of the Pitt diamond."

He is of soldier-romance-mongers the first. Mind, we are not going to disparage Gleig of the Subaltern, Hamilton of Cyril Thornton, or any of the other gentlemen who have turned the sword not into a ploughshare, but into as hard-working an instrument — a pen; but among rollicking describers of fights, campaigns, sieges, carousings, riotings, lovemakings, and all other matters connected with the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war, he decidedly bears off the bell. He does not venture at long set stories, decked out and arrayed into all the full three-volumed dignity of a novel;—no, he flings off his tales as if they were so many tumblers of punch, hot and strong, pleasant and heart-cheering, hastily mixed, and as hastily disposed of. It needs no particular power of critical discernment to discover that Maxwell's acquaintance with the scenes which he describes is anything but theoretical. In fact, though now a man of peace, he was once a man of war,—a jolly grenadier in the Eighty-eighth, standing some six feet two, and coming in for a slice at the close of the

Peninsular campaigns, and taking his share at the battle of Waterloo. But when the melancholy days of disbanding came, and fun had departed out of the world,

> When the army was gone, and the navy adrift,
> And the sailor paid off, and the soldier bereft;
> When half-pay to the captain poor cheer did afford,
> And the duke was no more than a government lord,

as a brother Connaught Ranger sings, then adopting Sir Walter Raleigh's motto, *Tam Marti, quam Mercurio*, finding that Mars was gone, he applied himself to the god of eloquence and persuasion, turned his military cloak into a surplice, gave up the charges of the Duke of Wellington for those of the Archbishop of Tuam, abandoned the Articles of War for the Articles of the Church, and, unwilling to leave the service altogether, took to the service of the Liturgy. He is now Prebendary of Balha,—still a see among the canons—in Tuam. That he now wages war upon the devil and all his angels, most theologically, we doubt not; but here we are recording him only as an author upon more mundane subjects. *The* war (we need not say what war, for this generation, and many more, will pass over before *another* war will turn up to put down that which ended at Waterloo, from its post of being *the* war *par excellence*) and Ireland are his own. Maxwell, in his sketches of the gentleman class of Ireland in their hours of relaxation, and in their own wild, untameable, and somewhat ferocious jollity, or violence, being of them, in blood and bone, he and his people before him for many a long day,—is quite at home,—not only with his own Wild Sportsman of the West, but with all that horsewhip-handling, trigger-pulling, lady-killing, claret-drinking, steeple-chasing, hot-headed, puzzle-pated, tumultuous race of *gentlemen*, who, issuing from "Ould Thrinity," led a noisy reckless life, fearing nobody but a dun or a sheriff's officer, eternally in debt or drink, or duelling, or all three together; usually highly bred and well travelled, almost always generous, though seldom just, unquestionably brave, (at least it would not have been particularly safe to question it,) taking no wrong, and giving very little right; governed by the most curious, and the most curiously extended, code of honour ever devised, and covering a multitude of sins by everlasting good-humour and—a pistol. These noble specimens of mankind are, *alas!* fast passing away before the baleful effects of civilisation, rail-roads, steam-boats, and the schoolmaster abroad,—as much, we suppose, to the distaste of Maxwell, as of the late Sir Jonah Barrington. As it is fit, then, that some record of them should remain, none can supply it better than the soldier-scholar, gentleman of blood, and Irishman of birth. But it would be unjust if we were to confine his praises to mere jocular or romantic writing. In his "Victories of the British Armies," he discovers a mind replete with stores of ample information on almost all subjects, long trains of well considered reflections, high and honourable feelings, generosity to conquered enemies, and proud patriotism in recounting the gallant deeds of conquering friends. And his Life of the Duke of Wellington is a book worthy of its hero.

Remains it only to mention, that Maxwell is a fine, dashing-looking, long, well-knit fellow, whose age is about that of his national game, i. e. five-and-forty.



REV^D W. H. MAXWELL,

Author of "Stories of Waterloo" &c.

London, Published by Richard Bentley, 1840.

GUY FAWKES.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

BOOK THE FIRST.

CHAPTER VII.

DOCTOR DEE.

"How now, ye impious violators of the tomb! ye worse than famine-stricken wolves, that rake up the dead in churchyards?" cried Guy Fawkes, in a voice of thunder, to Doctor Dee and his companion; who, startled by his sudden appearance, dropped the body, and retreated to a short distance. "What devilish rites are ye about to enact, that ye thus profane the sanctity of the grave?"

"And, who art thou that darest thus to interrupt us?" demanded Doctor Dee, sternly.

"It matters not," rejoined Fawkes, striding towards them. "Suffice it you are both known to *me*. You, John Dee, warden of Manchester, who deserve to be burnt at the stake for your damnable practices, rather than hold the sacred office you fill; and you, Edward Kelley, his associate, who boast of familiar intercourse with demons, and, unless fame belies you, have purchased the intimacy at the price of your soul's salvation. I know you both. I know, also, whose body you have disinterred, — it is that of the ill-fated prophetess, Elizabeth Orton. And, if you do not instantly restore it to the grave whence you have snatched it, I will denounce you to the authorities of the town."

"Knowing thus much, you should know still more," retorted Doctor Dee, "namely, that I am not to be lightly provoked. You have no power to quit the churchyard — nay, not so much as to move a limb without my permission."

As he spoke, he drew from beneath his cloak a small phial, the contents of which he sprinkled over the intruder. Its effect was wonderful and instantaneous. The limbs of Guy Fawkes stiffened where he stood. His hand remained immoveably fixed upon the pommel of his sword, and he seemed transformed into a marble statue.

"You will henceforth acknowledge and respect my power," he continued. "Were it my pleasure, I could bury you twenty fathoms deep in the earth beneath our feet; or, by invoking certain spirits, convey you to the summit of yon lofty tower," pointing to the church, "and hurl you from it headlong. But I content myself with depriving you of motion, and leave you in possession of sight and speech, that you may endure the torture of witnessing what you cannot prevent."

So saying, he was about to return to the corpse with Kelley, when Guy Fawkes exclaimed in a hollow voice,

"Set me free, and I will instantly depart."

"Will you swear never to divulge what you have seen?" demanded Dee, pausing.

"Solemnly," he replied.

"I will trust you, then," rejoined the Doctor;—"the rather that your presence interferes with my purpose."

Taking a handful of loose earth from an adjoining grave, and muttering a few words, that sounded like a charm, he scattered it over Fawkes. The spell was instantly broken. A leaden weight seemed to be removed from his limbs. His joints regained their suppleness, and with a convulsive start, like that by which a dreamer casts off a nightmare, he was liberated from his preternatural thraldom.

"And now, begone!" cried Doctor Dee, authoritatively.

"Suffer me to tarry with you a few moments," said Guy Fawkes, in a deferential tone. "Heretofore, I will freely admit, I regarded you as an imposter, but now I am convinced you are deeply skilled in the occult sciences, and would fain consult you on the future."

"I have already said that your presence troubles me," replied Doctor Dee. "But if you will to call upon me at the College to-morrow, it may be, I will give you further proofs of my skill."

"Why not now, reverend sir?" urged Fawkes. "The question I would ask is better suited to this dismal spot, and witching hour, than to daylight, and the walls of your study."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Dee. "Your name?"

"Guy Fawkes," replied the other.

"Guy Fawkes!" echoed the Doctor, starting. "Nay, then, I guess the nature of the question you would ask."

"Am I then known to you, reverend sir?" inquired Fawkes uneasily.

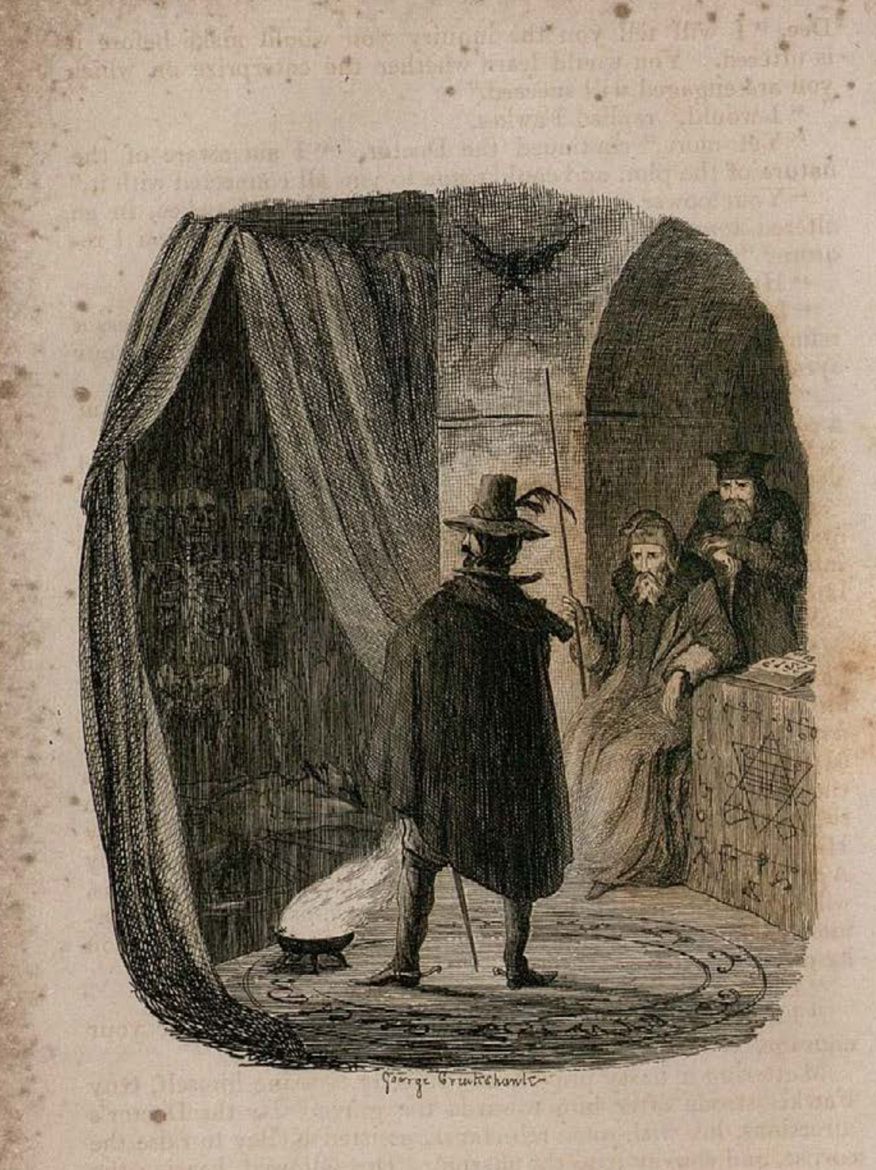
"As well as to yourself—nay, better," answered the Doctor. "Bring the lantern hither, Kelley," he continued, addressing his companion. "Look!" he added, elevating the light so as to throw it upon the countenance of Fawkes. "It is the very face,—the bronzed and strongly-marked features,—the fierce black eye,—the iron frame, and foreign garb of the figure we beheld in the show-stone."

"It is," replied Kelley. "I could have singled him out amid a thousand. He looked thus as we tracked his perilous course, with his three companions, the priest, Chetham, and Viviana Radcliffe, across Chat Moss."

"How have you learnt this?" cried Guy Fawkes, in amazement.

"By the art which reveals all things," answered Kelley.

"In proof that your thoughts are known to me," observed



Doctor Dee in conjunction with his Seer Edward Kelley, exhibiting his magical skill to Guy Fawkes.

London, Published by Richard Bentley, 1840.

Dee, "I will tell you the inquiry you would make before it is uttered. You would learn whether the enterprize on which you are engaged will succeed."

"I would," replied Fawkes.

"Yet more," continued the Doctor. "I am aware of the nature of the plot, and could name to you all connected with it."

"Your power is, indeed, wonderful," rejoined Fawkes, in an altered tone. "But will you give me the information I require?"

"Hum!" muttered the Doctor.

"I am too poor to purchase it," proceeded Fawkes, "unless a relic which I have brought from Spain has any value in your eyes."

"Tush!" exclaimed Dee, angrily. "Do you suppose I am a common juggler, and practice my art for gain?"

"By no means, reverend sir," said Fawkes. "But I would not willingly put you to trouble without evincing my gratitude."

"Well then," replied the Doctor, "I will not refuse your request. And yet I would caution you to beware how you pry into the future. You may repent your rashness when it is too late."

"I have no fear," rejoined Fawkes. "Let me know the worst."

"Enough," said Dee. "And now listen to me. That carcase having been placed in the ground without the holy rites of burial being duly performed, I have power over it. And, as the witch of Endor, called up Samuel, as is recorded in Holy Writ,—as Erichtho raised up a corpse to reveal to Sextus Pompeius the event of the Pharsalian war,—as Elisha breathed life into the nostrils of the Shunamite's son,—as Alcestis was invoked by Hercules, — and as the dead maid was brought back to life by Apollonius Thyaneus,—so I, by certain powerful incantations, will allure the soul of the prophetess for a short space to its former tenement, and compel it to answer my questions. Dare you be present at this ceremony?"

"I dare," replied Fawkes.

"Follow me, then," said Dee. "You will need all your courage."

Muttering a hasty prayer, and secretly crossing himself, Guy Fawkes strode after him towards the grave. By the Doctor's directions, he, with some reluctance, assisted Kelley to raise the corpse, and convey it to the charnel. Dee followed, bearing the lantern; and, on entering the building, closed, and fastened the door.

The chamber in which Guy Fawkes found himself was in perfect keeping with the horrible ceremonial about to be performed. In one corner lay a mouldering heap of skulls, bones, and other fragments of mortality; in the other a pile of broken coffins, emptied of their tenants, and reared on end. But what chiefly attracted his attention, was a ghastly collection of human

limbs, blackened with pitch, girded round with iron hoops, and hung, like meat in a shambles, against the wall. There were two heads, and, though the features were scarcely distinguishable owing to the liquid with which they were saturated, they still retained a terrific expression of agony. Seeing his attention directed to these revolting objects, Kelley informed him that they were the quarters of the two priests who had recently been put to death, which had been left there previously to being placed on the church-gates. The implements, and some part of the attire used by the executioner in his butcherly office, were scattered about, and mixed with the tools of the sexton; while in the centre of the room stood a large wooden frame supported by trestles. On this frame, stained with blood, and smeared with pitch, showing the purpose to which it had been recently put, the body was placed. This done, Doctor Dee set down the lantern beside it. And, as the light fell upon its livid features, sullied with earth, and exhibiting traces of decay, Guy Fawkes was so appalled by the sight that he half repented of what he had undertaken.

Noticing his irresolution, Doctor Dee said, "You may yet retire if you think proper?"

"No," replied Fawkes, firmly. "I will go through with it."

"It is well," replied the Doctor. And he extinguished the light.

An awful silence now ensued, broken only by a low murmur from Doctor Dee, who appeared to be reciting an incantation. As he proceeded, his tones became louder, and his accents those of command. Suddenly, he paused, and seemed to await a response. But, as none was made, greatly to the disappointment of Guy Fawkes, whose curiosity, notwithstanding his fears, was raised to the highest pitch, he cried, "Blood is wanting to complete the charm."

"If that is all, I will speedily supply the deficiency," replied Guy Fawkes. And, drawing his rapier, he bared his left arm, and pricked it deeply with the point of the weapon.

"I bleed now," he cried.

"Sprinkle the corpse with the ruddy current," said Doctor Dee.

"Your commands are obeyed," replied Fawkes. "I have placed my hand on its breast, and the blood is flowing upon it."

Upon this, the Doctor began to mutter an incantation in a louder and more authoritative tone than before. Presently, Kelley added his voice, and they both joined in a sort of chorus, but in a jargon wholly unintelligible to Guy Fawkes.

All at once a blue flame appeared above their heads, and, slowly descending, settled upon the brow of the corpse, lighting up the sunken cavities of the eyes, and the discoloured and distorted features.

"The charm works," shouted Doctor Dee.

"She moves! she moves!" exclaimed Guy Fawkes. "She is alive."

"Take off your hand," cried the Doctor, "or mischief may befall you." And he again continued his incantation.

"Down on your knees!" he exclaimed, at length, in a terrible voice. "The spirit is at hand."

There was a rushing sound, and a stream of dazzling lightning shot down upon the corpse, which emitted a hollow groan. In obedience to the Doctor's commands, Guy Fawkes had prostrated himself on the ground, but he kept his gaze steadily fixed on the body, which to his infinite astonishment, slowly arose, until it stood erect upon the frame. There it remained perfectly motionless, with the arms close to the sides, and the habiliments torn and dishevelled. The blue light still retained its position upon the brow, and communicated a horrible glimmer to the features. The spectacle was so dreadful that Guy Fawkes would fain have averted his eyes, but he was unable to do so. Doctor Dee and his companion, meanwhile, continued their invocations, until, as it seemed to Fawkes, the lips of the corpse moved, and an awful voice exclaimed, "Why have you called me?"

"Daughter!" replied Doctor Dee, rising, "in life thou wert endowed with the gift of prophecy. In the grave, that which is to come must be revealed to thee. We would question thee."

"Speak, and I will answer," replied the corpse.

"Interrogate her, my son," said Dee, addressing Fawkes, "and be brief, for the time is short. So long only as that flame burns have I power over her."

"Spirit of Elizabeth Orton," cried Guy Fawkes, "if indeed thou standest before me, and some demon hath not entered thy frame to delude me, — by all that is holy, and by every blessed saint, I adjure thee to tell me whether the scheme on which I am now engaged for the advantage of the Roman Catholic Church will prosper?"

"Thou art mistaken, Guy Fawkes," returned the corpse. "That scheme is not for the advantage of thy Church."

"I will not pause to inquire wherefore," continued Fawkes. "But, grant that the means are violent and wrongful, will the end be successful?"

"The end will be death," replied the corpse.

"To the tyrant—to the oppressors?" demanded Fawkes.

"To the conspirators," was the answer.

"Ha!" ejaculated Fawkes.

"Proceed, if you have aught more to ask," cried Doctor Dee. "The flame is expiring."

"Shall we restore the fallen religion?" demanded Fawkes.

But before the words could be pronounced the light vanished, and a heavy sound was heard, as of the body falling on the frame.

"It is over," said Doctor Dee.

"Can you not summon her again?" asked Fawkes, in a tone of deep disappointment. "I had other questions to ask."

"Impossible," replied the Doctor. "The spirit is fled, and will not be recalled. We must now commit the body to the earth. And this time it shall be more decently interred."

"My curiosity is excited,—not satisfied," said Guy Fawkes. "Would it were to occur again!"

"It is ever thus," replied Doctor Dee. "We seek to know that which is interdicted, — and quench our thirst at a fountain which only inflames our curiosity the more. Be warned, my son. You are embarked on a perilous enterprise, and, if you pursue it, it will lead you to certain destruction."

"I cannot retreat," rejoined Fawkes, "and would not, if I could. I am bound by an oath too terrible to be broken."

"I will absolve you of your oath, my son," said Doctor Dee, eagerly.

"You cannot, reverend sir," replied Fawkes. "By no sophistry could I clear my conscience of the ties imposed upon it. I have sworn never to desist from the execution of this scheme, unless those engaged in it shall give me leave. Nay, so resolved am I, that if I stood alone I would go on."

As he spoke, a deep groan issued from the corpse.

"You are again warned, my son," said Dee.

"Come forth," said Guy Fawkes, rushing towards the door, and throwing it open. "This place stifles me."

The night has already been described as bright and beautiful. Before him stood the Collegiate bathed in moonlight. He gazed abstractedly at this venerable structure for a few moments, and then returned to the charnel, where he found Doctor Dee and Kelley employed in placing the body of the prophetess in a coffin, which they had taken from the pile in the corner. He immediately proffered his assistance, and in a short space the task was completed. The coffin was then borne towards the grave, at the edge of which it was laid while the burial-service was recited by Doctor Dee. This ended, it was lowered into its shallow resting-place, and speedily covered with earth.

When all was ready for their departure, the Doctor turned to Fawkes, and, bidding him farewell, observed,

"If you are wise, my son, you will profit by the awful warning you have this night received."

"Before we part, reverend sir," replied Fawkes, "I would ask if you know of other means whereby an insight may be obtained into the future?"

"Many, my son," replied Dee. "I have a magic glass, in which, with due preparation, you may behold exact representations of coming events. I am now returning to the college, and if you will accompany me, I will show it you."

The offer was eagerly accepted, and the party quitted the churchyard.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MAGIC GLASS.

The old College of Manchester occupied, as is well known the site of the existing structure, called after the benevolent individual by whom that admirable charity was founded, and whom we have ventured to introduce in this history, — the Chetham Hospital. Much, indeed, of the ancient building remains; for though it was considerably repaired and enlarged, being "very ruinous and in great decay," at the time of its purchase in 1654, by the feoffees under Humphrey Chetham's will from the sequestrators of the Earl of Derby's estates, still the general character of the fabric has been preserved, and several of its chambers retained. Originally built on the foundation of a manor-house denominated The Baron's Hall,—the abode of the Grelleys and the De la Warrs, lords of Manchester, — the College continued to be used as the residence of the warden and fellows of the Collegiate Church until the reign of Edward the First, when that body was dissolved. On the accession, however, of Mary, the College was re-established; but the residence of the ecclesiastical body being removed to a house in Deansgate, the building was allowed to become extremely dilapidated, and was used partly as a prison for recusants and other offenders, and partly as a magazine for powder. In this state Doctor Dee found it when he succeeded to the wardenship in 1595, and preferring it, notwithstanding its ruinous condition, to the house appointed for him elsewhere, took up his abode in it.

Situated on a high rock, overhanging the river Irk — at that time a clear stream, remarkable for the excellence of its fish, — and constructed entirely of stone, the old College had then, and still has to a certain extent, a venerable and monastic appearance. During Dee's occupation of it, it became a sort of weird abode in the eyes of the vulgar, and many a timorous look was cast at it by those who walked at eventide on the opposite bank of the Irk. Sometimes, the curiosity of the watchers was rewarded by beholding a few sparks issue from the chimney, and now and then, the red reflection of a fire might be discerned through the window. But generally nothing could be perceived, and the building seemed as dark and mysterious as its occupant.

One night, however, a loud explosion took place, — so loud, indeed, that it shook the whole pile to its foundation, dislodged one or two of the chimneys, and overthrew an old wall, the stones of which rolled into the river beneath. Alarmed by the concussion, the inhabitants of Hunt's bank rushed forth, and saw, to their great alarm, that the wing of the College occupied by Doctor Dee was in flames. Though many of them attributed the circumstance to supernatural agency, and were

fully persuaded that the enemy of mankind was at that instant bearing off his prey in the persons of the conjuror and his assistant, and refused to interfere to stop the conflagration; others more humane, and less superstitious, hastened to lend their aid to extinguish the flames. On reaching the College, they could scarcely credit their senses on finding that there was no appearance of fire; and they were met by the Doctor and his companion at the gates, who informed them that their presence was unnecessary, as all danger was over. From that night Doctor Dee's reputation as a wizard was firmly established.

At the period of this history, Doctor Dee was fast verging on eighty, having passed a long life in severe and abstruse study. He had travelled much, had visited most of the foreign courts, where he was generally well received, and was profoundly versed in mathematics, astronomy, the then popular science of judicial astrology, and other occult learning. So accurate were his calculations esteemed, that he was universally consulted as an oracle. For some time he resided in Germany, where he was invited by the Emperor Charles the Fifth, and retained by his brother and successor, Ferdinando. He next went to Louvain, where his reputation had preceded him; and from thence to Paris, where he lectured at the schools on geometry, and was offered a professorship of the university, but declined it. On his return to England in 1551, he was appointed one of the instructors of the youthful monarch Edward the Sixth, who presented him with an annual pension of a hundred marks. This he was permitted to commute for the rectory of Upton-upon-Severn, which he retained until the accession of Mary, when being charged with devising her Majesty's destruction by enchantments,—certain waxen images of the Queen having been found within his abode,—he was thrown into prison, rigorously treated, and kept in durance for a long period. At length, from want of sufficient proof against him, he was liberated.

Dee shared the common fate of all astrologers: he was alternately honoured and disgraced. His next patron was Lord Robert Dudley (afterwards Earl of Leicester), who, it is well known, was a firm believer in the superstitious arts to which Dee was addicted, and by whom he was employed, on the accession of Elizabeth, to erect a scheme to ascertain the best day for her coronation. His prediction was so fortunate that it procured him the favour of the Queen, from whom he received many marks of regard. As it is not needful to follow him through his various wanderings, it may be sufficient to mention, that in 1564 he proceeded to Germany on a visit to the Emperor Maximilian, to whom he dedicated his "*Monas Hieroglyphica*;" that in 1571 he fell grievously sick in Lorrain, whither two physicians were despatched to his aid by Elizabeth; and that on his recovery he returned to his own

country, and retired to Mortlake, where he gathered together a vast library, comprising the rarest and most curious works on all sciences, together with a large collection of manuscripts.

While thus living in retirement, he was sought out by Edward Kelley, a native of Worcestershire, who represented himself as in possession of an old book of magic, containing forms of invocation, by which spirits might be summoned and controlled, as well as a ball of ivory, found in the tomb of a bishop who had made great progress in hermetic philosophy, which was filled with the powder of projection. These treasures Kelley offered to place in the hands of the Doctor on certain conditions, which were immediately acquiesced in, and thenceforth, Kelley became a constant inmate in his house, and an assistant in all his practices. Shortly afterwards, they were joined by a Polish nobleman, Albert de Laski, Palatine of Suabia, whom they accompanied to Prague, at the instance of the Emperor Rodolph the Second, who desired to be initiated into their mysteries. Their reception at this court was not such as to induce a long sojourn at it; and Dee having been warned by his familiar spirits to sell his effects and depart, complied with the intimation, and removed to Poland. The same fate attended him here. The nuncio of the Pope denounced him as a sorcerer, and demanded that he should be delivered up to the Inquisition. This was refused by the monarch; but Dee and his companion were banished from his dominions, and compelled to fly to Bohemia, where they took refuge in the castle of Trebona, belonging to Count Rosenberg. Shortly after this, Dee and Kelley separated, the magical instruments being delivered to the former, who bent his course homewards, and on his arrival in London was warmly welcomed by the Queen. During his absence, his house at Mortlake had been broken open by the populace, under the pretence of its being the abode of a wizard, and rifled of its valuable library and manuscripts,—a loss severely felt by the Doctor. Some years were now passed by Dee in great destitution, during which he prosecuted his studies with the same ardour as before, until at length in 1595, when he was turned seventy, fortune again smiled upon him, and he was appointed to the wardenship of the College at Manchester, whither he repaired, and was installed in great pomp.

But his residence in this place was not destined to be a tranquil one. His reputation as a dealer in the black art had preceded him, and rendered him obnoxious to the clergy, with whom he had constant disputes, and a feud subsisted between him and the fellows of his church. It has already been mentioned that he refused to occupy the house allotted him, but preferred taking up his quarters in the old dilapidated college. Various reasons were assigned by his enemies for this singular choice of abode. They affirmed — and with some reason, that he selected it because he desired to elude observation, — and

that his mode of life, sufficiently improper in a layman, was altogether indecorous in an ecclesiastic. By the common people he was universally regarded as a conjuror — and many at first came to consult him; but he peremptorily dismissed all such applicants; and, when seven females, supposed to be possessed, were brought to him that he might exercise his power over the evil spirits, he refused to interfere. He also publicly examined and rebuked a juggler, named Hartley, who pretended to magical knowledge. But these things did not blind his enemies, who continued to harass him to such a degree, that he addressed a petition to James the First, entreating to be brought to trial, when the accusations preferred against him might be fully investigated, and his character cleared. This application, and another to the like effect addressed to parliament, were disregarded. Dee had not been long established in Manchester when he was secretly joined by Kelley, and they recommenced their search after the grand secret, — passing the nights in making various alchemycal experiments, or in fancied conferences with invisible beings.

Among other magical articles possessed by Doctor Dee was a large globe of crystal, which he termed the Holy Stone, because he believed it had been brought him by "angelical ministry;" and "in which," according to Meric Casaubon, "and out of which, by persons qualified for it, and admitted to the sight of it, all shapes and figures mentioned in every action were seen, and voices heard." The same writer informs us it was "round-shaped, of a pretty bigness, and most like unto crystal." Dee himself declared to the Emperor Rodolph, "that the spirits had brought him a stone of that value that no earthly kingdom was of such worthiness as to be compared to the virtue and dignity thereof." He was in the habit of daily consulting this marvellous stone, and recording the visions he saw therein, and the conferences he held through it with the invisible world.

Followed by Guy Fawkes and Kelley, the Doctor took his way down Long Mill Gate. Stopping at an arched gateway on the left, near which, on the site of the modern structure, stood the public school, founded at the beginning of the sixteenth century by Hugh Oldham, Bishop of Exeter,—he unlocked a small wicket, and entered a spacious court, surrounded on one side by high stone walls, and on the other by a wing of the college.

Conducting his guest to the principal entrance of the building, which lay at the farther end of the court, Doctor Dee ushered him into a large chamber, panelled with oak, and having a curiously-moulded ceiling, ornamented with grotesque sculpture. This room, still in existence, and now occupied by the master of the school, formed Doctor Dee's library. Offering Fawkes a chair, the Doctor informed him that when all was

ready, Kelley should summon him, and, accompanied by his assistant, he withdrew. Half an hour elapsed before Kelley returned. Motioning Guy Fawkes to follow him, he led the way through several intricate passages to a chamber, which was evidently the magician's sacred retreat. In a recess on one side stood a table, covered with cabalistic characters and figures, referring to the celestial influences. On this table was placed the holy stone, which diffused such a glistening radiance as is emitted by the pebble called cat's-eye. On the floor a wide circle was described, in the rings of which magical characters, resembling those on the table, were traced. In front of this stood a brasier, filled with flaming coals. Before it hung a heavy black curtain, appearing to shroud some mystery from view.

Desiring Fawkes to place himself in the centre of a circle, Doctor Dee cast several ingredients, which he took from a basket handed him by Kelley, into the brasier. As each herb or gum was ignited, the flame changed its colour; now becoming crimson, now green, now blue, while fragrant or noxious odours loaded the atmosphere. These suffumigations ended, Dee took a wand, and seating himself on a chair near the table, whither he was followed by Kelley, and commanding Fawkes not to move a footstep, as he valued his safety, he began in a solemn tone to utter an invocation. As he continued, a hollow noise was heard overhead, which gradually increased in loudness, until it appeared as if the walls were tumbling about their ears.

"The spirits are at hand!" cried Dee. "Do not look behind you, or they will tear you in pieces."

As he spoke, a horrible din was heard, as of mingled howling, shrieking, and laughter. This was succeeded by a low faint strain of music, which gradually died away, and then all was silent.

"All is prepared," cried Dee. "Now, what would you behold?'

"The progress of the great enterprise," replied Fawkes.

Doctor Dee waved his wand. The curtains slowly unfolded, and Guy Fawkes perceived as in a glass a group of dark figures; amongst which he noticed one in all respects resembling himself. A priest was apparently proposing an oath, which the others were uttering.

"Do you recognise them?" said Doctor Dee.

"Perfectly," replied Fawkes.

"Look again," said Dee.

As he spoke the figures melted away, and a new scene was presented on the glass. It was a gloomy vault, filled with barrels, partly covered with fagots and billets of wood.

"Have you seen enough?" demanded Dee.

"No," replied Fawkes, firmly. "I have seen what is past. I would behold that which is to come."

"Look again, then," rejoined the Doctor, waving his wand.

For an instant the glass was darkened, and nothing could be discerned except the lurid flame and thick smoke arising from the brasier. The next moment, an icy chill shot through the frame of Guy Fawkes as he beheld a throng of skeletons arranged before him. The bony fingers of the foremost of the grisly assemblage were pointed towards an indistinct object at its feet. As this object gradually became more defined, Guy Fawkes perceived that it was a figure resembling himself, stretched upon the wheel, and writhing in the agonies of torture.

He uttered an exclamation of terror, and the curtains were instantly closed.

Half an hour afterwards, Guy Fawkes quitted the college, and returned to the Seven Stars.

CHAPTER IX.

THE PRISON ON SALFORD BRIDGE.

On the following morning, Guy Fawkes had a long and private conference with Father Oldcorne. The priest appeared greatly troubled by the communication made to him, but he said nothing, and was for some time lost in reflection, and evidently weighing within himself what course it would be best to pursue. His uneasiness was not without effect on Viviana Radcliffe, and she ventured at last to inquire whether he apprehended any new danger.

"I scarcely know what I apprehend, dear daughter," he answered. "But circumstances have occurred which render it impossible we can remain longer in our present asylum with safety. We must quit it at nightfall."

"Is our retreat then discovered?" inquired Viviana, in alarm.

"Not as yet, I trust," replied Oldcorne; "but I have just ascertained from a messenger that the pursuivant whom we thought had departed for Chester, is still lingering within the town. He has offered a large reward for my apprehension, and having traced us to Manchester, declares he will leave no house unsearched till he finds us. He has got together a fresh band of soldiers, and is now visiting every place which he thinks likely to afford us shelter."

"If this is the case?" said Viviana, "why remain here a single moment? Let us fly at once."

"That would avail nothing,—or rather, it would expose us to fresh risk, dear daughter," replied Oldcorne. "Every approach to the town is guarded, and soldiers are posted at the corners of the streets, who stop, and examine each suspected person."

"Heaven protect us!" exclaimed Viviana.

"But this is not all," continued the priest. "By some inexplicable and mysterious means, the designs of certain of the most

assured friends of the Catholic cause have come to the knowledge of our enemies, and the lives and safeties of many worthy men will be endangered: amongst others, that of your father."

"You terrify me!" cried Viviana.

"The rack shall force nothing from me, father," said Fawkes, sternly.

"Nor from me, my son," rejoined Oldcorne. "I have that within me which will enable me to sustain the bitterest agonies that the persecutors of our Church can inflict."

"Nor shall it force aught from me," added Viviana. "For, though you have trusted me with nothing that can implicate others, I plainly perceive some plot is in agitation for the restoration of our religion, and I more than suspect Mr. Catesby is its chief contriver."

"Daughter!" exclaimed Oldcorne, uneasily.

"Fear nothing, father," she rejoined. "As I have said, the rack shall not force me to betray you. Neither should it keep me silent when I feel that my counsel—such as it is,—may avail you. The course you are pursuing is a dangerous and fatal one,—dangerous to yourselves, and fatal to the cause you would serve. Do not deceive yourselves. You are struggling hopelessly and unrighteously, and Heaven will never prosper an undertaking which has its aim in the terrible waste of life you meditate."

Father Oldcorne made no reply, but walked apart with Guy Fawkes; and Viviana abandoned herself to sorrowful reflection.

Shortly after this, the door was suddenly thrown open, and Humphrey Chetham rushed into the room. His looks were so full of apprehension, that Viviana was at no loss to perceive that some calamity was at hand.

"What is the matter?" she cried, rising.

"The pursuivant and his men are below," he replied. "They are interrogating the hostess, and are about to search the house. I managed to pass them unperceived."

"We will resist them to the last," said Guy Fawkes, drawing a petronel.

"Resistance will be in vain," rejoined Humphrey Chetham. "They more than treble our number."

"Is there no means of escape?" asked Viviana.

"None whatever," replied Chetham. "I hear them on the stairs. The terrified hostess has not dared to deny you, and is conducting them hither."

"Stand back!" cried Guy Fawkes, striding towards the door, "and let me alone confront them. That accursed pursuivant has escaped me once. But he shall not do so a second time."

"My son," said Oldcorne, advancing towards him, "preserve yourself, if possible. Your life is of consequence to the great cause. Think not of us—think not of revenging yourself upon this caitiff. But think of the high destiny for which you are

reserved. That window offers a means of retreat. Avail yourself of it. Fly !—fly ! "

" Ay, fly ! " repeated Viviana. " And you, Master Chetham, —your presence here can do no good. Quick !—they come ! "

" Nothing should induce me to quit you at such a moment, Miss Radcliffe," replied Chetham, " but the conviction that I may be able to liberate you, should these miscreants convey you to prison."

" Fly ! — fly, my son," cried Oldcorne. " They are at the door."

Thus urged, Guy Fawkes reluctantly yielded to Oldcorne's entreaties, and sprang through the window. He was followed by Chetham. Viviana rushed to the casement, and saw that they had alighted in safety on the ground, and were flying swiftly up Shude Hill. Meanwhile, the pursuivant had reached the door, which Chetham had taken the precaution to fasten, and was trying to burst it open. The bolts offered but a feeble resistance to his fury, and the next moment he burst into the room, at the head of a band of soldiers.

" Seize them ! " he cried. " Ha ! " he added, glancing round the room with a look of disappointment, " where are the others ? Where is the soldier in the Spanish garb ? Where is Master Chetham. Confess at once, dog ! " he continued, seizing the priest by the throat, or I will pluck the secret from your breast."

" Do not harm him," interposed Viviana. " I will answer the question. They are fled."

" Fled ! " echoed the pursuivant in consternation. " In what way ? "

" Through that window," replied Viviana.

" After them ! " cried the pursuivant to some of his attendants. " Take the soldier dead or alive. And now," he continued, as his orders were obeyed, " you Father Oldcorne, Jesuit and traitor, and you Viviana Radcliffe, his shelterer and abettor, I shall convey you both to the prison on Salford Bridge. Seize them, and bring them along."

" Touch me not," said Viviana, pushing the men aside, who rudely advanced to obey their leader's command. " You have no warrant for this brutality. I am ready to attend you. Take my arm, father."

Abashed at this reproof, the pursuivant stalked out of the room. Surrounded by the soldiers, Viviana and the priest followed. The sad procession was attended by crowds to the very door of the prison, where, by the pursuivant's commands, they were locked in separate cells.

The cell in which Viviana was confined was a small chamber situated at the back of the prison, and on the upper story. It had a small grated window overlooking the river. It has already been mentioned that this prison was originally a chapel built in the reign of Edward the Third, and had only recently been con-

verted into a place of security for recusants. The chamber allotted to Viviana was contrived in the roof, and was so low that she could scarcely stand upright in it. It was furnished with a chair, a small table, and a straw pallet.

The hours passed wearily with Viviana as they were marked by the deep-toned clock of the Collegiate Church, the tall tower of which fronted her window. Oppressed by the most melancholy reflections, she was for some time a prey almost to despair. On whatever side she looked, the prospect was equally cheerless, and her sole desire was that she might find a refuge from her cares in the seclusion of a convent. For this she prayed,—and she prayed also that Heaven would soften the hearts of her oppressors, and enable those who suffered to endure their yoke with patience. In the evening, provisions were brought her, and placed upon the table, together with a lamp, by a surly-looking gaoler. But Viviana had no inclination to eat, and left them untouched. Neither could she prevail upon herself to lie down on the wretched pallet, and she therefore determined to pass the night in the chair.

After some hours of watchfulness, her eyelids closed, and she continued to slumber until she was aroused by a slight noise at the window. Starting at the sound, she flew towards it, and perceived in the gloom the face of a man. She would have uttered a loud cry, when the circumstances of her situation rushed to mind, and the possibility that it might be a friend occurred to her, and checked her. The next moment, she was satisfied of the truth of her conjecture. A voice, which she recognised as that of Humphrey Chetham, called to her by name in a low tone, bidding her fear nothing, as he was come to set her free.

"How have you contrived to reach this window?" asked Viviana.

"By a rope-ladder," he answered. "I have contrived in the darkness to clamber upon the roof of the prison from the parapets of the bridge, and, after securing the ladder to a projection, have dropped the other end into a boat, rowed by Guy Fawkes, and concealed beneath the arches of the bridge. If I can remove this bar so as to allow you to pass through the window, dare you descend the ladder?"

"No," replied Viviana, shuddering. "My brain reels at the mere idea."

"Think of the fate you will escape," urged Chetham.

"And what will become of Father Oldcorne?" said Viviana. "Where is he?"

"In the cell immediately beneath you," replied Chetham.

"Can you not liberate him?" she asked.

"If he will risk the descent," answered Chetham.

"Free him first," said Viviana, "and at all hazards I will accompany you."

The young merchant made no reply, but disappeared from the window. Viviana strained her gaze downwards; but the night was too dark to allow her to see anything. She, however, heard a noise like that produced by a file, and shortly afterwards a few muttered words informed her that the priest was passing through the window. The cords of the ladder shook against the bars of her window, — and she held her breath for fear. From this state of suspense she was relieved in a few minutes by Humphrey Chetham, who informed her that Oldcorne had descended in safety, and was in the boat with Guy Fawkes.

"I will fulfil my promise," replied Viviana, trembling; "but I fear my strength will fail me."

"You had better risk death from the river than tarry here," replied Humphrey Chetham, who as he spoke was rapidly filing through the iron bar. "In a few minutes this impediment will be removed."

The young merchant worked hard, and in a short time the stout bar yielded to his efforts.

"Now, then," he cried, springing into the room, "you are free."

"I dare not make the attempt," said Viviana; "my strength utterly fails me."

"Nay, then," he replied, "I will take the risk upon myself. You must not remain here."

So saying, he caught her in his arms, and bore her through the window.

With some difficulty, and no little risk, he succeeded in gaining a footing on the ladder. This accomplished, he began slowly to descend. When half way down, he found he had overrated his strength, and he feared he should be compelled to quit his hold; but, nerved by his passion, he held on, and making a desperate effort, completed the descent in safety.

"Heaven be praised! you are safe," he cried, pressing Viviana to his bosom.

"I owe my life — more than life to you," she answered, ardently returning his embrace.

As soon as Chetham had dropped into the boat, Guy Fawkes suffered it to drift down the stream; and when it got to a sufficient distance from the bridge to allow him to use the oars with safety, he plunged them into the stream, and began to row off with great swiftness.

THE PICTURE BEDROOM.

BY DALTON.

"Talk not so flippantly on matters you don't understand, Master Fred," said Mr. Gregory Singleton.

"God bless me!" exclaimed the young ensign thus addressed, "how you barrister people snap one up! A man cannot be expected to understand all he talks about."

"That would certainly prove a clog upon the conversation of some people," returned Mr. Singleton; "and on that account I would have them less positive and less contemptuous in their manner than we sometimes find them."

"Why, devil take it!"—the young gentleman, it should be borne in mind, was on the eve of joining his regiment for the first time, and expressed himself in language of proportionate strength—"Why, devil take it! you don't mean to say — confound it! —*you* don't believe in ghosts, do you?"

"That is hardly the point," rejoined the first speaker. "Many men, however, of wit and learning have done so; and even I could tell a tale—"

"A ghost story! a ghost story!" burst from a dozen pairs of lips, and ran like wild fire through the party. It was a large party — a Christmas party — need we add, a merry party? A word, a look, might sometimes perchance recall to the elder portion the image of some lost or absent one; but the light and noisy spirits around in an instant dispelled the gloom. A sigh might escape the mother's bosom; but it passed unheeded, save by him alone who knew too well its meaning. Such was the party, — and as the large hand of the unrelenting clock was rapidly approaching an hour held in especial abhorrence by all good little boys and girls, the said juveniles eagerly snatched at the straw which might preserve them for a time from immersion beneath the bed-clothes.

"Pray be quiet!—Uncle Gregory is going to tell us a nice ghost story," exclaimed a demure-looking little girl, balancing herself upon that gentleman's knee; and immediately, maugre the combined efforts of papa and mamma, "Uncle Gregory" was hidden from sight by a cluster of young expectants.

"For Heaven's sake, my dear, make those children get down!" cried Mr. Singleton, senior, alarmed at the disappearance of his guest. "Box their ears, Gregory, or they'll smother you."

"Oh, papa, we must hear the ghost story," remonstrated the clamberers, contending vigorously for a good seat.

"Oh, the devil—yes, let's have it," added the son of Mars; "'pon my soul, we must. What say you, Doctor?"

The doctor was sipping a glass of port: he was a grave man, and a learned, as he needs must, being a doctor and a professor of moral philosophy to boot. The eyes of the young company sought with supplicatory expression his fiat.

"By all means," said Dr. Doddle, graciously, "by all means, let us hear it; though as to the theory of supernatural apparitions—"

"There, there, uncle!" cried the little ones, nestling closer; "Dr. Doddle says you are to begin."

"Well," replied Mr. Gregory, "I hardly bargained for this; but

take your knuckles out of my neckloth, and I surrender at discretion.

"All was dark and melancholy at Heatherstone Hall. It was, indeed, a place which seldom exhibited a very lively appearance under the most favourable circumstances; but now a December storm without, and a scene of sickness within, plunged the old mansion in deeper gloom than usual. The lord of the hall, and of hundreds of acres of fair Kentish land thereunto attached, lay within its principal chamber. Stretched on a bed of antique form, his head propped up by pillows, he gazed earnestly on the mild and dignified countenance of a gentleman who sat by his side; his fixed look, clenched hands, and compressed mouth betrayed the deep anxiety with which he heard the tale, apparently wrung unwillingly from the lips of the latter.

"'On, on, on!' gasped the sick man passionately, his eyes becoming every instant more horribly prominent and ghastly. 'Alfred is a spendthrift, a gamester, a profligate. I might have known it. Fool, madman that I was, to hope otherwise! His wretched father was so before him.'

"'He has paid the penalty of his fault,' gently observed the other.

"'He has,' continued the invalid, increasing in vehemence, 'and so shall his son. He shall live a beggar, starve, or die by his own desperate hand, as—as—died—'

"'His father, your unhappy son,' interposed Dr. Danville, the gentleman by the bedside. He rested his chin musingly on a stout gold-headed cane, and turned his pale expressive countenance upon a shovel hat, which seemed pertly to return the look from a chair directly opposite.

"'Go on,' said Sir John; 'let me know the worst. Where is he now?'

"'I believe—that is, I have reason to fear,' continued the Doctor, 'that he is at the present moment lodged in a debtor's prison.'

"'There let him lie and rot!' exclaimed the old man fiercely, 'pine away body and spirit—not one farthing of mine shall go to save him. Doctor,' he went on, turning sharply round, and speaking in a changed and hurried tone, 'they tell me I have not many days to reckon upon here,—and I hope and believe in none hereafter;—no matter for that,—don't interrupt me, but listen. You are a prudent man,—have made money—saved money—more, perhaps, than you care the world should know. Don't answer me—I know it, and respect you for it. You see that will: by virtue of it, at my death you were to receive five thousand pounds,—the remainder of my dead daughter's fortune,—the bulk of my property was to go to her spendthrift nephew—burn it now—before my face.'

The Doctor exhibited symptoms of reluctance.

"'Consider, sir,' he began, 'the manifold afflictions of the young man. Could we but reform this lost, and perhaps repentant—'

"'No cant to me,' interrupted the baronet sharply. 'I had resolved to cast him off before. His long neglect was sufficient cause; and your present tale but explains that, and confirms my determination. Burn it, or I'll find some less scrupulous agent. In that drawer lies another, by which you are left my sole heir, on the con-

dition—mark me—on the condition of your swearing never by act or influence, directly or indirectly, to assist with money or otherwise, my abandoned grandson. Do you accept the conditions?'

"'Why, really,' stammered the Doctor, not quite prepared for such a sweeping proposition, 'if you would reflect for one instant—'

"'Good—you refuse!' exclaimed the sick man hastily.

"'No, no—you misunderstand me,' continued Dr. Danville, seeing clearly that the occasion did not admit of coquetting. 'If you insist, I have no alternative; but believe me my heart bleeds for the young man.'

"'Enough. Burn the instrument.' And Dr. Danville, rising deliberately, put the parchment upon the fire, forcing it between the bars with the end of his cane, as it curled and shrivelled in the flames. The sick man continued. 'The other shall be signed and witnessed in the morning. And now leave me. I feel composed, and inclined for rest. Be here to-morrow at eleven, and let Jobson, my attorney, accompany you.'

"On the following morning, at one minute and a half to the appointed hour, Dr. Danville knocked gently at the portal of Heatherstone Hall—Mr. Jobson stood respectfully behind him—his (the doctor's) shovel hat looked more glossy than ever; his plain cut coat was without a wrinkle, his black gaiters without a speck; a smile of placid and benignant satisfaction gathered on his countenance.

"'How is your master, Anne, this morning?" he inquired, in a sweetly-modulated tone. The old woman grinned. 'Better?'

"'Dead,' was the reply.

"'Dead!' gasped the Doctor, letting drop in his confusion a pair of superfine kid gloves upon the step: 'Dead!—and the will not signed!'

"'Dead,' repeated Mistress Annie, and closed the door with a bang."

"But, uncle," interposed one of the most attentive of the little auditors, "if the old gentleman died without a will, what became of Dr. Danville?"

"Dr. Danville, my dear, was diddled," replied Mr. Singleton.

"I wish the ghost would come," observed Miss Emily; and her uncle resumed.

"The Hall and adjoining woodlands of Heatherstone had been bestowed by King Charles the Second upon one of the most licentious of his courtiers, a certain Sir Walter Thornton, surnamed 'The Handsome:' in the possession of this gentleman's descendants they had ever since continued. The late proprietor, Sir John Thornton, had experienced many mortifications in early life, which by no means contributed to mollify a temper naturally morose and revengeful. He smiled indeed in public rather more perhaps than had been his custom, but amply rewarded himself by fourfold severity at home. His daughter, the wife of Dr. Danville, died young and childless; and his son, a young man of rather extravagant habits, alone remained to sustain the baronet's increasing ill humour. He married—married directly against his father's positive commands. Sir John vowed he would never see him more. His friends laughed, said he would come round in time; but he never *did*. The old gentleman was as good as his word.

"The suicide of that son, weighed down by his father's continued

displeasure, and the premature death of her for whom he had incurred it, has been already hinted at. She died, leaving an only son, who was readily received by a maternal aunt, an elderly unmarried lady, was placed by her at a public school, and in due course of time graduated at Oxford. He was still pursuing his studies there, when an epistle from the before-mentioned Mr. Jobson, directed to Sir Alfred Thornton, informed him of his grandfather's having died intestate, and of his consequent promotion from a fellowship of three hundred pounds per annum to a baronetage, with an income of twice as many thousands.

"Dr. Danville's account, therefore, of his nephew was not altogether correct. Perhaps the good gentleman had been himself imposed upon; perhaps—but guesses are impertinent. It was certain, however, that by his advice Alfred had never intruded upon the notice of Sir John, and had thereby incurred the imputation of marked neglect.

"The young heir, of course, bade farewell to Alma Mater, and hastened forthwith to London, whither the deceased had left directions that his body should be conveyed; thence, the funeral having been duly 'performed,' Sir Alfred, after the lapse of a few weeks, set out to take possession of his inheritance. He was accompanied in his journey by a young friend, Mr. Vane, of Brazen-nose. On his arrival at the Hall, he was received with the usual demonstrations of delight. His appearance, indeed, and manners, so different from the hauteur of the stern Sir John, quickly won the affections of the warm-hearted peasantry. Even Dr. Danville met his nephew with open arms, nor once alluded to those little indiscretions, by the recital of which the late baronet had been so strongly moved.

"Two days had been spent in business ere the two friends visited the chamber in which Sir John had breathed his last. Certain mysterious hints, however, at length reached their ears, and they determined to examine it forthwith. It appeared that some absurd tradition was connected with the room, which the death that had so recently occurred in it was supposed in some way to confirm.

"It was extracted from old Annie, the housekeeper, (excellent authority on all such matters,) that the Picture Bedroom, as it was called, had, with no inconsiderable portion of the house, been built by 'the handsome Sir Walter,' and was supposed to have been the scene of many of the dark crimes laid to his charge. One thing was past doubt: he himself had in that very apartment met with a bloody death. The circumstances attending it had, however, either never been exactly known, or had been forgotten during the lapse of so many years. It was said that the brother-in-law of Sir Walter, being a guest in the house, had heard in the night shrieks and cries for assistance, proceeding from the room occupied by the lord and lady of the mansion; that he burst open the door and rushed in, but what then and there met his eyes no one ever knew; for in the struggle which followed Sir Walter was shot through the head, and his opponent immediately took horse, and made his escape to France. As to the lady, who might perhaps have unravelled the mystery, she survived but a few years, which were spent in alternate fits of raving madness and childish imbecility.

"This account had been handed down of the fate of the founder of the family; but in later times certain lovers of the marvellous, Mis-

tress Annie among the number, had discovered that this chamber was particularly fatal to the race of Thornton, and that most of the possessors of the estates had died within its precincts; on which account Mistress Annie superinduced, *suo periculo*, that 'never a one died a natural death; they had,' she maintained, 'drooped and pined away, without any apparent disease.'

"The chamber thus vilified was unquestionably the most comfortable one in the mansion. It was in form an oblong, lighted from the farther end by a large oriel window, opposite to which, and to the right hand of the door on entering, stood a heavy and handsomely carved bedstead. From the wainscoted walls on either side smiled or frowned, as the case might be, the portraits of the Thornton family; the founder himself, a young man of singularly beautiful and almost effeminate features, held a conspicuous situation over the mantel-piece, which, like the bedstead, was adorned with costly carving. A curious cabinet on the other side of the room, with several high-backed chairs, formed the ancient portion of the furniture. There were, besides, importations of a later date, and more fashionable structure. Such was the apartment, which Alfred no sooner viewed than he determined to appropriate it to his own use, despite the entreaties of Mistress Annie, the shrugs of old Burton the gamekeeper, and the undisguised horror of the rest of the establishment.

"'Twas a tempestuous night; the wind was heard to moan through the aged oaks, and the rain was dashed violently by fitful gusts against the casements, when Alfred retired to rest. He was in a state hovering between sleep and wakefulness, when his all but departed senses were recalled by the opening of his window; he started from his bed; the increasing storm afforded a ready solution of the mystery; and, having secured the fastenings, he again sought his pillow, half ashamed at certain vague apprehensions which so simple an occurrence had excited.

"He was aroused in the morning by Vane, who, equipped for a shooting excursion, entered his room.

"'Come, get up!' he exclaimed, 'and let us proceed to astonish the pheasants; breakfast has been ready this hour or more: but, what's the matter with you?—you don't look well;—you are as white as a sheet. You haven't seen the ghost of your grandfather, eh?—or dreamt of the devil, have you?'

"'Neither, on my word, Harry; but I certainly do not feel in spirits; I have over-fatigued myself;' and Sir Alfred rose from his bed weak and unrefreshed.

"'Nonsense,' said Vane; 'this room is haunted, depend upon it, by some disembodied ague, or immaterial jaundice; but, haunted or not, you have had a visiter last night. Don't blush, man, but look in the glass.'

"There on his neck Alfred beheld a small spot, apparently the bite of one of those interesting little animals whose education, long neglected, has of late years occupied the attention of sundry propagators of useful knowledge.

"'But, come, don't look so confoundedly dull,' continued Harry; 'everything around is bright and gay—nay, even your old great-great-great-grandfather there, over the mantelpiece, looks quite blooming this morning.'

"Alfred regarded the portrait of Sir Walter with some attention.

"'Either my eyes deceive me,' he said, after a pause, 'or there is some change in the tints of that picture since yesterday; the eyes, the lips, and cheeks, have a hue of life and freshness,—in short, the whole countenance appears to me brighter and more ruddy than when we before examined it together.'

"Vane stared at his friend, and uttered something very like the monosyllable 'fudge.'

"'And, do you know,' added Alfred with a little hesitation; 'I have a strong impression of having seen the original of that picture, and that very lately, or—or else I must have dreamt it.'

"'Possibly,' replied Vane drily, and the conversation dropped.

"It was not till towards evening, and after he had indulged in a more liberal allowance than usual of old port, that the young baronet recovered his cheerfulness; then, at an early hour, and no ways daunted by his want of rest on the preceding night, he a second time retired to the Picture Bedroom. He was quickly unrobed and in slumber, when, at about the middle of the night, he was awakened by a sharp pricking sensation in his throat; on opening his eyes he saw, or fancied he saw, through the gloom, a human face within a foot of his own; it was instantly withdrawn. The circumstance, however, strangely enough, did not prove sufficient to arouse Alfred's energies, and he almost instantaneously sank again into a deep lethargy. His appearance on the ensuing morning startled and alarmed the kind-hearted Vane. Sir Alfred, however, would not satisfy the anxious enquiries of his friend; all that could be drawn from him was, that some mystery did actually exist in connection with his apartment, which, at all risks, he was determined to fathom. Meanwhile, such was his weakness and lassitude that Vane, without consulting his inclination, despatched a servant to Canterbury for medical assistance.

"Mr. Shuffle (his name had once been a polysyllable) found Alfred stretched upon a sofa in a state of extreme debility; he was pronounced to be in a low fever, and Mr. Shuffle having promised to "put him up a little something," was about to take his leave, when his patient, apologising for mentioning such a trifle, called his attention to the mark in his neck. 'It was beginning,' he said, 'to give him considerable inconvenience.' The spot being examined, two small incisions were observed. Fifty different conjectures as to their origin were advanced, all equally unsatisfactory; while Mistress Annie, 'making that darker which was dark enough without,' positively declared, that a similar wound in the same place had been visible on the person of her former master. The opinion of Mr. Shuffle was the one least liable to objection: he said, 'that as near as he could guess, he could not tell what it was,' and there the matter rested.

"Unmoved by the remonstrances of his friend, and the supplications of the old housekeeper, Alfred persisted in his resolve of spending that night also alone, in the same apartment.

"'It will be your death — it will, indeed,' blubbered Mistress Annie, as the young man, with a brace of pistols tucked under his arm, again ascended to the chamber above. Having carefully charged his weapons, he secured both door and window, and next proceeded to examine if there was any concealed means of ingress. He could discover, however, no trace of secret passage or sliding panel,

and, at length satisfied with his search, placed his pistols on a chair at the right-hand side of his bed, while he once more sought his pillow. Weak and wearied as he was, he determined to spend that night in watching, and test, as far as possible, the validity of certain strange suspicions that weighed upon his mind.

"Eleven — twelve — one o'clock passed by in tedious quietness, and Alfred was on the point of abandoning his design, when a slight rattling of the casement caught his ear. One of the compartments of the window opened slowly, and a muffled figure passed into the apartment. Alfred's heart beat high; the perspiration stood in cold drops upon his brow; he watched the figure in silence; it glided noiselessly along the left-hand wall; arrived at the fire-place—it paused for an instant, and turned half round. At this moment the full moon, bursting from behind a cloud, threw a flood of pale light into the apartment, which illuminated the stranger, and the spot upon which he was standing, immediately under the portrait of 'The handsome Sir Walter:' a single glance at his features told Alfred that the picture and its original were at once before him. The eyes of both intently fixed upon his own.

"The report of a pistol, and the noise of a heavy fall, soon brought Harry Vane, armed with a poker, into the chamber. The servants also, each seizing the readiest weapon, hurried in the same direction. The door was quickly forced, and there, on the ground, with eyes starting from their sockets, and directed towards the open window, lay Sir Alfred Thornton, his right hand still grasping the discharged pistol. Some time elapsed ere a word could be elicited from him. At length, having ordered the servants to retire, he told the above tale to his bewildered guest. In continuation, he informed him 'that the man, ghost, devil, or whatever he might be, had proceeded to advance to his bedside, till, unable to restrain himself farther, he started up, and grasped his pistol, the figure fled precipitately towards the window, but, ere it reached it, he had fired. 'My hand and eye are, as you know, pretty steady,' he said.

"'Both have, however, failed you for once,' interrupted Vane. 'Look yonder at the picture; you have played the devil with a splendid Vandyke, but I doubt your having damaged any other representative of your illustrous ancestor.' And there, assuredly, through the very centre of the forehead of the portrait had the bullet passed. This fact, which appeared to explain the whole affair to Vane, who ascribed it to the effect of a feverish dream, involved Alfred in fresh perplexity. 'He had,' he said, 'from the smoke, and from falling entangled by the clothes as he endeavoured to spring from his bed, been unable to mark the exit of the intruder; but of his entrance into the room he was sure, and the open window seemed to corroborate the statement.

"To retire to rest again was, of course, not to be thought of; indeed Vane, sceptic as he was, began to be shaken in his incredulity. Discussion, however, was at the moment interrupted by the distant report of fire-arms. Some ten or a dozen shots were heard in rapid succession, and, shortly after, a knocking at the garden-gates. Admittance was craved on the part of Lieutenant Smith of the Coast-Guard, and of course readily granted.

"The officer, a short, stout, little gentleman, in a naval cap and

pilot coat, together with several of his men, was ushered into the extensive hall. A cheerful fire was soon blazing, and abundance of solid refreshment produced. Lieutenant Smith, having taken off the edge of his appetite by devouring a pound and a half of cold meat, and some three pints of ale, pulled off his cap, stretched his legs (they needed it), and proceeded to inform his host that he had ventured so far inland in search of certain contrabandists, of whose rendezvous at the neighbouring churchyard of Charlton he had received information; that the rascals had given him the slip, and escaped, a few shots being interchanged rather as a matter of compliment than anything else. 'However,' added the stout Smith, 'at sunrise we will search the spot, and see if our precipitate friends have in their hurry left anything behind them.'

"In the course of the examination to which the pretty little churchyard was subjected in the morning, one of the seamen observed a door at the bottom of two or three steps, directly under the chancel-window, to be ajar; it was apparently the entrance to a vault, and clearly no bad hiding-place for the sort of goods of which they were in search. An exclamation from the man drew to the spot Vane and Sir Alfred, who were present at the inquisition.

"'They have been disturbing our family vault,' exclaimed the latter, as he hastily descended the steps. On the ground surrounded by mouldering coffins, each containing some forgotten member of the house of Thornton, lay the body of a man, wrapped in a horseman's cloak; he was lying upon his face, and stretched across the marble slab that marked the earthly resting-place of the Sir Walter so often mentioned. On turning him round, a frightful wound in the forehead, which disfigured the whole countenance, was visible.

"'Stiff—decidedly stiff,' remarked the Lieutenant oracularly; 'a chance shot must have taken him as he was creeping out of his hole. Here, wipe the blood from the scoundrel's face some of ye. Umph! not a bad-looking fellow, by Jove! But, bless me, Sir Alfred, what's the matter?' Alfred, after gazing earnestly on the distorted countenance of the corpse, had fallen senseless into the arms of his companion.

"Two months after the occurrence just related, an invalid, who had been evidently suffering under severe illness, might have been seen pacing the terrace of the Donjon walk at Canterbury. He was accompanied and supported by a young man of stronger frame, and the two were engaged in earnest conversation.

"'Your arguments are useless, Harry,' said Sir Alfred Thornton, —for it was he. 'No—no; I would that I could be persuaded; but those features are too indelibly fixed upon my memory to allow of the possibility of doubt.'

"Well, I plead guilty myself to tracing, or fancying that I traced, some kind of resemblance to the portrait,' replied Vane; 'but your notion is the wildest I ever met with. You know, my dear fellow, it is impossible—it can't be. As Smith observed, the man must have received the shot while ascending the steps to follow his companions. Nay, even admitting the existence of that most horrible of all supernatural visitants, a——'

"'Hold—hold, for Heaven's sake!' exclaimed his friend; 'speculations are idle. It is a subject which I shrink from contemplating, and, if you love me, Vane, it will be henceforth dropped for ever.'"

Mr. Singleton paused. A dead silence endured for upwards of a minute. The little boys and girls looked first at their uncle, then at one another. At length Emily, in a most subdued tone, ventured to enquire, "Is that all?"

"Yes, that 's all," replied Mr. Singleton; "so get down, and pour me out a glass of wine, that 's a darling!"

"Odd," said Mr. Singleton, senior.

"Very strange!" said his wife. "Pray, Gregory, how was the affair explained?"

"It never was explained," replied Gregory; "but both Vane and Sir Alfred Thornton—at least the gentlemen to whom I have given those names—are still alive. That portion, however, of Heatherstone Hall, which contained the Picture Bedroom, has since been burnt down, and, as no claim was ever made upon any insurance office, it has been inferred that the fire was not altogether accidental."

"Very unaccountable," muttered Mrs. Singleton.

"It is odd—very odd," repeated her spouse.

"Devil take me if I can understand it!" ejaculated the son of Mars. "What do you think, uncle?"

"Why, Fred," replied Uncle Gregory gravely, "I would rather not express an opinion upon the point."

"Pshaw!" returned Fred. "What do you say, Doctor? What 's your opinion?"

"Ah! what *is* your opinion?" asked the Paterfamilias; in which he was backed by an inquiring glance from his lady.

"What does Dr. Doddle say?" echoed all the little olive-branches,—every eye was upon the Professor.

"Why," said the Doctor with deliberation, "the matter has, I confess, its difficulties, which it would be tedious to go into; but my own way of accounting for this strange occurrence is,—that it is a confounded lie from beginning to end."

A REVERIE.

BY J. A. WADE.

Rapt in a solitude of scene and thought,
Where not a sound but Nature's calmest voice,
Or pulse of life, was heard; upon a bank
That shelv'd adown a forest, then begun
To stretch its giant limbs in further growth,
Nursed by the genial spring, I laid me down,
And had sweet converse with the dreamy sprites
That visit men in sleep. Before mine eyes,
Shut to this world, most sylvan visions danced,
While on mine ear a low, sweet descant breathed:
One moment gentle as the wind-lute's sigh,
Anon, in madness, sweeping hurried strains,
Like a prophetic bard's in frenzy lost!
Again, soft tinkling rivulets were heard,
And now, deep rumbling far, a cataract
Held on its sullen bass, and fill'd with dread
The intervals of softer sounds.



"Come, let's look at your face, my dear."

AN IMPUDENT MONKEY.

Ringtail Chattar, Esquire, of—*any* Lodge, in *any* county where he can get board, is one of the finest specimens of the impudent monkey extant. His mental perception is as insensible to a hint that he is *de trop*, as his body is to a kick; the first having been fruitlessly tried in ordinary cases, and the latter when those who have got "bored" by him have been compelled to proceed to *extremities*, and propel him *in to-to!*

He wonders what the deuce people "would have," but never imagines what they "would *not* have;" for that they want to be rid of him, neither his inordinate vanity nor his personal convenience will for a moment allow. Then he is so very agreeable! and the organ of imitation is so largely developed in his simious sconce, that he confidently believes he can do anything and—anybody!

With the fair sex he considers himself irresistible, and impertinently peers under every passing bonnet; nay, should any unbonnetted *soubrette* be skipping along before him, on some "domestic errand bound," he familiarly taps her on the shoulder with, "Come, let's look at your face, my dear!" and neither ugliness nor the frown of displeasure, which he so frequently encounters in return, have the power to deter him from a repetition of the same imperti-

nence; for even if the challenged face be "ordinary," he is confident that it will *turn* to a handsome one—turning to his!

No one employs a tailor with less money or more "brass," or gets into his books with a better grace.

Come what will, he knows that he has nothing to lose; and this "knowledge is power" indeed to him, and gives a tone of independence to his air and manner that, if not dignified, is, to say the least of it, very—*imposing!*

He never skulks out of the way of a confiding or a dunning creditor; nay, if he thinks he is observed by one of these innocents, (which he generally does, believing himself to be the "observed of all observers,") he boldly crosses over, and meets him *nez à nez*,—changes with him a quantity of small talk in the most flattering and agreeable manner, and generally finishes by saying, "By the by, Sniggins, I shall be at home this evening—just drop in about ten. I must sport a *new pair of mud-pipes;* and *if you have anything standing against me*, bring an account, and I'll settle it at the same time!"

This, of course, is all gratuitous mendacity, for he neither wants new boots nor wishes to disburse; and if the too-confiding "*sutor*" should repair to his ready-furnished lodgings, (which he *changes* about twice a-month, for want of *change!*) he learns that Ringtail Chattar, Esquire, has gone to the opera, or to the Honourable Mrs. Such-a-one's rout; and the only satisfaction the poor fellow reaps is the thought engendered by this second "enormous lying," that his customer must really be "somebody," and may probably recommend him to some "nobs" of his acquaintance for his scientific "cut,"—little dreaming, poor fool! that he is bamboozled by one who is himself a distinguished professor of the sublime art of —cutting!

He is a great judge of horses, (his father having been an under ostler at a livery stables, where little Master Ringtail Chattar was permitted in bad weather to exercise the stud in the "ride,") and being complete master of the "slang," (which is of greater service in an introduction to the sporting part of the aristocracy than a knowledge of the classics,) the low-born stable-boy finds himself quite "hand and glove" with many of the—*equestrian* order!

Both in Hyde Park and Regent's Park he may frequently be seen perched on the driving-seat of a buggy or stanhope, or lolling in a cabriolet, "tooling" the "tits" with all the dexterity and air of the proprietor of the "crack turn-out;" whereas he is only "handling the ribands" for some novice, who is but too proud to have the honour of his company, and above all his valuable opinion of the "concern," in the praise of which he is technically lavish, especially if (as frequently happens) he has been the instigator of the purchase, there being a mutual "understanding" existing between him and the honourable "dealer." This trade, indeed, seldom fails him; for there is always a crop of young gentlemen so ardent in the pursuit of that knowledge, of which Ringtail Chattar, Esq. is an acknowledged professor, that their credulity is a "*mine*" of wealth, in the working of which the aforesaid young gentlemen incontestably prove themselves—*minors!* In fact, in the expressive phraseology of the "ride," every "green" is infallibly "done brown."

There is a curious and sometimes very becoming effect produced on the physiognomies of some people, called " putting them to the blush,"—an effect to which the amiable countenance of Ringtail Chattar, Esq. is as perfectly insensible as a — brass warming-pan! In fine, his effrontery is equal to his egotism, and his manœuvring (" tipping 'em the double," as he terms it) equal to both.

He was one rainy day watching the drops coursing each other down the panes of his sitting-room window, and mentally betting with himself upon the issue of the pluvial race, when two men stopped directly opposite, and staring up at the house, transfixed him as effectually as if their eyes possessed the charm of the rattle-snake.

A single glance was more than enough for his quick perception; for, in the smaller one he instantly recognized the diminutive figure of an unfortunate " mirth " whom he had " let in," and kept out of his money to the extent of some forty pounds sterling money of Great Britain; and who had worn out his shoe-leather and his patience in vainly seeking an interview and a settlement: while, in the larger form, his practised eye at once distinguished the horrible features of one of those pests of society known as bailiffs!

Evasion or escape was vain. He could not be " not at home;" that was impossible (although he certainly felt himself " quite abroad "); so he put a good face upon the matter, and, nodding at the man of measures, he beckoned him with apparent impatience, and, as the man and his grim companion mounted the stairs, met him at the door of the room.

" I 'm werry sorry, Mr. Chattar," began the tailor, with some hesitation.

" Make no apologies," interrupted Chattar. " Pray be seated, *sir* " (to the bailiff). " Numps, take a chair. Why the devil didn't you come in the cab, tho'? "

" The cab, sir? "

" Yes; I sent that booby of mine above half an hour ago for you."

The tailor stared.

" Come; won't you and your friend wet your whistles? " and he poured out a bumper of port for each; " and now, let 's to business."

" Yes, sir," and I 'm werry sorry," again commenced Numps.

" So am I," interrupted Chattar; " but there 's a 'salve for every sore,' you know, Numps; and, though he certainly was a tolerably kind uncle in some things, he stinted me terribly. The fact is, I've been confoundedly straitened for want of the 'ready;' but everything is for the best; and I shall feel the benefit of it all now, for, I understand, the old boy has left me a tolerable round sum; so I have no reason to complain."

Numps hemmed and coughed, and puzzled his brains in vain to make out what his customer was driving at.

" Now, although," continued Chattar, " I shall be obliged to live nearly the whole year upon the estate, I shall not cut London entirely; and, as you are the very best fit that ever handled a pair of shears, I shall stick by you. You shall make the liveries, too; but we 'll talk about that by and by. We must first put nunkey under the turf, and, therefore, the mourning is the first thing. I suppose

you can send one of your youths down to the Lodge; or, stay, my fellow and he can go down in the buggy together to-morrow; for it may be considered more respectful by the old fogies, if I travel post."

The poor tailor looked amazed and confounded. He was completely "taken aback" by the new prospect which so suddenly opened upon his dazzled vision. He already wished his "friend (the bailiff) at the bottom of the sea."

Chattar read his thoughts in a twinkling. He saw the favourable turn, and determined to push forward at all hazards.

"If you are not particularly engaged with this gentleman," continued he, "perhaps you will spare me a quarter of an hour of your valuable time, and we can arrange the business at once; for I have really so much to do, that the sooner this is 'off my hands' the better. By the by, I am already a trifle in your debt?"

"Don't mention it, sir, I beg," said the unfortunate dupe. "Trigg," continued he, winking hard at the bailiff, "p'raps, you'll call upon that 'ere gent. (a very expressive wink) in Regent Street, and tell him about the business, you know, and meet me at home, and I'll make it all right with you." And, opening the door, he let out the bailiff with all possible despatch, trembling at the supposed risk he had run of offending a valuable customer.

"How's cash with you, Numps?" asked the tantalising Chattar.

"Why, sir, if so be the truth must be told, we are rayther shortish at this present time o' the year," replied Numps.

"Well, then, as I am flush, and this will be rather a heavy job, I'll rub off the old score at once; and, when we have made the calculations of what the new 'togs' for the 'flunkies' will come to, I'll advance you the money, if it will be any accommodation!"

"O! sir, really," cried the grateful "sufferer," quite overpowered by this graciousness, "I shall never be able to make you *no* amends for this here."

"Nonsense!" appropriately interrupted Chattar. "You've known me in my difficulties, and you have always had the delicacy never to bore me. I hate a dun! Numps, I consider you have now a right to my patronage. Come, take another glass, and let's to business."

Alas, poor Numps! he went home hot with villainous port at one and elevenpence halfpenny per bottle, and happy in the delusion that he had got "sich a werry nice gentleman-like, for a customer; so free — so everythink as a tradesman could wish for," as he told his rib.

The next morning, according to appointment, he went gaily for the expected draft upon Mr. Chattar's bankers. But the bird had flown! Yes, to the tailor's inexpressible horror, the enemy had made a *retreat* instead of an *advance!*

Alfred Crowquill.

THE TWO COUSINS.

BY G. E. INMAN.

The sun was just dawning on a summer morning, early in the sixteenth century, when two young nobles, Luigi and Ugo Arrighetti, staggered out of a tavern in Florence.

"What cursed ill luck!" said the former to his cousin, after a pause. "Not a dollar left!"

"And what the foul fiend can'st thou expect? Playing 'gainst professed gamblers, cool, wary, and calculating; and thou, hot-headed at all times, now more than ever so with wine!"

"By Mary Mother!" returned Luigi, with drunken solemnity, "I am as sober at this moment as—as—whoso dares deny it is a fool and a liar!—and there's my gage!" And so saying, he hurled down his glove.

Ugo had taken him by the arm, and they were about to pass on, when a hungry cur prowling about snatched up the glove, and was making off with it. Luigi whipped out his sword, crying,

"What ho! thou whoreson hound!—thou to take up a gentleman's challenge! There's that will teach thee manners!" And running the blade through the beast's body, he turned with a loud laugh to his companion, and walked on.

Luigi and Ugo Arrighetti were cousins; but the friendship they bore each other surpassed even that of brothers. They were inseparable. Though differing in tempers, they sympathized in tastes; and, although unequal in fortune, Luigi, the younger, being immensely rich, and Ugo comparatively poor, still this made no distinction. The expenses of the course of dissipation which they together carried on were defrayed peremptorily by the wealthier. The circumstance that Ugo, if he outlived his cousin, would become his heir, probably rendered this arrangement palatable.

As they now walked on together, Luigi muttered to himself, "A dog! the blood of a dog!—a gentleman's sword defiled by the blood of a mangy cur! Marry, it shall no longer disgrace my side, or that of any one else!"

So saying, he snapped the bloody weapon across his knee, and hurled the fragments on a dunghill hard by.

"Mary Mother!" cried his companion, "if you go on in this way, you ought to be made of money. Three thousand ducats yonder, and a Spanish blade worth a hundred! 'Tis too extravagant!"

"Too extravagant!—tush, man!" rejoined his half-drunken companion. "Ha! ha! ha! Why, I have gold enough in yon old tower of mine to buy all Florence,—men, women, and children,—souls, bodies and all!"

"*Thou?*—thou 'rt dreaming, man! How couldst *thou* get the gold thou speak'st of? Thy father was rich, I know well, but not to that extent."

"He never *displayed it*," said Luigi; and after a pause, he continued, in the warmth of his heart, "Ugo, I think I may trust *thee*. I was bidden never to mention its existence to any one; but to thee I will—yes, I will even show my treasures. Follow me."

They had arrived at the little gate of one of those towers which

the turbulence of the dark ages had rendered necessary to every palazzo for its protection. The two Arrighettis entered, and, mounting a small winding staircase, which went entirely round inside, arrived at last at the door of the highest chamber; Luigi opened it, and they entered.

It was a small square vaulted room, lighted by barred apertures on three sides; on the fourth, instead of a window, was a kind of mausoleum of white marble; from two slabs or panels of the same material, but black, in front of it, a handle of alabaster projected. In front of this cabinet was a platform of coloured marble, about four feet square, and raised half a foot from the floor. On its edge were engraven words in Latin to this effect, "This monument was erected by the cunning workman Andreas," and in the same line, but evidently added afterwards, the words, "for himself!"

Luigi stepped upon the platform, and putting his hand on a small knob in one of the ornaments cut in the monument, the doors flew open with a spring, and displayed to Ugo a small chamber, literally piled up with gold. Luigi smiled at his amazement, and closing the doors, exclaimed, "Said I not true, my bold heart? Said I not true, Messer Ugo?" Then taking him by the arm, he prepared to go down.

Ugo stood still, as though stupified with wonderment. At last he said,

"Good God! Luigi, this is astonishing! But how came it here? Who first gathered together all this wealth?"

"That I know not; but it has descended to us through several generations. On my father's death, the secret was found among his papers, under a sealed cover, addressed to me. You would also have found it among mine, on my decease."

"'Tis strange!" said Ugo. "But how easy, too, for it to be stolen!"

"Not so, my friend," said Luigi, "unless you know the secret. Now, Ugo, give me your left hand, and as you stand here with your sword, just touch that alabaster handle, which appears to open the doors. But first, do not be nervous."

As Ugo touched the handle the doors flew open, and at the same moment the marble platform fell down like a flap, and displayed to the cousins an immense pit, wherein were revolving in every direction, by some dreadful machinery, an innumerable quantity of sword-blades fixed on pivots—an *oubliette*.

Ugo shuddered, and clung to his cousin in an agony of dread. The horrible abyss remained open for a few seconds, and then closed again.

"And who devised this fearful place?" asked Ugo.

"I know not; but the legend runs that it was executed at the command of one of our ancestry by a machinist named Andreas, as the inscription here tells us; that the lord, when it was finished, fearing lest the workman might divulge the secret, took the opportunity of touching the knob while he stood upon the slab; and thus Andreas died by his own invention—a second Phalaris."

Ugo stood looking on in mute terror. "Heavens!" he said, "that a man could have the heart to execute such a design!"

He still did not move. He stood absorbed in thought. The sword hanging listlessly in his hand.

"'Tis as wonderful a piece of mechanism as it is dreadful!" continued Luigi. "You see it is as firm now as when I stood on it the first time I opened the hoard!" and again he stepped on the platform.

A thought passed like lightning through the brain of Ugo.

> "How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
> Makes ill deeds done!"

Ugo rushed out of the tower like a madman.

He was ALONE!

In the course of the day the dead body of Luigi, dreadfully mangled, was discovered in the Arno,—into which river the *oubliette* descended. His broken sword and single glove had been before found in the street, near the tavern at which he had spent the evening. Blood had been found on the pavement. It was conjectured that he had been engaged in some drunken quarrel, and, overpowered by numbers, been murdered; and a murder was too common in those days to excite much attention. The zeal with which Ugo apparently sought the discovery of his dear friend's murderer, removed all suspicion of his own guilt. The affair dropped, and he entered upon his kinsman's titles and estates with undisputed honour.

But he was no longer the same man. It was not so much remorse as horror which ate into his heart: for the commission of the crime was as much repented of as it was unpremeditated. There are moments when men have been irresistibly impelled to do wrong, despite their better feeling. Ugo's crime was one of those moments. It was as though the DEVIL had BODILY bade him do it.

His life had now become a life of misery!

He was rich, and consequently courted. He was a bachelor, consequently fêted. Still he himself was miserable, and fondly deemed any change must prove an alleviation. He married.

His wife was of a family both rich and proud; of a temper naturally imperious, rendered yet more so by the recollection of Ugo's former poverty, and the inattention with which he now treated her. She played the part of an incarnate demon.

He was more miserable than ever!

At the commencement of the second year of their marriage the Lady Arrighetti died after a short illness, leaving her husband one daughter, named Costanza.

The little girl grew up under the care of her father—a darling, of course. She did what she liked: she went where she liked: she enjoyed herself as she liked: she was the one only solace to the *murderer's* scathed heart.

When about seven years of age she had watched her father continually going to and fro to the Dark Tower. One afternoon she followed him up the staircase; and creeping softly up, saw him filling bags with gold from the dreadful treasury. Ugo was busy removing the coin into the vaults of the Palazzo. He worked at it strenuously for many weeks, until every piece of metal was stowed in the cellars. He then closed the old tower for ever. Ugo died, raving mad, at a time when his daughter was just on the point of being married to a distant relation of the Arrighetti family. The wedding was, of course, postponed for a time.

The discovery of the immense wealth concealed in the cellars of

her late father naturally caused considerable surprise at the time. Costanza was the more overjoyed at it as it gave her lover, or rather affianced husband, a surprise! She had another in store for him!

Months had elapsed, and Costanza and her beloved were man and wife. "Dearest," said she to him one afternoon, "I have a secret to tell you. You know what wealth was found in my father's cellars. What would you give me for showing thee ten times as much?"

"I would give it all to thee back," said the young bridegroom, "for one of thy sweet kisses."

"What nonsense, Guglielmo," answered the bride, laughing. "I tell you I am in earnest. At the top of that old closed-up tower of ours there is an immensity of wealth. I peeped through the key-hole one day, when I was a little girl, and I saw my father counting it over."

"Nonsense—nonsense, Costanza!" said her husband. "Woman's curiosity. The tower has been shut up so many years, and you have never seen it, and want to see what it is like. Is not that it, love?"

"I have never seen it!" said Costanza, rather angrily.—"Never been up that tower! Dear Guglielmo, 'twas but a week or two after I went up, and saw him busy with the gold, as I told you, that he had it closed. The servants said that ghosts, and such like nonsense, haunted it; but I think he caught me peeping, and did not choose that I should know anything more of his hoards *there* than of those in the vaults."

"Costanza, woman's curiosity!" said her husband, holding his finger up to her reproachfully and laughingly.

"Put it down to woman's curiosity, if you will," said his young wife, laughing; "but give me my will for once, sweet, and then, if you do not reward me handsomely, foul befal thy generosity."

Guglielmo kissed his wife, and bade lights be brought, with the keys of the Old Tower.

Arm in arm they ascended the circular staircase! They entered the topmost room! They stepped on the marble platform! They touched the spring! The treasury doors sprung open! It was empty!

And—— the bodies of Guglielmo and Costanza were next day found in the Arno!

TONIS AD RESTO MARE.

O MARE æva si forme,
  Forme ure tonitru;
Iambicum as amandum,
  Olet Hymen promptu:
Mihi is vetas an ne se,
  As humano erebi;
Olet mecum marito te,
  Or *eta beta pi.*

Alas plano more meretrix,
  Mi ardor vel uno;
Inferiam ure artis base,
  Tolerat me urebo:
Ah me ve ara scilicet,
  Vi laudu vimen thus?
Hiatu as arandum sex,—
  Illuc Ionicus.

Heu sed heu vix en imago,
  Mi missis mare sta:
O cantu redit in mihi
  Hibernas arida?
A veri vafer heri si,
  Mihi resolves indu;
Totius olet Hymen cum,—
  Accepta tonitru.

S. W. P.

THE SOUL-AGENT.

A GERMAN ROMANCE.

CHAPTER I.

"Höre viel—glaube wenig!"

IN WHICH THE HEROINE AND HER PARENT ARE INTRODUCED AND DESCRIBED.

On the summit of a savage-looking rock, raggedly arborified with larch and pine, which gave it the appearance of a rude gigantic head, with dishevelled hair and untrimmed whiskers, stood the castle of the hard-headed, ill-favoured, and deep-drinking Baron von Felskopf.

Felskopf had been a soldier of fortune, and accumulated a handsome property during the wars, by the unflinching exercise of might over right. He had, moreover, won the hand of a fair Saxon lady, and lost an eye. Some of his neighbours were charitable enough to attribute his excessive libations to this cause,—we mean the loss of his eye, —averring that he thereby compensated his misfortune by continually being in a state to see double with his solitary optic.

He was a harsh master, and a strict disciplinarian, — one of those who would ruthlessly hang an old dog when he had lost his teeth in his service. Then he had been so hammered during his campaigns, that he was as hard as a piece of flint. He used to boast of his being a philosopher; but the fact is, *his* stoicism was the result of insensibility. If any attempt were made to excite his sympathy for another's woe, he would laugh outright, quaintly closing his monocular window, and exclaiming,

"Fire away!—volley after volley!—all in vain! Baron von Felskopf is flint—FLINT! What! are men's miseries strong mustard or onions, forsooth! that they should draw tears from me? Bah!"

Such was this redoubtable baron, who had a daughter,— an only daughter of *course!* — whose angel mother yielded up her gentle spirit in giving birth to this pledge — of a most unhappy union—of *course!*"

Adeline was — Reader! have you ever been in the palace of the Graf Leopold Kreutzler of Nuremburg?—in the forecourt of that delightful abode of wit, learning, and urbanity,—in the very centre of that forecourt stands a *chef-d'œuvre* from the chisel of Mentz, representing a hideous marine monster supporting a sea-born Venus, the whole skilfully wrought from a single block!—Adeline was that Venus, Felskopf was that monster! — and yet fantastic nature had hewn them from the same *block!*

CHAPTER II.

"Was willst du heute für ein Fest bereiten, dass du so frühe dein Körbchen voll Blumen sammelst?"

ADELINE EARLY ABROAD, AND THE BARON QUITE ABROAD.

The jolly sun had scarcely peeped forth from the cloudy curtains of his bed when the light-footed Adeline was brushing the dew from

the grass in the garden of her father's castle, skipping among the gay parterres of variegated flowers, and plucking here a flower and there a flower to make up a nosegay, in all the innocent simplicity of a young fawn seeking its matutinal meal.

The trilling lark was soaring above her head, and singing his matins at Heaven's gate, and — but what did Adeline abroad so early? Gentle reader! if you had seen the beauteous maiden throw back her flaxen tresses, and cast her fair blue eyes towards that aërial songster as he rose and rose higher and higher into the etherial expanse, you would have at once concluded that she went thither— for a lark!

Scarcely had Adeline completed her posy, when a youth of most respectable appearance suddenly advanced from an adjoining shrubbery, and extending his hand, simply said,

"Adeline!"

"Albrecht!" as simply replied the maiden, while the blush that mantled on her cheek was instantaneously reflected in his.

They both, no doubt, possessed great skill in palmistry; for the mutual touch manual seemed as satisfactory as a dialogue, and they walked in silence for some minutes, or if they did talk, it was certainly with their fingers.

Now it was the custom when the lord of the castle arose, to go forth to sound the great bell, that all his vassals might be gathered at their prescribed posts to do his bidding; for when his authoritative voice thundered through his halls, he expected his menials to fly about as bright and quick as so many flashes of lightning.

Whether Adeline's companion was startled or offended by the abruptness of the clang it is impossible to say; but certain it is that their parting was as sudden as it was unceremonious; and, strange to say, (youths do take odd freaks into their heads!) instead of walking through the castle-gate, as beseemed a gentleman of his figure, he scudded hurry-scurry over the garden wall with all the celerity of a naughty male puss, when some back-door or window is suddenly thrown open by some incensed inmate, unseasonably disturbed by the cacophonous caterwauling!

"What! you are afield betimes, girl," cried the Baron, who had come forth to cool his feverish brow in the morning breeze. "Flowers, too! Why, what festival 's a-foot?"

Adeline blushed as he glanced with his sinister eye full upon her intelligent countenance, the index of her mind, and skipping beside him, she playfully took his right arm, (his blind side!) and innocently replied,

"No festival, dear papa. I 've gathered a nosegay for your button-hole."

"For my pocket-hole, I should think," answered the Baron, as he took the huge *bouquet*, and grimly smiled with delight at the unpremeditated stroke of wit. "But you must not rise so early, girl; it 's damp, damp! Don 't touch a flint like me."

"The morning is so fresh, and the flowers are so fragrant, that their breath woos me forth," said the gentle Adeline.

"Pooh! you 've got all that nonsense out of some book. I never read — never could — only fit for monks. Fighting, hunting, and drinking are the only occupations for a nobleman. There 's Albrecht, —an excellent shot, rifle or pistol, and sits a horse like a man,—he 's

a liking for books, more 's the pity. Had he followed my example, he 'd have had more plunder."

(Now *plunder* was Felskopf's expressive word for wealth, derived from his own practical experience upon the subject, and indubitably most applicable to his own worldly possessions.)

Adeline said nothing, but she sighed inaudibly; a feeling of sorrow, no doubt, arising in her gentle bosom that she differed from her parent in her estimation of literature, for she was a pattern of filial affection.

"Ludwig von Krassenheim feeds with me to-day. A fine youth that, and one of the richest barons in the neighbourhood, Adeline. Our estates join, too. I should like — Well, we'll see. I 'm an old soldier, and think I can carry on the war as well as any that ever took the field. I should like to meet the man who could outflank me, that 's all. I 'll turn that baron to account, or—"

He stopped, and fell into a reverie, and so did Adeline; for the said Baron Ludwig von Krassenheim was a perfect dolt, with neither wit nor accomplishments; and well might the maid wonder at her sire's expectations of turning the Baron to account — one so really *barren* in every sense.

CHAPTER III.

"Volle Taschen, volle Flaschen!
Doppelklang so hell und rein!
Lichtes Silber, goldner Wein!"

THE PROPOSAL.

THE young Baron von Krassenheim possessed the palate of Heliogabalus, and the capacity of a dinner-devouring burgermeister, while in the matter of absorption he was a veritable human sponge of the first magnitude, and could have seen old Silenus under the table—had he been there!

Felskopf had long reconnoitred the weak points in the object of his intended attack, and so arranged his forces, that he felt confident of success. With his one eye he superintended the operations in the castle kitchen, and threatened to spit the cook if he failed in producing such a dinner as must inevitably win the favour and applause of his fastidious guest.

The hour at length arrived, and with it the most punctual Ludwig, eager for the feast. Odoriferously inviting were the savoury steams that tickled his broad and leonine nostrils even at the portal. The anticipatory and involuntary smack of his broad lips rang approvingly through the halls of Felskopf.

The delighted host rushed forward, and pressed his visiter to his flinty bosom. Ludwig was really flattered by his reception, and when the dishes were uncovered, felt a conviction that Felskopf was really a chum after his own heart.

They dined perfectly *tête-à-tête;* a circumstance most agreeable to the young Baron, who abhorred the idea of wasting the precious moments in bandying compliments with any lord or lady at the board. A whole hour was spent in the unremitting exercise of their *molares;* and what pen can describe their gastronomical performances? — unless, courteous reader, thou shouldest have perchance

beheld a couple of elephants lunching off a bushel of cabbages—for such was truly the avidity of the demolition.

When a boa-constrictor is gorged with his prey, the hunter may safely handle him. Upon this principle the wily Felskopf worked his artillery. When they had emptied the sixth flask of wine, the Baron began to talk of his estate, the improvements he proposed, and then abruptly exclaimed, with an affectation of sentiment, "But, alas! I have no son to inherit my property."

"True," replied Ludwig; and he put down his unfinished glass, an indubitable sign that he was becoming interested in the topic under discussion.

Felskopf then slily insinuated the many advantages both real and personal which Adeline possessed, and expressed a wish that some worthy individual would seek her hand.

Ludwig filled a silver beaker to the brim, and standing up, drained it off to the health of the fair Adeline.

"My noble young friend," cried Felskopf, rising upon his legs, and grasping the hand of Ludwig, "you do her honour, and her father too."

"Felskopf!" exclaimed Ludwig, in his turn bolting on end, "there is none whom I esteem more highly than yourself;" and having pressed the horny palm of the Baron, resumed his seat.

"Krassenheim!" emphatically cried Felskopf. But why repeat the alternate rise and fall of the two Barons? Suffice it to say, that after playing at this "see-saw" for a full half hour, until Ludwig was sufficiently prepared to receive the intimation, Felskopf offered him his daughter in marriage; and the delighted spark was so overcome with gratitude and hock, that his speech and his legs both failed him at once, and he rolled under the table.

Felskopf could scarcely believe his one eye,—this disappearance of his intended son-in-law was so sudden. With an unsteady hand he seized a candle from the table to look after him.

"My dear friend! Ludwig—my—"

His imperfect speech could no further go, his head spun round like a whirligig, and Felskopf fell flop! — sprawling on the floor, crushing the candle beneath him.

CHAPTER IV.

"Es ist der Fehler des Junglings, sich immer für glücklicher und unglücklicher zu halten als er ist."

A LOVER BESIDE HIMSELF.

"What is the matter, my dear master?" demanded Wilhelm, the faithful and confidential valet of Baron Albrecht, who was pacing up and down his chamber, thumping his handsome brow, and playing a thousand other fantastic tricks, which young people are sometimes wont to do when their sanguine wishes are unexpectedly thwarted.

"O Adeline! Adeline!" exclaimed Albrecht.

"The wind 's in that quarter, is it?" muttered Wilhelm. "Has she proved false?"

"False!" roared Albrecht, seizing his follower by the collar. "Who dare accuse her of falsehood? — she who is a paragon of truth, fidelity, and purity of soul!"

Wilhelm gazed coolly and compassionately upon his troubled

master; he offered no remonstrance, and the thunderbolt of rage which threatened to annihilate him was averted.

"Wilhelm, she is betrothed to that dolt Krassenheim,—sacrificed by her own father!"

"What! couple the dove with the owl? It cannot be, — it *shall* not be!" exclaimed Wilhelm firmly. "Be cool, my dear master. You hold the winning card in your own hand, and it will be your own fault if you lose the game."

"You encourage me, Wilhelm," said the distracted lover.

"And I will assist you, too," replied Wilhelm. "My wit against his stupidity, — and that 's a long odds, — if the fox don't overreach the calf, hang me in my own garters, that 's all. I 'll play the devil with him; I 'll — ha! a bright thought just strikes me! Give me till to-morrow morning, and if I miss my mark, call me weasel, rat, and poison me! I 've not passed ten years in a university for nothing; and if I don't work up this hank of raw flax into a ladder of ropes for you, I 'll be hanged!"

The boldness of Wilhelm revived the drooping lover, and he promised to remain as tranquil as he could under the circumstances, until the morrow.

CHAPTER V.

"Nur der verächtliches Mensch fürchtet Verachtung."

AN UNINVITED GUEST.

Adeline had received her father's commands, and — the young Baron? He had long beheld her with admiration; but he was truly such an ungainly cub, that he felt awkward in her presence. She was not therefore much troubled by the ardour or the eloquence of his amatory professions. "Der hat am meisten wer am wenigsten begehrt" — "He hath most who desires least," says the philosopher. Now this was perfectly true as regarded Ludwig's ugliness; for he had certainly a consciousness of his personal defects; and the idea that continually recurred (at least as often as he shaved) was, that he would willingly give a portion of his worldly wealth, could he obtain a better frontispiece than that which nature had bestowed upon him. He was sitting over his wine, and ruminating upon the frigidity of Adeline, when he was startled from his reverie by a salutation.

Ludwig arose, surprised and annoyed at the intrusion, and beheld a tall, slim figure, richly attired, capped, and feathered, with a sharp physiognomy, full of fun and roguery.

"Pray be seated," coolly said the intruder. "Ceremony among friends is like a tin-kettle to a dog's-tail, more ornamental than agreeable. Pray be seated. My business is soon despatched—business? I should say pleasure — for it is in your service that I come."

Poor Ludwig was confounded by his volubility; and, finding he could not thrust a word in edgewise, resumed his chair.

Filling a bumper, his visiter continued:

"Baron, I give you the lady of your thoughts—the fair Adeline."

"Wounds, you 're a conjuror!" exclaimed Ludwig.

"A small taste of that," replied the other, "as the soldier said when the drummer flourished his cat-o'-nine-tails!"

"What a queer devil you are!" cried Ludwig, laughing.

"Exactly," replied the stranger, with a peculiar grin. "Baron, you 're a man of peculiar penetration — a man to be envied! Surrounded by luxury,—as the frog said when he plunged into a fat marsh; and plenty of good liquor — as the slice of lemon confessed when popped into a bowl of hot punch; but still there is one thing in which you are wanting; and, although a delicate subject, a friend like myself, who takes such surpassing interest in your welfare, may hint at it without offence."

Ludwig placed his red paws upon the table, and dilated his oculars to an orbicular expression of intense curiosity.

"Baron," continued the other emphatically, "you are *not* blessed with a peculiar share of personal beauty,—in fact, not to mince the matter, you are ordinary—UGLY!"

Von Krassenheim fell back in his chair, pale with the conviction of the veracity of the observation.

"I 've probed you! I see that I have. Yes, I have given your vanity a most effective kick, and sent it sprawling in the dirty quagmire of personal uncomfortableness! But, listen: tighten the drum of your respectable ears while my prophetic words beat a tune upon them that will make you so vivaciously saltatory that you may leap through the horns of the new moon, — like a grasshopper through the prongs of a hay-fork! Know then, sapient Baron, that I have the power of transforming you to a very model for a sculptor, rendering you so tempting a morsel of masculine mortality, that maids, wives, and widows shall fall, like full ripe mulberries, in your path!"

"Can you, in sooth, do this?" said the innocent and almost breathless Ludwig.

"I can," answered the mysterious stranger; and drawing a parchment scroll from his embroidered vest, pointed his gem-glittering finger to a huge red seal. "Sign this; consent to become mine after death, and your wish is accomplished."

Ludwig, without hesitation, seized the proffered eagle-plume and recklessly set his name to the awful document.

"Seal it!" cried the demon, placing an ivory stamp in his trembling grasp.

"There!" said the desperate Baron, and pressing the seal, bang! it exploded, with so loud a report that he leaped up affrighted, upsetting the table and all its contents in his dismay.

"The contract is ratified," said the demon. "Henceforth, noble Baron, you 're a beauty."

Recovered from his alarm by the coolness of his friend, Von Krassenheim's first move was towards the mirror.

"I don't observe the change," cried he, with evident disappointment.

"My dear Baron," said the demon, taking him affectionately by the hand, "do you imagine for the smallest slice of a little moment that I would be so indiscreet as to permit you to behold the transformation with your own eyes? No! for did you but catch a glimpse of that enchanting countenance which now you wear, you would inevitably and suicidically kick the bucket, and die the death of Narcissus. Wait till to-morrow's dawn, and you will speedily have occasion to acknowledge that I have performed my part of the con-

tract. Remember yours." And with these words the demon glided from the apartment.

CHAPTER V.

"Ich hab' dich geliebt, du ahntest es nicht,
Ich wollte sprechen, ich durft' es nicht
Ich harrte besserer Stunden."

THE CONFIRMATION OF THE TRANSFORMATION.

On the following morning three young and pretty maidens were playing with a group of rosy romping children at the gates of Von Krassenheim's castle when the doubtful Ludwig sallied forth, eager to test his newly-acquired charms.

"A fine morning!" said he, graciously, staring at the young women, who curtsied low, and blushed. He passed on.

"Well!" cried one of them, loud enough to reach his delighted ears, "if that ain't one of the most beautifullest men I ever clapped eyes on!"

Ludwig's heart beat tumultuously, and, turning round, he threw a handful of kreuzers to the children. Proceeding on to the village, which reposed in a humble valley between Felskopf's domains and his own, he looked in at the Smithy, where three or four bare-armed men were hammering away; but, no sooner did he appear than they ceased from their labours, and gazed upon him with a stare of wonder.

"By gog!" exclaimed one of the Cyclops, resting his heavy hammer on the anvil, "if he ain't a proper man that! Did you ever see such a handsome phiz in your born days?"

"It works! the charm works!" mentally ejaculated the happy and elated Ludwig, who seemed to tread on a path of crumpling roses.

He was on the point of entering the embowered road leading to Felskopf's when two or three young sparks in sporting attire, all known to Ludwig, met him in full career.

"Von Krassenheim, or my vision plays me false?" exclaimed Leopold von Ritter, and all the party surrounded and shook hands with him, in a manner unusually cordial, at the same time, however, scrutinizing him from top to toe with an expression that would have been quite embarrassing to a man of finer feelings than the metamorphosed Baron.

"Why, what the deuce has come over Krassenheim?" said Ulrich Grübelin, drawing back a pace or two, and leisurely viewing him. "Why, you appear to me to have cast your old slough, and clean come forth in a new guise."

"All the power of love, depend on 't," said Leopold; "but, let us not, in charity, detain the gallant, for he is, doubtless, making for my lady's bower to pay his morning devotions at the shrine of beauty. Success to your wooing."

And so the jocose madcaps took their leave; their words thrilling like heavenly music through the enchanted soul of Ludwig.

He entered the castle.

Adeline was already up, and singing gaily at her spinning-wheel.

"Good morning to the fair Adeline!" said he, in a tone of confidence with which the consciousness of his present attractions supplied him.



London: Published by Richard Bentley 1840.

Adeline rose [illegible] permitted him to take her [illegible] his grasp and [illegible]

"Adeline," said he, [illegible] and tell me truly that you dislike me; that I have found no favour in your eyes."

"My [illegible] commands shall be obeyed," said Adeline, sighing. "But, am I [illegible] to you?"

"No! no! nothing [illegible] to me; [illegible]" said [illegible] upon him. "Ludwig [illegible]

[illegible]

CHAPTER [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Adeline rose, cast down her eyes, blushed, and, for the first time permitted him to take her unreluctant hand. He felt it tremble in his grasp, and acquired new courage from her confusion.

"Adeline," said he, "look in my face, and tell me truly that you dislike me; that I have found no favour in your eyes."

"My pa's commands shall be obeyed," said Adeline, sighing.

"But, am I hateful to you?"

"No! no! no! not hateful to me; do not use that horrid word!" said she, gazing confidingly upon him. "Ludwig, my betrothed husband, appears so different — so very different in my eyes to Von Krassenheim, the almost stranger — that — that — permit me to retire," and with a hurried step she tottered from the room.

No sooner had the heel of her shoe disappeared at the door-way than Ludwig attempted to "cut six," snapped his fingers *à la castagnette*, and cried aloud in his ecstasy, — "She is mine! — mine! the poor thing cannot help it! What a mercy it is that I'm about to be married, or, by jingo! I should have all the pretty women in the neighbourhood pulling caps and making love to me."

Felskopf entered while the Baron was capering about.

"Hey-day!" exclaimed Old Flint. "Why, Ludwig, you're as frisky as an antelope."

"Daddy-in-law," cried the excited youth, "I know you wish me well?"

"Never saw you look better in my life," said Felskopf.

"I dare say not!" replied Ludwig, chuckling. "But I shall pine away to the size of a spindle if this matrimony is not concluded directly."

Now, as nothing could be more agreeable to Felskopf, he at once proposed a week, which the eager Ludwig strenuously opposed, and at last, after a little discussion, it was determined that the union should take place on the following day, with the consent of Adeline, who, strange to say, scorning the disobedient example of all refractory daughters, acquiesced immediately.

CHAPTER VI.

"Alles, alles ist ja dein,
All mein Leben
Möcht' ich dir geben."

ADELINE'S MARRIAGE.

The auspicious hour of Adeline's nuptials at length drew nigh, and Ludwig, arrayed in a splendid suit becoming his rank and newly-acquired beauty, was only waiting for his horse to bear him to his bride. The bells of the village-church were ringing, filling the air with heart-inspiring melody, when, lo! the door of his chamber was suddenly thrown wide, and his dear friend, the demon, stood before the Baron.

"Kindest—best of friends!" exclaimed the grateful Ludwig, "and are you, too, come to wish me joy?"

"Peace, madman!" cried the fiend, with a thrilling sneer, that chilled the very marrow of the expectant bridegroom. "I come to save you! Know that if you dare enter a church, or let but the finger of a holy priest touch your hand, you will be shivered into

a thousand atoms! REMEMBER THE CONTRACT! BEWARE! OBEY, or PERISH!"

Ludwig rolled like a half-filled sack, over his couch, and remained insensible (not that he ever was very sensible!) for several minutes, and when he awoke to consciousness the demon had fled.

* * * * *

Felskopf became impatient.

"Friend Albrecht," said he, addressing that youth, who was one of the gayest of the assembled company, "is't not strange he tarries?"

"Strange indeed," said Albrecht, and Wilhelm at that moment approaching, he added, "Pray let my valet ride over to Krassenheim, and make some inquiry."

The Baron acceded.

Upon Wilhelm's return, that most discreet of valets went up to his master, and whispered to him with an air of mystery.

Albrecht appeared deeply concerned, and, withdrawing the anxious Felskopf from the room, communicated to him the startling intelligence that Ludwig had suddenly departed, with a single attendant, from his castle, merely leaving a message for Felskopf that he had gone abroad for an indefinite period, and distinctly declined the honour of his alliance.

Flint, as Felskopf boasted that he was, he nevertheless found himself in a most unenviable dilemma.

After venting the cream of his exceeding wrath in several volleys of round oaths, and vowing that he should never again hold up his head after such a shameful defeat, he turned to Albrecht for advice.

"Avenge your honour upon the caitiff — when you catch him," replied Albrecht; "and in the mean while seek another bridegroom for the bride, or the laugh of the whole country will be raised."

"That's what I fear," cried Felskopf bitterly. "And, sooner than that, I would leap from the castle wall, and find a grave for my battered carcase in the moat below!"

At this juncture Adeline accidentally entered.

"Speak to her, Albrecht," said the half-distracted Baron.

"Adeline," said the youth, taking her hand, "Krassenheim has basely fled. Will you sacrifice yourself for your father's peace and honour, and marry another? Say but the word, and I will love you for my friend's sake, and marry you—myself!"

"Will you?" said Felskopf.

"I will!" boldly replied Albrecht; and that pattern of obedience, the gentle Adeline, making no scruples to this sudden arrangement, the couple were forthwith married in due form.

It is almost needless to inform the discerning reader that the adroit Wilhelm "played the devil" in this little domestic drama; and that all the admirers of Baron von Krassenheim were the confederates of himself and Albrecht, and that he, Ludwig, was never anything more nor less than a man of the most ordinary stamp both in mind and body.

HAL. WILLIS, STUDENT-AT-LAW.

THE PORTFOLIO OF MR. PETER POPKIN (DECEASED).

No. II.

Harley, Wilkinson, and J. Russell all started off from various callings to become comedians at one time. After certain vicissitudes, they all three found themselves established at the theatre at Gravesend. Here then they were performing perfectly to their hearts' content; but it was a matter of doubt whether the manager could congratulate himself on a successful speculation with their united talents.

The following incident will give some idea of the then state of the *Theatre Rural*, Gravesend.

The play was "The Castle Spectre;" after which, songs by Mr. Harley, with all the *et ceteras* of a country play-bill; the whole to conclude with the romantic drama of "Blue Beard," — *Abomelique*, Mr. Wilkinson, his first appearance in that character. This combination of unrivalled novelty was expected to draw a tolerable house. The curtain went up—boxes, *nobody*,—pit, *nobody*,—gallery, two old women, and a little boy in a white hat, with a bit of black crape round it. When Harley as *Motley*, and Wilkinson as *Father Philip*, entered on the stage, and seeing the state of the house, Harley, raising his staff, deliberately placed it to his shoulder, and pointing it up to the gallery, exclaimed, "*Booh!*"

One of the old women indignantly got up and said,

"Come away, my dears; let's go down stairs. Them fools are making game of us."

Thus ended the performances of the evening.

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

"Well, Norah, is your husband at home?"

"No, sir; he has gone to court."

"Gone to court!"

"Yes, sir; he is summoned to the Court of Requests."

H***, a young dramatic author (who had sent pieces to most of the theatres, but could not get them produced), one day met my friend Barnaby, who perceiving H***'s face tied up, inquired the reason. H*** replied, that he had just had a tooth extracted. "Fortunate fellow!" said Barnaby; "*you have got something out at last.*"

My friend Barnaby was journeying to Hastings outside the coach, which stopped to change horses at Riverhead. A heavy shower fell, wetting the passengers thoroughly. "What is the use of proceeding to Hastings?" said Barnaby to his dripping companions; "this is the watering-place."

John Reeve always insisted that his father was a government contractor. If pressed to state in what department, he said, "My father was a hosier in Milk Street, Cheapside, and supplied all the white night-caps for the Old Bailey.

John Reeve saw in the Strand one of the Bavarian broom-women, whose formation of spine was remarkably crooked,—he said, "Pray, madam, did you come *straight* from Germany?"

Tom C—— was eating oysters; he took one into his mouth that was not quite fresh, but not liking to eject it, he resolved to swallow it. On taking another in its shell, a by-stander remarked, "Tom, that is a fine *native*." C—— said, "I 'm mighty glad of it; for the last was a *settler*."

Charles Lamb was very fond of a rubber of whist. He sat down one night at the house of a friend, to which Elliston had also been invited. Elliston arrived late, had evidently taken too much wine, and was, as usual on such an occasion, extremely grand. It chanced, in cutting, that Lamb and Elliston became partners. Elliston's play was, under the circumstances, of course very bad, which, joined to his affected *hauteur*, raised the ire of Lamb, who at the end of a game suddenly exclaimed, in his stuttering manner, "If *dirt* was trumps, what fine hands you would have, Mr. Elliston."

OPENING OF A MELO-DRAMA.

GASPER. The morn is breaking.

NICHOLAS. Let it break and be d—d! It owes me nothing.

On the English translation of the card of a French inn, between Boulogne and Abbeville, these words are printed, "*The wines are of that quality, they will leave you nothing to hope for.*"

Miss B—— (the Danseuse and Columbine) was married to a Mr. S——. My friend Barnaby inquired the profession of Mr. S——, and was informed that he was an eminent butcher. "That accounts for it," said Barnaby; "he fell in love with *her calf*."

An Irish captain, on hearing that the lady of a brother officer had been giving herself some airs, said with *naïveté*, "Och, Brownlow wants only a little resolution. I never will allow my wife to wear *the petticoats*."

It has been remarked, that there is no man of talent without a certain portion of eccentricity; and it frequently occurs, that the higher the grade of talent, the more *outré* is the species of eccentricity. Where was there a stranger being than Richard Brinsley Sheridan? Dr. Johnson had his whims, Dean Swift his peculiar oddities; but the present anecdote relates to a renowned person in the histrionic art, John Philip Kemble.

Mr. Kemble had been dining with a noble duke of high convivial habits, and on this particular occasion the libations to Bacchus were so frequent, and of so long a continuance, that the party did not wend homewards until four o'clock in the morning.

At a quarter past four Mr. Kemble (who insisted on walking) found himself alone in the Strand, opposite Exeter 'Change, in the upper apartments of which was exhibited the menagerie of the celebrated Polito. The "matins" roar of a lion called forth Mr. Kemble's attention; he paused — and, with the fumes of the wine floating on

his brain, he was seized at the moment with a most peculiar whim, and uttered to himself,

"To be, or not to be, that is the question."

"It shall be! — no man ever attempted it. In any book of natural history—nay, in all the voyages and travels I ever perused, no man ever did it. I—*I* will do it!—the world shall say, *alone* I did it. I WILL HAVE A RIDE ON A RHINOCEROS!" He here took a pinch of snuff, and exclaimed, "What ho! Exeter 'Change! Nobody stirring?" He then made a staggering effort to pull the bell. After he had rung the bell several times with tipsy vehemence, one of the keepers of the wild beasts, who slept in their apartment as a sort of groom of the chamber, made his appearance in an ancient *beef-eater's* dress, and a Welsh wig.

KEMBLE. Sir, are you Mr. Polito?

KEEPER. No, sir. Master 's a-bed, and asleep.

KEMBLE. You must wake him, good fellow.

KEEPER. I daren't sir, unless it 's *werry pertikler.*

KEMBLE. Next time say "*very particular.*" Hark you, *it is* very particular. You have up stairs, if I remember rightly, an animal denominated a rhinoceros.

KEEPER. We've got a rhinoceros, and a fine *feller* she is.

KEMBLE. Introduce me to him. You object. Go call Mr. Polito, your very noble and approved good master.

On the arrival of Mr. Polito, Kemble addressed him. "Mr. Polito, I presume?" Polito bowed.

KEMBLE. You know me, I suppose?

POLITO. Very well, sir. You are Mr. Kemble, of Drury Lane Theatre.

KEMBLE. Right, good Polito! Sir, I am seized with an unaccountable, an uncontrollable fancy. You have a rhinoceros?

POLITO. Yes, sir.

KEMBLE. My desire is to have a ride upon his back.

POLITO. Mr. Kemble, you astonish me!

KEMBLE (*elated*). I mean to astonish the whole world. I intend to ride your rhinoceros up Southampton Street to Covent Garden Market.

POLITO. It is next to an impossibility, Mr. Kemble.

KEMBLE. Talk not to me of impossibility. Were it an impossibility, I would do it.

POLITO. Suppose any accident should happen—the beast is valuable. I would not permit him to be led down into the street under the sum of ten guineas.

KEMBLE. Here are ten guineas, Mr. Polito—a bargain. Lead forth my charger—Speed! speed!"

Polito finding that he could not get rid of the extraordinary application, pocketed the ten guineas, and told the keeper, (who was on intimate terms with the rhinoceros,) to bring the animal out, with the proviso that it was to go no further than Covent Garden. When in the street, ridiculous as it may appear, the grave John Kemble actually mounted on the back of the beast, who hardly knew what to make of it, but, led in a strap by its feeder, went quietly enough, until Mr. Kemble, highly elated by the achievement of his whim, thought it necessary to spur with his heels.

KEEPER. Gently, sir. Let *vel* alone. This is *rayther* a crusty buffer; if you makes him unruly he'll pitch you off, and rip you up.

KEMBLE. Rip *me* up! Ha! ha! ha! What would they do at Drury?

It was daylight; and, of course, a mob was collected from Covent Garden market. At this moment Emery, who was also returning from a late party, saw the extraordinary cavalcade. Emery, somewhat startled at the situation of Mr. Kemble, went up to him.

KEMBLE. Ah! Emery, how are you?

EMERY. Pretty well, thank ye, sur. Why, bless my heart, sur, let me give you a hand off that what-d'ye-call-'em-brute.

KEMBLE. It is a rhinoceros, Emery.

EMERY. Lauk, sur! pray come down.

KEMBLE. Not until I have reached my goal.

"By goles!" exclaimed Emery, as he walked by his side to the top of Southampton Street, when Kemble deliberately dismounted, gave a crown to the keeper, patted the rhinoceros, saying, "Farewell, poor beast!" and, holding Emery's arm, uttered, "Mr. Emery, I have, doubtless, committed a very silly action; but, after imbibing a certain quantity of wine, no man's deeds are under control; but, nevertheless, I have done that which no living being can say he ever accomplished.

'What man dare, I dare.
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros——'

"Bless my soul, I am getting on the rhinoceros again. Mr. Emery, will you have the goodness to see me as far as Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury."

A friend had in his service a cook that could neither read nor write. One day, coming to his door, he perceived the cook taking in from an itinerant bookvender, some monthly numbers of a work. Curiosity was excited to know what could possibly be the subject of the cook's erudition, so her master carelessly asked her to let him look at the publication. Mary, blushing, said that she wished to improve in her kitchen business, and she had been taking in for nearly three months, in parts, "*Cook's* Voyages!"

An amateur medical adviser at Boulogne has lately discovered an ingenious method of causing physic to remain on the stomach of a patient. His direction is, that when pills are making up, the chemist is to put a small fish-hook into each pill!

At a pleasant dinner-party, Mrs. Mountain, the vocalist, (who was a very lively person,) asked Mr. David Grove, who had been invited, "Whether he was any relation to the GROVES of *Blarney*?" Grove gravely replied that he had but one relation, and that was his brother John.

SMASHING.

A beefsteak club was established in Drury-Lane theatre, and its meetings were held in a temporary apartment, fitted up in the painting room. Mr. John H—— was appointed secretary. Amongst the by-laws of this convivial society, a small fine was inflicted on every member who did not pass the bottle in a certain period, and there were other fines for petty offences against the regulations. H—— had the collection of these profits, which were to be applied to a fund for an annual white-bait dinner at Greenwich.

H——, on one particular meeting, was somewhat surprised at the number of fines incurred (particularly from several of the members who were never in the habit of stopping the bottle); in fact, he had that evening collected about three pounds five shillings *in silver.*

But this was the effect of a waggish conspiracy against the poor little secretary. The manager laid the plan. There were several confederates; and the quiet treasurer supplied the parties with bad half-crowns, shillings, and sixpences (which in a number of seasons had been taken at the doors of the theatre, and laid aside). With this base money the fines were, with small exception, paid to the secretary. About ten o'clock Mr. H—— was enquired for at the stage-door. He left the pleasant table; and, on going down, was accosted by Leadbitter, a Bow Street officer, who requested to speak to him *privately.*

H——, rather astonished at this, conducted the officer into a room, when Leadbitter told him, "He was very sorry to say, that he had a warrant against Mr. H——."

"A warrant!" exclaimed H——; and the officer produced a printed paper, and said, "that he had authority *to take Mr. H—— in custody for passing a bad half-crown in Covent Garden market, that afternoon.*"

H—— was surprised, and said he had certainly "purchased some fruit and vegetables there, as, indeed, he did daily;" but utterly disclaimed paying with a halfcrown.

Leadbitter (who had received his infernal instruction from the hoaxers above,) respectfully told poor H—— that it was his painful duty—with a man of his standing in the world—to search his person. H—— very indignantly said, "Search me directly." Leadbitter proceeded in his task, and found all the quantity of base coin in the pockets of H——. The affair now assumed a serious aspect, when Leadbitter told H——that "he must accompany him." The party upstairs was sent to; but not one of the conspirators would come down. Some, who were not in the secret, and foremost amongst them, was Mr. William L——, were descending, quitting the club for the evening. H—— appealed to them, and the charge was received by the benevolent L—— with utter astonishment. Another gentleman, thinking that a practical joke might be carried too far, interfered, and at last induced the Bow Street officer to confess that he had been employed with a fictitious warrant, to consummate this hoaxing attack on the harmless and good-natured little secretary.

Fat and facetious Major Downs, W——, D——, and others, went on an angling party to Hampton. Downs had conceived a joke against D——, and procured a red herring, which he concealed in

his basket. The party were in punts, and were successful. They, however, ceased from their sport to partake of some luncheon on the water, and Downs requested D—— to draw the cork of a bottle of sherry. D—— left his line in the water; and, while his back was turned, the Major rapidly drew up the float, hooked the red-herring, and threw it quietly into the river. He then accepted of some sandwiches; and whilst D—— was pouring out a glass of wine, he said, "See—see, you have got a bite there!"

D—— as quickly as he could pulled up the line, and was utterly astounded at *the fish he had caught!*

Mr. D—— is now a first-rate disciple of Izaak Walton.

In writing about Poland, if an author is at a loss for surnames, all he has to do is, to sneeze, and add the syllable SKI afterwards. For instance, in the various strange sounds of a sneeze,—Athishah-SKI; araposh-SKI; sbldsph-SKI; stchar-SKI; tishoo-SKI; — all excellent Polish names!

Robert William Elliston was at Croydon fair, and, having rather exceeded his customary potation after dinner, he staggered and fell down. Two respectable persons immediately lifted him up on his legs. He gazed for an instant at them alternately, and drawled out gravely, "You will rob me, of course; but for God's sake do not otherwise ill-treat me!"

Mr. A—— was at a pleasant convivial party, and, having done something contrary to the rules of the society, he was called to order by the chairman, who jocosely reprimanded him at some length, and concluded by observing, that he feared the exhortation had produced very little effect on the person addressed; in fact, it was "*casting pearls before swine.*" A—— rose with an humble demeanour, modestly apologized for his misbehaviour, and, perfectly agreeing with the chairman in his last line, begged leave most respectfully "*to cast* HIMSELF *before* THE SOCIETY."

'TIS HE!

BY CAPTAIN MEDWIN.

As I was walking one day last May in the Tuileries Gardens, arm-in-arm with a French gentleman, a stranger *en passant*, remarked, pointing to another, "'Tis he!" My friend, who overheard the words as well as myself, suddenly turned pale, and became so seriously indisposed that he alarmed me.

I led him to a bench, fortunately at hand, and asked him the cause of his emotion. When he had sufficiently recovered he said, with a deep sigh,

"Those horrible words! I have the greatest possible antipathy to them; and, when you have heard my story, you will think with reason,—almost as great an objection to them as Lara had.

"No one can read that tale, and entertain a doubt that it is a sequel to the Corsair,—that, in fact, Conrad and Lara are the same person.

The scene in the ball-room, where Ezzelin, pointing to Lara, says, ''Tis he!' has never recurred to my mind without exciting the most powerful emotions. ''Tis he! — the pirate! — the man of blood! — the seducer of my Medora! — the murderer of my happiness! — the blight of my existence!' Those two monosyllables evoke, like a spell, all the scenes of the past, enable me to fill up the blanks in the sketch—to complete the picture. That Ezzelin was acquainted with some damning secret of Lara's is clear, by his being afraid to face him in single combat, and resorting to an act which seems otherwise foreign to his character — dark as it was — assassination. It is the mystery in which your great poet enwraps all his personages which gives them such a breathless interest. It is the anatomy or dissection of his own mind that lays theirs bare to the reader, and makes us, in some measure, associate the author with the personages he draws. Thus these two words, ''Tis he!' would furnish materials for volumes.

But, to my tale:—"During the time that the head-quarters of our army were at Milan, I obtained leave of absence to go to Rome. I was in the habit of visiting the ruins at night; and, after having passed several hours in the Forum, the way back to my apartment lying in the direction of the Piazza Navona, I entered the square, and posted myself in the shadow of the church of St. Agnese. The moonbeams were playing on the magnificent fountain immediately below its portico; and I stood there for some time admiring the colossal statue that is raising its arms as though the massive entablature of the building was about to fall, and crush it,* when a woman suddenly approached me, and said to herself, ''Tis he!' Her voice was so musical in its tone that I had not the heart to deny the recognition, and, perceiving that she beckoned to me, I followed her.

"Though I had been in the Eternal City some weeks, I was only familiar with the principal thoroughfares, and soon found myself lost in a labyrinth of streets. After traversing several, with which I was unacquainted, she stopped at a palace, along the entire front of which ran a colonnade of pillars that by the appearance seemed to have belonged to some ancient temple. They were of the Corinthian order; and the moonlight that played on the foliaged capitals only seemed to throw into deeper shade the roof which they supported.

"My mute conductress now entered a spacious hall, lighted by a single lamp in the centre, which showed that it was paved with black and white marble, and ornamented by antique statues of exquisite workmanship. I here hesitated whether I should pursue the adventure, but, as one under the influence of a spell, an irresistible impulse led me on. We now ascended a spacious staircase; and my guide having opened a door, ushered me into a saloon blazing with light, which for a moment blinded me. But, if I was struck with the splendour of the apartment, my eyes were still more riveted by a female figure lying on a couch at the further extremity. She was in a deep sleep, and had not heard my steps. I too fancied myself in a dream, and that I was realizing some of the magic wonders of Oriental fable.

"Finding that she was motionless, I advanced, and, bending over her, beheld a girl of perhaps eighteen or twenty. Her form, perfectly

* It is the satire of a rival architect.—Ed.

revealed through the folds of the white gauze dress in which she was enveloped, had all the grace and symmetry of a Grecian nymph. She was a brunette; had one of those clear brown complexions for which the Roman women are remarkable; and her dark hair fell over her perfect shoulders, one long ringlet having strayed across her cheek. I hardly dared breathe lest I should wake her.

"At length she sighed, and stared at me vacantly, like one in a trance. But, on a sudden, as if she all at once had recalled her wandering senses, she leapt up, and screamed loudly,

"'Tis not he! Who are you? How came you here? I entreat you to depart, signore! If he should find you here I am lost!'

"'Signora bella incognita,' I replied, 'an accident — the most fortunate of accidents, has brought me here. I was on the Piazza Navona, and——'

"'That was the appointed rendezvous. Teresa is mad. Oh what a mistake—what a mistake!' said she, wringing her hands.

"'One of the happiest of mistakes!' I replied.

"'Signore,' said the incognita entreatingly, 'I conjure you to leave me. If he should find you here he will murder me.'

"At this moment, as I was about to return, a young Italian burst into the room. The lady sunk back on the couch, and hid her face with her hands. For a moment he stood between us, and eyed first one and then the other with concentrated fury. His rage almost suffocated him. He could only syllable,

"'Perfidious one! die!'

Thus saying, he plunged a stiletto, which he had concealed beneath his mantle, in her bosom.

"'Ambrosio! I—am—in-no-cent!' was all she uttered, and died without a groan.

"The assassin instantly disappeared.

"So sudden was the shock this scene of horror excited, that, uncertain how to act, — whether to call for assistance or to fly, I stood staring with stony eyes on the lifeless corse before me. So stupified was I indeed that I had not perceived a third person enter the apartment, till he was close by my side. It was the husband of the murdered lady, the Comte ——. Had I been really the criminal, I could not have looked more guilty than I did at this moment. All the danger of my situation rushed into my mind. Every circumstance conspired to rise up in judgment against me. The dagger was still in the side of the bleeding victim, and *there* was I alone. Who would believe my strange story, or acquit me of the crime?

"The despair of the Count at first swallowed up his vengeance; but he at length called his servants. He would not listen to a word I had to say in my defence, but had me conveyed to the Castle of St. Angelo.

"There I was loaded with chains, and thrown into a cell, or rather vault, in the lowest part of the prison, even below the bed of the Tiber. The only light it admitted was through a grated aperture in the wall, where it was impossible to read at mid-day. I wished to write to our ambassador, but was denied the means.

"The next day I was visited by an agent of the police, who took down my deposition; and I was afterwards confronted with Teresa, the *femme de chambre* of the deceased Countess; but she denied all the circumstances I had detailed. Had she even admitted them, it

would scarcely have assisted my defence. I was tried, and condemned, and death—an infamous death—seemed inevitable.

"Before the execution of a culprit in the Pontifical States, if he be an infidel, every effort is made to convert him. The priest or chaplain of the prison was my constant visiter. He was an excellent old man. I had previously never thought much on the subject of religion. Few officers in our service had. I was anxious before I left the world to satisfy my mind whether that mode of worship which I adopted, as my fathers had done before me, without inquiry, was in consonance with the true faith. My long imprisonment gave me ample leisure for reflection. One by one I canvassed with the Dominican the tenets of his belief, the great truths of Christianity, and ended in becoming a real believer in what you Protestants call Papacy.

"Do not suppose that I was influenced by any expectation of pardon in taking this all-important step. The murder, after the first day of our interviews, never formed the topic of discussion. But as I was now about to renounce my errors, I was exhorted by my holy friend to make an ample confession. What was I to confess but my innocence? I detailed to him all the events as they had occurred. Strange and incredible as my story was, it is not surprising that it should be long before he could believe my narrative. But there is a language in truth, when sanctioned by the holy tie of a sacrament, that the heart cannot mistake. It spoke irresistibly to his heart, and he wept over me as though I had been his own son.

"I cannot describe to you the consolation I derived from my first communion. I now looked on death as a new life. All my gloom vanished, and I prepared for my last hour with resignation and hope.

"After that most imposing rite, he left me, and immediately proceeded to the house of the Prime Minister of Pius the VII. Cardinal Gonsalvi, to whom he revealed what had passed in confession. Having satisfied that worthy and excellent man of my innocence, he interceded with the holy father for my liberation. A week had scarcely elapsed, when, at an unusual hour my prison-doors were opened, as I thought to lead me to execution, but, instead, I heard the voice of my benevolent old friend, who exclaimed,

"'Signore,' said he, 'you are free.'

"'And the murderer?' I asked.

"'The murderer,' replied the officer, 'was never discovered. Unless he had left his name engraven on the hilt of his stiletto, how should he?'

After a pause my friend continued his story. "Genoa was the next scene where these words that I hardly dare name without shuddering brought with them consequences, though not quite so serious, yet by no means agreeable.

"Genoa, were it not for its arbitrary masters, would perhaps be the most desirable residence in Europe. Splendid palaces are to be let at the most reasonable rate. The climate, excepting during the few months that the Maestrael prevails, is mild—always salubrious. There are three public libraries, a good opera, and there was the best company of tragedians in Italy, till the funds to assist in their maintenance were handed over to the Jesuits. The Brignola and other palaces are open to strangers; and all the luxuries of life are cheap and excellent. There is, however, as I said, one drawback,

one countervailing objection, that neutralizes all these advantages,—the Piemontezi; and it is for this reason that foreigners at Genoa are few in number, particularly French and English, on whom those new lords look with suspicion, dreading lest they should inoculate their subjects with those liberal principles which our constitutional government enjoys. The word, 'Constitution' is to them what '"Tis he' is to me,—an abhorrence.

"I can only say that you English were not a little instrumental in bringing about the present state of things, — in annihilating that ancient republic, which, admirably situate as it is, might have been a bulwark against arbitrary power, and a rallying-point for free principles in Italy. The Marchese John Carlo di Negro, a poet and improvisatore, and, more than that, an excellent and hospitable man, pointing to a terrible fortress then erecting to overawe the city, said to me, 'Behold, a present from the English!' When you go to Genoa, you will one day visit his villa and gardens, formed out of an old ruined bastion, and standing islanded in the centre of the city, on which it looks down,—the finest panorama in the world. What a paradise that villa is! and what a paradise I thought Genoa when I first came to settle in it! But, what an odious little disjunction it is! You shall hear how it turned out to be an *inferno* to me.

"I frequently passed my mornings in the Bino Library, and there became acquainted with a Marseillois, who, if alive, doubtless still follows his old trade — a trade which the Greeks called sycophancy — that had then a different signification to what we now give it — *espionage*. He was a little man, somewhat of a *petit-maître*, with a countenance rather sly than intelligent, though he did not want for talents. There was in his eye a great power of inquiry, and a nervous trepidation in his form and gestures that betrayed either guilt or the dread of detection—perhaps both.

"He wore a *petite moustache troussée*, of which he was not a little vain; for, I must tell you, that during the time of my story an order was issued for all mustaches, excepting those of officers on service, to be mercilessly put under the hands of the barber,— served as the Grand Turk has lately done the beards of the Moslems. This exception in favour of my *friend* was not without its merits; for, as it is, or is supposed to be, the distinguishing mark of Carbonareism—it gave him the character of belonging to that society. Perhaps you do not know what the word 'Carbonareism' comes from, though you cannot be ignorant that it implies Freemasonry. The sect, then, owes its origin to the charcoal-burners—mountaineers, who, in all countries are noted for their love of freedom. These *illuminati*, in spite of persecution and proscription, are continually increasing, and amount, at the lowest calculation, to fifty thousand. With us, Freemasonry has died a natural death, grown into disuse from its inutility; but not so with the Transalpines. Let the tyrants tremble, as they well may, at the name!

"But my countryman was no Carbonaro, or if he ever was one, had turned Calderaio — a renegade, or informer. It is a dangerous apostacy. His was an office that might well whiten his cheek and make his nerves quiver; for, in case of detection, not all the bayonets of the Jard could save him from the vengeance of the brotherhood. I was once acquainted with a Calderaio, a German, or a *soi-disant* German baron, who has now been voluntarily confined at Spilsberg

for fifteen years, from a love of life; and perhaps this Genoese spy now keeps him company, if he has not fallen by the dagger of one of the fraternity in pursuance of his oath.

"My Bino acquaintance soon became my Mephistophiles, and every morning paid me a visit at Michel's, the *Pension Suisse* where I lodged. There is no hotel in Genoa where not only the masters, but the servants, are not paid spies in the service of the police, not a *table d'hôte* where there is not seated an informer. During our interviews, in order to elicit my opinions, he indulged not merely in vituperation of the government, but professed the most violently liberal opinions, in order to obtain my acquiescence in them, or to convict me of liberalism, having previously posted one of the *giovannottes* of the house in an adjoining room to take down my words. It so happened that I had been writing a tragedy on the subject of the Fieschis and Dorias. It has been treated by Schiller. Having introduced the conspirators *en scène*, I of course put into their mouths sentiments corresponding with their characters.

"I one day read to him a speech of that fierce republican, Verrina, when my guest observed,

"'Do you never write Italian poetry. I should much like you to try.'

"Not suspecting his object, I translated half a dozen lines into wretched blank-verse, which he immediately put into his pocket, with the view no doubt of showing his zeal to his employers by denouncing me as the advocate of what the lines embodied.

"Among other persons, I had become intimate with a young advocate, since well-known in Europe, and into whose house the spy also occasionally intruded himself. Perhaps in that land of talent, Italy, (for distinguished talent there is,) no one can compare with M——i. He is a great orator, a beautiful poet, and his prose writings have in them a nerve, a pith, a vigour of thought and imagination, clothed in a style which almost rivals that of Machiavelli. He reminded me (for there is a characteristic likeness in all genius) of Shelley, of whom he was an enthusiastic admirer, and like him possessed, with great delicacy of constitution, a firmness and manliness of character, that fitted him for the noblest undertakings. If I really felt a friendship for any man, it was for M——i. His conversation was an enchantment. Every sentiment of his heart was noble, virtuous, and heroic. He was then scarcely of age, yet he had gained golden opinions from all but those in power, whom Casti well knew when he said,

> "'The cruel and despotic of all times
> Have held great talents as the worst of crimes.'

"Genoa, though crushed, is not fallen. There beat within her walls hearts that pant for liberty, indignant at their bonds, and ready to burst their manacles. But the time is not yet ripe, and every successless effort of the slave only tends to rivet more his fetters. Tyrants are always cowards; and as one of Prometheus' executioners remarks of Jove,

> "'All new in power are harsh.'

"It was the object of the police, in order to wreak its vengeance on

M——i, to hatch a conspiracy. That so mad and premature an attempt was really in contemplation is at least improbable; but certain it is that no evidence of such a plot ever came to light. Poor M——i, was, however, to be sacrificed; torn from his country, his parents, his friends, and doomed to perpetual exile. First, however, a still severer punishment (if severer there can be) was to be inflicted on him—a dungeon! The prime mover and instrument in this nefarious scheme was my countryman—but I disown him. One evening during my walk he accosted me with a smile of savage delight, and said,

"'Have you not heard—'

"'Heard what?' I replied.

"'Why, that M——i and seven of his friends have been sent to the Castello in the mountain. They say,' he continued, in a mysterious whisper, 'that he was a Carbonaro and a conspirator. What do you think?' added he, significantly.

"'I am only thinking,' I replied, 'of the misfortune of my friend and the villany of the land.'

"My words were no doubt repeated. Yes, the information was too correct: M——i had been dragged to the Castello, and loaded with fetters!

"I will now give you some idea of what an Italian girl is capable. A Genoese, rich, beautiful, and of one of the oldest families, had long admired M——i for the nobleness of his character and virtues. They were not even mutually acquainted, scarcely by sight; but she nourished her passion in secret. As soon, however, as she heard of his misfortune, she set off for the prison, and in an interview with him offered to give up her freedom, her home, her name, for him—to share his dungeon. Noble woman! the glory of your sex! No! M——i, young as he was, had strength of mind to resist all the temptations of youth, wealth, and beauty, and refused to involve in his blighted fortunes and certain exile one worthy of the most heroic times.

"But to return to myself. At midnight I was awakened by a loud rapping at my door, and called out,

"'Who is there?"

"'Carabiniers,' was the reply. 'Open the door!'

"'Wait,' I said, 'till I can dress myself.'

"On being admitted, they said, 'We are come to search your papers.'

"I opened my *secretaire*, and after they had hunted it all over, and found nothing, they returned me the key, and went away.

"Furious at this indignity, I demanded the next morning an audience with the governor. He received me with marked cordiality, shaking me heartily by the hand, and requesting to know to what cause he owed the favour of my visit. I related to him what had passed the night before.

"'It must be some mistake,' said he. 'I will speak to the Colonel Commandant of Police, and the men shall be punished.'

"Nothing could be more satisfactory to my wounded feelings. I thanked him, on taking leave, for his urbanity. What do you suppose the punishment inflicted on the gendarmes was?—to be deprived of their uniforms; but a new office was assigned to them as a reward,—to watch my steps. I had marked them well, and, on

turning round in the street, observed them following me. I was determined to lead them a dance, to use a vulgar expression, and took a walk of some miles through every highway and byway of the city. On reaching my own door, I addressed them, and said,

" 'I think it a high honour to be allowed as a body-guard two valets out of livery.'

" I afterwards heard, though I had not observed the circumstance, that I had been for some months similarly attended, and that I had been frequently watched into M——i's house.

" This espionage not being at all to my taste, I went to the Colonel Commandant of the Police, a true Fouqué in appearance and character, and in no very measured terms upbraided him with the conduct pursued towards me. I found him very different from the governor, and came away with a vague suspicion that something was brooding in his mind hostile to my security, though nothing that passed might have led me to divine it. I, however, never saw more of my *laquais de place.*

" On the third day after my visit, as I was lounging in the Piazza delle Fontane Amorose, and looking at the façade of the Spinola Palace, which had belonged to the Inviolata, the princely residence of the Fieschis, and musing whether old Doria's statue was not rightly demolished by the French during the Revolution,—whether he was not a tyrant instead of a benefactor to his country; (for, to judge rightly of historical character, we must always take into consideration the times and writers of the annals,)—I heard a well-known voice say to a carabinier, ''Tis he!' It was my Marsellois friend who spoke, and who immediately afterwards turned on his heel, and passed down the Novissima. They immediately arrested and led me to the guard-room, where I passed the night on a table in my carrick.

" It had been the intention to send me to keep company with M——i in the Castello; but the next morning, after a long consultation between the Governor and the Colonel Commandant, it was settled that I was to be marched out of the city between two carabiniers, and thus escorted to the frontiers, whichsoever I might choose. How very kind and considerate!

" Imagine the disgrace of being dragged as a wild beast or convict, exposed to public scorn, through Alexandria, Turin, Chanoncy, and you may form some idea of what I had to endure. Rage and indignation bore up my spirits under this galling tyranny; but another feeling also mingled with them,—the mortification of being exiled from Genoa, for which I had begun to entertain an affection, and from those dear friends who had welcomed me with a kindness almost fraternal. " Had it not been for those dreaded words, ''Tis he!' and him who uttered them, haply I might now be walking under the marble porticos of the Durazzo, or inhaling the sea-breeze from my favourite seat on the parapet of the Mola.

" But if these words had proved fatal to my personal liberty, almost my life, they were destined in its very outset to mar my fortunes. A great writer says, that originally everything was created *en double;* hence, not only in twins, but even perfect strangers in blood, these extraordinary freaks of nature sometimes occur. Much is that person to be pitied who possesses one of those commonplace faces, that as it were gives him no identity or character of his own,

— a sort of painted mask, so that he is constantly doomed to have it said by strangers, 'Well, how very like you are to Mister this, that, and the other;' but to be a cast — an exact copy of another— such is, unhappily, my case. That second nature, education, perhaps contributed somewhat to perfect the resemblance; for there is no doubt that she acts powerfully on those whose minds are constantly engaged in the same pursuits — priests, for instance; and so far Lavater and the Physiognomists were right. But, without going into any reasoning on causes, I will at once introduce you to a young man, whom I will call Anatoli, a native of Amiens, the town where I was also born. We were of the same age, and entered college on the same day, and soon became what they call there *faisans* (pheasants) intimates. Whether we were attracted by some sympathy of tastes, inclinations, and talents, or by the striking and marvellous resemblance we bore each other, in height, figure, even to the colour of the hair and eyes, I cannot say; but the fact is that we became inseparable, and went by the name of the Two Dromios. In order to make ourselves, if possible, still more alike, we wore precisely the same dress, and, in looking into a glass at once, we might almost have said, 'I am not myself!' It was a Comedy of Errors, and our great amusement was to mystify our fellow-collegians. But if they were puzzled, the professors, when our class was called up for lecture, were still more so; and one of them used to tie a piece of red tape round my arm in order to distinguish me. I could fill a volume in recounting to you the odd mistakes and droll *contretemps* that daily took place. Some of them were, however, more serious than comic; for I happened to be studious instead of idle, quiet instead of mischievous, and easy in my temper; whilst my *double* was involved in never-ceasing scrapes, disputes, and quarrels, set all the laws and regulations of the place at defiance, and was for ever '*au cachot*,'—where it was not long before I contrived to join him. Such was our friendship, that I received many a beating in lieu of him, confessed many a peccadillo of which he had been guilty, and submitted to not a few solitary confinements on bread and water, for offences of which I was innocent.

"It is fit that you should know something of my history. I was left an orphan when a child so young, that I do not remember either of my parents. I was brought up by a maternal uncle, an old bachelor, who had made a considerable fortune in trading with the Isle of Bourbon. Though he had several nephews and nieces, he looked upon me as his son and heir; he loved me with all the affection of a father. To say I returned it is superfluous. Having been the maker of his own fortune, and still being in the prime and vigour of life, he meant that I should have an '*état*,' and selected that of medicine.

"As soon, therefore, as I had taken my degree, being now eighteen, he resolved to send me to Paris to walk the hospitals, with an allowance of four thousand francs a-year, an income which few of the students possess, and more than ample for all my wants. Our parting, bitter as it was, would have been more bitter, had it not been my uncle's intention to visit Paris frequently during my novitiate. But what reconciled me in some measure to the plan of quitting Amiens was, that Anatoli, having chosen the same profession, accompanied me to the metropolis.

"We took apartments in that part of Paris called the Marais,—a *terra incognita* to you, though in early times this quarter was considered the most fashionable, as some fine old hotels still bear witness. Most of the medical students reside there. Anatoli's taste and mine so far coincided now, that we could neither of us endure the profession for which we were designed. For my part, I never attended an hospital after witnessing the first dissection, and my friend's pursuits were directed more to living subjects than dead ones; still, however, I dedicated my time to study, and mathematics and military tactics engaged my time and thoughts. I longed to be a soldier. In my letters to my uncle I could not help hinting at my aversion to surgery; but his replies gave me little hope of obtaining his consent to my abandoning it.

"Anatoli's occupations and my own were so widely different, that we sometimes did not meet for days. He almost lived in the Chausée d'Antin, and plunged deeply into all its dissipation. Occasionally he would make me his confessor, but laughed heartily at my advice or admonition.

"My uncle and myself corresponded regularly; but all at once there came a change over the tone of his letters. He told me, in one I could show you, that since my departure he had learnt from one of the professors at the University my great insubordination,—complained of the manner in which I passed my time in Paris,—my never attending the dissecting-rooms,—nay, added that a friend of his, who knew my person well, had warned him that I frequented gambling-houses. He ended with assuring me of his severe displeasure if I continued these courses, and announced his early visit to Paris.

"In my answer, I told him candidly the way in which I was living, the books I read, &c. and denied the charges altogether. I now had reason, and not for the first time, to lament the unfortunate likeness between me and Anatoli, and doubted not that his person had been mistaken for mine. So it unhappily proved.

"One day at breakfast he was in a merrier mood than usual. I asked him the cause. 'I know,' answered Anatoli, 'you consider me somewhat of a *mauvais sujet*, Mr. Mentor. Last night, or rather this morning, I was at Frascati's. You must go there, Henri!—play, women, and wine, that glorious trio!—there's the place to find them. *Eh bien*, just as I was leaning over the shoulder of one of the syrens, and whispering some nonsense in her ear, I observed an old quiz, a provincial,—at least such I took him for by the cut of his coat,—looking very fixedly, sternly I might say. I returned his stare, putting into it as much contempt as I could. Had he been younger, I should perhaps have asked him what he meant by his insolence; for you may make a look as insulting as any words, and such was that of the old boy. However, at last he came round to our side of the table, and I heard him say to himself,

"'Tis he! 'tis indeed he!'

"'He! who?' said I, repeating his words.

"'Perhaps you don't know me?' said the old one, foaming with passion.

"'Know you? No,' replied I, with a sneer; 'how should I? I never saw you before in my life.'—'He never saw me before in his life!' said he, grinding his teeth. 'Insolent scoundrel!'

" 'Insolent scoundrel!' I exclaimed, jumping up from my seat at the green board, now in as great a rage as he was himself, not only at the expression, but because all the eyes in the room were fixed upon me. 'What do you mean, sir? Explain yourself, or—'

" 'Mean, sir!' said old Square-toes, foaming with passion, 'that you are an ungrateful villain!'

" 'I had heard enough, and now seized him by the collar, and a scuffle ensued. All was confusion and uproar. The croupiers, who were collecting the cards after the deal, got up; the ladies screamed; the waiters came running from all parts of the room; the players pocketed their money, and made a ring; an Englishman said, 'They want to box. The Superintendent de Jeu, who had hurried up, replied, addressing us, 'Messieurs, you must not *box* here.'—'Turn him out!' cried the ladies.—'Give him in charge of the police!' exclaimed the croupiers, anxious to continue the *coup*.

" 'My fair acquaintance was an excellent second in the affray; for she seized a glass of *ponche à la Romaine*, and with an admirable aim discharged its contents into the old quiz's yellow face. Still he vociferated, with a voice almost stifled with sobs of rage,

" ''Tis he! 'tis he! Is it come to this? That I should live to see this day!'

" 'You ask me what I was laughing at; had you been there to see his face, with the punch streaming down it like a river-god's, and mixing with his tears, you would have laughed too! Even there it quite overcame me.

" 'He is an idiot! the old man is an idiot!' said I, grinning.

" 'I'll disinherit you, you ungrateful rascal!' said he, almost choking with fury.

" 'What a threat!' said I, laughing in his face. 'He says he'll disinherit me. Take him to the *Maison des fous*'

" 'The *laquais* had now seized and pinioned him, and put an end to all farther colloquy by dragging him out of the house. Some time afterwards, I asked one of them what they had done with him.

" 'Done with him?' answered the man. 'Why, I took him to the station-house, where I suppose he still is.'

" 'Ha! ha! ha! was it not a curious adventure, eh, Henri?—very droll!'

" 'The station-house!' said I, almost in tears. 'What station-house? Oh, my poor dear uncle!'

" 'Your uncle!' said Anatoli, now in alarm. 'What an unfortunate affair!'

" 'Unfortunate, indeed, you may well say; but that is not the word—it was cruel. My poor dear guardian!—my only friend!—to be thus barbarously treated!' was all I could utter.

" I rushed out of the house in a state little short of frenzy, and went in search of my uncle, but could hear nothing of him at the police. I concluded he had been released, and had returned to Amiens immediately. So it was; for he wrote the day after, disclaiming all further communication with me, and telling me that, in the strict letter of the Roman law, he would cut me off with a sous. It was in vain that I attempted to justify myself; my letters were returned unopened. Anatoli, who was afraid lest his friends should hear of his dissipation, took no steps to clear me. From that day I broke off all acquaintance with him, and I know not whether he is alive or dead.

"For myself, I was now an orphan indeed — all my prospects were blighted for ever. Six months had scarcely elapsed when my uncle died of vexation and grief, and left all his wealth to my cousin. To me he left, as he had promised, one sous.

"Being quite destitute, I entered the army as a private. I served in Spain, and in the Russian campaign, and obtained, like most of the officers who survived the retreat, rapid promotion. I am now on half pay, and have lately made a pilgrimage to my native city. Time, and misfortune, and ill health have wrought such a change in my appearance, that there is no fear of any of its inhabitants, my relatives, or college acquaintances saying, as else they well might, pointing to me,—'Tis he!'"

T. Medwin.

WATTY FLAHERTY.

BY P. M^cTEAGUE, ESQ.

CHAPTER I.

Potato Gardens puzzling to the learned.—Their cultivators if possible more so.—Comparison between the Peasantry of England and Ireland.—Reflections thereupon.—Birth of Watty Flaherty.—His genius soon discernible.—Mr. O'Dowd, the Prince of Irish Gentlemen.—His Lady.—Their establishment.—New theory as regards the barking of dogs. — Definition of a cork-screw, a small instrument sometimes used in Ireland. — A faithful messenger. — Effects of rats and mice, leading to the introduction of cats.

Poor Paddy, with his bit of potato ground, seems to be puzzling everybody. Philosophers, travellers, statesmen, — all lost in speculation. They cannot conceive the reason why he should be so *different* from other people; and yet that he is so nobody can deny. For my own part, though it does not seem modest to be praising one's own countrymen, I may perhaps be allowed to remark that if it were at any time desirable to prove an astounding contrast between races very near each other, nothing more need be done than to bring a fair average half-dozen of farmer's servants from England, and place them by the side of an equal number of our "boys" be it from the plough or bog. Heavens, what a difference! The Irish lads, full of fun, intelligence, and activity; and though even half-fed and in rags, yet behaving, comparatively speaking, like gentlemen. The Johnny Raws or Yokels, awkward in gait, and perfect clowns, with intellects as thick as muddy ale!

But what has all this to do with Watty Flaherty?

I 'll tell you. Watty was a mischievous rogue; but he was an amusing scoundrel. He was one of those fellows that we must hope are getting scarcer in Ireland; yet still that he did exist there is no doubt.

Watty Flaherty was born on the "*brink*" of a bog, in Limerick. His parents were miserably poor, for they had married without consi-

dering how they would live; but were in ecstasies when they were permitted to "perch down" upon the corner of "a lovely bog." In process of time, besides Watty, they found themselves surrounded by a "small *sharge*" of nine other children,—there was a round dozen of them altogether, living in a hovel which might have been ten or twelve feet square.

Watty was the sharpest urchin among them; and, when he came home laden with a "thryslawn" of eels, or a stray duck "that wouldn't keep out of his way," his poor mother would say "that boy's wits will keep him from starving, but not out of mischief. In time, however, he became a tolerably good workman; he was active, and somehow contrived to pick up a scanty portion of reading and writing,—and for blarney, coaxing, and humbugging, had "no fellow." He was about twenty when he wormed himself into a gentleman's service; whose horse, however, having run away with him, Watty was so fortunate as to stop the animal on the brink of a precipice, and from that moment became a great favourite.

This gentleman, Cornelius O'Dowd, Esquire, of Mulgawley, was one of the most eccentric men in Ireland. He was a gentleman farmer, having taken long leases at low rates; or made purchases of upwards of fifteen hundred acres of fertile ground, which he well knew how, when, and to whom to subdivide, keeping in his own hands several hundred acres of the finest. In his undertakings Mr. O'Dowd was singularly fortunate; which was made more apparent after his decease; it being well known that there are few of his descendants who are not independent.

The house which Mr. O'Dowd lived in was a large, old-fashioned fabric, surrounded by noble trees. At a convenient distance were his gardens, farm-yards, and out-houses, all properly arranged. On the trees were rooks innumerable. The farm-yards were crowded with geese, turkeys, cocks, hens, and pigs. A score of men and boys might be generally counted, putting on the greatest appearance of industry when the master or mistress appeared; but when their backs were turned, rubbing their own shoulders against the gate-posts, or watching the puppies, and the pigs.

And yet, rolling as it were in wealth, Mr. O'Dowd was in several respects one of the simplest men that ever lived. Acute in many points, his character was in others completely the reverse. His strong points consisted in making money by wholesale; his weak ones, in losing it by retail. He kept a most hospitable house; his doors were not only always open to his numerous friends, but the bare mention of the name of a friend, would gain a welcome to any one; and he who would judge at a glance the value of a flock, or tell within a pound what a fat beast would weigh, who kept the most accurate accounts of his crops, rents, and the produce of his lands, surrendered himself a victim to those who were constantly preying upon him.

It was whispered that he and Mrs. O'Dowd were not *always* on the best terms; that, knowing her good man's failings, she went sometimes "a little too far" to restrain him. Be this as it may, they were in the main a happy couple, had a fine family, the management of which he wisely left to her; and both of them looked so jolly, that few believed Mr. O'Dowd's nights' were much disturbed by curtain lectures. Such was Watty Flaherty's master.

As the screw winds its course into a bottle for the purpose of caus-

ing emptiness within, so Watty Flaherty's great aim, after saving his master's life, was to worm himself gradually into his confidence; to which end he appeared the most devoted of creatures. Was a messenger wanted to run to the post-town? Watty was the surest and quickest man. "Here, Watty, take this guinea, and run for the letters," or "a loaf of sugar," or anything else "in a *hurry*." Watty was back in no time; but he soon became slow in returning the "trifle of change," which his master equally forgot to ask for; and, though by a mere chance he might now and then think of it, "sure I gave it your honour" set all to rights.

In time Watty's flights were bolder. His master was pleased with his jokes, and listened to his tales. He gradually became well acquainted with all Mr. O'Dowd's weak points, found himself month after month possessed of more influence, and increased his consequence by marrying (with Mrs. O'Dowd's consent) the head dairy-woman. Soon after he and his wife, Molly, were settled in a snug cabin within three quarters of a mile of the house, and with an acre or two of ground, which gave them feed for a cow. Molly, however, had a number of poor relations, and so had Watty. They were therefore often squeezed hard themselves, which made them squeeze the master a *little harder*.

Watty was too knowing a fellow to quarrel either with steward or herdsman, but contented himself with sliding into the duties of each occasionally, and persuading Mr. O'Dowd that "if his honour would allow him to do so and so," he was "sure and certin" he would bring his honour luck,—which, in truth, he sometimes did, watching, however, the moments of abstraction to convey cash into his own pocket.

All this time he had such a ready stock of fun and cunning, that even while executing a plot to humbug "the master," he did it in such a way, as not only to blindfold Mr. O'Dowd, but to amuse him. And, in truth, Watty loved no human being so much as his master. Yet Watty was a rogue to the very heart's core.

One day he attended "the master" round the yards, while the latter, surveying sundry large rat-holes, and seeing quantities of chaff in the lofts, exclaimed, "Watty, we're lost for want of the cats,—what *has* become of them?"

"Faix, your honour, I think I can tell you the way it is. You see, sir, you had a bad breed of cats, and not one of them fit to face a rat. They wor small tortuses, and them's a delicate breed,—the crathurs! Sure, and didn't I see a couple of big ould thieves of rats ating up one of them myself?"—"The rats eating the cats?" said the squire. "I never heard such a thing!"

"Oh, as for the matter of that, your honour, a rat'll ate anything; the pitchforks are hardly safe for them."

"What think you of sending for a rat-catcher, then?"

"In troth, sir, I don't know; but I'm tould them's the biggest rogues; and, if they catch the rats in one place, they'll turn them loose in another."—"I believe you may be right. But traps, Watty, what do you think of traps?"

"In troth, your honour, it's a very bad opinion of them same *thraps* I have. For, you see, it's only a young fool of a rat that'll venter his nose inside of a *thrap*; and all the while he's considering whether he'll go in or not, the ould thieves of rats are on the watch lying down with the snouts betune the two forepaws of 'em; and, as soon as

they see the young skelp fast, and he bawling and squaling at the top of his voice to be out, the whole gang of them makes off wid themselves, and spreads the news. From that minuet after divil a rat comes nigh the thraps, but the young ducks, or maybe a good ould hen or two; and them laving the toes and legs of themselves squeezed aff, and that minuet out comes a whole pack of them blackguard rats, and whips 'em into their holes." — "True, Watty, but what *are* we to do?"

"Oh, lave that to me, your honour, and I'll settle it with some new cats that I'll get; great big, fine fierce ones entirely, with their bodies, and long tails, and whiskers, as hungry as hawks."

"But we've tried the cats, Watty, and they did not answer."

"Oh, was it wid *them* cats, your honour! Sure them was the tortuses, and I tould your honour about them."—"Very true, Watty. How many of the new sort could you get in, do you think?"

"Troth, your honour, how can the likes of me tell that, and no money in my pocket to pay for them? Sure they're sould by a man that dales in them, and collects them for the quality."—"Oh, well, Watty, get six or seven of them. Take this guinea, and let me see what you can do."

This was what Watty had been driving at, so to work he went, borrowing a cat here, and a cat there, and promising each his cat back in four or five days. At the expiration of which time, Mr. O'Dowd's joy was great at beholding Watty, covered with dirt, as if after a journey, but with several bags hanging from his shoulders, all containing *animal life*.

"Well, Watty, what news?" — "Oh, the very best your honour. I've got you a fine parcel of *tin* cats."

"*Tin* cats, Watty? I never heard of tin cats, though you told me of tortoise-shell ones: why, we shall have to make them all into candlesticks." — "Ah, your honour's welcome to yer jokes; but it's tin cats, anyhow, all alive and hungry as the pikes in the river. Will your honour be plased to look at thim? and I'll turn 'em out one by one in the big loft."

The squire acceded to this proposal, and mounted up into the loft.

"Now, sir, are you riddy?"—"I am," said Mr. O'Dowd.

"But, begging your honour's pardon, I don't think you are; for them cats is very fierce, and the hunger pinching them; so, if your honour plases we'll get behind the *shkreen* here, and your honour can look through the bars, and I turning them out of the bags and baskets.

"Well thought of, Watty, draw the screen into the corner."

Watty drew the screen. Mr. O'Dowd got behind it, and the performance began by Watty's untying a bag, out of which darted a huge tom-cat, who, the moment he was liberated, made a dash at the screen, and might, but for Watty's precaution, have deprived Mr. O'Dowd's good-humoured face of a very respectable nose. Finding a *bar* to his further progress, Mr. Tom cast a look of dignified contempt at his new friends, ran to the other end of the loft, ascended the beams, and "made *aff* with himself."

"Had your honour time to look at that cat?" — "Yes, Watty. How much did he cost?"

"Well then, sir, the man and I had great bargaining, for he's a tom-cat, your honour, worth any money, and comes all the way from Cork; but I nailed him for eight and eightpence, and he well worth a

guinea."—"A great price, Watty, but I don't begrudge it." —"Now, your honour, the next is a famous black cat, that belonged to an old lady in Kilkenny."

"A Kilkenny cat!" exclaimed Mr. O'Dowd. "Why they eat one another up!"—"Ah, not at all, your honour. There's a bargain for six and sixpence. (Bad luck to you, you thief of the world! but you've clawed me)."

This cat, after so very moderate a piece of revenge, was perfectly sedate in her movements, and marched away with dignity.

"Now for a fine tearing brown cat, your honour, the best and chapest of thim all, and only cost eight and three halfpence!"

"Why, Watty, you'll ruin me with cat money."

"Ah, your honour *will* be joking! Sure if your honour had not the *money*, where else is it in the whole *counthry*? Besides, I'm to meet the man, and pay him; and, any of the cats your honour don't like, won't it be asy for me to take him back."

"Well go on, Watty, they're fine creatures, and I don't think I can object to them." Upon which Watty bundled them out as quick as possible, and the squire, perfectly satisfied, descended from the loft. Watty made it out to his master's satisfaction, that the cats were a great bargain for two guineas, so Mr. O'Dowd handed him *one*, saying, "There, Watty; didn't I give you a guinea in hand?"—"Half a guinea, your honour, and the journey took a deal of it away from me."—"That's true," replied Mr. O'Dowd. "Here, settle with the man now."

"Long life to your honour."

And so ended the farce. As to the *cats*, the majority being nearer home than Mr. O'Dowd suspected, were at their respective fire-sides the same evening. It was an optional affair with them.

CHAPTER II.

Honesty and skill rewarded.—Expedition to Limerick.—Three butchers fall successively in love with Watty's calf.—Effects of disappointed love.—As in Troy, so in Limerick.—Mr. Gallagher.—Advantage of legal acumen.—The Mayor and Aldermen of Limerick crown the brows of justice with an additional chaplet.—Leave it so.

A few months after this Watty concocted another scheme. Among several things under his charge, he had to attend to a score of Mr. O'Dowd's springing heifers; of one of which he exceedingly desired to possess himself. His master used to come almost daily to inspect this stock, and was in the habit of boasting that they were the finest lot he had ever seen upon his farm. One evening he found Watty busy driving them out of one field into another, and taking great notice of each.

"Well, Watty; how do you get on?"—"Bravely, sir."

"What do you think of the springers, Watty?"—"They're thriving illegant, your honour."

"What are they worth now?"

"Oh, then, by dad! they ought to be well worth ten pounds or guineas; and indeed, now, your honour, as the family is growing up with me, and I obliged to sell my cow, I was jist thinking that I might be expecting one of them on trust, and to pay you in time—only for one thing.

"What thing, Watty?"

"Oh, it 's no use for *me* to be expecting one. Your honour may be wouldn't have any objections; but I thought most likely *the mistress would*, as I know she is fond of the cattle."—"Oh, don't say that! Don't you know that the springers are my property, and that if I pleased you would have as many as I liked of them?"

"Long may your honour live! Not a better warrant in all Ireland. I am sure I could have one in a minute, only for the mistress, *and maybe the steward wouldn't like I should take one.*"

"Oh, you fool!" replied Mr. O'Dowd, who was exactly "hit" in the right place. "Never mind what they may say. Take one, and let me see the man or WOMAN either that dare say a word about it!"

In time this fine springer produced a calf, which he ought to have reared, but "light come, light go," was ever the proverb most applicable to Watty. Nor had this calf revelled more than two months in the enjoyment of existence ere Watty heard that there were great "goings on" in Limerick, and that balls, and other entertainments, had occasioned such a demand that a good "veal calf" was reported to be worth any money. Away he went; and having brought his calf into Limerick, drove it to that quarter of the city called Irish Town, where the butchers then had their slaughter-houses. Watty, clever as he was, did not know the value of his calf; probably he would have made a better guess had he paid for the milk it was fattened on. He entered a crowded street, looking about him like a country booby, and trusting to the chapter of accidents. By the by, this sort of character is more generally assumed by my honest countrymen than any other; Paddy knows, generally speaking, nothing, *till he is about to be cheated;* and then back again come his wits, accompanied by an army of auxiliaries. Fancy Watty driving his calf before him, his mouth open, and his whole appearance betokening simple ignorance. Also imagine a stout butcher throwing his knife down upon his block as he beheld this fine calf. Running up to Watty, he addressed him, "What do you want for the calf?"—"Ea-ah?" exclaimed Watty. "What 'll ye give?" The butcher, handling it, told him "thirty shillings."

"Say thirty-five," replied Watty.—"Well," says the butcher; "as you 're not much out of the way, why, win or lose, I 'll give you the money. Keep her there till I bring it out."

"Very well," cried Watty; and the moment the butcher disappeared he drove the calf on having perceived another butcher on the watch further up the street.

"Is that one sould, my man?"—"Ea-ah?" said Watty.

"Did you sell the calf?" cried the butcher.

"Not a halfpenny I got for her yit," replied Watty.

"What 'll you have for her then?" — "Why, thin, by dad! I can hardly say," says Watty; "but under the two guineas there 'll be no use our talking." — "Say thirty-five hogs, and it 's a bargain," replied the butcher.—"Oiy eh!" said Watty, "a purty figure I 'd be cutting with your thirty-five hogs. It ud be best for you to say the two guineas at wanst, and the fat calf 'll be yours.'

"Do you know what it is?" says the butcher. "I never had any difference with a man that I 'd see going about the thing fair; and so, if you 'll wait I 'll go to a man that owes me money, and come back and pay you."

"With all my heart," answered Watty, who perceived another butcher eyeing him; so, pushing forward as quick as possible, the third inquired the price of the calf?

Watty resolved to ask a fine price this time, and "at any rate, sure what can he do but refuse? Haven't I the calf sould? and what harm to knock some *devarsion* out of it?"

"What 's the price?" says the butcher.—"Three pounds," replied Watty.—"That 's a sight of money for that one," said the butcher.

"Did I ask you to give it?" answered Watty.

"I 'll tell you what; I 'll give you two guineas and a half," says the butcher.

"Begor, have her!" exclaimed Watty, pretty sure that he had got fair value for his calf,—a high price indeed, though the butcher knew what he was about also. Watty delivered up the animal, and was on the point of receiving the money, when up came the first butcher cash in hand, followed by the second, equally prepared, and hereupon commenced a regular row. The country-people, among some of whom Watty was known, prepared to support his cause. The tranquillity of this ancient city was now on the point of being disturbed, and Watty to Limerick might have proved as fatal as Helen to Troy. A few paving-stones had already performed their gyrations in the air. Brickbats had begun to mingle with the storm; and Watty's fears increased in proportion as his arms were nearly pulled off by the two brawny specimens of "injured innocence." His cries of "murder" were piercing, when a company of soldiers marched suddenly up, surrounded Watty and his accusers, suppressed the incipient war, and hurried the four principals into the castle guardhouse. Watty was now in a ticklish predicament; he had left his calf with the third butcher, and his money was in jeopardy. His wits, however, had not yet forsaken him; and he so earnestly implored the officer for time to go to his master's attorney, telling him in whose service he was, that the permission was finally granted, and two soldiers appointed to escort him to that man of law, whilst he sent the three butchers to the court-house.

The attorney practised frequently for Mr. O'Dowd, and knew Watty well. His stature and rotundity were equally remarkable; his humour was inexhaustible, and his dear love for "a handsome fee" never diminished so long as he was able to shut his hand. Such was Mr. Gallagher; whose surprise was great when Watty was conducted into his presence between two grenadiers. Recognising Watty, he took off his spectacles, and, assuring the soldiers that he would be answerable for their prisoner, requested they would withdraw while he heard his case.

"Well, Watty," said Mr. Gallagher, "what brought you to Limerick. What 's the matter?"

"Troth, your honour, 'twas an honest errand I came upon, and that was to sell a calf of my own."

"All fair so far," said the lawyer; "but something else must have occurred?"

"Faix, and so there did, your honour; for myself not knowing the good prices that was going, I *sould* the calf, your honour, to a blackguard of a butcher, that did not give me to near a pound of its value; and then I *sould* it to another butcher, that was a'most as big a *villyan* as the other; and then I *sould* it to another, that was the only honest man of the three."

"Sold your calf three times over!" said Mr. Gallagher, amused with the scrape Watty had got into. "I never heard of such a thing!" Then looking very grave, "I fear this will be a very bad business for *you*, my man. I think we had better send off an express for Mr. O'Dowd."

"Oh, your honour, don't! I'd as soon lose my life as throuble the master."

"Well, as you please," said Mr. Gallagher; "but I *tremble* for you."

"Ah, don't say that, your honour! Sure they can't do much to me."

"Why, the ancient laws of the city are very strict. Market riots are punished by a fine and imprisonment."

"Oh murder!" cried Watty. "But sure your honour can save me?"

"Save you? I don't know that; a long imprisonment, I fear—"

"Oh, your honour dear, don't talk of the jail!"

"Or a public whipping, or one hour in the pillory, would be sooner over, to be sure; but the risk of life," continued Mr. Gallagher.

"Oh what'll become of me, your honour! Oh, your honour, *thry* again, and do something for me! Sure your honour would not wish to see a poor man humbugged by them blackguards of butchers? Oh, murder, murder! don't let me go to jail!"

"Nor will I, if I can help it," replied the lawyer, relaxing to a smile; "but you well know I never work without a fee. I must go to court with you, for which you ought to pay me one guinea; but as you are serving my particular friend and client, my charge shall be only half a guinea if I get you off, and not one farthing if I lose. Is that fair, Watty?"

"Mighty fair intirely," answered Watty.

"Well, then," said Mr. Gallagher, "while slipping on my coat, and changing my wig, I'll tell you what to do. Now mind every word I say."—"Never fear, your honour."

"Well, then, Watty, when we go into court, you must open your mouth, and stare about you like a fool."

"Throth, then, I think I'll plase your honour that way."

"Well, then, it's little more I have to say. Whatever question is asked you, make no other answer than, '*Oh, please your worship, leave it so.*' Now, do you perfectly understand?"

"I do, your honour. I'll go bail I'll look like a fool in court; and if the tongue o' me says anything but 'Oh, plase your worship, lave it so,' I'll cut it *aff* for pickling."

"Very well, Watty, you have the words; now mind how well you will say them after any question asked you by the Mayor; and recollect our bargain,—half a guinea, Watty."

"Oh, never fear, your honour."

And off they went, escorted by the soldiers.

The officer stated the circumstances of the row, and was thanked by the mayor for his interference.

The butcher triumvirate were now called upon to state their cases in turn; whereupon the first spoke as follows:—

"Plase your worship, that scoundrel at the bar sould me a fine fat calf, and we had a regular bargain, your worship, and it was agreed I should give him thirty-five shillings for the calf, your worship; and while I wint to fetch the money, and come out with it in my fist, the eternal vagabone was clane out of sight. Here's the very money itself, your worship, and I expect your worship will order me the calf."

MAYOR (*with emphasis*). Prisoner, what say you to this?

Watty. Oh, plase your worship, lave it *so.*

Mayor. Fellow, that is an admission.

Watty. Oh, plase your worship, lave it *so.*

Mayor. He is evidently guilty. — Then addressing the second, he desired him to state what he had to say.

2nd Butcher. Plase your worship, that everlasting thief of the world sould me that same fat calf, and, after *bargining* awhile, I agreed to buy it for two guineas, and by the same token here's the very two guineas themselves; and when I stept a short distance for the money, your worship, the black-*guaard* was gone, and he selling it to another; and so it's only honest justice and the calf I am asking for, your worship.

Mayor. Why, prisoner, you seem to be a finished swindler. What answer do you make to this?

Watty. Oh, plase your worship, lave it *so.*

Mayor. Guilty again! I tell you, you have twice admitted your guilt now.

Watty. Oh, plase your worship, lave it *so.*

Mayor (*turning to the aldermen*). The case appears distinct enough. But I should like to hear what the third has to say. Butcher, relate the facts.

3rd Butcher. Plase your worship, this man came to me fair, and open, and asy with his calf; and having a great call for *vale,* and besides, not knowing where to lay my hands on a fillet ordered for your worship, and the calf being a very fine one, I gave the poor man what he asked, which was two guineas and a half; and here's the money, your worship, and I don't think it too much.

Mayor. Upon my word, gentlemen, (turning to the two aldermen,) this seems a very rascally piece of business. Prisoner, do you admit this man's statement?

Watty. Oh, plase your worship, lave it *so.*

Mayor. If your case is singular, your answers are more so. Can you bring forward any person to speak to your character?

Watty. Oh, plase your worship, lave it *so.*

This was Mr. Attorney Gallagher's critical moment; and rising, he he addressed the bench.—" Mr. Mayor, and worshipful magistrates of Limerick, compassion for the unfortunate man now before you has *alone* prompted me to attend to the case, he having sought me out, being often employed by a most excellent gentleman, whom you all know, Mr. O'Dowd of Malgawley, to bring messages to my office. I have known him for years. Of his honesty I have no doubt; but the man is a mere simpleton. The calf was, I am sure, his own; for no person would have employed him to sell it. He came among the butchers as unsuspicious as the beast he drove; and when, instead of receiving the money, he saw the two men turn their backs upon him and go away, the poor creature of course believed the bargains were off, and so strolled on.

" I may also take the liberty of stating, that full advantage seems to have been taken of the extreme ignorance of the servant of my client; and that among the three butchers there appears to be *only one* conscientious man; and I appeal to your worships whether such a difference as seventeen shillings and sixpence in the value of a small animal actually sold for two pounds twelve and sixpence, is not a plain proof of the fact.

"I therefore respectfully solicit of your worships, that as this harmless simpleton cannot take care of himself, that you will order the only honest butcher before you to take what justly belongs to him, and pay this *natural* his two guineas and a half, and let him go back to his family."

This address carried everything before it; three of the wisest heads in Limerick were immediately in contact; two butchers looked *very blue*; and the Mayor drawing himself up with becoming dignity, spoke as follows:—

"Mr. Gallagher, on the first view of the case, my own opinions and those of my worthy brother magistrates were much against the prisoner; but, considering your knowledge of the man, and the advantages which have been taken of him, we are of opinion that John O'Rorke is entitled to the calf, and he is accordingly ordered to hand the money over in open court. As to the other butchers who were instrumental in causing a riot, you James Hallinan, and you Denis Moylan, are required to give security to keep the peace for twelve calendar months. Officers, clear the court."

Mr. O'Rorke immediately handed two guineas and a half to Watty, whose eyes glistened *somewhat* too knowingly as he stowed them safely away in his leathern purse, making also *rather* too knowing a bow to the bench. Mr. Gallagher was all hurry and impatience to get him away, and leading him out of court, as soon as they got to a lane, turned round and said,

"Now, Watty, for *our* bargain. Hand me over that half guinea."

To which Watty replied, throwing all the drollery into his face that he could muster, "Oh, plase your honour, lave it *so*."

The effect was irresistible; Gallagher was caught in his own net; and, after a hearty laugh, actually gave Watty half a guinea, on condition that *he* "would lave it *so*," and never say a word of their bargain.

CHAPTER III.

The best method of saving turf in Ireland.—Hydrophobia.—Its dreadful effects on turkeys.—How to kill a wife.—Parsnips *versus* Prussic acid.—Economy of coffins.—The doctrine of consequences exemplified.—Its transporting effects, terminating in change of climate.

Watty had the charge of cutting a large supply of turf for winter stock; and as it was rather late in the autumn, and at that season the country work becomes scarce, he devised the following scheme to cut out a week or two more for his clan. Keeping out of sight himself, he instructed the men to make the rick under some trees, in a damp place, he never stirring from the bog, but superintending the loading of the cars.

When the work was finished, and he went to Mr. O'Dowd, he pretended to be in the greatest state of excitement, which his master perceiving, inquired what was the matter.

"The matter, your honour? I never saw the likes of that! Them fellows must be either fools or madmen, or may be both!"

"Who are the fools and madmen now?" said the Squire.

"Sure them rascals that were making up the rick, and myself down at the bog! Don't you see, sir, your own self, that the dropping of the trees 'll ruin the whole of the turf in three weeks' time, the vagabonds!"

"This is partly my own fault, Watty, for not taking notice of it. But it 's true enough, the scoundrels!"

"Oh, lave them to me! I'll serve them out, your honour. Every bit of that turf shall them men draw out on their backs in baskets, and take it up on that nice dry little hill there beyant, before they stop."

This was the very thing the fellows were scheming at; accordingly they had all of them work for two or three weeks longer; and Mr. O'Dowd relenting, as he usually did, gave them their full hire for every day they were thus employed.

One fine November day, Watty and his "choice set of boys" were threshing out a quantity of corn at a distant farm, under the care of a crabbed old herdsman named Paddy Whelan; and as they expected Mr. O'Dowd over to look at the produce, they fell to joking among themselves how much whisky they should get when he should see the numerous rows of sacks all ready for the market.

Now Mr. O'Dowd had sent over to this farm, some months previously, a number of fine young turkeys to fatten for Christmas, and had given Whelan orders that they should be well fed. Watty and "his lads" had cast many a wistful look at these turkeys, and had laid many plans to remove them; but they never could get an opportunity.

All at once Watty exclaimed, "Boys, I have it! The master is coming; do as I'll tell ye, and my hand t' ye, we'll have the turkeys before his face, and the whisky, — and not a feather of them, or a drop of the spirit, without his lave and license; and no thanks to Paddy Whelan. We'll have great fun entirely."

"Ah, now, Watty, how can you do that, and the master giving such orders about them same turkeys?"

"Ah, hold your tongue, man, and lave that all to me."

After waiting a while, and receiving their instructions, the man "on the look out" came running with intelligence that the master was riding "fair and aisy" up the road.

Watty no sooner heard this than, laying hold of one of the turkeys, he stuck a bit of stick, which he had sharpened, into the poor animal's head, and left it there. It may well be supposed that in its agony the miserable creature commenced twisting itself about in a most extraordinary way, and as soon as the other turkeys saw it, they all fell upon the unfortunate animal, running, screaming, tumbling over each other, and gobbling, as if the world was coming to an end; and in the midst of all this hubbub and confusion, up comes Mr. O'Dowd.

"Hollo! what is the matter with my turkeys? Tell me directly. You stupid fellows, why do you stare so, without speaking?"

"Why, then, by dad, your honour, we can't exactly tell," said one of the *instructed*. "They've been going on that way this long time, and we thought to go and tell yer honour av it, only you were coming."

"See, sir," says Watty, running up, "there did a mad dog come yesterday, and he bit one of the dogs here, and we killed the dog, your honour, for fear he'd bite any of the cattle, your honour." Watty well knew his master's extreme terror of rabid animals.

"Bite the cattle! — do you say? And won't the turkeys bite my cattle? They are mad! — I can see it! Kill them all immediately! — they'll bite my fine cattle!"

These were the commands Watty had anticipated; nor was it long ere the whole flock had fallen under the flails of his comrades, all dreadfully alarmed lest any of the poor creatures should bite them. There they lay at last, and were quickly thrown away, *but not out of reach.*

Order thus restored, Watty approached his master. "Well, now, your honour, you can't say but that 's an elegant pro*duce* of corn. And indeed, your honour, we wouldn't even stop to ate breakfast or dinner, but worked hard and well to have it all threshed out agin you 'd come."

"Oh, I knew you would, Watty. Go every one of you and get a naggin a-piece, and drink my health."

"Long life to your honour! and that we will, and that you may in-*crase*. But there 's Paddy Whelan there beyant; he 'll be missing the turkeys, and saying we stole them."

"Let him say a word if he dare. I 'm going to him now, and will tell him so myself."

And away rode Mr. O'Dowd.

"Two of them 's mine!" says Watty. "Now we have fine turkeys, and a naggin of the right stuff this evening, instead of praties and a sup of milk. And another thing, — where do ye think we 'd get turkeys so nigh Christmas? And can't *he* get them any place he plases?"

Neither years nor seasons abated Watty's scheming; and during a severe winter, having a call upon him from a neighbouring attorney for three guineas, which he had no means of raising, he bethought himself of the notable expedient of *making his wife's life* pay for it!

It was a rough morning, when the snow was deep, that Watty, with a face expressing all the sorrow he could throw into it, shivering and shaking, crying and wringing his hands, burst into the yard at the moment when he knew his master would be going the round of the cattle-sheds.

"Watty, what 's the matter now?" exclaimed Mr. O'Dowd.

"Oh, sir, my wife! — my wife! Oh, what 'll the poor childther do at all now!—the crathurs!—Oh, my wife! my wife!"

"Poor fellow! What is the matter with your wife? Can I do anything for you? Tell me all about it."

"Oh, then, what can your honour do? This morning when I woke (the saints be betune us and harm!) what should I find (the Lord save us!) but Molly stone dead in the bed! Oh! wisha, wisha, wisha!— what 'll I do, what 'll I do!"

Mr. O'Dowd began to be overpowered, and desired to know how long she had been ill.

"Not long at all, your honour. Molly was complaining of being hungry last night; and, as she was putting the childther to bed, I set a pot full of fine *pashnups* on the fire; and so, your honour, she wouldn't wait till they were boiled enough, and being very fond of the pashnups, they must have overpowered her entirely; for when she got into bed, she tould me she felt all over like a *blown bladher*. But being very tired after the hard work, I thought nothing more about it, and I fell fast asleep, your honour."

"Poor woman! — killed with eating parsnips. Dangerous food eat quick. Well, my poor fellow, tell me only what I can do for you."

"Oh, sir, what can you do for me, indeed! Why, then, as bad as the day is, I must go to the town for a coffin, and I 'd like to bury the poor crathur dacent,—and besides, I haven't a shilling to give for the coffin to bury her in at all—only I know your honour is good, and you won't see a poor man back — long life to you!"

"I am sorry for you indeed, Watty. Now tell me how much you think ought to bury her."

"Why, then, I must say, sir, if I could manage to *rise* about two guineas, it might be near enough."

"Don't say another word, Watty. Here's two guineas for you, and don't be in any hurry about paying me again."

At this Watty shook and trembled more violently than before; and, after he had taken the guineas, stooped down, and pretended to be searching about in the snow for something he had lost.

"What have you lost, Watty?" said Mr. O'Dowd.

"Only one of the guineas, sir," replied Watty. "When a man is in such trouble, he hardly knows what he is about. It has slipped down through the snow, and I can't find it, good or bad, at present; but I'll just make a mark in the place," (here Watty laid four or five large stones on the spot,) "and when the snow melts we can find it aisy."

"True," replied Mr. O'Dowd. "Here's another; and go now and finish your business."

Watty appeared very loath to take the other guinea; but Mr. O'Dowd forced it upon him, and away he went; but in the evening, just at the time he knew his master would be in spirits, back he came, grinning from ear to ear.

"Bless me! Watty, who would have thought of seeing you! I concluded you would be *wakeing* poor Molly."

"Oh, your honour," says Watty, "only think of me going all the ways and buying a coffin for the wife! But when I came back to the house, what should I see but a neighbouring woman sitting laughing for herself, jist inside the dure.

"'Welcome home,' says she, 'Watty,' says she.

"'Ah, then, don't be making game under a poor man,' says I, 'that's after coming all the ways,' says I, 'and buying a coffin for his wife,' says I.

"'There's some one within wants to spake to you,' says she.

"'Who is it?' says I.—'Go your ways in and see,' says she.

"And so, sure enough, in I wint, and who should I see but the darlint herself that I thought I'd lost, sitting up in the bed, your honour, and, thanks be to God! not much the worse, only very pale and tired-looking.

"'Oh, Watty, dear,' says she, 'I thought it was all over wid me,' says she.—'And so did I too, agrah,' says I.

"'But the Lord be praised!' says Molly, 'it was only a *whirlwind*.'

"'A *what?*' says I.—'A whirlwind,' says she. But bad luck to me if I can tell what she meant! I've a notion it was a sort of a thing they call a *thrance* Molly was in, that laves people that gets out of it very wake intirely; and the neighbours say, that when I can come at a grain of tay and some sugar for her, and thin some good broth and mate to stringthen her up with, she will do mighty well. But where would the likes of me, a poor man, get them things?"

"Well, well," said Mr. O'Dowd, "you shall have plenty of tea and sugar, and a drop of wine for her too. But what did you do with the coffin?"

"Is it with the coffin, your honour? Sure didn't I bring it home on my back all the way?"

"Yes," replied the squire; "but what have you done with it?"

"Why, thin, your honour, haven't I got it to the fore? I carried it up, and laid it safe above on the loft, and so mayn't I as well keep it? It will fit either me or Molly all the same, and we can hide little odd things from the childther in it. It will be a useful sort of a *chist*, your honour; and few will be vent'ring to look inside it.

At this Mr. O'Dowd laughed as heartily as before, and the amusement was such, that he never more thought of his three guineas.

I should be happy to relate better things of Watty Flaherty. These, and a thousand similar pranks, were carried on with various advantages, and corresponding hazards, during the lifetime of his good old master. But Mr. O'Dowd's *successors* did not evince the same sort of relish for such jokes; and one unlucky day, as he was selling half a dozen fine fat sheep at a distant fair, he was accosted by a couple of gentlemen in blue coats, who evinced such extraordinary solicitude for his safety and accommodation, that they never lost sight of him till he was on board a fine ship, in which, having previously received a suitable admonition from an elderly gentleman in a very large wig, he was indulged with a voyage to a distant colony, there to end his days and speculations. In a word, he was—THRANSHPOORETED!

FINIS TO WATTY.

COLIN CLINK.

BY CHARLES HOOTON.

BOOK THE SECOND.

CHAPTER XVII.

Colin is pursued, and who his pursuer was.—A strange set-out, and a very pathetic parting.

DURING the time the transactions recently related were progressing, a strange hubbub had been raised at Whinmoor touching Colin's disappearance. Palethorpe waxed desperate, and Miss Sowersoft's temper curdled like an embryo cheese. Dire vengeance against him was threatened. York Castle and bread and water were the mildest things prescribed for him; although, in their opinion he well deserved a halter. Mrs. Clink and Fanny had been heartily abused by Palethorpe for having "backed him up in burglary, and afterwards connived at his running away from his work." The fact was, this worthy felt doubly enraged because he had missed an excellent chance of having a shot at him, and now swore that, if ever he could lay hands upon him again, he would very nearly bray him into a pulp.

At this portentous period it was that Dr. Rowel made his appearance at the farm, (after his discovery of Colin's letter at Kiddal Hall,) and by all the arguments in his power raised the wrath of its inhabitants still higher against the young man, and even went so far as to promise, that as he was himself also an injured party, he had no objection to pay half of Palethorpe's expenses, if he would go after the culprit to London,—whither, according to certain private information he had received, Colin had directed his flight. Palethorpe snapped at the offer as a hungry wolf might at a bone. He

had long wished to see London, and a capital opportunity was here presented. He vowed that he would ferret out the lad before he came back again, though he should dive to the bottom of the Thames for him; and proposed to set out on the following day, to avoid farther loss of time.

This proposal being acceded to, nearly the whole night was expended by the attentive mistress in rigging him out for his journey. The chaise-cart was got ready early next morning to convey Palethorpe and his luggage to the coach-office at Leeds; and an old half-pint bottle filled with brandy and water, together with sandwiches to the extent of a quartern loaf and two pounds of beef, were secretly inveigled by Miss Sowersoft into his top-coat pocket.

Having duly inquired whether everything was ready, Mr. Palethorpe was called into the parlour by his mistress, who, having shut the door, set her candle down on the table, (for it was not yet day-light,) and began to talk to him in a tone more than usually serious.

"You are going," said she, "a long journey, — a very long journey. I hope to heaven we shall see you safe back again. I 'm sure I shall hardly sleep o' nights for knowing you are not in the house; but wherever you are, now do remember what I say, and take care of yourself. We don't know what different places are till we see 'em; and I 'm sure I almost feel afraid — when it comes to this last minnit—" Here she tucked up the corner of her apron, and placed it in close proximity with the corner of her eye. "I raelly feel afraid of trusting you there by yourself."

Palethorpe was here about to explain at large his own capabilities for governing his own rampant self, had not Miss Sowersoft derived additional vigour from the attempted interruption, and proceeded:

"I know you are plenty old enough to keep out of harm's way,— that is certain; but then there are so many dangers that nobody can foresee, and temptations hung out beyond any single man's capacity to resist—I am afraid. I 'm sure it would take a great load off of my mind if I was going along with you, — a very heavy load, indeed. Ay, dear!"

"Oh, never heed, meesis," replied Palethorpe; "I shall get back as safe and sound as a rotten pear. A rotten pear, says I! — no, I mean as sound as a roach — trust me for that. I ar'n't going a-gate of no temptations, that 's flat. Bless me! I should think there 's both ale enough, and opportunities for folks to get married enough, i' Yorkshire, without goin' all the road to Lunnun for 'em!"

"Well," replied his mistress, "you are very discretionary at home. I say nothing about that; but perhaps, you know, when you 're surrounded by so many things to distract your considerations, you *might*—a—a—. I 'm sure I hardly know how to express myself fully; but all I mean to say, is, that after all, you know,— and do as we will to the contrary, yet somehow, as I was going to say, men will be men sometimes, and women women!"

As Miss Sowersoft uttered this very sagacious remark, she began to sob rather hysterically, and seemingly to demand the support of Mr. Palethorpe's arm. This he promptly offered; a few more words in a consolatory tone escaped his lips; the maid in the passage outside thought she heard a slight report or two, not unlike the uncorking of a bottle; and in another minute the head farming-man hurried desperately out. He was afraid of being too late at Leeds,

and in his hurry to rush through the dairy to get into the chaise-cart which stood in the yard, he kicked over a pan of new milk, and plunged his other foot into a tub of hot hog-wash, both of which had just before been placed upon the ground by the said maid.

"Dang your stuff!" exclaimed he, dashing his foot against the overturned vessel; "what, in the divil's name, isn't there room enough in Yorkshire to set your things down, without cramming 'em under people's feet like that?"

The maid laughed in his face, and Miss Sowersoft called lovingly after him not to mind it; while Palethorpe leapt into the vehicle, and ordered Abel to drive as fast as he could into Briggate.

On the following day he opened his wondering eyes for the first time upon town.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Curiously illustrates the old saying, that a man may "go farther to fare worse."

No sooner had Mr. Palethorpe arrived than, following Dr. Rowel's directions, he marched off in a very business-like manner to the Yorkshire House, and inquired for Colin Clink. No such person was there; although one of the female servants told him she believed a young man of that name had made a short stay at the house some weeks ago, and had called once or twice since; but he had left long ago, and gone they knew not whither.

This information brought the pursuer to a dead stop. His scent was lost all at once; and as he had not made provision out of the wits of other people for any disappointment of this kind, while his own were very backward in coming to his assistance, he suddenly felt that all was over. Moreover he found London to be a very different place to what he had expected; and for a stranger to set about in search of a lost man there, seemed worse even than hunting for a needle in a bottle of straw. Instead, therefore, of troubling himself just then any farther about the matter, he thought he would first sleep upon it, and in the mean time go about and see the sights. First he wended his way to the top of the Monument, having previously very carefully perused the inscription at its base. After that he ascended into the lantern of St. Paul's. He then travelled down to the Tower, and very narrowly escaped walking into the ditch just where there chanced to be a rail broken, while his eyes were turned up in curious scrutiny of the White Tower. He much longed to go in, but dared not, for fear of the soldiers, as he was not hitherto aware that it was guarded so stoutly by a military force. When he got back into St. Martin's le Grand, and looked up at the Post Office clock, he was about to pull out his watch and compare dials, but, to his dismay, found that somebody had saved him the trouble by pulling it out before him. In his confusion he instinctively endeavoured to wipe his nose, but discovered that one of his best handkerchiefs was gone too. In this double dilemma he stared about him some minutes very oddly, and not a little to the amusement of certain cabmen, who stood hard by observing his motions with visages wide awake. He began to be afraid of remaining any longer in the street, and accordingly hurried back to the Yorkshire House, where he endeavoured to console himself under his losses by taking an extra quantity of Burton ale and gin-and-water.

These little bits of experience made him afterwards so very cautious, that whenever he walked out he was continually engaged in cramming his hands first one and then the other, into his coat-pockets, then into his breeches, in order to be assured that his money was safe; for he held it as a maxim, that no man who knew what he was about would leave his cash in a box which anybody might unlock, at a public house where strangers were running in and out, and up and down stairs, all day long. He accordingly, for the greater safety, carried his whole stock about with him.

In this manner he wiled away nearly a week, waiting chances of meeting with Colin accidentally, and hoping that he might luckily call again at the Yorkshire House; in which case he had made provision for securing him, by leaving word that, if he *did* come, he was to be told that a very well-known acquaintance from the country had arrived, who wished to see him upon most particular business. But time passed on, his trap caught nothing, and, after eight or nine days' stay, he found himself no forwarder, save in the amount of wonderful things he had seen, and the quantity of money he had expended, than he was when he parted with Miss Sowersoft. Disastrous as all this was, it is not to be wondered at that his courage evaporated very rapidly, and in fact became so very nearly dried wholly up, that he made up his mind, after many efforts, to sneak back again into the country, invent the best tale he possibly could, in order to satisfy his "meesis" and the doctor, and sit down once again to his beer and bacon on the quiet farm, renouncing London, and every attempt to catch Colin Clink, at once and for ever.

Fortune, however, which, as we are told, ever watches over the brave, would not suffer him to go thus far, and undergo the fatigues and dangers of such a journey, merely to come to such an inglorious conclusion. And as Palethorpe manfully determined to have a good last night of it before he left town, and see for himself what life in London really was, the frail goddess took that favourable opportunity of adding a striking incident to the tail-piece of his chapter of accidents,—an incident which, as it brought him very unexpectedly into the presence of Colin, and otherwise is worthy of particular note, I shall give in a chapter by itself.

CHAPTER XIX.

The singular meeting of Colin and Palethorpe.—A jolly night, and the results of it, with one of the most remarkable discoveries on record.

On the last afternoon of his intended stay in town, Mr. Palethorpe rambled as far as Regent's Park, and into the Zoological Gardens, where he amused himself some time by tempting the bears with a bit of bun, without allowing them to get near enough to lay hold of it; a piece of dexterity on his own part which made him laugh heartily twenty times over: for the cleverness of it seemed to him excellent. When weary of that, he repaired to the monkey-cage, in anticipation of some excellent sport; but there he found many much more able fellows than himself; and, in endeavouring to outwit a great baboon with a walnut, got one of his ears nearly twinged off, highly to the delight of a whole company of boys who stood by, and whose laughter and jeers eventually caused him to beat a retreat out of the gardens.

Having taken a pretty accurate survey of the West End, he descended Regent Street in the evening, and about nine o'clock might have been seen wending his way with indecisive step down Coventry Street, from the Piccadilly end, with a considerable amount of Barclay and Perkins's stout in his head, — porter being such a rarity to him, that he thought it as well to make the best of it while he enjoyed the opportunity.

On the right hand side of Coventry Street he accidentally espied a fishmonger's shop. Palethorpe always enjoyed a good appetite for oysters whenever he could get them, and, as he had fixed his eyes upon a leaden tank full, he walked into the shop aforesaid, and requested the man to open him a lot. As fast as he opened them, Mr. Palethorpe swallowed them; while, as long as he continued to swallow, the man continued to open, keeping silent count of the number taken all the while, until in a loud voice he at last proclaimed a numerical amount of five dozen. Mr. Palethorpe then bid him desist, and, with great reluctance at the moment, paid the demand of a crown for his supper. Somehow, however, his stomach raised certain very cogent objections against thus suddenly being converted into an oyster-bed, and demanded the instant administration of a dram. This, however, he could not procure there, but was invited to walk into the room behind, where he might take wine at his leisure. Although Palethorpe did not much relish the notion, he did not feel in the best possible condition for quitting the shop and going elsewhere; and therefore, almost as a matter of necessity, adopted the waiter's suggestion. Pushing open a door, therefore, with an oval glass in it, he found himself all at once in one of the finest public apartments he had yet entered.

At first he felt almost doubtful whether he had not made a mistake, and walked into a chapel,—the gallery round the walls and the pew-like seats very strongly favouring the idea. This notion was, however, very soon put to the rout by an individual, whom he had mistaken for a pew-opener, approaching him with the polite inquiry, what wine would he please to take.

"Oh, ony 'll do. One sort is just the same as another to me, for I know no difference," replied Palethorpe.

"Pint of sherry, perhaps, sir? Very well, sir." And before the Yorkshireman could find time to express either his acquiescence or his dissent, the waiter had disappeared to execute the order of his own suggestion.

When he returned, Palethorpe took the wine in silent dudgeon. Of course he had the appearance of an animal too remarkable not to attract attention anywhere in London, but especially so in the particular region where fortune had now condescended to cast him.

As far as he could discern anything of the matter, the company appeared of the highest respectability, if not, in fact, almost too good for him. But then, as everybody conducted themselves in the most free and easy manner possible, he was not long in making himself perfectly at home. The ladies, who were beautifully dressed and decorated with various sorts of flowers, struck him with particular admiration. All that disagreeable crust of reserve, in which country people are so very prone to encase themselves, was here worn quite clean off; and he found no more trouble in entering into conversation with these ladies than he did at home in talking to

his horses. Two of them politely invited themselves to his wine, and, without waiting permission, drank it off to his good health, and suggested to him to call for more. They playfully tweaked his nose, put his hat on their own heads, and invited him to partake of his own drink so very kindly and pressingly, that at last it would scarcely have been known whether they or he had in reality paid for it.

About midnight, and at the particular request of a young lady who was taking leave, Sammy was prevailed on to escort her home; a piece of politeness which he felt most competent to discharge by calling a cab, as his own legs had by this time in great part lost the faculty of carrying the superstructure of his body with that precise degree of perpendicularity which is commonly considered essential to personal comfort and safety.

From that moment up to the occurrence of the following incident, his history is wrapped in the most profound and mysterious darkness.

On this eventful night, the intended last night of all Mr. Palethorpe's experiences in the metropolis, as fortune would have it, Colin Clink had treated himself with a sight of Vauxhall Gardens; and, as he remained to see the fireworks at the conclusion, he did not get away very early. Add to this the time necessarily occupied in taking refreshment, and walking all the way from the Gardens to London Bridge, and we shall not expect to find him at the top of Newington Road, on his way home, earlier than between one and two in the morning. As our hero walked rapidly up Blackman-Street, he observed a man, clothed in a short, square-lapped coat, of a broad country-cut, staggering along before him very much as though he meditated going head-foremost at every object that presented itself on either side of the road. Occasionally he came to a full stop, and see-saw'd his body backwards and forwards, until the impetus gained one way either compelled him to recede a few paces, or plunged him again desperately forwards. Now he seized a lamp-post, as though it were some dear, newly-recognised friend; and then made a furious sally to reach some advanced point of the wall on the other hand. Altogether his motions were so whimsical that Colin slackened his pace in order to keep behind, and thus enjoy the fun. The street was perfectly silent; not a soul besides themselves was about, and he had the farcical performer therefore altogether to himself. He did not enjoy the spectacle, however, very long. Scarcely had the man staggered a hundred yards farther before he went down on all fours; and, as he found himself incapable of rising again, he seemed by his actions, as though he finally submitted to fate, and made up his mind to nestle there for the remainder of the night. Since, however, our hero, Colin, never was the lad to leave a fellow-creature helpless, without offering his assistance, he hastened forwards, and taking him by the shoulder, bade him get up, and go home.

"Where's meesis?" demanded the sot. "I want a posset, and a posset I'll have, or be dang'd to me!"

Colin immediately recognised the voice. Bursting into a loud laugh, he raised the prostrate man's face towards the light, and beheld the features of his old and inveterate enemy, Mr. Samuel Palethorpe. What in the world could have brought him to town? Although

Colin more than half suspected the real occasion, he determined to ascertain the truth.

"And, where have you come from, my man?" demanded Colin.

"Come from!" repeated Sammy. "I 'll tell you where I come from. I co—co—come from Whinmoor —Whinmoor, I say, in Yorkshire. Miss Zowerzoft 's my meesis — and a very good meesis she is, I am happy to say. She knows me very well, and I know her. I wish she were here!"

"Well—well!" cried Colin; "but what have you come to London about?"

"Why, what do you think, now!" asked Palethorpe, with a peculiarly knowing look. "What *do* you think? Just guess. I 'll bet a shilling you can't guess, if you guess all night. No—no; no man knows my bizziness but myself. My name 's Palethorpe, and I know two of that. Can you tell me, do you know anybody named Colin Clink here i' Lunnun?"

"I do," said our hero. "I know him well."

"You do!" exclaimed Samuel, trying to start up and stare in his face, but sinking again in the effort; "then yo' are my man! Gis hold on your hand, my lad. Dang his carcase! I 'll kill him as sure as iver I touch him! I will—I tell you. I 'll kill him dead on th' spot."

"But you mean to catch him first," said Colin, "don't you?"

"What do you mean? Catch him! I mean to catch him! Be civil, my lad, or else I shall put a spur in *your* sides afore you go."

"You brute!" exclaimed Colin, seizing him by the collar on each side of his neck, and holding his head stiff up with his knuckles,— "look at me. I am Colin Clink. Now, you cowardly, drunken scoundrel, what have you not deserved at my hands?"

"Oh! what, you are he, are you!" gurgled Mr. Palethorpe. "Just let me go a minnit, and I 'll show you!"

"Come, then!" said Colin, and he pulled the said Mr. Palethorpe to the edge of the causeway. In the next moment he deposited him in the middle of a large dam which had been made in the gutter close by for the convenience of some bricklayers, who were repairing an adjoining house, telling him to "sit there, and sober himself; and the next time he tried to catch Colin Clink, to thank his stars if he came off no worse." So saying, he left him to the enjoyment of his "new patent water-bed," and his meditations.

Near the Borough town-hall Colin met a policeman, whom he informed of the hapless condition of a poor drunken countryman some distance down the street, and requested him to go to his assistance. He then made off at the best speed he could, and soon baffled all pursuit amidst the intricate turnings of the city. True, he lost his way, still he reached his lodgings before four o'clock.

To return to Mr. Palethorpe. He had not yet seen even a tithe of his troubles. The sequel of this last adventure proved richer than all the rest. Between two and three o'clock in the afternoon of the following day he crept very stealthily into the parlour of his inn, as "down in the mouth" as a beaten dog. He called for writing-materials, and addressed a strange scrawl to the Commercial Bank in Leeds, where it was known he had deposited about three hundred pounds. He afterwards retired to his bed-room, from which in a short time he

issued with a bundle in his hand; and, after making certain confidential inquiries of the shoe-black, walked forth in the direction of Rosemary Lane. It seems pretty certain that John Boots directed him thither as one of the most eligible places in the City for the disposal of all sorts of worn-out or superfluous wearing-apparel, and one to which poor gentlemen in difficulties not unfrequently resorted. However that may be, the fact itself is positive, that on the evening of the second Saturday after his arrival, Mr. Palethorpe was seen in a very dejected mood, pacing along Rosemary Lane, towards Cable Street, with a bundle tied up in a blue and white cotton handkerchief, under his arm.

As his eyes wandered from one side of the street to the other, he observed, idling at doors, or along the footway, a generation of low, dark men, who, by the peculiar cut of their countenances might readily have been mistaken—especially by lamplight—for lineal and legitimate descendants of the old race of Grecian satyrs. Inhabiting places in which no other description of person could breathe, and carrying on their congenial frowsy trades in "Clo'—old clo'!" these people, with their families, live and thrive on the filth of all the other parts of the unapproachable city. Nothing comes amiss to them: the oldest garment has some profit in it, and the merest shred its fractional value. Their delight seems to be in a life amidst black bags, and the dirty cast-off rags of every other portion of the great community; while the aspect of the region they inhabit—as if to keep all the rest from being put out of countenance—is desolate, dark, slimy, and enveloped in an atmosphere of eternal smoke. The very air seems pregnant with melancholy reminiscences of the faded glory of bygone men, women, and times. The tarnished embroidery, the sooty red suits, the flabby old silks, the vamped-up hessians, what spectres do they not evoke as they dangle (ghostly mementos of departed greatness) beside the never-washed windows; or flap like an old arras, with every gust of wind against the besmeared and noxious walls! Where, perhaps, the legs of some gallant captain once found a local habitation, there the dirty Israelite now passing along feels ambitious to encase his own. The handkerchief of a bishop invites a "shopb'y's" nose; the last rejected beaver of the Lord Mayor awaits the acceptance of some rascally cranium, which the Lord Mayor would give half his dignity to "nab," and "pop in quod." Even some vanished great one's walking-stick, now sticks in the black corner of the Jew's shop, waiting to be once again shaken by the handle, even though it be but during a brief proud hour on Sunday, by the lad who yesterday hawked cedar pencils through the streets at a halfpenny a piece.

"Buy, sir?—buy?—buy?" Mr. Palethorpe replied in the negative to a man who thus addressed him, but volunteered to sell. He produced the contents of his handkerchief; and before ten minutes more had elapsed his best blue coat with gilt buttons, and a second pair of corduroys, became the property of the Jew, at one-third less than their value. The reason of this strange proceeding was that during the preceding night's glorification the Yorkshireman had, —in some way totally incomprehensible to himself,—been eased of absolutely every farthing he possessed. He had, therefore, no alternative but to raise a little ready cash upon his clothes, until

he could receive from the bank in Leeds, where he had deposited his scrapings, enough to set himself straight again and pay his passage home.

Several times had the sun rolled over the head of this side of the world after the scene above-described, when, one rainy evening, about dusk, as Miss Sowersoft was casting a weary and longing eye across the soddened fields which lay between Snitterton Lodge and the high road, to her inexpressible pleasure she beheld the well-known figure of Mr. Palethorpe making its way towards the house.

"Well, here you are again!" she exclaimed, as he flung down his top-coat, and demanded a jack to get his boots off. "How have you gone on? I see you hav'n't brought him with you, at all events."

Although Miss Sowersoft had made an inquiry the moment Mr. Palethorpe entered the house, she now refused to hear him talk until he had satisfied his appetite. This achievement occupied, of course, considerable time. He then, in the midst of an open-mouthed and anxious rural audience, consisting of every individual, man, maid, and boy, upon the farm, related — *not* his own adventures, but the imaginary adventures of some person very closely resembling himself, who never lived, and whose peregrinations had only existed in the very little world of his own brain.

His expedition had been most successful; for, although he had not exactly succeeded in discovering Colin's retreat, — a mishap attributable to the enormous extent of London, and not to his own want of sagacity,— yet he had astonished the natives there by such specimens of country talent as they were very little prepared for. He pulled out a new watch. "Look there," said he. "I got that through parting with the old 'un, and a better than that niver went on wheels. I bought some handkerchers for about half-price, and see'd more of Lunnun in ten days than many folks that have been agate there all their lives."

"Then you went 'top o' th' Moniment?" demanded old George.

"To be sure I did!" exclaimed Palethorpe, "and St. Paul's Cathedral as well."

"I hope you did not get dropped on, anyhow," remarked Miss Sowersoft, inquiringly; for she really burned to know whether any of the fears she had expressed at his setting out had been realised.

"No, dang it! not I," replied Palethorpe, in a misgiving tone, though with a great assumption of bravery. Yet upon that subject, somehow, he could not expatiate. He felt tongue-tied in spite of himself; and then, as if desirous of escaping any farther explanation touching what he had individually done or not done, he got up and went to the pocket of his great-coat, from which he drew a Sunday newspaper that he had purchased as the coach was starting, and presenting it to Miss Sowersoft, — "Here," said he, "I 've brought you th' latest news I could lay my hands on, just to let you see what sort of things they do i' th' big town. I hav'n't look'd at it myself yet, so you 've the first peep, meesis."

Miss Sowersoft took the newspaper very graciously, and opened it. Strange news indeed she very soon found there. While Palethorpe was yet maintaining all the dignity of a hero, and stuffing his audience with marvellous accounts of his own exploits, Miss Sowersoft's eye fell upon a report under the head of "Police Intelligence,"

entitled, "A YORKSHIREMAN IN LONDON." She read it; but with such avidity and such a sombre expression of countenance, that the eyes of every one present were irresistibly attracted towards her, and even Mr. Palethorpe's efforts to speak passed almost unobserved. At length Miss Sowersoft uttered a loud hysterical shriek, and fell back in her chair.

Palethorpe instinctively snatched at the newspaper; but, as Abel had seized it before him, only a portion of it reached the fire, into which it was instantly hurled. The part remaining in the grasp of the farming-man contained the awful cause of Miss Sowersoft's calamity. A fight might have ensued for the possession of that fragment also, had not Abel dexterously slipped round the table before Palethorpe could reach him, and, snatching up a lighted lantern that stood on the dresser, escaped into a hayloft; where, having drawn the ladder up after him, he sat down on a truss, and, while Palethorpe bawled and threatened vainly from beneath, deliberately read as follows:

"A YORKSHIREMAN IN LONDON.— Yesterday a stupid-looking 'son of the soil' from Yorkshire, whose legs appeared to have been tied across a barrel during the previous part of his life, and who gave his name Samuel Palethorpe, was brought before their worships, charged by policeman G. 95, with having been found dead drunk in Blackman Street, Borough, between one and two o'clock that morning. When found he was sitting bolt-upright in a pool of lime-water about twelve inches deep, which had been made in the gutter by some bricklayer's labourers employed in mixing mortar near the spot. His hat was crushed into the form of a pancake, and was floating beside him; while he was calling in a stentorian voice for assistance. From the very deplorable statement he made, with tears in his eyes, it appeared that, after rambling about town the greater part of the previous day, in search of the 'lions' of London, during which time he had imbibed an immense quantity of heavy-wet, he repaired to a well-known house in the neighbourhood of the Haymarket, and regaled himself until midnight with wine and cigars. While there he picked up an acquaintance in the person of a 'lady,' (as he described her,) 'with a plum-coloured silk gown on, and one of the handsomest shawls he ever saw in his life.' As the 'lady' was very communicative with him, and was very polite, told him that she wished to marry, and how she liked him, he naturally concluded she might entertain no very deeply-rooted objection to himself. In order, therefore, to make a beginning in his courtship, he eventually consented to accompany her home. He believed her to be what she appeared, 'a lady,' and was over-persuaded by the hope of marrying a good fortune. One of the magistrates here expressed his astonishment that any man arrived at the age of the prisoner (he appeared nearly forty-five,) even though brought up in the veriest wild in England, could possibly be such a fool as the individual before him represented himself. Mr. Palethorpe replied that he had several times read of ladies falling in love with cavaliers, and he thought such a thing might happen to him as well as to anybody else. (Laughter.)

"'And what happened afterwards?' asked the magistrate.

"MR. PALETHORPE.—'I don't know very well, for I 'd had a sup too much. I ar'n't used to drink sich strong wine: but we went

over a bridge, I think, becos I remember seeing some lights dance about; but where we went to I know no more than this man here' (pointing to the policeman).

"'How much money did you spend?'

"'Whoy, unfortinately, I 've lost every farthing I had.'

"'And how much had you about your person when you set out?'

"'Please, sir, I had seven pounds in goold, and about twelve shillin' in shillin's, besides some ha'pence.'

"'Do you think you 've been robbed, or did you spend it on the lady?'

"'I don't know, sir,—but it 's all gone.'

"'Well, as you seem to have paid pretty dearly for your pleasure, I shall not fine you this time, but I should advise you to take better care the next time you come to London.'

"The prisoner left the court very chopfallen, while one of the spectators as he passed whistled in his ear the tune of,

"'When first in London I arrived, on a visit—on a visit!'"

Before Abel had perused half the above extract he was in ecstasies: and when he had done he cut it out of the paper with his pocket-knife, in order the easier to preserve it for future use. The story soon became known throughout the country side, as Abel made a point of reading it aloud at every public-house he called at, and on every occasion when the hero of it chanced to displease him.

The gist of the joke, however, seemed, in the general opinion, to consist in the fact that Mr. Palethorpe himself had unwittingly brought it all the way from London in his own pocket, for the edification and amusement of the community. In fact, from that day until the end of his life, Samuel never heard the last of his expedition to London.

But, how did he settle matters with his mistress? That question may be solved when other events of greater importance have been described.

AUNT FANNY.

A TALE OF A SHIRT.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQ.

Virginibus, Puerisque canto.—Hor.
Old Maids and Bachelors I chaunt to!—T. I.

I sing of a Shirt that never was new!!—
In the course of the year eighteen hundred and two,
    Aunt Fanny began,
    Upon Grandmamma's plan,
To make it for me, then her "dear little man."—
At the epoch I speak about, I was between
    A man and a boy,
    A hobble-de-hoy,
A fat little punchy concern of sixteen,

Just beginning to flirt
And ogle,—so pert,
I 'd been whipt every day had I had my desert,
—And Aunt Fan volunteer'd to make me a Shirt.

I 've said she *began* it,—
Some unlucky planet
No doubt interfered,—for, before she and Janet,
Completed the "cutting-out," "hemming," and "stitching,"
A tall Irish footman appear'd in the kitchen ;—
This took off the maid,
And, I 'm sadly afraid,
My respected Aunt Fanny's attention, too, stray'd;
For, about the same period, a gay son of Mars,
Cornet Jones of the Tenth, (then the Prince's) Hussars,
With his fine dark eyelashes,
And finer moustaches,
And the ostrich plume work'd on the corps' sabre-taches.
(I say nought of the gold-and-red cord of the sashes,
Or the boots, far above the Guards' vile spatterdashes,)—
So eyed, and so sigh'd, and so lovingly tried
To engage her whole ear as he lounged by her side,
Looking down on the rest with such dignified pride,
That she made up her mind
She should certainly find
Cornet Jones at her feet, whisp'ring, "Fan, be my bride!"
She had even resolved to say "Yes" should he ask it,
—And I and my Shirt were both left in the basket.

To her grief and dismay
She discovered one day
Cornet Jones of the Tenth was a little too gay;
For, besides that she saw him—he could not say nay—
Wink at one of the actresses capering away
In a Spanish *bolero,* one night at the play,
She found he 'd already a wife at Cambray;
One at Paris, a nymph of the *corps de ballet;*
And a third down in Kent, at a place called Foots'-Cray.
He was "viler than dirt."—
Fanny vow'd to exert
All her powers to forget him,—and finish my Shirt.

But, oh! lack-a-day!
How time slips away!—
Who'd have thought that while Cupid was playing these tricks,
Ten years had elapsed, and I'd turn'd twenty-six?—
"I care not a whit,
—He 's not grown a bit,"
Says my Aunt, "it will still be a very good fit."
So Janet and she,
Now about thirty-three,

(The maid had been jilted by Mr. Magee,)
Each taking one end of the Shirt on her knee,
Again began working with hearty good will,
"Felling the Seams," and "whipping the Frill,"—
For, twenty years since, though the Ruffle had vanish'd,
A Frill like a fan had by no means been banish'd;
People wore them at playhouses, parties, and churches,
Like overgrown fins of overgrown perches.—

Now, then, by these two thus laying their caps
Together, my Shirt had been finish'd perhaps,
But for one of those queer little three-corner'd straps,
Which the ladies call "Side-bits," that sever the "Flaps;"
Here unlucky Janet
Took her needle, and ran it
Right into her thumb, and cried loudly, "Ads cuss it!
I 've spoil'd myself now by that 'ere nasty Gusset!"

For a month to come
Poor dear Janet's thumb
Was in that sort of state vulgar people call "rum."
At the end of that time,
A youth still in his prime,
The Doctor's fat Errand-boy, just such a dolt as is
Kept to mix draughts, and spread plaisters and poultices,
Who a bread cataplasm each morning had carried her,
Sigh'd, ogled, proposed, was accepted, and married her!

Much did Aunt Fan
Disapprove of the plan;
She turn'd up her dear little snub at the man.
She "could not believe it"—
"Could scarcely conceive it
Was possible—What! *such* a place!—and then leave it!
And all for a shrimp not as high as my hat—
A little contemptible shaver like that!!
With a broad pancake face, and eyes buried in fat!!"
For her part, "she was sure
She could never endure
A lad with a lisp, and a leg like a skewer.—
Such a name, too!—('twas Potts!)—and so nasty a trade—
No, no,—she would much rather die an old maid.
He a husband, indeed!—Well—mine, come what may come,
Shan't look like a blister, or smell of Guaiacum!"
But there!
She 'd "declare,
It was Janet's affair—
Chacun à son goût—
As she baked she might brew—
She could not prevent her—'twas no use in trying it—
Oh, no—she had made her own bed, and must lie in it.—

They 'repent at leisure who marry at random.'
No matter—*De gustibus non disputandum!*"

Consoling herself with this choice bit of Latin,
Aunt Fanny resignedly bought some white satin,
And, as the Soubrette
Was a very great pet
After all,—she resolved to forgive and forget,
And sat down to make her a bridal rosette,
With magnificent bits of some white-looking metal
Stuck in here and there, each forming a petal.
—On such an occasion one couldn't feel hurt,
Of course, that she ceased to remember—my Shirt!

Ten years, or nigh,
Had again gone by,
When Fan, accidentally casting her eye
On a dirty old work-basket, hung up on high
In the store-closet where herbs were put by to dry,
Took it down to explore it—she didn't know why.—
Within a pea-soup colour'd fragment she spied,
Of the hue of a November fog in Cheapside,
Or a bad piece of gingerbread spoilt in the baking.—
—I still hear her cry,
"I wish I may die
If here isn't Tom's Shirt, that's been so long a-making!—
My gracious me!
Well,—only to see!
I declare it's as yellow as yellow can be!
Why, it looks just as though 't had been soak'd in green tea!"
Dear me!—Did you ever?—
But come—'t will be clever
To bring matters round; so I'll do my endeavour—
'Better Late,' says an excellent proverb, 'than Never!'
It *is* stain'd, to be sure; but 'grass-bleaching' will bring it
To rights 'in a jiffy.' We'll wash it, and wring it;
Or, stay, 'Hudson's Liquor'
Will do it still quicker,
And——" Here the new maid chimed in, "Ma'am, Salt of Lemon
Will make it in no time quite fit for the gemman."—
So they "set in the gathers,"—the large round the collar,
While those at the wrist-bands of course were much smaller,—
The button-holes now were at length "overcast;"
Then a button itself was sewn on,—'twas the last!

All's done!
All's won!
Never under the sun
Was Shirt so late finish'd—so early begun!—
The work would defy
The most critical eye.

It was "bleach'd,"—it was wash'd,—it was hung out to dry,—
It was mark'd on the tail with a T, and an I!
On the back of a chair it
Was placed, just to air it,
In front of the fire. "Tom to-morrow shall wear it!"
O cæca mens hominum! Fanny, good soul,
Left her charge for one moment—but one—a vile coal
Bounced out from the grate, and set fire to the whole!

* * * * *

Had it been Doctor Arnott's new stove—not a grate;
Had the coal been a "Lord Mayor's coal,"—viz: a slate;
What a diff'rent tale I had had to relate!
And Aunt Fan and my Shirt been superior to fate!—
One moment—no more!—
Fan open'd the door!
The draught made the blaze ten times worse than before;
And Aunt Fanny sank down—in despair—on the floor!

You may fancy perhaps Agrippina's amazement,
When, looking one fine moonlight night from her casement,
She saw, while thus gazing
All Rome a-blazing,
And, losing at once all restraint on her temper, or
Feelings, exclaimed, "Hang that Scamp of an Emperor,
Although he's my son!—
He thinks it prime fun,
No doubt!—While the flames are demolishing Rome
There's my Nero a-fiddling, and singing "Sweet Home!"
—Stay—I'm really not sure 'twas that lady who said
The words I've put down, as she stepp'd into bed,—
On reflection I rather believe *She* was dead;—
But e'en when at College, I
Fairly acknowledge, I
Never was very precise in chronology;
So, if there's an error, pray set down as mine a
Mistake of no very great moment—in fine, a
Mere slip—'twas some Pleb's wife, if not Agrippina.

You may fancy that warrior so stern and so stony,
Whom thirty years since we all used to call Boney,
When, engaged in what he styled "fulfilling his destinies,"
He had led his rapscallions across the Borysthenes,
And had made up his mind
Snug quarters to find
In Moscow, against the catarrhs and the coughs
Which are apt to prevail 'mongst the "Owskis" and "Offs,"
At a time of the year
When your nose and your ear
Are by no means so safe there as people's are here,
Inasmuch as Jack Frost, that most fearful of Bogles,
Makes folks leave their cartilage oft in their "fogles."

You may fancy, I say,
That same BONEY's dismay,
When Count Rostopchin
At once made him drop chin,
And turn up his eyes, as his rappee he took,
With a sort of a *mort-de-ma-vie* kind of look,
On perceiving that "Swing,"
And "all that sort of thing,"
Was at work,—that he 'd just lost the game without knowing it—
That the Kremlin was blazing—the Russians "a-going it,"—
Every plug in the place frozen hard as the ground,
And the deuce of a turn-cock at all to be found!

You may Fancy King Charles at some Court Fancy-Ball,
(The date we may fix
In Sixteen sixty-six,)
In the room built by Inigo Jones at Whitehall,
Whence his father, the Martyr,—(as such mourn'd by all
Who in his wept the Law's and the Monarchy's fall,)—
Stept out to exchange regal robes for a pall—
You may fancy King Charles, I say, stopping the brawl,*
As bursts on his sight the old church of St. Paul,
By the light of its flames now beginning to crawl
From basement to buttress, and topping its wall—
You may fancy old Clarendon making a call,
And stating, in cold, slow, monotonous drawl,
"Sire, from Pudding Lane's end, close by Fishmonger's Hall,
To Pye Corner, in Smithfield, there is not a stall
There, in market, or street, not a house great or small,
In which Knight wields his faulchion or Cobbler his awl,
But 's on fire!!"—You may fancy the general squall,
And bawl as they all call for wimple and shawl!—
—You may fancy all this—but I boldly assert
You *can't* fancy Aunt Fan as she look'd on MY SHIRT!!!

Was 't Apelles? or Zeuxis?—I think 'twas Apelles,
That artist of old—I declare I can't tell his
Exact patronymic—I write and pronounce ill
These Classical names—whom some Grecian Town-Council
Employ'd,—I believe, by command of the Oracle,—
To produce them a splendid piece, purely historical,
For adorning the wall
Of some fane, or Guildhall,
And who for his subject determined to try a
Large painting in oils of Miss Iphigenia
At the moment her Sire,
By especial desire
Of "that spalpeen O'Dysseus" (see Barney Maguire)

* Not a "row," but a dance—
"The grave Lord Keeper led the *brawls*,
The seals and maces danced before him."—GRAY.
—And truly Sir Christopher danced to some tune.

Has resolved to devote
Her beautiful throat
To old Chalcas's knife, and her limbs to the fire;
An act which we moderns by no means admire,—
An off'ring, 'tis true, to Jove, Mars, or Apollo cost
No trifling sum in those days, if a holocaust,—
Still, although for economy we should condemn none,
In an *αναξ ανδρων* like the great Agamemnon,
To give up to slaughter
An elegant daughter,
After all the French, Music, and Dancing they 'd taught her,
And Singing, at Heaven knows how much a quarter,
In lieu of a Calf!—
It was too bad by half!
At a "nigger"* so pitiful who would not laugh,
And turn up their noses at one who could find
No decenter method of "Raising the Wind?"
No doubt but he might,
Without any great *Flight*,
Have obtain'd it by what we call "flying a kite."
Or on mortgage—or sure, if he couldn't so do it, he
Must have succeeded "by way of annuity."
But there—it appears,
His crocodile tears,
"His "Oh! s" and his "Ah! s" his "Oh Law! s" and "Oh dear! s"
Were all taken for Gospel,—in painting his Victim
The Artist was splendid—but could not depict *Him*.
His features and phiz awry
Show'd so much misery,
And so like a dragon he
Look'd in his agony,
That the foil'd Painter buried—despairing to gain a
Good likeness—his face in a printed Bandana.
—Such a veil is best thrown o'er one's face when one's hurt
By some grief which no power can repair or avert!—
Such a veil I shall throw o'er Aunt Fan—and My Shirt!

MORAL.

And now for some practical hints from the story
Of Aunt Fan's mishap, which I 've thus laid before ye;
For, if rather too gay,
I can venture to say
A fine vein of morality is, in each lay
Of my primitive Muse, the distinguishing *trait!*
First of all—Don't put off till to-morrow what may
Without inconvenience be managed to-day!
That golden occasion we call "Opportunity"
Rarely 's neglected by man with impunity!
And the "Future," how brightly soe'er by Hope 's dupe colour'd,

* Hibernicé "nigger," *quasi* "niggard." Vide B. Maguire *passim*.

Ne'er may afford
You a lost chance restored,
Till both you and your shirt are grown old and pea-soup-colour'd!

I would also desire
You to guard your attire,
Young Ladies, and never go too near the fire!
Depend on't there 's many a dear little Soul
Who has found that a Spark is as bad as a coal,
And "in her best petticoat burnt a great hole!"

Last of all, Gentle Reader, don't be too secure!
Let no seeming success ever make you "cock-sure!"
But beware, and take care,
When all things look fair,
How you hang your shirt over the back of your chair!—
"There 's many a slip
'Twixt the cup and the lip!"
Be this excellent proverb, then, well understood,
And DON'T HALLOO BEFORE YOU 'RE QUITE OUT OF THE WOOD!!!

A SONG FOR THE END OF TERM.

Lætum *Hilarem*que diem.—JUV.

Air—*The Keel row.*

HURRAH! for the Vacation.
This Term's termination;
We 'll pour a full libation
In honour of his name,
To *jolly old St. Hilary*,
In punch of prime distillery,
And he deserves the pillory
Who will not do the same!

Your gloomy moralisers
Say mirth is "*all my eye*," sirs;
But let old Horace try, sirs,—
He 'll floor them great and small!
They preach that life is slippery,
All earthly joys mere frippery,
His "dulce est desipere
In loco" beats them all!

He tells that Dan Apollo,*
Whose cause *we* ought to follow,
In Delphic valleys hollow
His bow would oft unstring;
For, when our toils are ended,
Our minds, like bows distended,
Require to be unbended,
Or else they lose their spring!

What time can be more fitting
Than at this present sitting
To hold a merry meeting,
Now that the Term is o'er?
When past are our "*Collections*,"
(Most dire of all inspections!)
And all our hearts' affections
Are homeward turn'd once more?

Now home in flocks, like starlings,
We hasten to our darlings;
For, spite of Cynic snarlings,
We live but in their smile!
And then, a few weeks later,
"*Hark back!*" to Alma Mater,
With pleasure render'd greater
By absence for the while!

Then away with melancholy,
And let us all be jolly;
'Tis the very height of folly
To *sigh* when we can *sing!*
With thoughts of home before us,
How can we be dolorous?
Then in a roaring chorus
We 'll make the welkin ring!

Chorus.

For we 're all right good fellows,
Good fellows, good fellows,
And we 're all right good fellows,
And fond of mirth and glee;
And this our eve of parting,
Of parting, of parting,
And this our eve of parting,
We 'll spend in jollity.

A. R. W.

* Neque semper arcum
Tendit Apollo.—Lib. ii. Ode 10.

STANLEY THORN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VALENTINE VOX."

CHAPTER X.

The first night out.

As Amelia had been led to expect Stanley at eleven, when the clock struck one she began to experience that species of painful anxiety, of which it is to be hoped men in general are ignorant, inasmuch as their ignorance of it alone can rescue them from the heavy charge of absolute cruelty. Stanley had never before forfeited his word. Whenever he had said distinctly that he would be at home at such an hour, at that hour he had invariably returned. Still, could she have seen him then, she would have been quite content; for she chided her impatience, and conceived for him numerous excuses, and contended with herself that she ought not to expect him to run away at a moment's notice, as if indeed he were her slave; which, of course, was very amiable, and for the time being had a good effect.

Two o'clock came. — She rose and went to the piano, with the view of learning a new song; but this was a task she was utterly unable to accomplish. Although her eyes followed the notes and the words with due precision, her thoughts were of Stanley, and him alone.

The clock struck three. — This is not quite kind, thought Amelia. But that thought was instantly checked; she would not cherish the idea of his unkindness for a moment; she conceived it to be unjust; and hence, in order to banish it effectually, she opened a new and popular novel, which, however, failed to interest her. Still she kept her eyes fixed upon its pages, and tried to enter into its spirit, until the clock struck four, when she burst into tears. For the first time she felt that she was neglected, and that feeling was fraught with a terrible pang. And clearly, had she been able to ward it off much longer, she must have been either more or less than mortal. No creature ever loved with more warmth and devotion, none could ever have been more gentle, more patient, more confiding; but let those who may be inclined to deem her suspicions of neglect either wholly unjustifiable or premature, compare her former position with that which she now occupied. But a few weeks before she was the centre of a circle of affectionate relatives and friends, the beloved of all by whom she was surrounded. All strove to anticipate her wishes, to contribute in every possible way to her happiness; and enjoying, as she did to the full extent their sweet society, she was happy, and buoyant, and gay. These friends, this society, this happiness, she had sacrificed for one in whom her heart of hearts had taught her to confide, but who neglected her, not, indeed, from any base desire to do so, but for want of resolution to avoid those temptations which he ought before their union to have taught himself to resist. She had now no society, no friends around her; she had given up all for him, and he was almost continually absent. Who, then, can marvel that she experienced painful feelings? Oh! how much misery and vice would be averted if they who possess every blessing which parental affection can impart, with every comfort which affluence can collaterally yield, were deliberately to weigh present happiness against the prospect of realising that which is based upon hope!

"Surely," exclaimed Amelia, "something dreadful must have happened. He must have met with some very sad accident; he must have been maimed or robbed by heartless ruffians—perhaps murdered!"

Something of a serious nature she felt sure had occurred, or he certainly would not have remained out so late. Yet what could she do? Should she send to the hotel? He surely could not, under the circumstances, be angry if she were to do so? She rang the bell at once, and, on being informed that Bob was in bed, desired William to get into the first cab he met, and to hasten to the Tavistock.

"Do not," she added, "on any account send in. Simply inquire if your master is there, and come back to me as quickly as possible."

The servant started, and Amelia paced the room in a state of anxiety the most intense; for since she had conceived the probability of his having been injured, that belief was each succeeding moment more and more confirmed. She opened the window, and went out on the balcony, and listened to every footstep and every vehicle that approached; but as this was a source of continual disappointment, she paced the room again, resolved to wait until the servant returned with all the patience she could summon.

At length a cab stopped at the door, when she rang the bell violently, and flew to the stairs. It was a single knock, and her heart sank within her. The door was opened, and William entered to convey the intelligence that the hotel was closed; that not a light was to be seen; and that he had rung the bell again and again without obtaining an answer.

What was to be done? A thousand new fears were conceived in an instant. She rang the bell for her maid; she could no longer bear to be alone; her mind was on the rack, and every fresh apprehension teemed with others of a character more and more appalling.

"Good Heavens! Smith, what am I to do!" she exclaimed, as her maid entered. "What is to be done!" And again she burst into tears, which for a time overwhelmed her.

"My dear, dear lady, cheer up. Don't distress yourself, pray don't. He can't be long now; he is sure to return soon."

"Oh! Smith, I fear not. I fear that some frightful accident has happened. Sit down and stay with me. If he don't soon return I shall go mad!"

Smith did as she was desired; but she had not been seated long before she began to nod and breathe very hard. Amelia started up to pace the room again, but Smith was unable to keep her eyes open even for an instant; and as in a very short time her hard breathing amounted to a most unpleasing snore, her mistress dismissed her to bed.

The clock struck five, and Amelia was again quite alone. Her state of mind was now frightful. Every horrible accident that could be conceived she imagined by turns had befallen Stanley. She again went to the window, and after looking out upon the darkness for some time, so excited and so nervous that the motion of a mouse would have alarmed her, she was about to return to the fire, when she was startled by the sound of a harsh cracked voice upon the stairs. Her blood chilled, and she became motionless; she listened, and trembled violently as she listened; it was some man singing! The tune changed, and the tones became nearer and more harsh, and she distinctly heard the words,

Oh, the roses is red, and the wiolets is blue,
And the type off infection 's the dove;
But then neither doves, roses, nor wiolets won't do
For to match with the gal wot I lo-o-o-ove,
For to match with the gal wot I love.

Who was it? Whom on earth could it be? Some burglar, perhaps, whom drink had made reckless? She was about to dart from the window to the bell, with the view of summoning assistance; but as at the moment she heard the handle of the door turn, she flew behind the curtain in a state of mind the most dreadful that can possibly be conceived. The door opened, and she heard some one enter and walk across the room. She was half dead with fright; she did not dare to touch the curtain; but as she at length summoned courage sufficient to look through an opening, she saw the back of a man without his coat standing thoughtfully before the fire. She felt as if she could have sunk into the earth. Her agitation was excessive. The next moment, however, the man turned his head, and she beheld — Bob in a fit of somnambulism, with a pair of Stanley's boots in his hand! She had heard of his being a somnambulist, but had never before seen him in that character; and, although her apprehensions having reference to the crime of burglary vanished, she would neither make her appearance, nor allow herself with any degree of freedom to breathe.

Bob stood before the fire for a considerable time, and when he felt himself thoroughly comfortable and warm, he began again to sing the refrain touching the character of the girl whom he loved. He then placed the boots upon the rug, and his candle upon the table near the tray which had been set out for chocolate, and upon which were two peculiarly-shaped bottles, one containing maraschino, and the other curaçoa, of which Stanley after chocolate was especially fond. Bob looked at these bottles for a minute or two, as if some very powerful inclination had been struggling with his conscience; but it appeared that his conscience submitted to a defeat, for he poured out a glass of maraschino and drank it. He then looked steadily at the bottle beside it, and at length helped himself to a glass of curaçoa; not, indeed, because he appeared to dislike the maraschino—by no means: it was manifest that his object was simply to taste both, that he might know which was fairly entitled to his preference. This point, however, he appeared to be even then unable to decide with any degree of satisfaction to himself. He rolled his tongue over and over, and nodded, and winked, and smacked his lips with due gusto in honour of each; and as he evidently fancied that both were particularly pleasant, he naturally felt that he should like to ascertain precisely how they relished together. Actuated by this highly laudable impulse, he poured out about half a glass of maraschino, and then filled it up to the brim with curaçoa, and having placed the two bottles exactly where he found them, he drank the delicious mixture, and, by smacking his lips louder than before, really appeared to approve of it highly. His attention was then directed to the appearance of the glass, which, by dint of zealous rubbing and breathing,—for he found the task exceedingly difficult of accomplishment, in consequence of the glutinous character of the liqueurs, — he eventually polished with the blue cotton kerchief he wore round his neck; when, having tied that little article on again with care, he re-established the glass upside down in the proper spot, took up his light, and walked from the room with all the deliberate dignity in his nature.

Amelia now quitted her place of concealment, and sank into a chair in a state of exhaustion. It was six o'clock. Her thoughts reverted to Stanley, and as her mind came again quite fresh upon the subject, she conceived a variety of fresh fears. That which took the firmest hold was, that Stanley and her father had met the previous evening; that of course they had quarrelled; that a challenge had passed between them; and that they had both kept from home, with the view of meeting each other at daybreak in the field. She knew the high resolute spirit of her father; she knew also the fiery disposition of Stanley, and felt that, under the existing circumstances, a duel would be the inevitable result of their meeting. She then dwelt upon the probability of either her father being killed by Stanley, or Stanley being killed by her father, with an effect so terrible, that she became almost frantic.

Seven, eight, nine o'clock came; still Stanley did not return. She rang again for the servants. She knew several of the friends with whom he had dined the previous evening, and to them she sent at once to ascertain what they knew about Stanley.

The answer in each case was, that he had left the party early in the evening alone, which had the same effect upon her as if her worst fears had been absolutely realised. She was distracted; she knew not what to do; nor had she a single soul near her with whom to advise.

At length she sent for a coach, and, attended by one of the servants, proceeded to the house of the widow, whom she found just sitting down to breakfast, and who became so excessively alarmed on perceiving Amelia's agitation, that she almost fainted.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed, "what on earth is the matter? What has happened to Stanley? My dear girl, what is it?"

"I cannot tell what," replied Amelia, in tears; "but I am sure that something dreadful has occurred. He has not been home all night!"

"*Ho!*" exclaimed the widow, between a whisper and a groan, as if the announcement had really to some extent relieved her, when, kissing Amelia affectionately, she added, "My child, we must hope for the best. Let us hope that he is at home even now. I'll go with you at once. Depend upon it, my love, you will find him when you return."

They therefore immediately started, and on the way it was evident that the widow had something in her more experienced head, of which Amelia had happily no conception. She was not, however, without her apprehensions, although they were neither so lively nor so terrible as those of Amelia, until she was informed of the assumed probability of Stanley and Captain Joliffe having met, quarrelled, and fought, when her alarm became, if possible, more frightfully intense than even that of Amelia herself.

"Gracious!" she cried, raising her hands, and assuming an expression of horror. "And is your father bloodthirsty, my love?"

"Oh, dear me, no! quite the reverse!"

"But has he been accustomed to shooting, my dear?"

"He is a soldier," returned Amelia.

"I see it all! I see it all! My Stanley is no soldier; he never had, to my knowledge, a pistol in his hand. He is sacrificed!—cruelly sacrificed! My love, send to Richmond this moment — send instantly, to ascertain whether Stanley has been heard of, and whether the captain, your father, be at home. Send Robert; he will make the most haste."

Bob was accordingly summoned, and desired to mount his swiftest

horse immediately,—to gallop to Richmond to make the necessary inquiries,—and then to gallop back with all possible despatch.

"Fly! fly!" cried the widow; "stop for nothing! The very life of your master may depend upon your speed!"

Not another word was needed to put Bob upon his mettle. The very moment he heard that, he darted round to the stable, twisted a halter into the mouth of his best horse, and having mounted, dashed out of the yard as he was.

"Oh! these duels! — these duels! — these duels!" exclaimed the widow. "He is murdered, my love!—I am sure of it!"

"*Hush!*" cried Amelia, darting wildly to the window, as a coach at the moment drew up to the door. The widow followed. The coachman slowly descended from his box, and knocked loudly. Amelia could not breathe, her anxiety was so intense; but when, on the door being opened, she saw Stanley alight, she clasped her hands fervently, and falling upon her knees, mentally offered up a thanksgiving.

Before she had risen Stanley rushed into the room, and, having caught her in his arms, kissed her ardently, while she, sobbing aloud, and clinging fondly to him, passed her hand over his pale, cold brow, as if to be sure that it was he who embraced her. Seeing her distress, and knowing what she must have suffered, for the first time since he was an infant Stanley shed tears. For some moments neither could speak. He held his hand to his mother, who was at the time giving vent to her feelings very loudly, and kissed her; and then sank upon the sofa, with Amelia still clinging to his neck.

"My love — my dearest love!" said Amelia, at length, faintly, "you look ill—very ill. I much fear even now that something dreadful has occurred."

"No—no, my sweet girl; nothing—nothing of importance."

"Tell me," said Amelia anxiously, "that nothing serious has happened, and I shall feel as if in heaven!"

"Nothing serious *has* happened, I assure you upon my honour."

"Are you sure — quite sure," said the widow, "that you have not been engaged in a duel?"

"A duel!" cried Stanley. "How came you to think of a duel?"

"Oh, we have had a thousand thoughts!" said Amelia. "We have been tortured with a thousand apprehensions. But, my love, you are faint. Come, draw near the fire. You look very—very pale."

"I will just step into my room for one moment, and then we will sit down together, that I may give you a full explanation."

This, however, he had no intention of doing; nor could he have done so had he even felt disposed, for he had been in a state of the most absolute insensibility from half-past three that morning until ten, when he found himself in a station-house, lying on a board before the fire, and surrounded by a number of policemen, from whom he ascertained that he was discovered in Covent Garden Market about five, fast asleep on a pile of carrots, with his pockets turned completely inside out. He was also informed that as he looked very ill, the inspector, instead of placing him in a cell, had allowed him to lie near the fire, and that he would have to go at eleven before the magistrate, as a purely official matter, of course. On hearing this he rose, and sent at once for a friend, but felt particularly queer; and, on making his appearance at the appointed hour before the magistrate he was fined "five shillings for being drunk," and discharged. He had no

knowledge whatever of the way in which he had been robbed. The value of his watch was about fifty guineas, and he had in his purse between twenty and thirty pounds. For his loss he cared but little; his chief object was to invent a specious tale to tell Amelia; and that object he had scarcely accomplished when he returned to the room.

"Well," said the widow, when they had been sitting for some time, "and what was it after all that caused your absence?"

"The thing is soon explained," replied Stanley,—"very soon. The fact is, I was coming home early, according to my promise; and, being foolish enough to walk, I was attacked near the Haymarket by a mob of cowardly ruffians, by whom I was knocked down, robbed, and left insensible; in which state I presume some kind creature found me, for on awaking I perceived that I had been carried to an hotel, and placed comfortably in bed."

"Heaven bless him!" cried Amelia. "I wish to goodness we knew him, that we might thank him as he deserves. But you are hurt," she continued, starting up with the view of examining his head. "I feel sure that you are hurt, you look so dreadfully pale."

"No, indeed I am not. They simply stunned me; that was all: I feel nothing of it now."

"And what hotel did they take you to, dear?" inquired the widow, who did not by any means believe a single word of it,—which really was very extraordinary, seeing that Amelia placed the most implicit faith in every syllable. "What is the name of the hotel?"

"I think they call it Pequeen's. I am not quite sure, but I think it's Pequeen's. I was, however, so anxious to get home that I did not take any particular notice."

The incredulous widow deemed it prudent to press the matter no farther; at which Stanley was by no means displeased. It was the very first direct and deliberate falsehood he had ever told; and nothing could surpass the deep feeling of humiliation he at the moment experienced. It was a meanness at which his spirit revolted, and the blood rushed to his cheeks for very shame.

A servant now entered to announce the return of Bob, and Stanley, of course, inquired where he had been.

"We sent him to Richmond," said Amelia. "We feared——"

"To Richmond!" cried Stanley, with an expression of amazement,—"to Richmond! Good Heavens! surely you don't mean to say that you sent him to inquire for me there!"

"I am sorry—truly sorry, if you are displeased; but really I knew not what to do. I was nearly distracted. But, indeed, it was the very last place. I sent first to inquire of every friend I could think of. I did, indeed!"

"Sent first to inquire of every friend! Then the thing is by this time all over the country! But, how *could* you think that they knew anything of me at Richmond?"

"I feared, my love, that you had met papa; that you had quarrelled; and that either he had challenged you, or you had challenged him."

"And the moment," said the widow in continuation,—"the very moment I heard of the probability of such a thing, I suggested that Robert should be immediately despatched to ascertain if it really were so."

"I suspected that it was one of your brilliant thoughts, mother," said Stanley with considerable bitterness.

"Believe me," said Amelia, "we did everything for the best. You cannot conceive what a horrible state of mind we were in."

"Well, the thing is done," said Stanley, "and cannot be undone. Send Bob up," he continued, addressing the servant. "I would not have had had it happen for five thousand pounds."

Bob, who was already at the door, now appeared in a state of steaming perspiration. He panted, and blew out his cheeks to some considerable extent, and smoothed his hair, and looked as if he had not a dry thread about him.

"Well!" said Stanley, "whom did you see?"

"I saw the Captain and Mrs. Joliffe. They had me in, sir, and said they knew nothing at all about where you was."

"Did they say nothing more?" inquired Amelia.

"No, ma'am," replied Bob; "nothing more; only the Captain said it was just what he expected, and then his lady set off crying fit to break——"

"There, leave the room!" cried Stanley with some fierceness, which Bob, as he obeyed, thought strikingly ungrateful; for he really had done the whole four-and-twenty miles in less than an hour and a half; and he held it within himself to be questionable whether he should have done the entire distance in so short a space of time, had he known before what he knew then.

While Bob was engaged in the developement of his feelings by rubbing himself dry with unparalleled severity, Stanley and Amelia were sitting in silence; for, while the former felt galled at the idea of the affair having been published so extensively, the thoughts of the latter being at Richmond, induced as usual a fit of sadness.

Stanley's reverie was, however, soon at an end, for his friends came pouring in with the view of ascertaining if they could do him any service by backing him up.

While Stanley was engaged with the last of these gentlemen, Amelia herself had a visiter—one whom she did not by any means expect, and who was announced as a lady closely veiled, who had arrived in a hackney-coach, who had refused to send up either her name or her card, and who wished to speak immediately with "Mrs. Thorn" alone.

Amelia, who was still very nervous, looked upon these indications of mystery with alarm; and the widow, who had conceived a variety of ideas having reference to Stanley's indiscretion, contended that she was the more proper person to receive the mysterious stranger. Amelia of course readily yielded, and the widow at once bustled down, in the full expectation of seeing some creature with far more boldness than virtue. She was prepared for her, however, let her be whom she might, and hence bounced into the room, with an aspect indicative of dignity on the one hand, and inflexibility on the other.

The stranger rose, and bowed slightly, and then observed that she was anxious to see Mrs. Thorn.

"My name is Thorn," said the widow.

The stranger again bowed, and then said,

"Mrs. Stanley Thorn is the lady I wish to see."

"She is not quite well this morning," observed the widow.

"I am aware of it," said the stranger. "But probably you will do me the favour to state that I am a very old friend, and will not long detain her."



A. Crowquill

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The widow moved, and was on the point of saying something about whom she should have the honour to announce to Mrs. Stanley, and so on; but the manner of the stranger was so [illegible] and [illegible] she bowed and retired, completely disarmed.

"She is rather an elderly person," said the widow on her return to Amelia. "I cannot exactly make her out; but at all events I think that you may see her with perfect safety."

Amelia at this moment experienced a most extraordinary sensation. She could not account for it. It might have proceeded from the painful state of nervous excitement in which she had been kept during the night; but she certainly never had so strange a feeling before. She however [illegible], although [illegible], and on entering the room [illegible]

"My dear, dear child!" she exclaimed [illegible] into her arms. "What joy to see you here!"

These were the only words [illegible] for some moments. Every feeling was merged in that of affection. Their hearts beat in unison. Nature was triumphant!

"Heaven bless you, my child—bless you!" [illegible] to allow her feelings to [illegible] press [illegible]. And [illegible] Amelia, [illegible]

"Oh, [illegible]" said [illegible] "Is it my [illegible] I should have [illegible]. And, [illegible]

"I [illegible] came not for the purpose [illegible]

"Oh! [illegible]" replied Amelia. "[illegible] Stanley is [illegible]. He [illegible] happiness. [illegible] I cannot adequately [illegible] him."

"My child, [illegible]. This morning you sent [illegible] and [illegible] and——"

"[illegible] accident. He was [illegible] by some heartless persons, who, having robbed him, left him senseless!"

"[illegible]"

"Thank Heaven," said Amelia, "he is not; although I am [illegible] that [illegible] is as anxious to [illegible] calculated to give me the slightest pain."

"That [illegible] with great kindness."

"Oh, exceedingly," replied Amelia. "There is nothing in his conduct of which I can complain. There is nothing, in fact, which does not display the warmest [illegible]."

"I am happy to hear it. My mind is now relieved. I much feared that it was otherwise, and therefore determined to seek you this morning, in order to ascertain from your own lips if it were so. But you [illegible] and [illegible]."

"I must, my dear child. I must return as quickly as possible. No one has the slightest idea of my leaving. It must, however, be kept a profound secret still."

"Mamma!" exclaimed Amelia, in a tone which could not fail to touch the heart. "Here—here [illegible], kiss me, and forgive me!"

The widow moved, and was on the point of saying something about whom she should have the honour to announce to Mrs. Stanley, and so on; but the manner of the stranger was so ladylike and gentle that she bowed and retired, completely disarmed.

"She is rather an elderly person," said the widow on her return to Amelia. "I cannot *exactly* make her out; but at all events I think that you may see her with perfect safety."

Amelia at this moment experienced a most extraordinary sensation. She could not account for it. It might have proceeded from the painful state of nervous excitement in which she had been kept during the night; but she certainly never had so strange a feeling before. She however went down, although excessively agitated, and on entering the room saw her mother!

"My dear — dear mamma!" she exclaimed, rushing into her arms, "What joy to see you here!"

These were the only words that passed for some moments. Every feeling was merged in that of affection. Their hearts beat in unison. Nature was triumphant.

"Heaven bless you, my child! — bless you!" sobbed the affectionate mother. "My heart is too full to allow my feelings to be expressed." And as she spoke her tears fell fast, and Amelia, who clung to her, kissed her with heartfelt emotion.

"Oh, this is kind indeed!" said Amelia,—"most kind. It is more than I could have expected, — much more than I deserve." And, as at the moment she appeared to have been awakened to a sense of her position, she with downcast eyes dropped upon her knees.

"I came not to reproach you, my love; I came not for the purpose of wounding your feelings, but simply to learn if you are treated kindly here?"

"Oh! yes — most kindly," replied Amelia. "My Stanley is most affectionate. He does all in his power to promote my happiness. Indeed he is a dear good creature. I cannot sufficiently love him."

"My child, conceal nothing from me. This morning you sent to our house. He had been out all night, and——"

"Yes — yes; he unfortunately met with an accident. He was knocked down by some heartless persons, who, having robbed him, left him insensible."

"Is he then seriously injured?"

"Thank Heaven!" cried Amelia, "he is not; although I am sure they have injured him more than he will admit; he is so anxious to conceal from me everything calculated to give me the slightest pain."

"Then in general he behaves with great kindness?"

"Oh, invariably!" replied Amelia. "There is nothing in his conduct of which I can complain. There is nothing, in fact, which does not deserve the warmest praise."

"I am happy to hear it. My mind is now relieved. I much feared that it was otherwise, and therefore determined to steal away this morning, in order to ascertain from your own lips if it were so."

"But you will not leave me yet?"

"I must, my dear child. I must return as quickly as possible. No one has the slightest idea of my coming. It must, moreover, be kept a profound secret still."

"Mamma!" exclaimed Amelia, in a tone which could not fail to touch the heart. "Dear — dear mamma, kiss me, and forgive me!

Pray—pray, mamma, forgive me!" and again she sank imploringly upon her knees, and sobbed bitterly.

"I do, my child, forgive you. From my heart, from my soul, I forgive you."

"Bless you!—bless you!—bless you!" cried Amelia, as she kissed the trembling hand of her mother passionately, and bathed it with her tears. "Then I may hope that you will endeavour to obtain for us the forgiveness of dear papa! Nothing but that is required now to perfect our happiness. You will? Dear mamma! let me beg of you—oh! let me implore you——"

Amelia at this moment was so extremely energetic that her piercing voice reached the ears of Stanley, who darted at once into the room; and, having raised her, bowed distantly to Mrs. Joliffe, and said, "Madam, Amelia is not now in a fit state to bear reproaches."

"No—no, Stanley, no!" exclaimed Amelia, "you mistake, my love. Mamma has been kind—very kind."

"I beg pardon," said Stanley. "I feel, of course, grateful for any kindness you may have shown."

Mrs. Joliffe offered her hand, which Stanley felt but too happy to take. "I have not time now," she observed, "to say another syllable. Amelia will explain all. I must return with all possible speed. Adieu, my children! Heaven bless you both!"

"But you'll allow me to see you home?" said Stanley.

"By no means."

"Well, part of the way?"

"Yes, do, mamma, do!" said Amelia.

"Well, a very short distance. I return by the stage."

She then took an affectionate farewell of Amelia, by whom she was accompanied to the door, and, when Stanley had handed her into the coach, he ran back for a moment, and said to Amelia, "Do not wait dinner, my love; I will, if possible, go all the way."

Amelia was delighted: she looked upon a speedy reconciliation as certain; and as the coach drove from the door, she turned to shed tears of joy.

CHAPTER XI.

Stanley's introduction to a modern Pandemonium.

On reaching Piccadilly, Stanley begged so earnestly to be allowed to take the coach on at least as far as Kew that Mrs. Joliffe opposed it only as if she really wished he would. They therefore stopped at the White Horse Cellar, and having engaged a place in the next Richmond stage, rode forward, and soon began to converse with as much freedom as if nothing of importance had happened. He had always been a most especial favourite of Mrs. Joliffe; and during their journey his conversation so charmed her that she not only began to feel by no means astonished at what had occurred, but really held it to be a pity that they should continue to be separated, and thereby deprived of each other's society.

Stanley saw that he had made a deep impression, and therefore called all his eloquence into action with the view of making it "deeper and deeper still;" and in this he so admirably succeeded, that when the stage overtook them at Kew, she shook hands with him in the warmest and most affectionate manner possible, and left, fully resolved, without any solicitation on his part, to endeavour to effect an immediate reconciliation.

Stanley now directed his thoughts to Colonel Palmer, conceiving that to be the day for which the engagement had been made; and, although he had requested Amelia not to keep the dinner waiting, expressly in order that he might meet that gentleman, it will be here quite proper to state that it was an appointment which in any event he was firmly determined to keep. He was anxious to ascertain where the Colonel had left him that morning; in whose society; at what hour: indeed, there were several little particulars connected with his adventure upon which he thought his friend might be able to throw a light.

On reaching town he therefore directed the coachman to drive to the hotel where he found the gallant Colonel, (who had totally forgotten his engagement with Lord Chesterfield,) reading the journals of the day.

Stanley approached him unperceived, and placed his hand upon his shoulder, when the Colonel started up, really as if he had at the moment given birth to the idea of its being some individual who knew him very well. This to Stanley was inexplicable, of course; but the Colonel soon felt himself better, and they shook hands with great cordiality.

"I scarcely expected," said Stanley, "to find you here thus early."

"I should not have been here so soon," returned the Colonel, "had I not been deceived by my fool of a watch."

"That is precisely the thing of which I am destitute," said Stanley. "*I* have no watch to deceive me."

The Colonel, who appeared to be perfectly ignorant of the matter involved in this quiet intimation, waived that particular branch of the subject by saying, "Well, how did you get home?"

"The very point I wish to come at," said Stanley. "I know exactly how I got home; but of all that occurred between half-past three o'clock and five I am utterly unconscious."

"*I* never saw such a fellow in my life!" cried the Colonel. "I have known in my time many high-toned dogs, but I never happened to meet with so perfect a devil."

"Why," said Stanley, who, in accordance with the lively anticipation of the Colonel, looked upon this as an extremely high compliment, "what did I do?"

"Do! You recollect leaving the place where they gave us the vile filthy stuff they call negus?"

"No, indeed I do not."

"You do not!" cried the Colonel, with an expression of surprise, which was really very clever in its way. "Do you mean to tell me that you do not remember our walking from the room with that woman you were so sweet upon?"

"Certainly. I recollect nothing of the sort. But what occurred after that?"

"Why, the moment we were out of the place, you called a cab, which I thought very wise, of course expecting that you intended to go home at once; but the cab no sooner drew up than you insisted upon the fellow getting inside with me. You would drive. You would have the woman with you on the box. You would see us both home; for you were sure that we were much too far gone to escape mischief. Well, being at the time nearly as bad as yourself, I consented to get inside with the cabman; but you and the woman were no sooner on the box than a policeman caught hold of the horse's head,

and of course checked at once the developement of your skill as a tooler. To the prompt interference of that man I attribute the present unbroken condition of my neck. I had, of course, very different ideas on the subject then, while you were so excessively indignant with the policeman that you threatened him with instant annihilation. You would fight him. You would bet fifty pounds to a shilling that you would polish him off in the space of three minutes. The man was, however, exceedingly good-natured; and, as I slipped half-a-sovereign into his hand, he walked quietly away. I then again endeavoured to persuade you to go home. But, no. *Did* I think that you were drunk? *Could* I really entertain an idea so absurd? Why, of course I couldn't then, as you put it so pointedly: still I endeavoured to persuade you to go home. Well, you would; but you must first treat the cabman, and as the fellow promptly offered to point out a place, he led the way to one of the market-houses here in Covent-Garden. Well, on entering this den we found it crowded with a swarm of dirty vagabonds; you entered at once into the spirit of the scene, and appeared to be perfectly delighted. Your attention was, in the first place, directed to a knot of noisy nymphs, who, although *rather passée*, looked blooming and fair, their cheeks being duly embellished with brick-dust, while the coarse pores of all the other parts of their faces were filled up ingeniously with chalk. Having treated these ladies with raw rum all round (which caused her whom you had brought to start off in high dudgeon,) you turned to a mob of emaciated beings, who appeared to be trembling upon the brink of starvation. Their appearance was the only thing which seemed to give you no pleasure. They brightened up, however, the very moment you noticed them, and promptly asked what you were going to stand. 'What will you have?' said you.—'A drain o' gin,' was the reply. In this they were unanimous. 'Shall I order half a pint?' inquired one.—'Half a pint!' you exclaimed. 'Half a gallon!'—They all stared, of course; but half a gallon was ordered, and you paid for it instanter. 'Trotters! trotters! trotters!' cried a fellow who had a lot of pig's pettitoes in a basket. You asked the women if they liked those particular things; and, as they held them to be delicious, you bought the whole stock, salt and all. Of course, they looked upon you as little less than a god; and when you called for a dance, they got up at once a legitimate three handed reel without music, as the man who kept the house placed his veto upon the whistling. This seemed to impart to them additional delight; but, as they kept on swallowing the gin with remarkable constancy and freedom, they soon began to drop off like sheep that have been too long in a field of clover. On perceiving this you thought it high time to start yourself; and having given, with a bribe, certain secret instructions to the cabman, you led the way out of the house; but I had no sooner got into the cab, expecting, of course, that you would follow, than you closed the door with a bang, and away went the vehicle. I called upon the fellow to stop; but no: he had received his instructions: he *would* keep on! I therefore sank back quite resigned to my fate, and thus we parted."

Stanley was by no means displeased with the relation of this adventure: he on the contrary laughed very heartily at various points, as if, indeed, he had really done something to be proud of. "But, how very extraordinary," he observed, "that I should not have the slightest recollection of any one of the circumstances you have named!"

"It is wonderful. I have a poor head myself when I have been drinking; but I recollect everything that happened as perfectly as if I had drunk nothing but water."

Dinner was now placed upon the table, and Stanley began to explain how he was found by the police upon the carrots; how he was taken to the station-house without a shilling in his pocket; how he was marched before the magistrate; and how he was fined.

Of course the Colonel expressed himself utterly astonished! Had he dreamt that such would have been the sequel, no cabman on earth should have driven him away. "Why, where could you have got to?" he exclaimed. "But the thing is soon accounted for. Now I come to think of it, there were two thievish, black-looking scoundrels at the bar with those women whom you treated. I have not the smallest doubt that they watched you from the house, and having plundered you, left you asleep as you state. But I really am very sorry. I am, indeed."

"Oh, it isn't of much importance," said Stanley. "The loss of my watch is the only thing I care for. But, then, it is useless to dwell upon that now. It is gone, and there's an end of it. But how I could have been such an idiot as to act as it appears I did, I cannot conceive."

The Colonel smiled, and as he had already succeeded so well in describing the scene generally, he descended to particulars, and gave an infinite variety of amusing imitations of Stanley's tone and manner when in a state of excitement, which, of course, were assumed to be faithful. Upon these he dwelt during dinner; and, as he felt himself bound to be as facetious as possible, he did not fail afterwards to drag into their general conversation the various hits which had had the most palpable effect.

At length Stanley displayed symptoms of a desire to leave, being most sincerely anxious to be home very early; but the Colonel no sooner perceived this anxiety than he felt it incumbent upon him to subdue it.

"Well," said he promptly, without any apparent reference to what he had perceived, "I suppose that, like myself, you have no desire to be out late to-night. We will therefore just finish this bottle, and start."

"Upon my honour I must beg to be excused," said Stanley.

"Excused!" cried the Colonel. "My dear fellow, why?"

"Having been out all last night, I wish to be home this evening early."

"Well, you will be home early. We shall both be home early. Look at your watch," he added, smiling. "You don't mean to say that you want to turn into bed at nine!"

"No; but, upon my word, you must, under the circumstances, excuse me."

"Now that is unfair. You have made, since I saw you, another appointment."

"No, indeed I have not."

"Then how is it possible for me to excuse you? Nonsense! I must have your company this evening. Do you want to have sixteen or twenty hours' sleep to make up for the loss of eight? Pooh! you'll be in bed soon enough. I don't intend to stop more than two hours myself. You can leave, of course, just when you please."

Stanley had not explained to the Colonel that he was married; and, as he had no other sufficient cause to show why the engagement he

had made should be broken, he consented to keep it with the full determination to leave at eleven precisely.

"Of course," said the Colonel, when he found that he had firmly fixed his man, "you never play?"

"At chess? or billiards?" inquired Stanley.

"They are both noble games, but I alluded more particularly to hazard."

"I have not the slightest knowledge of the game," said Stanley. "I never saw it played. I have often wished to go into one of those houses; but I never could make up my mind to go alone."

"Oh! you need not go into a common pickpocketting gambling-house to see the game of hazard. Almost every club in London has its play-room. The Imperial has one—the club to which I belong. If you like, as we are not going to stop, we 'll go up to the room at once, and thus avoid the necessity for any formal introduction?"

"I should like it much better!" said Stanley. "I have for a long time been anxious to see the game played."

"It is a game which is known to every man of the world," returned the Colonel. "But come! *tempus fugit.*"

The bill was therefore ordered and discharged; and when the cab, which they had sent for was announced, they at once started.

Stanley, however, again thought of home. He felt that he ought to return to Amelia; but, of course, he could not do so then. Still he was resolved to leave early let what might occur, and conceiving himself to be perfectly secure in the assumed strength of that resolution he turned to dwell with pleasure upon the prospect before him.

The Colonel, on the way, seemed to be somewhat more thoughtful than usual: indeed, he scarcely opened his lips until the cab stopped at a very fair-sized house, a circumstance which seemed at once to rouse him from his reverie.

"Well, here we are," said he, as the cabman knocked at the door, which was instantly opened by a peculiar-looking porter, who appeared to be very anxious to ascertain who they were. He seemed to be satisfied, however, the moment he saw the Colonel; and, having passed through three doors, they ascended the stairs, and were ushered into a room which was lighted up brilliantly.

In the middle of this room stood a table, round which several persons were sitting, while a man who stood with a rake in his hand presided over a cash-box, and several heaps of counters, which were marked "*ten pound,*" "*five pound,*" "*one pound,*" "*half pound,*" and so on. The business of this person was to rake the money and counters towards him, or to throw them to the players as occasion required, and to call "five to three," "six to four," "six to five," "five to four," or whatever the odds happened to be. Considerable sums of money changed hands every moment, and Stanley was astonished at the rapidity with which they played. His attention was, however, soon arrested by the Colonel, who introduced him to the proprietor of the "Imperial," whom he found to be an extremely vulgar fellow. "Yer do me proud, sir," said he, "for to wisit my 'stablishment. I ope to ave the honour off seein' yer ear offen. D' yer play, sir?"

"Upon my word I have no knowledge of the game," replied Stanley, who was rather amused with the fellow.

"It 's werry heasy! There 's nothink a tall hin it. Set down, sir: I 'll learn yer in no time."

Stanley accordingly sat at a side-table, when the preceptor produced

a pair of dice from his flaming, salamander-coloured velvet waistcoat pocket; and, having put them into a box, said, "Look 'ear! s'pose yer call seven 's the main,—there 's five mains,—f'r instance, five, six, seven, hate, and nine, vich his the on'y chances: but, s'pose yer call seven 's the main: werry well. Yer throw seven; vell, that 's the nick vich in course vins the money. If yer throw eleven, that 's the nick too, vich, in course, vins the money likewise. But, s'pose yer throws five ven seven 's the main, — f'rinstance, there 's five, yer know, kater hace — vich is French,— then the hods is three to two, or six to four, yer know, vich his the same ticket ven, if you throws the five ag'in, yer know, afore yer throws the seven, yer vins both the hods and the stake."

"But, suppose," said Stanley, "I happen to throw two or three?"

"Vy, then, in that case hit 's the t'other, 'cos haces, as vell as duce haces, is crabs. But, to show as there 's long hods ag'in yer doin' that, if yer putt a pound down upon the haces afore yer throws, and throws haces, yer vin thirty pound; and, if yer putt a pound down on duce haces, yer then vins fifteen, 'cos there 's on'y vun vay off throwing haces, vile there 's two vays off throwin' duce haces, yer know."

"But, what do you call crabs?"

"Vy, crabs is on'y ven yer don't vin."

"And how many are there?"

"There's four crabs to the seven, — the sisses, the haces, hand the duce haces twice; five crabs to the hate — the haces, the duce haces twice, an' the sis an' sunk twice; an' six crabs to the nine—the sisses twice, the haces, the duce haces twice, hand the sis an' sunk twice; and, in course, the five his the same as the nine, an' the six his the same as the hate."

"Then these are the chances in favour of the table?"

"Percisely! There yer 'ave the 'ole thing hat vunce! I knowed vell *you* voodent be werry long a-learnin'. There 's two or three more leetle pints vich 'll come to yer as nat'ral as clockverk vile playin'. *They* calls out the hods, an' it 's hall skvare 'ear, yer know! reg'lar hupright an' downstraight."

At this moment Stanley heard the rapid application of those opprobrious terms, "scoundrel!" "villain!" and "thief!" and, on looking round, beheld, to his utter amazement, a fine dashing fellow engaged in the process of wringing the nose of the Colonel. Of course he started up on the instant with the view of assisting his friend; but before he was able to reach him, his vile, cringing, cowardly spirit was so conspicuous that Stanley stopped short, with a feeling of disgust.

"And vort 's all this?" cried Stanley's preceptor. "Vort 's 'e bin arter *now*?"

"Why do you allow this contemptible blackguard to be at the table?" demanded the colonel's fierce assailant. "How can you expect men of character and respectability to come to the house, while you harbour so consummate a scoundrel?"

"That 's hall werry poss'ble," returned the proprietor, pursing his lips, and looking through his shaggy brows. "But vort his 'e bin hat?"

"Securing!—and stealing my counters."

"Vort! the hold dodge agin!"

"It is false!" cried the colonel, with a look of indignation; but he had no sooner uttered the words than his accuser turned, and seizing

him by the throat, shook him violently, until, with the view of escaping chastisement, he sank upon the floor.

"That jist sarves yer right! Now you and me cuts it. I told yer afore I woodn't 'ave it. I guv yer fair vornin'. Vy carn't yer do the thing a leetle matters like a genel'man?"

The gallant colonel made no reply. He felt himself reduced to the most minute insignificance. The circumstance of his having his nose thus pulled was sufficiently painful *per se;* but when to this was added the acute mortification with which the fact of Stanley happening to be present at the time teemed, it appeared to be just about as much as he could bear. Had the thing been done in the dark, or even before a select party of friends, to whom his character had previously been known, although he might most unquestionably have winced, he would have cared in reality but little about it; but the idea of his importance being thus at once demolished, and himself dragged beyond even the pale of contempt before the eyes of the very man whom he had conceived the most ingenious designs to plunder, really wounded his fine feelings so deeply, that he retired, with all the grace of a well-whipped spaniel, to the most remote corner of the room.

"Is it possible," thought Stanley, as he stood very calmly before the fire, having declined the affectionate invitation of his preceptor to take a few practical lessons at the table—"Is it possible that a man so highly educated and accomplished can be so depraved! The accusation surely must have been false —and yet, *could* any innocent or honourable man have either cringed beneath the infliction of a species of chastisement so degrading, or submitted thus to the snarling of that low vulgar dog? Do you know that man?" he inquired of the person by whom the colonel had been assailed, and who now approached the fire.

"I know him to be one of the most pitiful villains upon town."

"Well," said Stanley, "I cannot be astonished at that, having seen what I have just seen; but I certainly was never so much deceived. He is in the army, is he not? He styles himself colonel."

"Oh, a colonel is he now? Last week he was a major, and he *has* been a lieutenant-general. But what may his name be at present?"

"Palmer," replied Stanley.

"Ah, Palmer — Colonel Palmer — and a very good name. It was Dashwood a few days ago; but when I first knew him it was Berkeley."

"But what has he been?"

"Why, independently of his having been everything as a soldier, between an ensign and a general, he has been an extensive West India proprietor, heir to some extraordinary estates in Ireland, an owner of immense undiscoverable mines in the north, a Russian, Prussian, Dutch, and Spanish *chargé d'affaires*, and so on: but since he ran through the property he had left him while at Oxford, he has been what you see him now, a bonnet."

"A bonnet!" said Stanley. "What is that?"

"A picker up — a jackall — a fellow whose occupation is to seduce young men into houses of play to be plundered. He picked you up—I knew it the very moment you entered."

"But surely this is not a common gambling house?" said Stanley.

"Why, what else do you conceive it to be?"

"I understood that it was a club."

"Oh, a club! So it is—yes, they call it a club—the Imperial Club. I have not the pleasure of knowing you, nor do you know me; but as

I perceive that you have had but little experience in these matters, let me tell you that it *is* what you imagined it was not."

"Well, I thought that it was strange that a club, according to my acceptation of the term, should be kept by so vulgar a man."

"Oh, they are all low-bred scamps, from the richest to the poorest. The majority are of the vilest and most degraded caste; and they engage as bonnets such men as our mutual friend the colonel, who are accomplished, prepossessing, and in many instances highly connected. I presume you know little of the game. I saw Sharp teaching you as much as he wished you to know; but allow me to give you a few private lessons."

"You are very polite," said Stanley. "I shall be happy to receive them."

"Well, then, in the first place, never play at all. Shun gaming as you would a pestilence; for although a tyro almost invariably wins at first, it is sure to involve him eventually in ruin."

"A tyro, I suppose, is *permitted* to win, for the purpose of urging him on?"

"Where they happen to be sure of him again. But it is an extraordinary fact that, in the absence of all trickery, men almost always win at first, — as if some evil spirit presided over the game, with the view of communicating the disease; for a disease it is, and one which absolute ruin cannot cure. I therefore advise you strongly not to play, if you wish to preserve any feeling of honour; for be assured that, whatever he may profess, or however anxious he may be to disguise it from himself, no habitual gambler can be a really honourable man. His sole object is to win. If he can do so fairly, it is well; but if not, he very soon becomes unscrupulous as to the means by which that object is attained. Should you ever find the temptation to play irresistible, bear in mind the few points with which I am anxious to make you acquainted; for, without any desire to induce you to entertain a high opinion of me, I may state, that I am so far from being displeased with your appearance, that I would not have allowed you to be plundered if you had played."

"Now," thought Stanley, "let me narrowly watch this man. He may be quite as designing a knave as the colonel."

"In the first place," continued the stranger, "you cannot tell whether the dice they give you to throw are fair or false—there is scarcely one man in a thousand that can. They may be loaded, or incorrectly marked: you take them up as a matter of course, play with them, and lose, when you attribute the fact solely to ill luck; and hence arises in a great degree that species of superstition, which forms one of the most prominent characteristics of a gamester. Now let me explain to you how you will be able to ascertain whether dice are fair or false in a moment. Put the six and the ace together thus: then turn them until you also get the seven at the side either by the quatre trois, or the cinque deux—let us say the quatre trois. Very well; if the dice be fair, you will find the six sevens without shifting those dice; that is to say, you will find the six ace top and bottom, the quatre trois on either side, the cinq deux at the ends, and the same when you divide them; whereas if they be false, you will find, having placed the six ace at the top, trois deux at the sides, quatre and cinq at the ends,—in short, anything but the right number."

"Then there are always six sevens on a pair of fair dice?"

"There are six real sevens; but as eleven is what is professionally

yclept the 'nick' for the main of seven, there are in reality eight nicks to that main. But remember that, unless you find the numbers precisely as I have explained to you, the dice are falsely marked. They may, however, be marked correctly, and yet be false; they may be loaded, and the only way in which the fact can be ascertained without cutting them up, is by trying to spin them. This requires some practice; but if a die will spin, it cannot be loaded; for if it be loaded, it never will spin. Spin them, therefore, and make the six sevens, and then you may be sure that the dice are fair."

"I understand," said Stanley. "As far as the marking is concerned, the thing appears to be exceedingly simple."

"It is most simple when explained; but there is not one in a hundred at the present time who knows how to do it, although thousands of pounds would be saved every night by that little knowledge alone."

"But what was that trick of the colonel's which you exposed?"

"It is called 'securing,'—a species of legerdemain which some playmen accomplish with surprising dexterity. The trick is done thus: I am the caster, and have taken the odds. I wish to throw a certain number: very well. In taking up the dice, I secure one either between the fourth and fifth finger, or between the fifth finger and the palm, and put the other into the box. I then throw, of course bringing them as near as possible to each other upon the table; and as I have taken care to have the deux, trois, or quatre of the one which I thus secured uppermost, the chances are turned in favour of my throwing the very number I happen to want."

"But can you not tell by the rattle that there is but one die in the box?"

"It can be told by an experienced ear; but such an ear only can detect it. I can tell in an instant; and whenever I discover a man resorting to the practice, I invariably expose him as I did your friend. By the way, where did you meet with that ingenious scoundrel?"

"At the theatre," replied Stanley.

"And he brought you out thus early?"

"Oh, this was last evening."

"And what place did he take you to then? Of course you didn't leave him without being seduced somewhere?"

"No; we went to an hotel and had supper, and thence to one of those saloons in the vicinity of Covent Garden."

"And did he not in any way swindle you?"

"No. In fact, he insisted upon paying for the supper and champagne."

"Of course he 'd do that. Then you managed to reach home without sustaining any loss?"

"No, indeed I did not. On the contrary, I lost my watch, and every pound I had in my pocket."

"Exactly. I thought that he would never suffer you to escape."

"But this was after we had separated."

"Doubtless! Will you explain the particulars?"

Stanley did so, and was astonished to see the stranger occasionally smile and toss his head, as if he could not have understood the thing much better had he actually been there."

"Will you be guided by me in this matter? Will you take my advice?" said he, when Stanley had concluded. "I can see through it all: you were hocussed! — that negus was drugged; and, however circumstantial his description of the scene at the bar of the market-

house may have been, depend upon it you never were there. The very moment you became insensible, he and the woman led you out, and having plundered you themselves, left you where you were found by the police. Now, as the only thing you care much about is your watch, and as, of course, you have no wish to make the circumstances public, take my advice: accuse this fellow at once of having robbed you; threaten loudly to call in a policeman to take him to the station-house, and then to search his lodgings; and the chances are in favour of your watch being restored."

"Good Heaven! is it possible!" cried Stanley. "But where is he?"

"I saw him leave the room about five minutes since; he is still in the house, I have no doubt. Come with me; we shall find him."

They at once left the room; and having learned from the porter below that the colonel was in the kitchen, they proceeded there *sans ceremonie*, and discovered that gentleman in company with others connected with the establishment, before a dish of boiled tripe, tastefully fringed with immense onions.

"Colonel Palmer," said Stanley, "I wish to speak with you in private."

The colonel blushed deeply as he rose from his tripe, and became somewhat nervous; but he followed them, nevertheless, into one of the unoccupied rooms on the ground floor.

"I have reason to believe," said Stanley, on reaching this room, "that I have discovered the scoundrel who robbed me last night."

"Indeed!" cried the colonel, turning at the moment very pale. "I am very glad of it," he added, although anything indicative of gladness in his countenance no soul could have perceived,—"very, very glad, indeed."

"So am I," cried Stanley; "and I therefore now call upon *you* to return my watch, if you value your liberty."

In an instant the colonel assumed a look of indignation; his blood became hot, and his eyes flashed fire. "Sir!" said he fiercely, as his bosom swelled with wrath, "do you mean to insinuate—"

"Nothing!" cried Stanley, with corresponding fierceness. "I mean to insinuate nothing. I mean to charge you distinctly with having robbed me; and unless you restore that watch, I will instantly send for the police."

"Upon my honour I know nothing of it."

"Liar!" cried Stanley, "that base look betrays you. Have you got it about you? Is it here?"

"I will *not* be thus treated!" cried the colonel; but scarcely had he uttered the words when Stanley threw him upon his back, and drew a watch from his pocket. It was not the watch in question, nor had he any other; and as Stanley began to feel that he might have gone a little too far, he relinquished his hold.

"Vy, vort 's o'clock now?" cried the stumpy proprietor, who entered the room at this moment. "Vort hin the name o' God and Mighty his it?"

"Will you send for a policeman? Last night this scoundrel robbed me of my watch, and I 'm now resolved to make him give it up."

"Give it hup!—has a matter off course. Kam, none o' yer warment manœuvres—shell out!"

"Upon my word I have not got it. I have not, indeed."

"No, I dares to say not; ner yer don know vere it his?"

"For your own reputation, Sharp, make him restore it at once," said

Stanley's friend. "He is a servant of yours, and you are therefore to some extent involved."

"Do me the favour to go for a policeman," said Stanley to his friend, "or watch the villain narrowly while I run myself."

"Don't, for God and Mighty's sake, bring the polis hin 'ear! They cusses the 'spectability of hevery 'stablishment they henters. I 'll bundle 'im hout neck and crop, and then yer cun give 'im hin charge. But *hare* yer a-goin' for to give the ticker hup? — Kam, that 's hall about it."

"I tell you again that I have not got the watch," replied the colonel; and he winked at the proprietor, conceiving that that might have a favourable effect. But in this he was mistaken; for although Sharp was quite as great a villain as himself, the subject of his own reputation had been touched, and that induced him to be for once in his life honest.

"Oh ho! I twig!" said he, the moment the wink had been given. "But no, it von't fit; no, nothink off the sort: I von't 'ave it."

This the colonel conceived to be extremely irregular, "honour among thieves" having been for years the recognised motto of both. He, notwithstanding, drew him aside, and said something in a whisper, as he pulled from his pocket a dirty piece of card about an inch and a half square.

"Now, serpose," said Sharp, as he returned with this card in his hand, "serpose thish 'ear votch is guv hup, vill yer pledge yer verd yer 'll perceed no furder?"

"I will," replied Stanley.

"Vell, then, s'pose ag'in that it 's pawned for ten pound, vood yer hin sich a case, yer know, be satisfied vith the dubblikit?"

Stanley would have been, but his friend interposed. "By no means," said he, "if that wretch has ten pounds in his pocket."

"'Ave yer got ten pound?" inquired Sharp.

"I have not," replied the colonel.

"He had more than twenty pounds' worth of counters."

"That 's hall werry possible; but for them, yer know, he guv' in a cheque."

"Well, give me the duplicate," said Stanley. "This is correct, of course?"

"Oh, that 's all reg'lar," replied Sharp. "You 'ave nothink to do but to show it."

"Now," said Stanley, addressing the colonel, "in future keep out of my path. You will never again let me catch you within the reach of my foot if you are wise."

"An' 'e may think hisself lucky," said the virtuous proprietor, as Stanley and his friend left the room; "there ain't many as vood 'ave let 'im off so heasy. At hall ewents, he don't darken my doors ag'in. I 'ope as this 'ear von't perwent yer from honourin' me vith another hurly wisit? Good night to yer, gen'elmen—I vish yer good night."

They now left the house, and Stanley was about to express his thanks warmly; but his friend, whom he subsequently found to be a member of the House of Commons, would not hear a word. "You will find me in the Albany," said he, "I shall be happy to see you. You must promise to call."

The promise was given, and they parted. It was then two o'clock. Stanley therefore at once proceeded home, where Amelia was happy in the conviction that he had been dining at Richmond, and had thereby effected a reconciliation.

GUY FAWKES.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

BOOK THE FIRST.

CHAPTER X.

THE FATE OF THE PURSUIVANT.

Assisted by the stream, and plying his oars with great rapidity, Guy Fawkes soon left the town far behind him; nor did he relax his exertions until checked by Humphrey Chetham. He then ceased rowing, and directed the boat towards the left bank of the river.

"Here we propose to land, Miss Radcliffe," observed the young merchant to Viviana. "We are not more than a hundred yards from Ordsall Cave, where you can take refuge for a short time, while I proceed to the Hall, and ascertain whether you can return to it with safety."

"I place myself entirely in your hands, Master Chetham," she replied; "but I fear that such a course will be to rush into the very face of danger. Oh! that I could join my father at Holywell! With him I should feel secure."

"Means may be found to effect your wishes," returned Humphrey Chetham; "but, after the suffering you have recently endured, it will scarcely be prudent to undertake so long a journey without a few hours' repose. To-morrow, — or the next day,—you may set out."

"I am fully equal to it now," rejoined Viviana, eagerly; "and any fatigue I may undergo will not equal my present anxiety. You have already done so much for me, Master Chetham, that I venture to presume still further upon your kindness. Provide some immediate means of conveyance for me and for Father Oldcorne to Chester, and I shall for ever be beholden to you."

"I will not only do what you desire, Miss Radcliffe, if it be possible," answered Chetham; "but, if you will allow me, I will serve as your escort."

"And I," added Guy Fawkes.

"All I fear is, that your strength may fail you," continued the young merchant in a tone of uneasiness.

"Fear nothing, then," replied Viviana. "I am made of firmer material than you imagine. Think only of what *you* can do, and doubt not my ability to do it, also."

"I ever deemed you of a courageous nature, daughter," observed Oldcorne; "but your resolution surpasses my belief."

By this time, the boat had approached the shore. Leaping upon the rocky bank, the young merchant assisted Viviana to land, and then performed the same service for the priest. Guy Fawkes was the last to disembark; and, having pulled the

skiff aground, he followed the others, who waited for him at a short distance. The night was profoundly dark, and the path they had taken, being shaded by large trees, was scarcely discernible. Carefully guiding Viviana, who leaned on him for support, the young merchant proceeded at a slow pace, and with the utmost caution. Suddenly, they were surprised and alarmed by a vivid blaze of light which burst through the trees on the left.

"Some building must be on fire!" exclaimed Viviana.

"It is Ordsall Hall,—it is your father's residence," cried Humphrey Chetham.

"It is the work of that accursed pursuivant, I will be sworn," said Guy Fawkes.

"If it be so, may the fire of Heaven consume him!" rejoined Oldcorne.

"Alas! alas!" cried Viviana, bursting into tears, "I thought myself equal to every calamity; but this new stroke of fate is more than I can bear."

As she spoke, the conflagration evidently increased. The sky was illumined by the red reflection of the flames. And, as the party hurried forward to a rising ground, whence a better view could be obtained of the spectacle, they saw the dark walls of the ancient mansion apparently wrapped in the devouring element.

"Let us hasten thither," cried Viviana, distractedly.

"I and Guy Fawkes will fly there," replied the young merchant, "and render all the assistance in our power. But first, let me convey you to the cave."

More dead than alive, Viviana suffered herself to be borne in that direction. Making his way over every impediment, Chetham soon reached the excavation; and depositing his lovely burthen upon the stone couch, once occupied by the unfortunate prophetess, and leaving her in charge of the priest, he hurried with Guy Fawkes towards the Hall.

On arriving at the termination of the avenue, they found, to their great relief, that it was not the main structure, but an outbuilding which was in flames, and from its situation the young merchant conceived it to be the stables. As soon as they made this discovery, they slackened their pace, being apprehensive, from the shouts and other sounds that reached them, that some hostile party might be among the assemblage. Crossing the drawbridge — which was fortunately lowered, — they were about to shape their course towards the stables, which lay at the further side of the Hall, when they perceived the old steward, Heydocke, standing at the doorway, and wringing his hands in distraction. Humphrey Chetham immediately called to him.

"I should know that voice!" cried the old man, stepping forward. "Ah! Master Chetham, is it you? You are arrived at a sad time, sir—a sad time—to see the old house, where I have dwelt, man and boy, sixty years and more, in flames. But one calamity after another has befallen us. Ever since Sir William departed for Holywell nothing has gone right — nothing

whatever. First, the house was searched by the pursuivant and his gang; then, my young mistress disappeared; then it was rifled by these plunderers; and now, to crown all, it is on fire, and will speedily be burnt to the ground."

"Say not so," replied the young merchant. "The flames have not yet reached the Hall. And, if exertion is used, they may be extinguished without further mischief."

"Let those who have kindled them extinguish them," replied Heydocke, sullenly. "I will not raise hand more."

"Who are the incendiaries?" demanded Fawkes.

"The pursuivant and his followers," replied Heydocke. "They came here to-night; and after ransacking the house under pretence of procuring further evidence against my master, and carrying off everything valuable they could collect,—plate, jewels, ornaments, money, and even wearing-apparel,—they ended by locking up all the servants,—except myself, who managed to elude their vigilance,—in the cellar, and setting fire to the stables."

"Wretches!" exclaimed Humphrey Chetham.

"Wretches, indeed!" repeated the steward. "But this is not all the villany they contemplate. I had concealed myself in the store-room, under a heap of lumber, and in searching for me they chanced upon a barrel of gunpowder—"

"Well!" interrupted Guy Fawkes.

"Well, sir," pursued Heydocke, "I heard the pursuivant remark to one of his comrades, 'This is a lucky discovery. If we can't find the steward, we'll blow him and the old house to the devil.' Just then, some one came to tell him I was hidden in the stables, and the whole troop adjourned thither. But being baulked of their prey, I suppose, they wreaked their vengeance in the way you perceive."

"No doubt," rejoined Humphrey Chetham. "But they shall bitterly rue it. I will myself represent the affair to the Commissioners."

"It will be useless," groaned Heydocke. "There is no law to protect the property of a Catholic."

"Where is the barrel of gunpowder you spoke of?" asked Guy Fawkes, as if struck by a sudden idea.

"The villains took it with them when they quitted the store-room," replied the steward. "I suppose they have got it in the yard."

"They have lighted a fire which shall be quenched with their blood," rejoined Fawkes, fiercely. "Follow me. I may need you both."

So saying, he darted off, and turning the corner, came in front of the blazing pile. Occupying one side of a large quadrangular court, the stables were wholly disconnected with the Hall: and though the fire burnt furiously; yet as the wind carried the flames and sparks in a contrary direction, it was possible the latter building might escape if due precaution were taken. So

far, however, from this being the case, it seemed the object of the by-standers to assist the progress of the conflagration. Several horses, saddled and bridled, had been removed from the stable, and placed within an open cowhouse. To these Guy Fawkes called Chetham's attention, and desired him and the old steward to secure some of them. Hastily giving directions to Heydocke, the young merchant obeyed,—sprang on the back of the nearest courser, and seizing the bridles of two others, rode off with them. His example was followed by Heydocke, and one steed only was left. Such was the confusion and clamour prevailing around, that the above proceeding passed unnoticed.

Guy Fawkes, meanwhile, ensconcing himself behind the court-gate, looked about for the barrel of gunpowder. For some time he could discover no trace of it. At length, beneath a shed, not far from him, he perceived a soldier seated upon a small cask, which he had no doubt was the object he was in search of. So intent was the man upon the spectacle before him, that he was wholly unaware of the approach of an enemy; and creeping noiselessly up to him, Guy Fawkes felled him to the ground with a blow from the heavy butt-end of his petronel. The action was not perceived by the others; and carrying the cask out of the yard, Fawkes burst in the lid, and ascertained that the contents were what they had been represented. He then glanced around, to see how he could best execute his purpose.

On the top of the wall adjoining the stables, he beheld the pursuivant, with three or four soldiers, giving directions, and issuing orders. Another and lower wall, forming the opposite side of the quadrangle, and built on the edge of the moat, approached the scene of the fire, and on this, Guy Fawkes, with the barrel of gunpowder on his shoulder, mounted. Concealing himself behind a tree which overshadowed it, he watched a favourable moment for his enterprise.

He had not to wait long. Prompted by some undefinable feeling, which caused him to rush upon his destruction, the pursuivant ventured on the roof of the stables, and was followed by his companions. No sooner did this occur, than Guy Fawkes dashed forward, and hurled the barrel with all his force into the midst of the flames, throwing himself at the same moment into the moat. The explosion was instantaneous and tremendous;—so loud as to be audible even under the water. Its effects were terrible. The bodies of the pursuivant and his companions were blown into the air, and carried to the further side of the moat. Of those standing before the building, several were destroyed, and all more or less injured. The walls were thrown down by the concussion, and the roof and its fiery fragments projected into the moat. An effectual stop was put to the conflagration; and, when Guy Fawkes rose to the boiling and agitated surface of the water, the flames were entirely extinguished. Hearing groans on the opposite bank of the moat, he forced his way through the blazing beams, which were hiss-

ing in the water; and, snatching up a still burning fragment, hastened in the direction of the sound. In the blackened and mutilated object before him he recognized the pursuivant. The dying wretch also recognized him, and attempted to speak; but in vain — his tongue refused its office; and with a horrible attempt at articulation, he expired.

Alarmed by the explosion, the domestics, whom, it has already been mentioned, were confined in the cellar, were rendered so desperate by their fears, that they contrived to break out of their prison, and now hastened to the stables to ascertain the cause of the report. Leaving them to assist the sufferers, whose dreadful groans awakened some feelings of compunction in his iron breast, Guy Fawkes caught the steed, — which had broken its bridle and rushed off, and now stood shivering, shaking, and drenched in moisture near the drawbridge,—and, mounting it, galloped towards the cave.

At its entrance, he was met by Humphrey Chetham and Oldcorne, who eagerly inquired what had happened.

Guy Fawkes briefly explained.

"It is the hand of Heaven manifested by your arm, my son," observed the priest. "Would that it had stricken the tyrant and apostate prince by whom our Church is persecuted! But his turn will speedily arrive."

"Peace, father!" cried Guy Fawkes, sternly.

"I do not lament the fate of the pursuivant," observed Humphrey Chetham. "But this is a frightful waste of human life — and in such a cause!"

"It is the cause of Heaven, young sir," rejoined the priest, angrily.

"I do not think so," returned Chetham; "and, but for my devotion to Miss Radcliffe, I would have no further share in it."

"You are at liberty to leave us, if you think proper," said the priest, coldly.

"Nay, say not so, father," interposed Viviana, who had been an unobserved listener to the foregoing discourse. "You owe your life — your liberty to Master Chetham."

"True, daughter," replied the priest. "I have been too hasty, and entreat his forgiveness."

"You have it, reverend sir," rejoined the young merchant. "And now, Master Heydocke," he added, turning to the steward, "you may return to the Hall with safety. No one will molest you more, and your presence may be needed."

"But my young mistress—" said Heydocke.

"I am setting out for Holywell to join my father," replied Viviana. "You will receive our instructions from that place."

"It is well," returned the old man, bowing respectfully. "Heaven shield us from further misfortune!"

Humphrey Chetham having assisted Viviana into the saddle, and the rest of the party having mounted, they took the road to Chester, while Heydocke returned to the Hall.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PILGRIMAGE TO SAINT WINIFRED'S WELL.

Early on the following morning, the party, who had ridden hard, and had paused only for a short time at Knutsford to rest their steeds, approached the ancient and picturesque city of Chester. Skirting its high, and then partly fortified walls, above which appeared the massive tower of the venerable cathedral, they passed through the east-gate, and proceeding along the street deriving its name from that entrance, were about to halt before the door of a large hostel, called the Saint Werburgh's Abbey, when, to their great surprise, they perceived Catesby riding towards them.

"I thought I could not be mistaken," said the latter, as he drew near and saluted Viviana. "I was about to set out for Manchester with a despatch to you from your father, Miss Radcliffe, when this most unexpected and fortunate encounter spares me the journey. But may I ask why I see you here, and thus attended?" he added, glancing uneasily at Humphrey Chetham.

A few words from Father Oldcorne explained all. Catesby affected to bend his brow, and appear concerned at the relation. But he could scarcely repress his satisfaction.

"Sir William Radcliffe *must* join us now," he whispered to the priest.

"He must—he *shall*," replied Oldcorne, in the same tone.

"Your father wishes you to join him at Holt, Miss Radcliffe," remarked Catesby, turning to her, "whence the pilgrimage starts to-morrow for Saint Winifred's Well. There are already nearly thirty devout persons assembled."

"Indeed!" replied Viviana. "May I inquire their names?"

"Sir Everard and Lady Digby," replied Catesby; "Mistress Anne Vaux and her sister, Mrs. Brooksby; Mr. Ambrose Rookwood and his wife, the two Winters, Tresham, Wright, Fathers Garnet and Fisher, and many others, in all probability unknown to you. The procession started ten days ago from Gothurst, in Buckinghamshire, Sir Everard Digby's residence, and proceeded from thence by slow stages to Norbrook and Haddington, at each of which houses it halted for some days. Yesterday, it reached Holt, and starts, as I have just told you, to-morrow for Holywell. If you are so disposed, you will be able to attend it."

"I will gladly do so," replied Viviana. "And, since I find it is not necessary to hurry forward, I will rest myself for a short time here."

So saying, she dismounted, and the whole party entered the hostel. Viviana withdrew to seek a short repose, and glance over her father's letter, while Catesby, Guy Fawkes, and Oldcorne, were engaged in deep consultation. Humphrey Chetham, perceiving that his attendance was no further required, and that he was an object of suspicion and dislike to Catesby,—for whom he also entertained a similar aversion,—prepared to return. And

when Viviana made her appearance, he advanced to bid her farewell.

"I can be of no further service to you, Miss Radcliffe," he said in a mournful tone; "and, as my presence might be as unwelcome to your father, as it seems to be to others of your friends, I will now take my leave."

"Farewell, Master Chetham," she replied. "I will not attempt to oppose your departure; for, much as I grieve to lose you — and that I do so these tears will testify, — I feel that it is for the best. I owe you much—more—far more than I can ever repay. It would be unworthy in me, and unfair to you, to say that I do not, and shall not ever feel the deepest interest in you; that, next to my father, there is no one whom I regard—nay, whom I love so much."

"Love! Viviana?" echoed the young merchant, trembling.

"Love, Master Chetham," she continued, turning very pale; "since you compel me to repeat the word. I avow it boldly, because—" and her voice faltered, —"I would not have you suppose me ungrateful, and because I never can be yours."

"I will not attempt to dissuade you from the fatal determination you have formed of burying your charms in a cloister," rejoined Humphrey Chetham. "But, oh! if you *do* love me, why condemn yourself—why condemn me to hopeless misery?"

"I will tell you why," replied Viviana. "Because you are not of my faith; and because I never will wed a heretic."

"I am answered," replied the young merchant, sadly.

"Master Chetham," interposed Oldcorne, who had approached them unperceived; "it is in your power to change Miss Radcliffe's determination."

"How?" asked the young merchant, starting.

"By being reconciled to the Church of Rome."

"Then it will remain unaltered," replied Chetham firmly.

"And, if Master Chetham would consent to this proposal, *I* would not," said Viviana. "Farewell!" she added, extending her hand to him, which he pressed to his lips. "Do not let us prolong an interview so painful to us both. The best wish I can desire for you is, that we may never meet again."

Without another word, and without hazarding a look at the object of his affections, Chetham rushed out of the room, and mounting his horse, rode off in the direction of Manchester.

"Daughter," said Oldcorne, as soon as he was gone, "I cannot too highly approve of your conduct, or too warmly applaud the mastery you display over your feelings. But—" and he hesitated.

"But what, father?" cried Viviana eagerly. "Do you think I have done wrong in dismissing him?"

"By no means, dear daughter," replied the priest. "You have acted most discreetly. But you will forgive me if I urge you — nay, implore you not to take the veil; but rather to bestow your hand upon some Catholic gentleman——"

"Such as Mr. Catesby," interrupted Viviana, glancing in the direction of the individual she mentioned, who was watching them narrowly from the further end of the room.

"Ay, Mr. Catesby," repeated Oldcorne, affecting not to notice the scornful emphasis laid on the name. "None more fitting could be found, or more worthy of you. Our Church has not a more zealous servant and upholder; and he will be at once a father and a husband to you. Such a union would be highly profitable to our religion. And, though it is well for those whose hearts are burthened with affliction, or who are unable to render any active service to their faith, to retire from the world, it behoves every sister of the Romish Church to support it, at a juncture like the present, at any sacrifice of personal feeling."

"Urge me no more, father," replied Viviana, firmly. "I will make every sacrifice for my religion, consistent with principle and feeling. But I will not make this; neither am I required to make it. And I beg you will entreat Mr. Catesby to desist from further importunity."

Oldcorne bowed, and retired. Nor was another syllable exchanged between them prior to their departure.

Crossing the old bridge over the Dee, then defended at each extremity by a gate and tower, the party took the road to Holt, where they arrived in about an hour. The recent conversation had thrown a restraint over them, which was not removed during the journey. Habitually taciturn, as has already been remarked, Guy Fawkes seemed gloomier and more thoughtful than ever; and though he rode by the side of Viviana, he did not volunteer a remark, and scarcely appeared conscious of her presence. Catesby and Oldcorne kept aloof, and it was not until they came in sight of the little town which formed their destination that the former galloped forward, and striking into the path on the right, begged Viviana to follow him. A turn in the road shortly afterwards showed them a large mansion screened by a grove of beech trees.

"That is the house to which we are going," observed Catesby.

And as he spoke, they approached a lodge, the gates of which being opened by an attendant, admitted them to the avenue.

Viviana's heart throbbed with delight at the anticipated meeting with her father; but she could not repress a feeling of anxiety at the distressing intelligence she had to impart to him. As she drew near the house, she perceived him walking beneath the shade of the trees with two other persons; and quickening her pace, sprang from her steed, and almost before he was aware of it was in his arms.

"Why do I see you here so unexpectedly, my dear child?" cried Sir William Radcliffe, as soon as he had recovered from the surprise which her sudden appearance occasioned him. "Mr. Catesby only left this morning, charged with a letter

entreating you to set out without delay,—and now I behold you. What has happened ?"

Viviana then recounted the occurrences of the last few days.

"It is, then, as I feared," replied Sir William, in a desponding tone. "Our oppressors will never cease till they drive us to desperation !"

"They will not !" rejoined a voice behind him. "Well may we exclaim with the prophet — 'How long, O Lord, shall I cry, and thou wilt not hear ? Shall I cry out to thee suffering violence, and thou wilt not save ? Why hast thou showed me iniquity and grievance, to see rapine and injustice before me ? Why lookest thou upon them that do unjust things, and holdest thy peace when the wicked devoureth the man that is more just than himself ?'"

Viviana looked in the direction of the speaker, and beheld a man in a priestly garb, whose countenance struck her very forcibly. He was rather under the middle height, of a slight spare figure, and in age might be about fifty. His features, which in his youth must have been pleasing, if not handsome, and which were still regular, were pale and emaciated ; but his eye was dark, and of unusual brilliancy. A single glance at this person satisfied her that it was Father Garnet, the provincial of the English Jesuits ; nor was she mistaken in her supposition.

Of this remarkable person, so intimately connected with the main events of the history about to be related, it may be proper to offer some preliminary account. Born at Nottingham in 1554, in the reign of Queen Mary, and of obscure parentage, Henry Garnet was originally destined to the Protestant Church, and educated, with a view to taking orders, at Winchester school, from whence it was intended he should be removed in due course to Oxford. But this design was never carried into effect. Influenced by motives, into which it is now scarcely worth while inquiring, and which have been contested by writers on both sides of the question, Garnet proceeded from Winchester to London, where he engaged himself as correcter of the press to a printer of law-books, named Tottel, in which capacity he became acquainted with Sir Edward Coke and Chief Justice Popham,—one of whom was afterwards to be the leading counsel against him, and the other his judge. After continuing in this employment for two years, during which he had meditated a change in his religion, he went abroad, and travelling first to Madrid, and then to Rome, saw enough of the Catholic priesthood to confirm his resolution, and in 1575 he assumed the habit of a Jesuit. Pursuing his studies with the utmost zeal and ardour at the Jesuits' College, under the celebrated Bellarmine, and the no less celebrated Clavius, he made such progress, that upon the indisposition of the latter, he was able to fill the mathematical chair. Nor was he less skilled in philosophy, metaphysics, and divinity ; and his knowledge of Hebrew was so profound, that he taught it publicly in the Roman schools.

To an enthusiastic zeal in the cause of the religion he had espoused, Garnet added great powers of persuasion and eloquence, — a combination of qualities well fitting him for the office of a missionary priest; and undismayed by the dangers he would have to encounter, and eager to propagate his doctrines, he solicited to be sent on this errand to his own country. Having, at the instance of Father Persons, received an appointment to the mission in 1586, he secretly landed in England in the same year. Braving every danger, and shrinking from no labour, he sought on all hands to make proselytes to the ancient faith, and to sustain the wavering courage of its professors. Two years afterwards, on the imprisonment of the Superior of the Jesuits, being raised to that important post, he was enabled to extend his sphere of action; and redoubling his exertions in consequence, he so well discharged his duties, that it was mainly owing to him that the Catholic party was kept together during the fierce persecutions of the latter end of Elizabeth's reign.

Compelled to personate various characters, as he travelled from place to place, Garnet had acquired a remarkable facility for disguise; and such was his address and courage, that he not unfrequently imposed upon the very officers sent in pursuit of him. Up to the period of Elizabeth's demise he had escaped arrest; and, though involved in the treasonable intrigue with the King of Spain, and other conspiracies, he procured a general pardon under the great seal. His office and profession naturally brought him into contact with the chief Catholic families throughout the kingdom; and he maintained an active correspondence with many of them, by means of his various agents and emissaries. The great object of his life being the restoration of the fallen religion, to accomplish this, as he conceived, great and desirable end, he was prepared to adopt any means, however violent or obnoxious. When, under the seal of confession, Catesby revealed to him his dark designs, so far from discouraging him, all he counselled was caution. Having tested the disposition of the wealthier Romanists to rise against their oppressors, and finding a general revolt, as has before been stated, impracticable, he gave every encouragement and assistance to the conspiracy forming among the more desperate and discontented of the party. At his instigation, the present pilgrimage to Saint Winifred's Well was undertaken, in the hope that, when so large a body of the Catholics were collected together, some additional aid to the project might be obtained.

One of the most mysterious and inexplicable portions of Garnet's history is that relating to Anne Vaux. This lady, the daughter of Lord Vaux of Harrowden, a rigid Catholic nobleman, and one of Garnet's earliest patrons and friends, on the death of her father, in 1595, attached herself to his fortunes,— accompanied him in all his missions, — shared all his privations and dangers,—and, regardless of calumny, or reproach, devoted herself entirely to his service. What is not less singular, her

sister, who had married a Catholic gentleman named Brooksby, became his equally zealous attendant. Their enthusiasm produced a similar effect on Mr. Brooksby ; and wherever Garnet went, all three accompanied him.

By his side, on the present occasion, stood a remarkably handsome young man, with a tall and stately figure, and a noble countenance. This was Sir Everard Digby. Accounted one of the handsomest, most accomplished, and best-informed men of his time, Sir Everard, at the period of this history only twenty-four, had married, when scarcely sixteen, Maria, heiress of the ancient and honourable family of Mulshoe, with whom he obtained a large fortune, and the magnificent estate of Gothurst, or Gaythurst, in Buckinghamshire. Knighted by James the First at Belvoir Castle, on his way from Scotland to London, Sir Everard, who had once formed one of the most brilliant ornaments of the court, had of late in a great degree retired from it. " Notwithstanding," writes Father Greenway, " that he had dwelt much in the Queen's court, and was in the way of obtaining honours and distinction by his graceful manners and rare parts, he chose rather to bear the cross with the persecuted Catholics, *et vivere abjectus in domo Domini*, than to sail through the pleasures of a palace and the prosperities of the world, to the shipwreck of his conscience and the destruction of his soul." Having only when he completed his minority professed the Catholic religion, he became deeply concerned at its fallen state, and his whole thoughts were bent upon its restoration. This change in feeling was owing chiefly, if not altogether, to Garnet, by whom his conversion had been accomplished.

Digby was richly attired in a black velvet doublet, with sleeves slashed with white satin, and wore a short mantle of the same material, similarly lined. He had the enormous trunk hose heretofore mentioned as the distinguishing peculiarity of the costume of the period, and wore black velvet shoes, ornamented with white roses. An ample ruff encircled his throat. His hat was steeple-crowned, and somewhat broader in the leaf than was ordinarily worn, and shaded with a plume of black feathers. His hair was raven-black, and he wore a pointed beard, and moustaches.

By this time, the group had been joined by the others, and a friendly greeting took place. Guy Fawkes was presented by Catesby to Sir William Radcliffe and Sir Everard Digby. To Garnet he required no introduction, and Father Oldcorne was known to all. After a little further conversation, the party adjourned to the house which belonged to a Welsh Catholic gentleman, named Griffiths, who, though absent at the time, had surrendered it to the use of Sir Everard Digby and his friends.

On their entrance, Viviana was introduced by her father to Lady Digby, who presided as hostess, and welcomed her with great cordiality. She was then conducted to her own room, where she was speedily joined by Sir William, and they remain-

ed closeted together till summoned to the principal meal of the day. At the table, which was most hospitably served, Viviana found, in addition to her former companions, a large assemblage, to most of whom she was a stranger, consisting of Anne Vaux, Mr. Brooksby and his wife, Ambrose Rookwood, two brothers named Winter, two Wrights, Francis Tresham,—persons of whom it will be necessary to make particular mention hereafter,—and several others, in all amounting to thirty.

The meal over, the company dispersed, and Viviana and her father, passing through an open window, wandered forth upon a beautiful and spreading lawn, and thence under the shade of the beech-trees. They had not been long here, anxiously conferring on recent events, when they perceived Garnet and Catesby approaching.

"Father, dear father!" cried Viviana, hastily, "I was about to warn you; but I have not time to do so now. Some dark and dangerous plot is in agitation to restore our religion. Mr. Catesby is anxious to league you with it. Do not—do not yield to his solicitations!"

"Fear nothing on that score, Viviana," replied Sir William, "I have already perplexities enow, without adding to them."

"I will leave you, then," she replied. And, as soon as the others came up, she made some excuse for withdrawing, and returned to the house. The window of her chamber commanded the avenue, and from it she watched the group. They remained for a long time pacing up and down, in earnest conversation. By and by, they were joined by Oldcorne and Fawkes. Then came a third party, consisting of the two Winters and two Wrights; and, lastly, Sir Everard Digby and Tresham swelled the list. The assemblage was then harangued by Catesby, and the most profound attention paid to his address. Viviana kept her eye fixed upon her father's countenance, and from its changing expression inferred what effect the speech produced upon him. At its conclusion, the assemblage separated in little groups; and she perceived, with great uneasiness, that Father Garnet passed his arm through that of her father, and led him away. Some time elapsed, and neither of them re-appeared.

"My warning was in vain, he *has* joined them!" she exclaimed.

"No, Viviana!" cried her father's voice behind her. "I have *not* joined them. Nor *shall* I do so."

"Heaven be praised!" she exclaimed, flinging her arms around his neck.

Neither of them were aware that they were overheard by Garnet, who had noiselessly followed Sir William into the room, and muttered to himself—"For all this, he *shall* join the plot, and she *shall* wed Catesby.

He then coughed slightly, to announce his presence; and, apologizing to Viviana for the intrusion, told her he came to confess her previously to the celebration of mass, which would

take place that evening, in a small chapel in the house. Wholly obedient to the command of her spiritual advisers, Viviana instantly signified her assent; and, her father having withdrawn, she laid open the inmost secrets of her heart to the Jesuit. Severely reprobating her love for a heretic, before he would give her absolution, Garnet enjoined her, as a penance, to walk barefoot to Saint Winifred's Well on the morrow, and to make a costly offering at her shrine. Compliance being promised to his injuction, he pronounced the absolution, and departed.

Soon after this, mass was celebrated by Garnet and the two priests, and the sacrament administered to the assemblage.

An hour before daybreak, the party again assembled in the chapel, where matins were performed; after which, the female devotees, who were clothed in snow-white woollen robes, with wide sleeves and hoods, and having large black crosses woven in front, retired for a short time, and re-appeared, with their feet bared, and hair unbound. Each had a large rosary attached to the cord that bound her waist.

Catesby thought Viviana had never appeared so lovely as in this costume; and as he gazed at her white and delicately formed feet, her small rounded ankles, her dark and abundant tresses falling in showers almost to the ground, he became more deeply enamoured than before. His passionate gaze was, however, unnoticed, as the object of it kept her eyes steadily fixed on the ground. Lady Digby, who was a most beautiful woman, scarcely appeared to less advantage; and, as she walked side by side with Viviana in the procession, the pair attracted universal admiration from all who beheld them.

Everything being at last in readiness, and the order of march fully arranged, two youthful choristers, in surplices, chanting a hymn to Saint Winifred, set forth. They were followed by two men bearing silken banners, on one of which was displayed the martyrdom of the saint whose shrine they were about to visit, and on the other a lamb carrying a cross; next came Fathers Oldcorne and Fisher, each sustaining a large silver crucifix; next, Garnet alone, in the full habit of his order; next, the females, in the attire before described, and walking two and two; next, Sir Everard Digby, and Sir William Radcliffe; and lastly, the rest of the pilgrims, to the number of fourteen. These were all on foot. But at the distance of fifty paces behind them rode Guy Fawkes and Catesby, at the head of twenty well-armed and well-mounted attendants, intended to serve as a guard in case of need.

In such order, this singular procession moved forward at a slow pace, taking its course along a secluded road leading to the ridge of hills extending from the neighbourhood of Wrexham to Mold, and from thence, in an almost unbroken chain, to Holywell.

Along these heights, whence magnificent views were obtained of the broad estuary of the Dee and the more distant ocean, the train proceeded without interruption; and though the

road selected was one seldom traversed, and through a country thinly peopled, still, the rumour of the pilgrimage having gone abroad, hundreds were stationed at different points to behold it. Some expressions of disapprobation were occasionally manifested by the spectators; but the presence of the large armed force effectually prevented any interference.

Whenever such a course could be pursued, the procession took its way over the sward. Still the sufferings of the females were severe in the extreme; and before Viviana had proceeded a mile, her soft and tender feet were cut and bruised by the sharp flints over which she walked; every step she took leaving a bloody print behind it. Lady Digby was in little better condition. But such was the zeal by which they, in common with all the other devotees following them, were animated, that not a single murmur was uttered.

Proceeding in this way, they reached at mid-day a small stone chapel on the summit of the hill overlooking Plasnewydd, where they halted, and devotions being performed, the females bathed their lacerated limbs in a neighbouring brook, after which they were rubbed with a cooling and odorous ointment. Thus refreshed, they again set forward, and halting a second time at Plasiaf, where similar religious ceremonies were observed, they rested for the day at a lodging prepared for their reception in the vicinity of Mold.

The night being passed in prayer, early in the morning they commenced their march in the same order as before. When Viviana first set her feet to the ground, she felt as if she were treading on hot iron, and the pain she endured was so excruciating, that she could not repress a cry.

"Heed not your sufferings, dear daughter," observed Garnet, compassionately. "The waters of the holy fountain will heal the wounds both of soul and body."

Overcoming her agony by a powerful effort, she contrived to limp forward; and the whole party was soon after in motion. Halting for two hours at Pentre-Terfyn, and again at Skeviog, the train, towards evening, reached the summit of the hill overlooking Holywell, at the foot of which could be seen the reverend walls of Basingwerk Abbey, and the roof of the ancient chapel erected over the sacred spring. At this sight, those who were foremost in the procession fell on their knees; and the horsemen dismounting, imitated their example. An earnest supplication to Saint Winifred was then poured forth by Father Garnet, in which all the others joined, and a hymn in her honour chaunted by the choristers.

Their devotions ended, the whole train arose, and walked slowly down the deep descent. As they entered the little town, which owes its name and celebrity to the miraculous spring rising within it, they were met by a large concourse of people, who had flocked from Flint and the other neighbouring places to witness the ceremonial. Most of the inhabitants of Holywell

holding their saintly patroness in the deepest veneration, viewed this pilgrimage to her shrine as a proper tribute of respect, while those of the opposite faith were greatly impressed by it. As the procession advanced, the crowd divided into two lines to allow it passage, and many fell on their knees imploring a blessing from Garnet, which he in no instance refused. When within a hundred yards of the sacred well, they were met by a priest followed by another small train of pilgrims. A Latin oration having been pronounced by this priest, and replied to in the same language by Garnet, the train was once more put in motion, and presently reached the ancient fabric built over the sacred fountain.

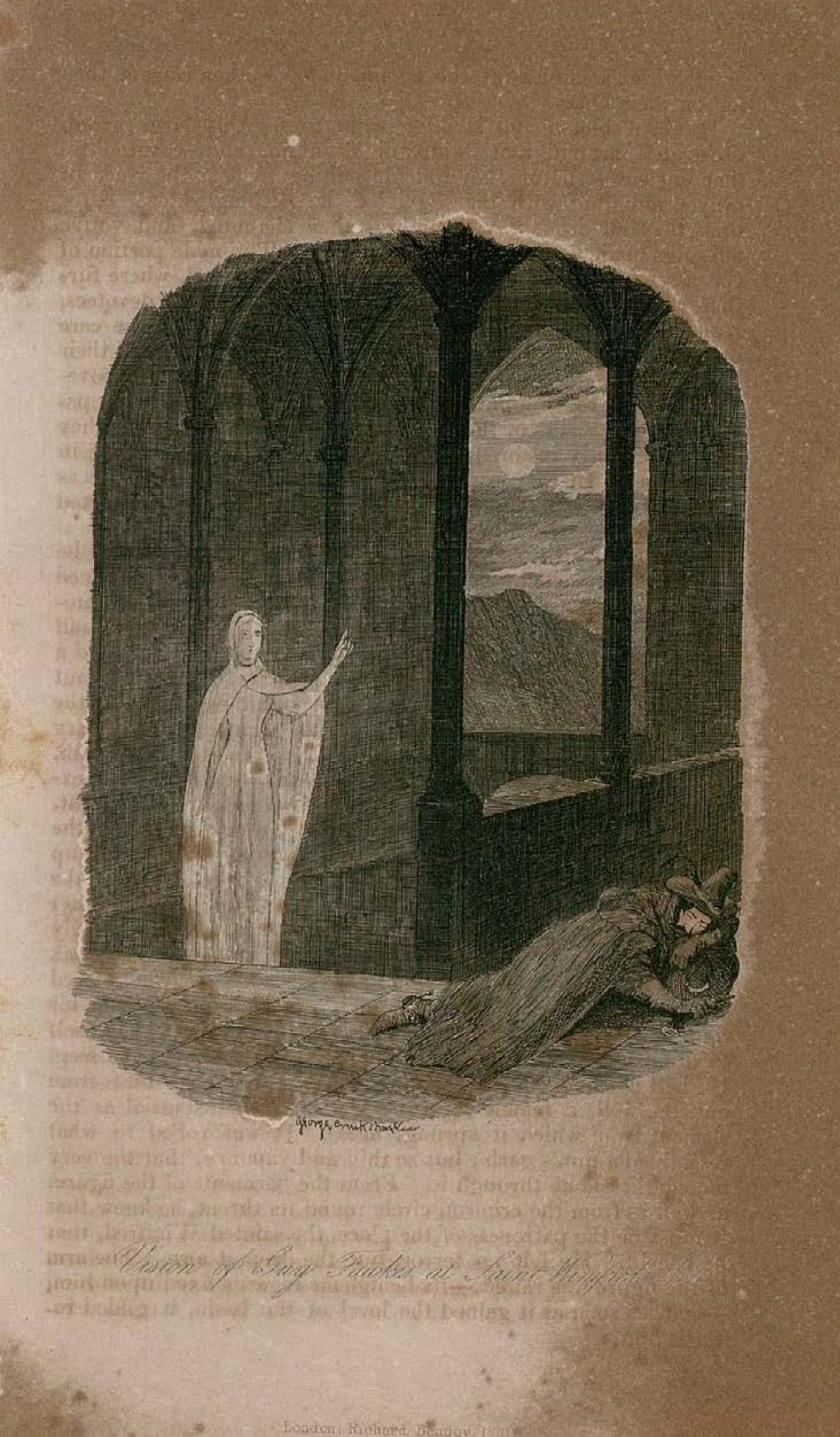
The legend of Saint Winifred is so well known, that it is scarcely necessary to repeat it. For the benefit of the uninformed, however, it may be stated that she flourished about the middle of the seventh century, and was the daughter of Thewith, one of the chief lords of Wales. Devoutly educated by a monk named Beuno, who afterwards received canonization, she took the veil, and retired to a small monastery (the ruins of which still exist), built by her father near the scene of her subsequent martyrdom. Persecuted by the addresses of Caradoc, son of Alan, Prince of Wales, she fled from him to avoid his violence. He followed, and inflamed by fury at her resistance, struck off her head. For this atrocity, the earth instantly opened and swallowed him alive, while from the spot where the head had fallen gushed forth a fountain of unequalled force and purity, producing more than a hundred tons a minute. The bottom of this miraculous well, even at the present day, is strewn with pebbles streaked with red veins, in memory of the virgin saint from whose blood it sprung. On its margin grows an odorous moss, while its gelid and translucent waters are esteemed a remedy for many disorders. Winifred's career did not terminate with her decapitation. Resuscitated by the prayers of Saint Beuno, she lived many years a life of the utmost sanctity, bearing, as a mark of the miracle performed in her behalf, a narrow crimson circle round her throat.

Passing the chapel adjoining the well, built in the reign of Henry the Seventh by his mother, the pious Countess of Richmond, the pilgrims came to the swift clear stream rushing from the well. Instead of ascending the steps leading to the edifice built over the spring, they plunged into the stream, and crossing it, entered the structure by a doorway on the further side. Erected by the Countess of Richmond at the same period as the chapel, this structure, quadrangular in form, and of great beauty, consists of light clustered pillars and mouldings, supporting the most gorgeous tracery and groining, the whole being ornamented with sculptured bosses, pendent capitals, fretwork, niches, and tabernacles. In the midst is a large stone basin, to receive the water of the fountain, around which the procession now grouped, and, as soon

as all were assembled, at the command of Father Garnet they fell on their knees.

It was a solemn and striking sight to see this large group prostrated around that beautiful fountain, and, covered by that ancient structure,—a touching thing to hear the voice of prayer mingling with the sound of the rushing water. After this, they all arose. A hymn was then chaunted, and votive offerings made at the shrine of the saint. The male portion of the assemblage then followed Garnet to the chapel, where further religious rites were performed, while the female devotees, remaining near the fountain, resigned themselves to the care of several attendants of their own sex, who, having bathed their feet in the water, applied some of the fragrant moss above-described to the wounds; and, such was the faith of the patients, or the virtue of the application, that in a short time they all felt perfectly restored, and able to join their companions in the chapel. In this way, the evening was spent; and it was not until late that they finished their devotions, and departed to the lodgings provided for them in the town.

Impressed with a strange superstitious feeling, which he would scarcely acknowledge to himself, Guy Fawkes determined to pass the night near the well. Accordingly, without communicating his intention to his companions, he threw a small knapsack over his shoulder, containing a change of linen, and a few articles of attire, and proceeded thither. It was a brilliant moonlight night, and, as the radiance, streaming through the thin clustered columns of the structure, lighted up its fairy architecture, and fell upon the clear cold waves of the fountain, revealing the blood-streaked pebbles beneath, the effect was inexpressibly beautiful. So charmed was Guy Fawkes by the sight, that he remained for some time standing near the edge of the basin, as if fascinated by the marvellous spring that boiled up and sparkled at his feet. Resolved to try the efficacy of the bath, he threw off his clothes, and plunged into it. The water was cold as ice; but on emerging from it he felt wonderfully refreshed. Having dressed himself, he wrapped his cloak around him, and throwing himself on the stone floor, placed the knapsack under his head, and grasping a petronel in his right hand, to be ready in case of a surprise, disposed himself to slumber. Accustomed to a soldier's couch, he soon fell asleep. He had not long closed his eyes when he dreamed that from out the well, a female figure, slight and unsubstantial as the element from which it sprung, arose. It was robed in what resembled a nun's garb; but so thin and vapoury, that the very moonlight shone through it. From the garments of the figure, as well as from the crimson circle round its throat, he knew that it must be the patroness of the place, the sainted Winifred, that he beheld. He felt no terror, but the deepest awe. The arm of the figure was raised,—its benignant regards fixed upon him, —and, as soon as it gained the level of the basin, it glided towards him.



Vision of Guy Fawkes at Saint Winifred's Well

London: Richard Bentley, 18





"Here I am!"

JOURNAL OF OLD BARNES, THE PANTALOON,

ON A TRIP TO PARIS, IN 1830.

"I LEFT London on Sunday morning, May 23rd, 1830, at eleven o'clock; started from the Café de Paris, Haymarket, by the Dover and Paris branch coach.

"Received of M. Armand, just before I got upon the coach, the sum of fourteen pounds in advance, seven pounds of which I gave to little Paulo at parting with him near the Asylum, St. George's Fields, for his *mother* and my *own*. After taking an affectionate farewell of the little fellow, I proceeded towards the Bricklayers' Arms, where we joined the regular Paris coach; bought some oranges, and a knife with six blades; and, after some little delay, (occasioned by a misunderstanding with the coachman and one of the passengers,) we—Miss ——, our Columbine; Madam her mamma; ——, the Harlequin; and Monsieur Armand, our director—began our journey to the far-famed city of Paris, full of thought till we arrived at the summit of Shooter's Hill, with the exception of a few jokes and common conversation on the way about our trip. Having

arrived at the top of the hill, I took a farewell look at London, and fancied I could make out the roof of Covent Garden Theatre. I am not ashamed to own it, that my heart misgave me at the moment, and I could not help shedding tears, and offering up a fervent prayer for the welfare of those I had left behind me.

"Passing through W——, saw ——, the attorney (a d—d rogue). He saw me, and I suppose he told his wife that I was one of the many that he had plundered; if he did not, I did to Mr. M——, at Dartford, where we changed horses for the first time. Poor devils! they knew their own way into the yard, and went under the gate shaking their tails at us. Took brandy with M——, who told me he had not received one farthing from the scoundrel out of all the money I had paid, and said he should immediately proceed against —— for the same; 'I wish he may get it.' Swallowed my brandy, mounted the coach, and passed through the town of Dartford, which has been the scene of many a happy day to me, when my poor dear Mary, God bless her soul! was alive. This brought on the blues again till we got to Gravesend. More brandy; talked of the beautiful scenery that surrounded us, and passed on the time till we reached Gad's Hill, where is the sign of Sir John Falstaff. This produced a conversation about Shakspeare. I have acted one of the carriers often. Arrived at Strood; here was another scene of my early days; blues again. Crossed Chatham bridge into Chatham town; stopped to change horses; more brandy. Walked about a bit to stretch my legs, which were getting very stiff from the fatigue of Saturday and this morning. Not nigh so young as I was. Got on the coach again, all the better for dismounting and the brandy; for I not only found the use of my limbs, but of my tongue also; and from the laughing I caused, I believe my fellow-travellers began to think that I was not quite so dull a companion as they imagined me to be at our starting. Stopped again to change horses; can't recollect the name of the village; alighted, and took my old remedy, brandy. Mounting again, met with a shower of rain, which brought forth a shower of complaints and lamentations from the females, who, by the by, had frilled themselves out in all their furbelows to make a dash out of London, and astonish the poor natives in the country; and I really believe, from what little judge I am of Lavater, that the poor natives in the country were astonished; for what with the quantity of dust before the rain fell, the oil in the abundance of curls they wore, their large *flop* Leghorn bonnets, and enormous ribbons, they looked like — what? — why, like hunted devils. But this was not the worst part; for the wind by this time began to blow pretty fresh, with drizzling rain, which drove their poor bonnets, ribbons, and curls in all directions, so that in a short time I could scarcely believe that they were the same ladies, who left London with me in the morning dressed in all their finery, and in full bloom;—full bloom, I say; because the mamma wore plenty of paint on her cheeks, and she had a skin like a toad's back, with numerous little cavities, by that fatal destroyer to beauty termed the small-pox, which she must have had in the highest perfection. What with white and red paint, pomatum, oil, dust, and rain, mixed together and set in motion, with the dye from the bonnet-ribbons, therefore the face of Columbine's mamma resembled the surface of a bowl of negus, well sprinkled with nutmeg, with here and there a

small piece of lemon-peel, adding a lustre to the whole. Now, if this was not enough to astonish the poor country natives, I don't know what was.

"I shall now endeavour to give an outline of ourselves (the male part). I shall begin first with our director, who, by the by, was a worthy sort of little man, sprightly as possible when not on a voyage, for then all his vivacity entirely leaves him, and he becomes silent and dejected, and appears like a person in a state of melancholy madness. His person is small and very spare, with a long thin visage, prominent cheek-bones, eyes sunk but piercing, high forehead, long nose, mustachios, and his chin adorned with a tip or tuft, which I imagine was to give a sort of consequential appearance to his person, which was enveloped in a travelling-cloak with a high fur collar, surmounted by a little hat, at each side of which was a large brush of hair, that had been well-frizzed, bears'-greased, and curled before starting in the morning, so that he looked for all the world like a rat peeping out of a hayrick. The director parted with some friends, who saw him off by the coach in the Haymarket, and from that moment till we reached Paris his face was as changeable as the weather-glass. He had a most horrid aversion to cross the water from Dover to Calais, in consequence of his having been so dreadfully sea-sick in coming to England, from which he had not thoroughly recovered. His change of living in England, too, and his fatigue while there, made him resemble a person just emerging from the jaundice. After leaving his friends, he by degrees fell into that state of pensive melancholy I before mentioned, from which he was occasionally roused either by my making them laugh, or by one of our party (who could speak French), a kind of half-bred fellow, between a Jew and a Paris cockney, who would now and then explain our jokes to the director, some of which puzzled him mightily.

"Down came the rain again, totally disorganizing the curls of the manager, who began to change appearance as fast as the females,—another object to astonish the poor country natives!—a roused *water*-rat!

"But the Jew-Frenchman! oh! he was a terrible *utrosmoote** sort of personage! Sharp features, long Mordecai nose, piercing grey eyes, negro hair, cadaverous complexion munificently marked with the small-pox, which had carried away all his eye-brows, and left considerable proofs of the favourable manner in which he must have had it! When the rain and dust had begun to operate on his pepper-and-salt countenance, it would have bothered Hogarth, or Cruikshank, to have matched it in caricature—another object to astonish the poor natives in the country.

"Now for a touch of description of myself. Before starting I had thus dressed for the journey; boots sufficiently large, in case my bitter enemy, the gout, might make his appearance, (as he generally did just about Christmas pantomime time;) light mixture trowsers, striped waistcoat, black surtout coat, and a Brighton beaver great-coat (new); black hat, quite easy enough, and tied to the button-hole for fear of accident; a full starched collar, and black cravat with red stripes. So much for dress — now for figure: middling size, face red, nose and chin long; sharp eyes, dark, small; carroty whiskers — I beg their pardon, patches of hair on each cheek, just peeping over the

* Original orthography.

collar, the colour of which was soon changed to a dirty brown with perspiration and the dye of my hat, till we met with the rain, and then commenced the work of transformation.

"Put on the new great coat, which was well padded with black wool, and lined with black glazed calico; and, what with the pelting rain, I may say that in a short time I was sitting in a dye-tub. I had also tied a silk-handkerchief round my neck and over my mouth, that almost suffocated me. This handkerchief, though warranted fast colours when I bought it, like a coward, forsook his colours—or rather the colours forsook it. So now it looked more like the way to *Staines* than to Dover; but I could not help myself, for I had a full-bottomed person on each side of me, both with umbrellas. My situation was now alarming. In tying my handkerchief round my neck it had tightened the string from my hat, which brought the rim down close to my face, and it appeared to me that I was placed on the top of the coach, not as a passenger, but as a kind of spout to carry off rain and dirt from two umbrellas, neither of which afforded me the slightest shelter. In fact, from the end of one of the whalebone tags a stream trickled into the nape of my neck, and went chilling drop by drop down every joint of my spine, until I found myself seated in a puddle; and if my pockets at starting were rather scantily furnished, they were now filled to an overflow. 'No money to be returned' is a theatrical maxim; but my pockets began to empty themselves on the good persons on each side, who had supplied me with the water from their infernal umbrellas.

Thank God! we stopped to change horses,—and it was time, for they were like ourselves, wet through. I called lustily for my old friend, brandy; and I don't know a better in such a situation. Brandy *encore* all round. By this time the folks of the place had collected at the doors and windows to see the passengers from London. My Brighton beaver *Benjamin*, with the dye from the lining, looked like the coat of *Joseph* (I certainly bought it of one of the tribe); and I had no sooner wiped my face with my once yellow handkerchief, which had also been saturated with the dye, but I heard a loud laugh not only from the coachman and outsiders, but from the people standing around. Though I am accustomed to be laughed at, as I did not know the cause, I made a mug, and inquired. Columbine's mamma kindly informed me that 'I had blacked my face in endeavouring to wipe it, and that I looked like a master sweep out for a holiday.' My starched collar, that had been quite stiff before, now lay wet, one side up, and the other down. My hat, on which I had prided myself, had descended over my forehead; and the crown had, by the heat of the sun immediately after the rain, rose up like a sugar-loaf, so that I cannot give a better picture of myself than that I must have looked like Guy Fawkes after a good ducking: a regular finisher to astonish the poor country natives.

"On we went to Canterbury, with more rain; and after a dreary ride the coach stopped at the inn at which we were to dine. All dismounted; and, glad enough to get under any sort of shelter, sat down to dinner off a small leg of lamb (such a little one, I wonder where they got it from,—it was quite *a curiosity*), French beans, potatoes, cheese, and a small tart, among five persons, at the very moderate charge of three and sixpence per head, and two shillings the waiter, who had the infinite modesty to say that it '*was not*

enough.' I, thinking that he alluded to the above splendid dinner, told him '*I was perfectly of his opinion.*' Before we had quite finished our banquet, however, the four horses were to, and coach ready to start. The rain now fell in torrents. Columbine and her mamma, lamenting that they had not taken inside places in London, crawled up the ladder again, while I undertook the superfluous task of keeping their dresses from the wet wheel. Divided some saturated straw amongst us, and started off again for Dover. But, Lord! that Barham Downs — what a miserable place! The few sheep we saw on them were apparently in the last stage of misanthropy; and I was inclined to think that our little leg of lamb must have walked from thence, fattened on rushes. At length, to my infinite joy, I espied Dover Castle in the distance, and shortly after passed it, with joyous feelings that we were near the end of our day's journey. These feelings were somewhat checked by the ringing of a bell from the top-window of a tower, used as the poor debtors' prison, where an unfortunate devil let down a box with a string for a contribution from the charitable. Alas! nothing dropped into his treasury but the pitiless rain! We soon arrived at the Packet Boat Inn, changed our things, and got the wet ones well dried. A good fire, and took some of my old friend, brandy; which had become quite a favourite with the whole party. Tea ready, with plenty of everything necessary—particularly brandy.

"Stepped out to the chemist to prepare my poor stomach for the passage across the water next day. Returned. Hot rumpsteaks, and brandy and water all round, till we all (ladies included) forgot the troubles of the day's journey. 'Good night!' Went upstairs to my bedroom. Unlocked my trunk, and took out Boyer's French Dictionary, which I had purchased at a general shop in the New-Cut, in case of accidents, lest I should be put to a nonplus for want of an interpreter in a foreign land. Shook out my pantaloon's dress, and saw that my wig was not damaged by the journey. Got into bed tired to death both in body and mind. Said my prayers, and went to sleep till about five in the morning. The Dover chemist had mistaken me for a horse.

"After a time roused my fellow-travellers to prepare for crossing the Channel in the steamer.

"At eight o'clock I roused the rest of our party for breakfast, and to prepare for embarkation. Stomach failed me; not so with my travelling companions. Got safe on board the steam-packet; our director in despair the moment he put his foot on deck; bolted irregularly to a berth below, tied a dirty white handkerchief tight round his forehead, and looked like a patient of the Dreadnought at Greenwich. Sat myself quietly down on a bench, and watched an ingenious mode of petty smuggling. A little French female, in a peasant's dress, with an English cloak on her arm made of what they call grey Bath coating, lined with pink silk, and a hood and lining of the same colour, came up to an English lady who was seated near me, and smiling, said, '*Madame, s'il vous plait, you will be ver, veri cold in de voyage: I sall tie dis round about you neck.*' The lady was taken by surprise, and, seeing the French girl about to leave her, said, 'But where are you to get your cloak again? Thank you, but take it back.' The French girl replied, '*Pardon, madame, he will keep you from de cold. Ven you get to your hotel à Calais, my friend, a*

littel girl, vill call on you, and say de name of Sofié, den you can return de cloak. Adieu, madame!' She then stepped smartly away, and presently I observed her at the other end of the vessel, with another grey cloak, seduce another English lady into her service in the same way. Before the packet left the harbour, I again saw her with a third cloak, and she went up the ladder, and was on the quay at Dover without it, crying '*Bon voyage! bon voyage!*' she had contrived to ship off three contraband articles, taking the chance of their passing through the custom-house at Calais, and entirely trusting to the honesty of perfect strangers to regain them, should the cloaks not be seized. Being worn by English ladies, however, they passed safely through.

"We had not long left Dover when a breeze sprung up, to the joy of the captain and crew, but death to all the passengers. Oh! the heaving of the vessel, and the heaving of the voyagers! Not the slightest occasion for the stomach-pump,—especially for myself. The veterinary gentleman at Dover had provided against that, although I went regularly through every action and attitude, so much so, that the rest, who really were ill, and no mistake, thought I was making fun of them, particularly Columbine and her mother, who sat nearly opposite to me, only to the leeward. I held tight by the arms of the bench, as I used to do in Mother Goose, for fear of being pitched forward: so they had an excellent full view of my face whenever they dared to lift their heads up, and see the 'much ado about nothing' I made. My dreadful faces and noises set them off ten times worse than ever, and they held up their hands, and turned up the whites—no, the yellows of their eyes, as much as to say, 'For pity's sake, Barnes, don't do it again!' But Barnes could not help himself.

"Here I was aroused by the most dismal and unearthly cries I ever heard, and they proceeded from a small personage, a fellow-traveller, a monkey, returning from England to the Continent. His master, an Italian boy, had laid himself down in the fore-hold, and tied this wretched beast to the leg of a seat on the deck, and as the sea broke over the side, Monsieur *Singe* shrieked, and covered his mouth with his India-rubber hands. From Dover until we arrived at Calais this monkey was ill. He tried to throw away his tail in despair; and of all the discordant yelling I ever heard, his exceeded it. He looked like a *monkey sinner* in a future state. Even the people belonging to the steamer could not bear it, and they covered him with a piece of tarpaulin. I gradually got better as we approached the opposite shore, and right glad was I when we ran into Calais harbour. Then, and not till then, did Monsieur Armand, our director, venture up the companion ladder. First I saw his white handkerchief, and then his face, which was about half the size it was when we left Dover, and had subsided into a pale drab colour.

"We landed, and were surrounded by a swarm of commissioners (fine names for cads!) from the different hotels, none crying 'stinking-fish,' although there was a very prevailing smell of it; but we soon shook them off. I know well how to get out of a mob; I have done it in pantomime for the last twenty-five years. I can knock two men's heads together, without myself offending them. Now came the overhauling at the custom-house. My pantaloon's dress was an object of debate and curiosity; and, though I had left our

free country, where there is still a powder-tax, I was in fear that a duty would be levied on my white wig. But, when the searchers came to my little hat, about the size of an extinguisher, I thought they never would have left off laughing. However, they all passed examination. This was more than did the cargo of pantomime tricks that had been made in London, and had been sent over the day before in charge of Rolandson the carpenter, and Seymour the mechanist. They were detained, as the French custom-house authorities could not possibly describe them. There was a sofa that changed to a fire-grate; a pot of porter with cotton-wool froth, which would transform to a nosegay; a twelfth-cake that turned into a rat-trap; and a long string of sausages, which in an instant became a 'suit of *darbies*.' There was an infinite variety of these ingenious tricks; but the Messieurs of the Douane (who would *do any one*) did not comprehend any tricks but their own; so our director was obliged to go and argue the topic with them, whilst we made our way to Mrs. Symmond's, the Flying Horse Hotel, and arrived just in time for dinner. The roasted turkey looked and smelt nice. But, O Lord! that cursed chemist at Dover! I would give a trifle to know where he learned his practice. It certainly must have been at Whitbread's brewhouse, or Barclay and Perkins's! Dear, dear! the very thought of it has made me quail ever since!

"Monsieur *Singe* shortly after arrived. He had only been induced to quit the vessel by sundry pulls of the tail, flips on the nose, and pinches of the ear. He was now attired in a crimson jacket, faced with black velvet, with silver embroidery.

"Rolandson and Seymour both very glad to see me; told me the *eau de* VEAU was capital; and they looked as if they had tried a great many glasses to assure themselves of the fact.

"If I am tedious, remember it is all in character, for pantaloon is a twaddle by nature. I do not know when I have felt more anxiety of mind than I did this evening in witnessing, walking after supper to see the steam-packets off, an accident to a beautiful horse, which fell into the sea as they were hoisting him on board the French packet. An English crew could not have been so lubberly as to drop him into the water. Poor thing! how he struggled for life! How the poor animal moaned! and what noble exertions he made to preserve himself! He swam; but one of his legs was evidently fastened in the tackling, which had given way whilst raising him from the quay. Soon nothing but his nose was visible; boats were put off; and at last some English sailors from a merchant brig had the good luck to get a rope round the poor thing's neck, and a few feeling good-hearted men rescued him from a watery grave. They towed him across the harbour on to the sands on the opposite side.

"Glad enough was every spectator; and the English gave three hearty cheers to the boatmen. This brought out some of the military to see what had happened. We made our way across to the place where the poor fellow had been rubbed down; and *I*—yes, *I* led him back into Calais with triumph.

"Returned to the hotel; and after the excitement obliged to have a little more *eau de* VEAU. Looked in my dictionary, and asked the French chambermaid for a '*se mettre au lit*,' which she did not quite understand. To be sure I pronounced the last word as '*light*,'

because I wanted a bed-candle. So I looked again into the dictionary, and said '*aller se coucher;*' at which she smiled, and preceded me upstairs with a warming-pan.

"Large room; good bed; but fell out of bed while at prayers, in the middle of *The Belief.*"

"Tuesday, May 25th.—Rose at seven. Walked out to take a survey of the town. Calais has a very strange pervading smell: mixture of salt marsh, burning turf, boiled onions, and stinking fish. Saw four females going out shrimping; costume indescribable; petticoats above knees; legs above all comparison: never witnessed anything in female form so repulsive. Bad opinion of the comprehension of shrimps, or they would be alarmed at such figures, and quit the coast. Walked round the ramparts. Sentinels on guard, with a hood to their grey cloaks, going all over their caps. Good protection from the night air. Worthy of imitation for our own guards. Roamed round the streets. Evidently a great sensation amongst the dogs of the town; they were barking sulkily at the corners of the different avenues to the *Grand Place.* Tried to account for it, and at last discovered the cause. When I was over at Calais and Boulogne, five years ago, the inhabitants of every house threw into the centre of the street all the refuse and offal, cabbage-leaves, potato and turnip peelings, bones, coffee-grounds, geese and turkey feet, and other niceties too numerous to mention. Now these delicacies had from time immemorial been the exclusive perquisites of the town dogs; and there are a vast number more of these animals in France than in our own dog-taxed country,—there they are dog-cheap. Instigated by the English residents both at Calais and Boulogne, (and also, I believe, not without a subscription on their part,) the public authorities at length established a sort of scavenger's cart, and this bit of utility and comfort had only commenced operations a few days before. The large, rough, light blue-eyed poodles, the mongrels of every variety, viewed this innovation on their rights, immunities, and privileges, with jealousy and resentment; and, as the cart proceeded from street to street to clear away heap by heap, long-continued barkings, howlings, and other canine bewailings were heard at every corner, reminding me of the grumbling Roman citizens in Coriolanus,—one of which I have acted many a time with the great John Kemble, and to his expressed satisfaction. Returned to the 'Flying Horse' to breakfast. Thought of the poor dogs' losses. No appetite. Took a little of my old friend. Market held in the *Grand Place*—a large paved quadrangle.

"Noticed the differences between a French and an English market. Small quantities of wheat or barley on a piece of canvas—perhaps the whole not a gallon: and that which in England would be looked at as a sample, was here the whole stock the poor cultivator had to bring to market. Large patches on the pavement of the oldest of old clothes, so aged and many-coloured, that the assortment brought all the splendour of Ireland to my mind. A profusion of poultry, eggs, butter, and vegetables. Turkeys abundant—numberless varieties of small birds,—crockery, tin-ware, cheap prints, some not very decent, but adapted by that innate love of art so conspicuous amongst foreigners, to the *wants* of the poor. Pretty, clean-looking market-women, with olive complexions, white teeth,

and black eyes. 'Barney, let the girls alone:' your day has passed. But, O dear! the butchers' stalls! fortunately not many of them. Who taught them to cut up? What is it they cut up?—such bits—dabs! What would Mr. Giblett of Bond-Street say? A leg of mutton as long and as flat as a cricket-bat. The original owner of it would beat all Sussex at '*tipper runner*.' And the oxen decidedly were of the most approved 'Leghorn breed'—all legs and horns! Once or twice in my life I have wondered what caused the French cooks to be so superior to the English. The proverb says, 'So many Frenchmen, so many cooks.' The meat in Calais market accounted to me, in a moment, for it. In England the meat is generally good; therefore less pains has been bestowed in dressing it: but if the cag-mag I saw had not been stewed, larded, flavoured, and gravied over, it would have been untouchable. Our wild-beasts at the Zoological Gardens would not have growled a grace over it. Saw Seymour trying to puzzle out the French play-bill of the Calais Theatre stuck against the wall. He shook his head, and gave it up. He pointed to another bill, which he told me he did understand. It was, he said a '*bas viol*' to be sold. I looked at the heading, which was '*Bas Ville*.' Poor Harry! excellent pantomime trick-maker, but no scholar. And now it was time to go to the police office for our passports. No occasion for one for Monsieur Singe, who was, like ourselves, all the better for a night's rest. The commissioner of the inn managed the passport business for us; but I could never make out why I was described as *un artiste*. Monsieur Armand got all the tricks out of the Custom-house officers' fangs; but it was not accomplished without going to the English Consul, and to the mayor. Returning, in crossing the Grand Square, an Irishman, rather seedy in appearance, addressed me by name. He was also acquainted with the names of all the other Englishmen of our party. He told us he was going over to Dover at night by the steam-packet, and kindly volunteered to carry over letters for any of us. I determined to write to say that we had arrived safe. I wrote also for Seymour to his wife, as that department of his education had somehow been incautiously neglected. I asked him in what affectionate style of terms I should word my letter to his better half, and he replied, '*Oh, tell her I am slap up!*'

"As this Hibernian gentleman knew us all by name, we could do no less than treat him with something to drink; for which, by the way, he gave a preliminary hint by remarking, 'How much better the brandy was in France, and how very much cheaper than in England.'

"So, after he had partaken liberally of the *eau de* VEAU,—as Rolandson would persist in calling it, *calf* as he was,—the Irishman took our letters, and wished us a pleasant journey to Paris. Now, as these letters were never delivered, and when on my return I saw the same gentleman at Calais, making the same offer to some new-comers, I came to the conclusion that he obtained his living by this ingenious mode, being a sort of *promissory postman*, who made it his business to get the names of the persons who arrived at the hotels from the various commissioners, and then, by offering his services to convey letters to London, 'always being about to start by the next packet,' he contrived to extract something from his dupes.

I booked this as a new mode of swindling; but he only did us out of the brandy. Saw many faces in Calais that I have seen in much better plight as visiters behind the scenes at the theatre. They looked now rather *Benchy*, with rain-polished hats, loose coats, boots not blacked, no shirt-collars. One gentleman who used to be all white kid-gloves and a crushed opera-castor, was carrying a naked turkey by the neck in his bare hands. He recognised me, and slunk away with his bird. 'Ha! ha! ha! there are more poor devils in the world besides myself,' thought I. On the whole, I think Calais a very desirable place of residence, with one reservation only,—*viz.* '*If you cannot live anywhere else.*'

"Monsieur Armand settled our bill. Luggage trucked off to the diligence by a fine-looking military person, who, they told us, had been an officer in Napoleon's service; in what department I could not learn, but he evidently understood 'conducting the baggage' remarkably well.

"Entered, and stowed ourselves in the diligence. Sorry to observe that Seymour had 'been at his *tricks*,' and was as drunk as Chloe!—as the saying is; but as to who Chloe was, my reading never informed me.

"To my horror, Monsieur Singe was an inside passenger; but he did not, fortunately, sit near me. The Italian boy, his conductor, had only a few months before wandered with this beast from his own distant home. It is what these Italians term 'travelling with the comedy.' The English proverb says, 'fine words butter no parsnips;' but 'leading a monkey about' being transmogrified into 'travelling with the comedy,' makes me think that the Italian parsnips are not without their sauce. I will be bound that the boy walked half across the Continent foot-sore, and did not live a bit better than the monkey; but they had both visited Great Britain; they were accordingly patronised as *foreigners*. The Italian boy was sleek, and comfortably clothed; and his beast of a monkey, which, of course, he had to carry back with him, was accommodated *inside* the diligence, both animals having made their fortunes. Monsieur Singe would look out at the window with his twinkling eyes; and the children, with handkerchiefs pinned round their heads *tocque* fashion, shouted 'Voilà, petit Monsieur Singe, voyageur à Paris.'

"Columbine and her mamma were delighted with all they saw. 'No such sky in England,'—'no such wine,'—'nothing half so good in their own country,'—'silk stockings cheaper than cotton,'—'French ladies dressed so elegantly,'—'peasants looked so cheerful, pretty, and happy.'

"The last observation was a little unfortunately applied as we stopped to change horses at Marquise, for just at that moment two female peasants were busily employed in loading a most odorous manure cart! Such legs! in colour, shape, size—roots of *mangel wurzel,*—*beet* all I ever before saw. Yet one of these gentlemanly-looking damsels, as she threw up a fork-full, called the other '*Angelique*,' and the other, in her reply, addressed her fellow hen-scavenger as '*Ma belle Pelagie*.'

"On we went, I thought through a very dreary-looking country, till we came in sight of the steeples of Boulogne, and Napoleon's column, erected by that wonderful and wholesale invader to commemorate an event which never occurred,—his descent on England.

He certainly did subsequently pay us a visit, intended to come Themistocles over us; but as we undoubtedly had, for many years, had quite enough of him, Sir George Cockburn most politely gentleman-ushered him to another part of the globe.

"Rattled into Boulogne; almost every second face English; all gay and *free*, excepting those who occupied apartments in the *Hôtel Anglais*, which is the name they have given to the debtors' prison.—*Mem.* Never be nabbed in France for debt. Great regularity, but no *rules*,—no bail,—no blessed Insolvent Court,—no Messrs. L—— to get you through as clean as a whistle, and leave your creditors to console themselves on nothing in the pound.

"Here we were set down at a very handsome inn, and all the *ton* of the place collected to see the arrivals. Ours certainly was a motley group. Two carpenters — one tidy, Seymour drunk; our director, rather genteel than otherwise; the Jew-Frenchman, shabby genteel; the ladies, all the worse for travelling; myself, more like a carcass-butcher in a consumption than a strolling actor; and the Italian boy, and his infernal monkey.

"I must say I felt, amongst so many English, rather ashamed of our appearance; for the arrival very much resembled those we see at an assize town just before the trials commence. I don't mean the judges, nor the counsel, nor the witnesses, nor even the Old Bailey attorneys, but another principal party concerned. Nevertheless we were very civilly shown in by the French waiters, who all jabbered together, each giving directions to the other; still I thought they had but a shy opinion of us.

"We sat down to dinner, and a very handsome one it was; soup, bouillé, roasted fowls, cotelettes, stewed pigeons, haricot, and other things, that none of us English knew even the names of; wine; and the director told us, '*pain à discrétion*.'

"Rolandson and Seymour did not know how to behave themselves, the room was so genteel, the plate so plentiful, and the waiters so many. Indeed, in Seymour's condition he was beastly stupid—and his friend Rolandson had to set him upright in his chair every minute. Seymour complained that 'his head ached most abominably.' '*Pain* at *discretion*,' thought I. And then came a nice dessert. Lord bless me! dessert and wine for an Italian Boy and his monkey, and an expatriated drunken stage carpenter! Columbine and her mother looked all manner of ways. Monsieur Armand was dignified, but ate as much as he could of everything. I here observed that all the Frenchmen mixed water with their wine. 'What a sober race are the French,' said I, 'to mix water with wine that has so little body in it as this!' And so I continued to think, until I found out my mistake, and their perfect good sense. Instead of caring for the body of the *vin ordinaire*, a Frenchman thinks of his *own body*, and dispenses with half the acidity, by diluting it with water.

"As a finishing *coup d'œil* to the ridiculous figure our party cut—(I hunted for *coup d'œil* in my dictionary, and find it means a blow over the eyes)—at the end of our dinner, a burning hot sort of Yorkshire pudding was put on the table, of which we all had a portion on our plates. At the same moment the time was called for the diligence to start; so into our mouths went the pudding, but, alas! as soon, it was in our plates again; for we might just as well have held boiling pitch between our teeth. This was really too much for

the French waiters, who hurried out of the room to enjoy their laughter. Poor Rolandson and Seymour, who had been bantered during dinner, were ashamed to drop their hot pudding, so punished themselves by holding it in their mouths, till their faces looked as red as the sun on a frosty foggy morning.

"Monsieur Armand settled the bill; four francs a-head, besides waiters. This began to make our little director look mysterious, and twiddle his side-curls, and scratch his whiskers, and shrug his shoulders; he muttered something, too, about sitting down with the *canal*. I did not quite comprehend this, until Rolandson told me that he had lodged at *Paddington;* so I conjectured Monsieur meant that.

"'Place aux dames" put the ladies in their places in the dilly, and off we started.

"A good dinner rendered us all very merry, and I contrasted my pantomimic mode of travelling (*vide* sketch below) with my private deportment in a public carriage.—*Mem.* Brought away a little bottle of *eau de* VEAU,—a prodigious comfort after the *vin ordinaire* to an *inside* passenger."



A LEGEND OF THE AMERICAN WAR.

" Incorrupta Fides nudaque *Veritas*
Quando ullum invenient parem ?"—Hor.

All lovers of Old England's fame know how the Yankee *Chesapeake*
Was pummell'd by our *Shannon*, whence they bear us yet, " *I guess*," a pique;
But listen, for a naval tale I 'm now about to handle,
To which that famed engagement is not fit to hold the candle!

Last war a Yankee cruiser once, amid the " darkness visible "
Of a hazy winter morning's dawn, when scarce to see one is able,
Made out upon his larboard bow an object which he "*reckon'd*" on
To be an English man-of-war, and "*bore down*" in a second on!

He hail'd her thrice, he fired a gun, and several times successively,
But deuce an answer could he get, though nearing her progressively,
On which the Yankee "*skipper*," one of Boston's '*cute* and witty sons,
Wax'd wrathful at this insult on our "*free enlighten'd citizens!*"

Says he, " Confound their impudence, we 'll speak a little louder then!
So '*bear a hand*,' my gallant lads, get ready shot and powder then;
'*I guess*' we 'll mend their manners, though they are so '*nation* skittish, boys.
'*The British can whip all the world, but* WE *can whip the British*,' boys!"

A *shotted* gun he forthwith fired, to try if *that would bring her to;*
The unknown *sent back her compliments*, and shot away a *wing* or two;
This set the Yankee's " *dander* " up, who into rage was furnaced now,
So he dropp'd his anchor, furl'd his sails, and *bang'd away* in earnest now.

Though three long hours the contest raged with wonderful ferocity,
The *offensive* all on *one* side lay, *like Irish reciprocity;*
For the stranger, somehow, never fired till *after* the American,
But then she knock'd his "*sticks*" about his ears, like any hurricane.

At length, when all his masts were gone, and half his crew disabled,
Poor Jonathan to "*come to time*" no longer was enabled.
" *I've put my foot in 't, that 's a fact*," says he; " and, though unwillingly,
Our glorious ensign *must* come down, and now not worth a shilling be!"

He struck his flag, and hail'd the foe, to tell him he had had enough;
But still no officer there came to take him—this was bad enough.
And when the morning breeze sprang up, and clear'd the fog and smoke away,
I scarce dare tell you what he saw, lest at him "*fun you poke*" away!

A mighty *Iceberg* met his view, in most imposing attitude,
A sight, as navigators tell, quite common in that latitude,
'Gainst which, at every gun he 'd fired, his own shot had *rebounded*,
And swept off every mast he had, and fill'd his decks with wounded!

Our Yankee, who 'd commenced the fight, and rather to be *donnish* meant,
" *Bam squabbled* " felt (*as well he might*) with genu-*ine* astonishment.
And when, by aid of jury-masts, he reach'd his native city,
If he didn't look " *tarnation streak'd* " and foolish, " *it 's a pity!!*"

Moral.

Qui capit ille facit.

This tale a *warning* may afford to *geniuses* polemical,
Who love to plunge " *in medias res* " in contests academical,
Not knowing more the *question*, be 't in Ethics or Theology,
Than a cow does of acoustics, or a jackass of astrology;

Lest haply, after wasting years in penning tomes voluminous,
To disprove *what was ne'er advanced*, with logic most *acuminous*,
They find that, like our hero, by mistake they 've "*caught a Tartar*,"
And, 'mid the laughter of the world, be fain to cry for quarter!!

A. R. W.

Oxford, 24th March 1840.

THE MORAL ECONOMY OF LARGE TOWNS.

BY DR. W. C. TAYLOR.

JUVENILE DELINQUENCY.

If the great patron saints of the extremes of this metropolis, St. Giles, and St. James, met to compare notes, they would discover several analogies between the localities over which they preside, less fanciful than those on which the saints of Clapham rest their interpretations of the Apocalypse. A Queen rules in the one, a number of queans hold divided empire in the other. The court of St. James exacts homage from the remote quarters of the world; the courts of St. Giles levy tolls on all the districts between Tyburn and Execution-Dock; the knights and heroes of St. James are rewarded with pensions, those of St. Giles with suspensions; both have numbers of idle followers, who must be boarded and lodged at the public expense; both levy contributions on the City and wise men of the East; but as Mrs. Malaprop says, "comparisons are odorous," and, if they were not so, they would not suit the localities of St. Giles, and so we shall only add that the great celebrity of both dates from the accession of the Hanoverian dynasty.

Everybody knows that the beauties and wonders contained in the localities under the presidency of St. James are for the most part internal, that the exteriors of the edifices have no form or comeliness, and that those buildings which most merit notice, are hid in labyrinths and mazes, only to be found by a stranger when aided by an intelligent guide. Her Majesty, for instance, has two palaces; the older marvellously resembling a decayed hospital, and the newer not quite so good-looking as an Irish barrack, but within them the gorgeous dreams of Oriental magnificence are more than realised in the display of wealth, art, and loveliness. Sutherland House can only be reached through a stable-yard; and the older part of Pall-Mall reminds one of an architectural gaol-delivery, when ragamuffins and dandies,—"breakers and swells," as they are technically called, are let loose together upon the country. Carlton Terrace may indeed be quoted as an exception; but to say nothing of the column on which the Duke of York has been placed to keep him out of the reach of his creditors, no one can look down Waterloo Place without admiring the ingenuity that has cut down, or rather cut up, the trees of the Park into scrubby tufts of bushes, and travestied the towers of Westminster Abbey into a couple of ugly sentry-boxes. In short, the characteristics of the kingdom of St. James are not to be discovered without time and trouble; and those of St. Giles equally require the toil of investigation.

There is a passage between Oxford Street and Holborn called Broad-Street, where it is inconveniently narrow, and High-Street in the part where it is low and flat. Where the high and the broad streets join stands the church of St. Giles in the Fields, so named because the space around is more crowded with houses, and more densely populated than any other part of the metropolis. The burial-ground surrounding the church encroaches very awkwardly on

the street, — for it is an established rule that the repose of the dead is infinitely more important than the repose of the living. This burial-ground is very densely tenanted; the opening of every new grave sensibly affects the atmosphere to a considerable distance, and hence the vicinity is rarely without cases of malignant fever. Nobody looks upon this as an evil, for apothecaries' apprentices could never qualify as general practitioners if they had not opportunities for acquiring experience; and a glance at the multitude of undertakers that have shops in the vicinity is sufficient to show that burial-restriction, like bank-restriction, might seriously affect the commerce of the country. Of course there are vaults under the church, with sufficient provision for poisoning the congregation; because many people, like "the old woman of Berkeley," look out for unpleasant visiters in the grave, and deem that they can only be safe within the walls and gates of the Church. This privilege of sanctuary is rather inconvenient; the air of these tenanted churches is apt to generate a cough which leads to a coffin, and the clergyman doomed to preach in them finds that he has been inducted to a dying instead of a living.

The passenger who journeys from Oxford-Street towards the city may observe on his left certain narrow passage, facetiously denominated streets, but more appropriately called "rookeries" by the denizens and natives; one of these, "*The* Rookery" *par excellence*, is protected in front by posts and bars, designed in old times to mark out the hallowed region

> "Where no bailiff, dun, or setter,
> Dared to show his frightful face."

The posts of St. Giles, like those of St. James, are rarely unoccupied, and in both cases are objects of ambition to the children of the courtiers. Until very lately the precincts, like the Civil List, were studiously shrouded from public view, but the New Police have enacted the part of Daniel Whittle Harvey, and laid bare the interior economy. The first glance down the Rookery reveals in all weathers a goodly selection of sheets, blankets, and nondescript fragments of linen, waving from poles and lines which project and cross out of the upper windows. Sailors say that the industrious washerwomen often find it as hard to reach the poles as Captain Parry himself, and that "crossing the line" is not less perilous to them than to East-Indian griffins. Two senses, seeing and smelling, will for a time afford sufficient occupation to the passenger: if he remains long enough, that of hearing will be called into play by such sounds as assailed the ears of Æneas when he visited the infernal regions.

> "Continuò auditæ voces, vagitus et ingens,
> Infantumque animæ flentes in limine primo."

Which has been thus rendered by Father Prout:—

> A concert appalling
> Of squalling and bawling,
> And squabbling and hauling,
> And children down falling
> On deaf mothers calling,

The passengers meet
At the top of the street.

In fact, the ground looks as if it had actually rained children,—a far more formidable phenomenon than the showers of cats and dogs with which we are sometimes threatened. If you attempted to go down the court, you would be ancle-deep in infants at every step; they wallow about in the puddles, like Pharaoh's frogs during the Egyptian plagues; and at every step you would peril the existence of one of O'Connell's "seven millions of the finest peasantry on the face of the earth." However, if you want to see the wonders of the place you must make a bold venture, treading lightly, like a donkey amongst a brood of goslings, or an elephant dancing amongst chickens. The first observation you will make is that the denizens keep open house,—some, perhaps, have no doors; others, certainly, have very obstinate hinges; all are hospitably unclosed, intimating that "dry lodgings" may be had inside; that is to say, lodgings in which, however moistened the outer man may be, he has no chance of getting "heavy wet" for his inside. It is not an easy matter for a decent-looking man to get access to the interior of these domiciles; he may be mistaken for a parson, an overseer, or an attorney, and receive a practical comment on the perplexing description of "lapidary showers" in the Agamemnon of Æschylus, which has so sorely puzzled translators and commentators. Your safety lies in passing yourself for a railroad contractor in search of Pat Mulcahy, Tim O'Regan, or Jack Murphy, of whose exploits as excavators you have heard such wonderous accounts that you are resolved to have their services at any price. Whether persons rejoicing in such names reside there or not, you will be sent from house to house and room to room of this human hive, until you can form a tolerable estimate of its population, which you will find to average between a dozen and a score to most of the rooms, exceeding, however, the highest number in the places used as "rope lodgings," a term you will find explained in Pickwick. Having once surveyed the density of the population, you will cease to be surprised at finding the court paved with children; in fact, their parents have nowhere else to keep them, and hence the importance of the barricades at the entrance of the court. St. Giles and St. James equally provide posts for younger children, but those of the former are more frequently brought to the bar than those of the latter.

There is plenty of weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth among the young fry, but there is very little of smiling or laughing in any of the groups. It is true that sometimes,

Regardless of their doom,
The little victims play;

but the space is too limited for such exertions; for the most part they lie listlessly on the ground, or crawl at a snail pace from one door to another. There are some among them who have passed the age of childhood, and are almost youths. Inquire their history. They were found destitute of work or play by some of the contractors for supplying pocket-handkerchiefs to the honest traders of Field-Lane, — people well acquainted with the value of a new face, not yet familiar to the police. They were promised pleasure and

excitement, in the shape of gin, tobacco, or a visit to some of the lower places of public amusement; they yielded to the temptation, and they are now lads of promise, who will prevent degeneracy in that very valuable class of society, the thieves of the Metropolis. We might, perhaps, have said the most valuable class, seeing that it is the only one honoured with any attention by the legislature.

After having finished your travels through this region, you may cross High-Street, and examine many similar dens between St. Giles's Church and the Seven Dials, and thence round in the direction of Soho-Square. You will find a great sameness at first, but you will soon observe that the proportion of females is rather greater in the southern direction. At some future time you may be invited to investigate this problem, but at present you are just arrived at the solution of a different problem, the cause of the great amount of juvenile delinquency in the Metropolis. You have seen one of the national nurseries or seminaries for forcing forward thieves like young plants in a hot-bed; and if you are a hunter out of analogies, you will observe that the seminary and the hot-bed rest on the same stratum. If you love to make bad puns,—a folly against which you are hereby solemnly and affectionately warned,—you may say with the market-gardener " dung renders the growth stable."

"Idleness," says the proverb, " is the root of all evil;" but the correctives for idleness are not alone books and work, — harmless play is just as useful, and ten times more effectual. It would be advantageous to send these neglected children to school; but what are they to do when school is over? The reader, who in his imagination has made a courtly tour under our guidance, must have discovered that these children have a greater want than a school — *they want a home.* Their parents could not, if they would, confine them in the hives where they sleep, during the day-time; they must let them run in the open air, exposed to all the contamination and seduction by which they are surrounded.

It is a gross error to suppose that the depravity of parents in all, or even in most cases, is the cause of criminality in children. The fact cannot be too strongly stated, that the Fagins of the Metropolis seek invariably the children of honest parents, because they believe that such will be most faithful to their infamous employers. An Oliver Twist is a much more valuable acquisition than a Noah Claypole. We have prohibited marbles, hoops, and tops; the game of foot-ball is only known by remote tradition; and the flying of kites, instead of being the sport of the young, is the trade of the aged. We have consequently enforced idleness by act of Parliament; and having thus planted the root, we are astonished at the growth of the evil. It would be well if legislators would remember that for every innocent amusement taken away, a direct incentive to guilty employment is supplied.

" Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do;"

and the efforts of many well-meaning people are directed to procure idle hands for Satan. There would be less crime in the world if there was more sport in it.

The tales of juvenile depravity which are commonly circulated give a very faint notion of its fearful amount. The youthful ima-

gination, once perverted, seems to exercise itself in the invention of all monstrous, horrible, and ineffable crimes. It is recorded of a depraved courtesan, that she declared "she could not enjoy innocent pleasures:"—the juvenile delinquents could in many cases add, that they cannot enjoy ordinary vices without superadding mysteries of iniquity such as language would fail to describe. We dare not publish any one of the anecdotes which we have collected; but we may state as the general result, that, contrary to previous expectation, the exercise of diabolical ingenuity was in direct proportion to general ignorance, and that wherever there was anything like an approach to education, there was a corresponding degree of refinement even in vicious excesses. This had not been anticipated, but it might have been; for the missionaries in the South Seas found the excesses of licentiousness and sensuality more diversified and more aggravated in proportion to the amount of ignorance and barbarism. It must also be added, that a taste for music, for dancing or even for theatricals, was found in some degree to check brutal excesses of crime. This is, of course, not an invariable rule; but the exceptions were not numerous. A police inspector assured us, that "in the assemblies where there was most fun there was least vice;" those most to be dreaded were such as met in silence, in darkness, and in secrecy. We know from old experience that there is often most guilt where there is least appearance of it; and that the "pestilence which walketh in darkness" is more perilous than "the arrow which flieth at noon-day." Hence a possibility suggests itself, that legislation against suspicious appearances has been carried to rather too great a length, and that moral disease may in some cases have been driven inwards from the surface to fasten itself upon the system.

Gray has led many persons into error by speaking of

"The short and simple annals of the poor."

Their histories are longer and far more complicated than those of the rich; and those who have legislated on their notions of brevity and simplicity have done incalculable mischief. One very important error was abridging amusements, which were deemed capable of being perverted. Not long ago, there was a disposition to make war upon music in public houses: it was forgotten that the tap-room is, in the majority of instances, the only parlour or drawing-room which the poor man has to enjoy. There are multitudes who can only afford to rent a room, or part of a room, for themselves and families:—enjoyment of any kind at home is to them a physical impossibility. To the public house such people will go, and must go, however uncomfortable law may make it. On such men music had a moral influence; it supplied an excitement, which would otherwise have been sought in intoxication. It was said that the music attracted persons who would otherwise have gone home with their earnings. In some cases perhaps it did; but in the majority of instances it only transferred customers from the house which had not music to that which had. Nobody seems to have thought of those who, properly speaking, had no home to go to; yet these, after all, were the class most affected by legislation; for any publican will tell you, that for one housekeeper that enters his tap-room there are at least twenty lodgers.

Intoxication was so notoriously checked by the introduction of musical entertainments, that we have found upon investigation, there were publicans who gratified their customers by applying for music licences, while they took effectual measures secretly to insure their own defeat; and it is pretty generally known that several who have them would rather be without them. It was said that children frequented these places, and were thus brought on the road to ruin. It is perfectly true that mechanics and labourers sometimes took their children to hear the music, and allowed them to share their beer,—just as on a Sunday in summer they take them to some of the rural alehouses in the suburbs. But this habit was useful to the parents, and not injurious to the children. Reverence for his offspring prevented the father from degrading himself into a beast; and the children generally were more interested by the intellectual treat than by the physical enjoyment.

The moral influence of music is not less remarkable among the higher ranks of society than among the lower. To its influence must chiefly be attributed the decline of hard drinking, which was so fashionable a vice in a former generation. "There will be no more glorious claret-parties at Kill-'em-all House," said an old Connaught gentleman; "for Tom has bought his wife a piano!" A clergyman of this country made a similar observation respecting a gin-drinking baronet:—"He is grown quite sober, I assure you, since his daughter began to have concerts in the evening. David's harp chased away blue devils from Saul, and Louisa's harp has conjured blue ruin from Sir Samuel."

In examining the condition of society, many people are apt to mistake brutality for blunt honesty, and to regard affectations of refinement among the poor as suspicious, and even dangerous appearances. But to strip vice of its grossness is a great step towards virtue; the desire of refinement even in sensual pleasure is itself a triumph, however small, of man's moral nature over his animality. The showman that taught his bear to dance only to genteel tunes was a public benefactor; for he suggested to his audience a desire for better music and better dancing.

We have endeavoured to show that a considerable portion of juvenile delinquency must be attributed to two great deficiencies in the economy of the poor, — the want of domestic accommodations, and the want of innocent amusements. Whatever success the nonsense of socialism has obtained, must in a great degree be attributed to its undertaking to supply those wants. The socialists open common halls for conversation, music, dancing, and other recreations; and that these pleasures must be very attractive, is proved by their submitting to such severe inflictions as Robert Owen's interminable lectures. The poor man finds a comfortable place in which he can sit down, and means of relaxation for mind and body. Few of us know the real value of such luxuries, and we are therefore unable to appreciate the power of a system which presents itself with such recommendations. Some well-meaning people propose to take the field against the Owenites with tracts and hymn-books. We do not undervalue these weapons; but we should recommend, in addition, a couple of fiddles, a magic lantern, and the universal favourites Punch and Judy. People weep into nonsense, and laugh into good sense; — hence Bentley's Miscellany has effected more for the moral improvement

of society than all the treatises published by the Society for the Confusion of Useful Knowledge.

We have in this country somewhere about two millions of societies for the relief and improvement of the lower orders; — we have not one single institution for promoting the recreations and increasing the innocent pleasures of the poor, though such a one is sadly wanted, and would do more to promote mutual good feeling between the extremes of society than all the rest put together. The progress of brick and mortar has swept away their former means of enjoyment. In the reign of James the First, the popular pastimes were thus enumerated:—

"Man, I dare challenge thee to THROW THE SLEDGE,
To jump or LEAPE over ditch or hedge,
To WRESTLE, play at STOOLEBALL, or to RUNNE,
To PITCHE THE BARRE, or to SHOOTE OFF A GUNNE:
To play at LOGGETS, NINE-HOLES, or TEN-PINNES:
To try it out at FOOTEBALL by the shinnes:
At TICKSTAFFE, IRISH NODDIE, MAW AND RUFFE,
At HOT-COCKLES, LEAP-FROG, or BLINDMAN-BUFFE;
To drink half-pots, or deale at the whole can;
To play at HARE, or PEN-AND-INKHORN, SIR JAN;
To dance the MORRIS, play at BARLEY-BREAKE,
At all exploytes a man can think or speake;
At SHOVE-GROATE, VENTER-POYNTE, or CROOS AND PYLE,
At BESHREW HIM THAT'S LAST AT YONDER STYLE,
At LEAPING O'ER A MIDSUMMER BONFIRE,
Or at the drawing dun out of the mire.
At any of these, or all these presently,
Wagge but your finger, I am for you, I!"

Here is a goodly collection of sports which the rich have taken from the poor, and given nothing in return. We could not, were we so inclined, restore the old English pastimes; but we may and ought to provide substitutes, especially as our course of legislation has sadly interfered with the amusements which the poor have invented for themselves. Genuine philanthropy is cheerful, and even merry. Sour, pharisaic, lecture-giving charity has nothing of philanthropy about it. At best, it is but a way of showing that one is better than one's neighbours, and the cost it involves is a tax unwillingly paid by vanity. We insist that the best way to make this a moral world is to make it a merry world. John Wesley added greatly to the popularity of Methodism, by adapting his hymns to favourite airs. He said that "he would not have the devil have all the good tunes." We cannot see any reason why Satan should continue his monopoly of anything that is good, more especially good humour, which is every day becoming a rarer, and therefore a more precious commodity. As a mere matter of taste, we prefer the variety of the dance to the monotony of the tread-mill; and should rather visit a musical academy than a penitentiary. Others may differ from us,—"de gustibus et *dis*gustibus non est disputandum;" but we think that amateurs of melancholy should keep the luxury to themselves.

Many have undertaken to plead for the rising generation; but we think that our plea is most likely to be sanctioned by our clients. Give to youth opportunities of recreation and enjoyment: every-

thing added to the pleasures of innocence is just so much gained from the attractions of vice. Juvenile delinquency must abound, so long as delinquency alone furnishes exercise for the active faculties of youth. If any one doubts this fact, let him go through some of the lanes, courts, and alleys of this Metropolis; let him enter any one of the human hives where the lower classes of operatives and labourers reside; let him watch the children hour after hour, and day after day; let him investigate their little histories, and he will find that the greatest sources of youthful depravity are the want of a home, and the want of innocent recreation. It may seem incongruous to ask grave divines to assist in contriving amusements and diffusing pleasure; but the first miracle wrought by the great author of Christianity was designed to promote festivity; and the earliest Christian prelates did not disdain to superintend the pastimes of their flocks. We have hitherto tried nothing but "preachee and flogee" for the suppression of vice, and juvenile delinquency remains as bad as ever. Let us try a different set of experiments, and endeavour to make the world better by rendering it happier; let us form an association for the suppression of stupidity, and the promotion of innocent enjoyment. Games will beat gaming, music conquer drinking, picking steps be more popular than picking pockets; and finally, Robert Owen will be driven from the field by the only antagonist worthy to encounter him, the formidable Joe Miller.

This is not mere theory; the experiment has been tried in Manchester, and its success has surpassed the expectations of those who ventured on the innovation. In the Lyceums, for less than twopence a week, the operative can have the use of a "Temperance news-room; instruction not merely in the three r's (reading, writing and a-rithmetic), but also in vocal and instrumental music, and in dancing. *Conversaziones*, or, as they are called, "tea-parties," are occasionally given, the price of a ticket is sixpence, but admission is restricted to members of the institution. The entertainment is diversified by gossiping lectures, music of a very high order, and occasionally a dance, in which there is as much of propriety and decorum as could be found in the most fashionable ball-room within the seas of Britain. All are clean and neatly dressed, but none are dressed above their station. The distinction of ranks is the more rigidly observed by its seeming to be utterly forgotten; there are no airs of condescension on one side, there is no appearance of intrusion on the other; the rich and the poor meet together with a feeling of mutual interest in each other's welfare, and exhibit a proof of the aphorism that enlightened self-interest is genuine philanthropy.

The system is likely to be extended by providing gymnasiums for youth. It was not enough for philanthropists to remove children from the factory; they should have found some other place where they could be sent with safety. At present it is known that children are sent to work in the coal-mines, until they are of sufficient age for admission into the factory. And this must not be ascribed to any absence of parental fondness, or to a mere desire of getting money. It is a perplexing problem in a large town to keep children out of harm's way. They cannot be kept in the crowded lodgings which we have attempted to portray, where four or five families are crowded into a single room. They do not feel the inconvenience at

night; at least one such nest, when examined, revealed but a single cause of complaint, "We families as sleep in the corners, sir, get on very well, but the gemman as has the middle of the room has inconvenienced us by taking a lodger." When the factory bill deprived the children of work, it did not give them play, and it consequently left them no alternative but mischief. Efforts have been made in some places to correct this error of blundering humanity; but the evil is general, and so must the remedy be, or it will be wholly ineffectual. Now there happens to be just at this moment a great amount of mock and of genuine philanthropy going astray in the world. We propose, as a test to distinguish the real from the counterfeit, asking each of the professors of humanity how far they are willing to contribute to the amusements of the people; for they are demonstrably among the essential elements of human happiness. It is not enough to relieve physical want, it is also necessary to satisfy moral craving; sympathy must be superadded to generosity; you must increase the joys as well as relieve the sorrows. The good Samaritan pours not only oil but wine into the wounds of suffering humanity; the priest and Levite pass by on the other side."

CHARADE.

BY MISS A. FARRER.

Gentle and fair the maiden is,
And many a lover tries
With flatt'ring looks and honey'd words
To win so sweet a prize.
But still unmoved and calm she hears
Their vows of deep affection,
And courteous though her answer be,
'Tis firm in its rejection.
Each suitor sees the hopes destroy'd
His pride so fondly nurst,
And, mortified, they all agree
The maiden is "My First."

But there 's a blush on that fair cheek
The charge seems to deny;
The tear that's check'd before the world
But falls when none are by.
Sadness that will not be dispell'd,
Indifference to please,
When mark'd by an observing eye,
Strong symptoms, maidens, these!
There 's love within that heart; but though
A hidden love it be,
"My Second" mid the Alpine rocks
Is not more pure than she.

Oh! Fortune, well they judged of thee
Who drew thine image blind,
For still thy shadows darkest fall
Where fate had else been kind.
No stain is on the maiden's choice,
Save one her guardians see,
Unpardonable in their eyes,—
'Tis that of Poverty.
And they forbid the sacrifice
Which she would gladly make,
Of wealth, and worldly splendour, all
For the beloved one's sake.

And so they part, with bitter tears,
But still unchanged, they 'll keep
The mem'ry of that treasured love
Which soothes them while they weep.
And yet, young lovers, I will hope
The time may come at last,
When, rich in present happiness,
You 'll smile at sorrows past;
For never fairer maiden graced
The dance in courtly hall,
And nobler heart than *his* ne'er beat
'Mid the brave ranks of "my all."



CHINA.

THE REAL STATE OF THE CASE

FREELY TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL CHINESE, AND ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED CROWQUILL WITH FOUR REAL CHINA PLATES.

LETTER I.

"Why hath a man two eyes? Truly that he may see with the one, while the other winks."

How true is the saying that the junks of the Barbarians have no eyes, and, therefore, see not. For many years have they been carrying on an illicit trade, and, emboldened by impunity, have fearlessly spread their sails, and pushed on in their wicked course, throwing overboard the compass of Prudence, and placing their helms in the hands of Indiscretion. The consequence is, they have run upon a shoal, and are likely to founder, and — no mistake! Like many more of my brothers who suffered by their black iniquity, I was tempted to indulge in secretly smoking the forbidden drug, but the edict of the Brother of the *Moon* has opened my drooping eyelids, and let in the day-light of truth. Yes! I have indignantly cast away my pipe — for there is no longer any opium to supply it!



The eyeless junks of the more blind Barbarians are all seized; and there is, consequently, such a dust raised in Xantung that the glorious rays of the sun himself can hardly penetrate it. They loudly declare that they were led into this awful crime against the well-being of the subjects of the Celestial Empire at the instigation, and by the facilities offered to the illegal traffic by the officers in power. Miserable Barbarians! to endeavour to palliate their own misdemeanours by casting reflections upon the integrity of our officials; who, if they *did* sometimes wink, was it not occasioned by the somniferous merchandize these barbarians brought into port? Dare they accuse the honest men of taking a bribe? Never! unless, indeed it were of such a weight that it completely bore down all human opposition. For, as the poet saith, "are not all men's good and evil actions like a pair of scales," wherein a weight being cast by malice, maketh the good rise, and the evil preponderate, and *vice versa*? for what mortal can struggle against the decrees of Fate? It appears to my simple mind, too, perfectly correct that they should *squeeze* the Barbarians: nay, morally just that they should levy contributions on them as a fine for their wickedness! Nay, is not evil frequently done that good may come of it? Doth not my beloved Lew-she herself, the most careful of wives, waste cheese in making toasted baits for the mice, that she may thereby destroy the destroyers? And, is not this small sinfulness of waste outweighed by the great good of saving? And yet — would you believe it? — they kick. Now, can anything be a greater proof of folly than for men to kick who have not a leg to stand on?—ridiculous!

Yuh Fung.



LETTER II.

"Be composed, though the waves roll upwards to the sky, there is a middle course; pursue it, and your bark will glide gently on!"

Every virtue under the sun flourishes and ripens in the Celestial Empire.

Surely the present *bobbery* with these white-headed Barbarians will serve our *literati* for a new volume of the Kwe-Koo Ke-

KWAN.* What morals will they draw from their iniquitous proceedings in this affair? Dearest SUNG KIN, I have not the power of depicting in words half the interest which envelopes the absorbing subject on which I write. My reed, in truth, is like a delusive moonbeam in my fingers; and, when I read over what I have written—lo! my tablets seem only to contain the fleshless skeletons of the living figures wherewith my mind is charged. But, though I possess neither the pen nor the imagination of TSZE-KEEN,† I have *truth*, which, like the purest gold, is still valuable, though unfashioned by the hands of the skilful. Know SUNG-KIN, our Father, the Emperor, whose actions are the offspring of good counsel and far-seeing wisdom, has commanded the seizure of the whole of the pernicious drug contained in the vessels of the offending Barbarians; and worth about three millions of *tales*.

He has, moreover, in his unbounded clemency, spared their lives, upon condition they shall never again offend against his laws,—those unchangeable laws, which are inscribed in letters of gold by equity and justice in the great book.

The man Elliott, having no fear in his eyes of the tremendous arm of the Brother of the Sun, instead of humbly striking his forehead in the dust, presumes to murmur at the decree, and basely defends his countrymen. The Commissioner LIN, bearing the bright lantern of the Emperor's power in his hand, manfully wrestles with the rebellious spirit, sending forth proclamation upon proclamation, and writing after writing, twice as long as Elliott's, and yet the shallow man will not hear reason; proving the truth of the saying, that it is as difficult to convince a fool as it is to fill a sieve with water.

This night he has taken himself away, and gone on board a vessel of his country, taking with him many and many, and there he hovers about, uncertain what to do; like a dog which hath been beaten, and is afraid, and yet, with lingering look and pendent tail, wishes to return to the spot where he hath been fed by the hands of kindness since the day he was pupped! The heart of the savage is in his breast, but he hath no knife! What ridiculous contention is this!—a bright ray of the Emperor (which is LIN) against the darkness of this starless night (which is Elliott)! — an imperial gong to an infant's *tom-tom!* In the mean time, the trouble of the peaceful and well ordered inhabitants of Xantung is great; they fear the rashness into which his folly may lead him, and with anxious eyes they follow his movements, well knowing that they shall be compelled to resist any outbreak, and reasonably fearing they may suffer; for when one bowl striketh another, one or both are likely to be cracked by the collision!

Trade, too, is at a stand-still, and the merchants complain in a small voice; for if the Barbarians should make war instead of tea, they know there is no longer any chance of their making money.

Where is that great King EAST-INDIA-COMPANY, whose words flowed from the fountain of truth, and whose gold and silver were never weighed even by the doubtful, such implicit faith did they place in his honour and integrity! There were no troubles during his reign; but, alas! the Barbarians have deposed him; — yes, the

* Ancient and Modern Wonderful Tales.

† Tsze-Keën possessed an extraordinary talent for writing themes and essays.

fools have sawed away the prop of their house, and the roof falls in and crushes them.

I here snap the thread of my communication, and will resume it again should anything occur worthy the reading of my faithful SUNG-KIN.

At present there is a lull, a heaviness in the atmosphere, which I much fear portendeth a storm.

CHIN-SAN.

LETTER III.

" The sound of the kettle-drum urges the boatmen to row."

KWAN-FOOTSZE * has buckled on his shield and drawn his scimitar.

Bold as the five-clawed dragon, he has marched from the land to the sea, and — *put his foot in it !*

What hand can restrain the lion in his wrath when his eyes kindle like the flame of a furnace, and his mane bristles like a field of bamboos ?

The great guns of the Barbarians have awakened the slumbering tranquillity of our peaceful shores, and the courageous spirits of hundreds of our beloved citizens have flitted away in the volumes of rolling smoke !

The hearts of our women, even, are shrunk up to the size of stale and wrinkled dates with terror and dismay !

Reams of paper have been consumed in offerings to the departed heroes.†

And— But oh ! HAN-YUH ! the clear current of my thoughts is become so perturbed and muddy that I know not what I do, and am verily leading the pig by the tail instead of the snout, — and beginning at the wrong end of my doleful history.

Learn, then, O ! HAN-YUH, and communicate the sad tidings to all our loving kindred in CHOW-CHOW, that yesterday at the dawn of day, our noble admiral, who has descended in a direct line, without knots or twistings, or intermixture of baser blood, for two thousand years, from a fruitful branch of the house of KAN-TUN-TSWEN, placed his proud foot on the deck of his war-vessel, which undulated in the waters like a trained horse curvetting beneath its rider, and gave a signal to the whole fleet to *precede* him, that his unwinking eyes might view their conduct in the incomparable project formed in his sublime brains !

No sooner were his commands issued than a thousand oars divided the yielding waters, and they flew swiftly forth like so many whistling arrows loosed from the twanging bow-string.

Already had our undaunted and invincible war-men surrounded the big ships of the foe, and fired their blinding charges of charcoal powder into the round eyes of the tail-less Barbarians. Already had they climbed the lofty sides of these sea-monsters, and with their gleaming blades severed a thousand heads from their respective bodies.

* The God of War.

† On all occasions of worshiping departed spirits, paper offerings are invariably made use of, and generally accompanied with various articles, such as flesh, fowls, wine, &c. At funerals it is customary to burn paper representations of men, women, houses, sedan-chairs, &c. and to pass them into the invisible state for the use of the departed.

Already had they blown into a thousand fragments those floating castles, and scattered them like dust before the wind.

Already, I say, O! HAN-YUH, had they performed these feats of all-conquering valour — *in imagination!* — when, approaching the slumbering vessels of the enemy, the Barbarians were seized with such a panic, that they accidentally in their mortal terror let off several of their great guns!—and bang! bang! rattle! rattle! they roared and boomed along the calm surface of the waters with the din and clamour of a thousand gongs! — and the next moment, lo! several of the foremost of our junks, quite unprepared for the unforeseen consequences of the Barbarians' dismay, were pierced and battered, and quick! dived into the sea like so many decoy-ducks!

Merciful as he is valiant, our nobly-descended admiral immediately commanded the remaining junks—*not to remain*,—anxious to prevent a greater effusion of blood. For, by the horse of FUH! had he persisted in pursuing his exalted project, it is impossible to say what might have been the result; for our brave fellow-citizens were to a man rendered so desperate, that they lost all command of themselves and their oars, and pulled for the shore, when they intended, no doubt, to run down the opposing craft! It certainly appeared, however, to the penetration of a cool observer, that the Barbarians' *craft* had got the better of our cunning!

Let this be as it may, the sight of so many of our countrymen dropping so suddenly into a watery grave was as distressing as if a nail had entered one's eye! May Lung* cherish their brave spirits! If they are now doomed to wander at the bottom of the sea, it is at least plucking some of the thorns from the poignancy of our sorrow to know that, their vessels having gone with them, they will not starve for the want of *salt* JUNK!

Thus, alas! "the bloom of the flower perishes in the falling shower, and the grass nipped by the hoar-frost loses its verdant hue!"

LEW-YEW-TSAE.



* The God of Heaven.

VISIT TO A SIBERIAN FAIR.

BY A RUSSIAN TRAVELLER.

THE TSHUKTSHI FAIR AT OSTROVNOÏE.

We started from Nishney Kolymsk on the 4th of March, 1820, in a couple of *narti,* drawn by excellent dogs, for the village of Ostrovnoïe, a distance of two hundred and fifty versts. My companions were the well-known pedestrian traveller, Captain Cochrane, a Cossack, and a Yakoot. The latter was acquainted with the Tshuktshi dialect, and was to act both as driver and interpreter.

The deep snow that covered the whole plain, and which had been drifted to an enormous height in those places exposed to the wind, made our first day's journey extremely fatiguing; so that we found it impossible to reach the Poverna, forty versts from Nishney Kolymsk. We spent the night in the open air, and chose a spot sheltered from the north wind by a small wood, on the edge of the elevated bank. The weather fortunately was warm and mild for the country (my thermometer showed only eight degrees of frost), so that we spent the night comfortably enough around a good fire.

On the following morning we proceeded on our journey, and got on much better, meeting here and there with a beaten track of considerable length, for which we were indebted to those of the neighbourhood, who had preceded us to Ostrovnoïe, with their stock of merchandise, composed of fish and furs. We soon reached the Little, or Dry Aniui, and followed its course nearly due east, cutting off as often as possible the long windings made by the river. We passed many of the villages and summer settlements of the Yukagires, scattered along the banks of the river; but all were empty now,—the inhabitants one and all having wandered away to the Fair of Ostrovnoïe.

On the 8th of March we reached Ostrovnoïe in safety. This place, which is honoured with the name of fortress, is situated on a small island formed by the Little Aniui, two hundred and fifty versts from Nishney Kolymsk. The fortress is nothing more than a worm-eaten paling surrounding a courtyard, which contains a few huts, pompously denominated barracks, and intended for the accommodation of the Commissary, his clerks, and his Cossacks; besides this, the place consists merely of a small dilapidated chapel, dedicated to St. Nicholas, and some twenty or thirty huts, that lie scattered about, without the slightest attempt at regularity. These huts we found as full as they could hold, but not affording accommodation for one-half of those who come to visit the fair; the remainder being obliged to bivouac among the sledges, &c. The Tshuktshi were somewhat better off in their tents of rein-deer skin, which they pitched upon the small islands of the Aniui, at some distance from the market-place.

We found the whole place full of life and bustle; and, though the spectacle was grotesque enough upon the whole, yet the effect was agreeable, and the picture original. The fortress and the surrounding huts had been cleared of the snow with no little trouble; nevertheless, with their flat, frozen roofs, they still looked little better than so many heaps of dirty snow. In the evening the scene was changed: nothing was then to be seen but the glimmer of the train-oil lamps

through the ice-panes of the windows; or the bivouac-fires of the strangers who had arrived to visit the fair, and who now lay encamped under the canopy of heaven; or the column of smoke, intermingled with sparks, issuing from the tents of the Tshuktshi. Over this scene a yellow, red, or whitish-green, aurora borealis, cast its beams in every-varying form along the horizon. All these negative illuminations, to which, every now and then, was joined the distant sound of a Shamaun's tambourine, produced a really magical effect, to which one should have been tempted to listen with pleasure, were it not for the severity of the cold, and the discordant chorus raised every now and then, at regular intervals, by some hundreds of howling dogs, that effectually prevented any kind of refined or contemplative indulgence.

Over the entrance to the so called fortress there stands what was formerly a turret, but which now performs no other office than to do the honours of the house, by inclining its head respectfully to every one that passes by. Within resides the Commissary; who makes an annual visit, with a few clerks and Cossacks, to collect the tribute, to exercise a kind of police superintendence, and to afford protection to the Russian merchants, in case of a hostile manifestation on the part of the Tshuktshi. Fortunately no occurrence of the kind has ever taken place; otherwise the wooden enclosure round the fortress, or the Commandant with his little ill-armed garrison, would be able to offer little resistance to so numerous a body of stout savages as compose the Tshuktshi caravan at Ostrovnoïe. In addition to the garrison, the fortress contains the priest from Nishney Kolymsk, who yearly visits the fair, bringing with him his saints and his church paraphernalia, and performing mass daily during his stay.

One day after us the Russian merchants arrived, with one hundred and twenty-five well-laden pack-horses. The Tshuktshi had been here for some time; they had located themselves in nine different encampments among the islands formed by the river, and were quite at home. Their migration to this place is a remarkable fact. They cross Behring's Strait, and obtain by barter from the North Americans furs and sea-horse tusks; thence and from the extreme eastern extremity of Asia, they arrive with their wives, children, household furniture, arms, tents, and sledges.* Upon their way they visit two other places of barter, Anadyrsk and Kamennoïe; and, for the sake of their reindeer they are obliged to make a great round through the moss-heath.† They consequently spend five or six months upon a journey, which in a straight line is not more than one thousand versts. They set off generally in August, and arrive in Ostrovnoïe about the end of January, or beginning of February, whence they start again after an interval of eight or ten days. The chief part of their lives are accordingly spent in travelling, but they make themselves at home wherever they come; for their customary dwelling, the reindeer-skin tent, with all its domestic equipments, is their inseparable companion in all their wanderings. One of these caravans of human snails, including women and children, consists, in general, of about three hundred, of whom one hundred to one hundred and fifty are armed men. Including the visit

* Each sledge is usually drawn by two reindeer.

† As it happens, nevertheless, that they have often to pass over large naked tracts of land, without coming to any pasturage, a number of sledges laden with moss usually follow the caravan to supply the reindeer with food.

to America, and other preliminary arrangements, the journey to the fair occupies a party of Tshuktshi more than a year. When crossing Behring's Strait, they make use of a kind of leathern boats or *baidares;* and the slender construction of these little vessels, together with the total ignorance of navigation on the part of the adventurous crews, render the passage one of considerable danger. On their journey overland they usually halt at the Tshaun Bay, exchange their tired reindeer for fresh ones, and fetch their own again on their return.

In their trade with the Americans, as well as with the Russians, the Tshuktshi are in reality only carriers; for they embark no capital of their own, nor, with the exception of reindeer-skins, and a few other trifles, do they offer for sale any article the produce of their own industry. From the Kargauls, and other inhabitants of the north-western coast of America, they purchase sea-horse tusks and furs, and pay for them with tobacco, ironware, glass-beads, &c. which they obtain from the Russians, in exchange for the former description of merchandise. In this commerce all the parties concerned are great gainers. For half a pood of tobacco the Tshuktshi will obtain from the Americans a parcel of skins, for which the Russians cheerfully give two poods of the same tobacco; the Russian pays for these two poods of tobacco at most one hundred and sixty rubles, and he obtains for them a parcel of skins, which he is sure to dispose of for at least two hundred and sixty rubles.

The furs brought for sale by the Tshuktshi consist chiefly of black and silver-grey foxes, white or arctic foxes, lynxes, wolverenes, river-otters, beavers, and a remarkably beautiful kind of marten, never met with in Siberia, and very nearly approaching the sable in colour, as well as in the quality of the hair. In addition to these, they bring with them bear-skins, sea-horse leather, and the tusks of the same animal, the latter in very great quantities. All these articles they purchase from the Americans. The only articles of their own manufacture are sledge-runners of whale-ribs, various articles of wearing apparel made of reindeer skins, and a kind of portmanteau of sealskin, being nothing more than the entire skin of the animal, with a small opening in the belly, through which the flesh and bones have been taken out, and the interior very neatly tanned.

The goods brought by the Russian merchants are precisely calculated for the wants and tastes of the Tshuktshi. The great article is tobacco: in addition to this, various iron tools, &c. such as kettles, axes, knives, fire-boxes, needles; copper, tin, and wooden vessels; and a number of coloured glass beads for the women. Fain would the Russian traders add brandy to the list of their commodities; but there exists a most wise and benevolent prohibition on this subject, which effectually prevents the open sale of spirits. A small quantity, however, still finds its way to the fair, and most extravagant prices are given for it by the Tshuktshi, who call it the *Maddening Water.* Their passion for spirits is so great that when a Tshuktshi has tasted one glass, he will give unhesitatingly a fine black fox-skin, worth two hundred and fifty rubles, for a few bottles of wretched corn-brandy, that had been purchased at Yakutsk for a few rubles. The Russian merchants bring likewise tea, sugar, cloths, &c. for those of their own countrymen who visit the fair.

In addition to the Russians and Tshuktshi, the fair is visited by many of the native tribes within a circuit of a thousand or fifteen hun-

dred versts,* some on narti, and others on horseback. They bring with them a number of articles of their own manufacture, particularly a great quantity of sledge-runners, which they barter away advantageously to the Tshuktshi for furs. The variety of the costumes and vehicles of these tribes contributes not a little to give animation and interest to the scene.

On the 10th of February, the Russian merchants and the chiefs of the Tshuktshi assembled at the Commissary's, to hear certain rules and regulations respecting the fair. This, however, was a mere matter of form; the real business being to fix certain prices for their respective goods. This is a necessary precaution; for, without it, the mad competition of the Russian traders would lead them to outbid one another, and the consequence would be the depreciation of the Russian merchandise. After some discussion, dispute, and screaming, it was at last settled that two poods of Circassian tobacco should pass current for sixteen fox and twenty marten skins. According to this standard the prices of all the other articles were fixed. Whoever should sell anything at a lower price was to pay a fine, and lose the right for that year of carrying on any dealings in the fair.

After the Commissary had levied from the Tshuktshi a trifling toll, on account of government, a solemn mass was performed in the chapel on the morning of the 11th, followed by a prayer soliciting success to trade,† and immediately afterwards a flag was drawn up, as a signal for opening the fair. The Tshuktshi, armed with spears, bows, and arrows, then put themselves in motion, approached in an orderly and solemn procession, and arranged the sledges containing their merchandise in a semicircle in front of the Commissary's. The Russians and the other visiters to the fair arrayed themselves on the opposite side, and all awaited with impatience the sound of the bell, before which the barter was not permitted to commence. The first stroke appeared to act like electricity on the Russian side of the fair. Old and young, men and women, all rushed helter-skelter, one over the other, to the Tshuktshi sledges. Every one was anxious to be the first, to snatch up the best lots, and dispose of his own goods to the best advantage, with which he was laden in the most fantastic manner. The Russians were by far the most eager and animated. Dragging a heavy sack of tobacco with one hand, a couple of iron pots or kettles with the other, with axes, knives, wooden and horn tobacco-pipes, glass beads, &c. suspended from their girdles, and over their shoulders, these ambulatory booths were running at full speed from one sledge to another, puffing their various commodities in a kind of lingua franca that passed current at the fair, composed of a strange mixture of Russian, Yakootish, and Tshuktshish. The screaming, the crowding, and the pushing baffle all attempts at description. Here one tumbling down in the snow, and fifty or a hundred of his rivals running over him; in the confusion he loses cap and gloves, and perhaps finds himself minus a brace of teeth; still the excitement of trade will not allow him to pause; quickly he is on his legs again, running about with bare head and hands, in spite of thirty degrees of frost, anxious

* The standard of measurement is here somewhat large; but it must be remembered that the district of Kolymsk extends over about forty-four thousand five hundred square versts.

† I very much regretted that the companion to this ceremony, the incantation of the Tshuktshi Shamauns, likewise intended to procure for them a fortunate issue to the fair, had taken place the day before my arrival.

apparently to atone for lost time by redoubled activity. The extraordinary activity of the Russians forms a singular contrast to the serious demeanour and imperturbable tranquillity of the Tshuktshi, who stand quietly by the side of their sledges, and either answer nothing to the inexhaustible eloquence of their antagonists, or if they do vouchsafe a reply, it is only by a syllable or two. It is only when the offer appears perfectly acceptable that they very coolly take possession of the article offered them, and hand over theirs in return. This discreet behaviour, quite characteristic of the Tshuktshi, gives them an immense advantage over the Russians, who, excited by the spirit of rivalry, quite forget the tariff of prices, frequently offer two poods of tobacco for one, and often, instead of a sable, accept a marten, or some other skin of inferior value. It is remarkable to observe how exactly the Tshuktshi, who make no use of weights, can tell by the mere handling of a bag whether it contain the stipulated quantity. If there be a pound or two wanting in a pood, they detect the deficiency immediately.

In about three days all the merchandise at the fair usually changes hands. The Tshuktshi thereupon leisurely depart; the Russians and the other visiters likewise bid farewell to the place; and in a few days afterwards this flourishing emporium of trade is left without a single human creature. And should a drift of snow of more than common weight pass that way, the chances are that the flag-staff on the fortress will be the only visible object by which it will be possible in the ensuing year to discover the buried greatness of Ostrovnoïe.

This fair is of much more importance than might be supposed, when the brief duration and the insignificant toll paid by the Tshuktshi is considered. The merchandise bartered away averages two hundred thousand rubles every year. The intercourse to which this fair has led has taught the Tshuktshi the use of many objects of which formerly they had no knowledge, but which have now become articles of necessity to them; particularly tobacco and iron. Strong as their objection is to everything in the shape of a tribute, which they consider as an acknowledgment of subjection, they are still quite willing to purchase the permission of dealing for those articles with the Russians, by the payment of the market toll already alluded to. The toll amounted this year only to thirty foxes' skins, of which one was paid by each of the principal traders. No doubt the Tshuktshi might easily be brought to pay the tribute, and to submit themselves formally to the Russian government, if the commissaries knew how to gain their confidence and respect. The cowardice and inconsistency of these officers, and their mean avarice, lead them to numberless acts of baseness and imbecility, by which they entirely forfeit the respect of the Tshuktshi, who, in spite of their want of polish, have certainly a very quick and correct apprehension of right and wrong.

I took advantage of the first meeting at the fortress to have some discourse with a few of the principal Tshuktshi chiefs on the subject of our intended journey and its motives. The principal persons at this conference were, Makamok and Loit, from the Bay of St. Lawrence; Valetka, whose numerous reindeer feed to the east of Cape Shelagskoi; and Evrashka, whose tribe lead a nomadic life about the Tshaun Bay. After they had received rich presents of tobacco, I acquainted them that we had been commissioned by the Emperor to examine the Arctic Ocean, and its shores, in order to ascertain whether, and in what manner, that part of it might best be navigated, and the articles of

which they stood in need brought to them in greater quantities, and cheaper. As, however, it might be necessary in the course of these investigations to approach their coast, perhaps even visit it, we hoped that we should meet with a friendly reception and assistance, for which they might look to be liberally rewarded. This last remark appeared to give some offence; and one of them, Valetka, said, "Are we not also subjects of the Son of the Sun (the Emperor), who gave us these arms,—not to do injury with them, or to abuse them, but to become useful through their means?" Saying this, he struck with evident pride on a silver-mounted cutlass, which his father had received as a present in the reign of Catherine II. and in that sovereign's name. The result of the conference was, that all the chiefs pledged their words, and struck hands upon the promise, not only to give a friendly reception to our expedition, but to support it by every means in their power. The treaty was ratified by a portion of spirits, which I placed before my guests, to their very great satisfaction.

The negotiation of my travelling companion, Cochrane, terminated less favourably. He represented himself to be a merchant, desirous of passing through the Tshuktshi-land to the Bay of St. Lawrence, and thence to America, and offered a liberal remuneration in spirits and tobacco for a safe conduct. Loit demanded no less than thirty poods of tobacco* to convey him to Metshigmensk Bay in June; Valetka, on the other hand, offered to take him to the Verkon River for nothing, and there to recommend him to the care of another chief, with whom he might go to Tshukotskoi Noss; or, if he preferred it, he might return with him (Valetka) next year to Ostrovnoïe. Loit's demand was extravagantly high; Valetka, however, by his extreme disinterestedness, excited suspicion. Mr. Cochrane, moreover, had had many opportunities of seeing the Tshuktshi more closely, and felt convinced that a prolonged residence among them would bring with it many privations and sufferings, while his ignorance of their language would prevent him from deriving any really useful information. These reflections, and the conviction which forced itself upon him, that, owing to the violent character of these unceremonious Nomades, his passport from the governor would secure him neither against being murdered, nor against being frozen to death, induced him to resign his original plan, and to return to Nishney Kolymsk.

The Tshuktshi are as yet but very imperfectly known. Few observant travellers have visited this part of the world, and those few have described only the costume of the people, and some of their most striking customs and religious solemnities. No one yet has ever had an opportunity by a prolonged residence among them, or by means of a knowledge of their language, of becoming acquainted with their manner of life, their political institutions; in a word, no one has yet been in a situation to pronounce a deliberate judgment on the peculiar character of a race deserving, in many respects, of our attention. I myself spent only a few days among them, and could ascertain but little respecting their opinions, customs, and manners. Their whole atten-

* Cochrane says, the demand was one hundred and twenty poods (4,320 lbs. English), and makes no mention of the more liberal offer of Valetka. Cochrane, however, laboured under great difficulties in the conference, and may have misunderstood much. He was ignorant of the Russian language; and all the conversation between himself and the Tshuktshi had to pass through the hands of two interpreters.—Ed.

tion was at this time occupied by the business of the fair; and extreme caution was necessary, lest by asking too many questions, suspicion of some design against their independence might be awakened,—a subject on which they are at all times extremely jealous. I endeavoured, however, to collect as much direct information from them as circumstances allowed.

Of all the tribes of Northern Asia, the Tshuktshi have maintained their national peculiarities in the greatest purity. Peaceably disposed, and conscious of their own weakness, they wander among the heaths, the mountains, and the ravines of their native land, the limits of which have been greatly circumscribed, in consequence of many sanguinary battles with the first conquerors of Siberia. Like all uncivilized nations they have few wants, and these are for the most part satisfied by their herds of reindeer, which provide them with shelter, clothing, and food. Under their reindeer tents they think themselves far happier on the snowy wastes of their gloomy icy land, than any of their neighbours dwelling under Russian laws. They endure the severest hardships and privations with a light heart; they feel elevated by a consciousness of their own independence; and look down with contempt upon those who have forfeited their hereditary freedom for the sake of a few enjoyments and conveniences that may be dispensed with.

Previously to the conquest of Siberia, the Tshuktshi dwelt in a state of almost uninterrupted warfare with the other tribes, owing to the constant acts of spoliation of which they were guilty towards each other. Here, however, as elsewhere, a common danger united the bitterest foes. Frequent incursions of the Russians had almost put an end to internal dissensions, when the more important invasions, in 1750, of Shestakoff, and of the Voyevode of Yakutsk, Pavlutski, led all the smaller tribes to form a league with the Tshuktshi, in order to offer resistance to the common enemy. Still the contest remained most unequal. Several signal defeats shook the confidence entertained till then in the invincibility of the Tshuktshi, who fled at last for refuge to their inhospitable mountains and ravines, whither it was difficult for the victors to follow them, and where nothing tempted to a pursuit attended by innumerable perils and obstacles.

The Russians contented themselves, therefore, with the subjection of the smaller tribes; and it was long before they even succeeded in establishing anything like a commercial intercourse with the Tshuktshi. Still full of suspicion, they at first appeared upon their own frontiers in large numbers only, completely prepared for battle; and it was not till after an experience of many years had satisfied them of the peaceable disposition of the Russians, that they gradually became more confiding. At present they come with wives and children to a considerable distance within the Russian frontier, and enter on a commerce of barter highly profitable to both parties. This traffic has exercised a very favourable influence upon them, their intercourse with the Russians having considerably softened their manners. Upon the whole it is scarcely to be doubted that they will gradually approach more nearly to the Russians, and at length become incorporated with them, like the Yukagires, the Tshuvantsi, the Koriaks, &c.

The greater part of the Tshuktshi have allowed themselves to be baptized, but this has had no farther influence; they are merely baptized Pagans, without the slightest conception of the doctrines and spirit of the Christian religion. With most of them, indeed, the act of

baptism is a mere matter of finance, by means of which they obtain possession of a few pounds of tobacco, a copper kettle, or some such article, — presents being always made to those who submit to the ceremony. The consequence of this is, that many who have already been baptized once, after a little while apply a second time, and are very much dissatisfied if their demand for a second christening is not complied with. It seldom happens that the priest of Nishney Kolymsk, who visits the fair every year, does not find a few Tshuktshi or Lamoots that have not yet been baptized. These generally agree to undergo the ceremony, if a present is promised them. Such was the case this time with a young Tshuktshe, with whom the prospect of obtaining a few pounds of Circassian tobacco, operated as a powerful inducement. A great number of spectators were assembled in and about the chapel. The ceremony began; the new convert standing very quietly and respectfully, and allowing the priest and sponsors to do as they thought proper; but when called on, in compliance with the rites of the Russian church, to plunge into the baptismal font arranged for his accommodation, consisting of a large wooden tub or cask, he began to shake his head very gravely, and advanced a multitude of objections that were of course quite unintelligible to any of us. After a long "confabulation" with the interpreter, in which the tobacco probably played the most prominent part, our candidate for Christianity at length mustered resolution, and plunged into the icy bath. He jumped out more nimbly than he had jumped in, and, trembling all over with cold, cried out, "My tobacco! give me my tobacco!" Pains were taken to make him understand that the ceremony was not yet over, and that, having gone so far, he was bound to go farther. All this, however, was preaching to deaf ears; he jumped about, with his teeth chattering, and incessantly crying out, "Enough! — no more! — my tobacco!" At last, unable to gain his point, he left the whole assembly in the lurch, and ran off to his *polog*, or tent, to warm himself a little after the cold bath into which he had allowed himself to be seduced.

Such scenes, I was told, were of frequent occurrence, and this may afford some notion of the real value of these Tshuktshi conversions; which are not, nor cannot be, of the slightest value, not being preceded by any preparatory instruction. To give them this is indeed scarcely possible, on account of the wandering life they lead; on account of the ignorance of their language, which disables the priest from affording them any explanation of the principles of religion. The Bible Society of St. Petersburg has indeed had the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, and, if I am not mistaken, one or two of the Gospels, translated into the Tshuktshi dialect, and printed in Russian letters; but, in the first place, the rude language was wanting in a multitude of words to express new and abstract ideas; and, secondly, there were no letters to express its eternal rattling, hissing, and croaking sounds; the consequence is, that this translation is entirely unintelligible to those for whom it is intended The baptized Tshuktshi have hitherto assumed only a few outward signs of Christianity, and such only as occasioned no inconvenience to them, or interfered with none of their previous habits. Thus, for instance, polygamy is as common among the baptized as among the unbaptized; the wealthy have two, three, and even more, wives, and these they take and leave according to their fancy, and sometimes even exchange for others. The condition of the women, therefore, is that of slaves, yet they are

better treated on the whole than among more uncivilized nations. Marked respect is shown them; they are the constant companions of their husbands, and it is not at all uncommon to see a clever housewife exercise the most perfect control over all the rest of the family.

Among the Pagan customs to which the Tshuktshi still adhere, there are some most revolting and inhuman. All children, for instance, born with bodily infirmities, are immediately put to death; and the same course is pursued with respect to old people, who are thought to be no longer able to endure the hardships of a wandering life among the icy deserts. A melancholy example of the latter kind occurred only a few years ago. One of the most wealthy and powerful of the Tshuktshi chiefs, the father of Valetka, felt himself growing feeble, and weary of life, and was at his own request put to death by his nearest relatives, who in so doing thought they were only performing a sacred duty. The Shamauns, who, in spite of the baptismal rite, still exercise an immense influence, contribute much to the maintenance of these inhuman customs. Every tribe, every caravan, has one or more Shamauns, who are consulted upon every important occasion, and whose decisions no one ventures to oppose. How great their influence was may be gathered by the following, among other instances, that occurred at the fair of Ostrovnoïe in 1814. A pestilence broke out suddenly among the Tshuktshi who had come to the fair, and became more and more violent, in spite of all the incantations, drummings, and jumpings of the Shamauns; many men died, and a still greater number of reindeer, the chief wealth of the people. A general assembly of Shamauns was held, in which it was determined that, to propitiate the incensed spirits, and to put an end to the destructive malady, it was necessary that Kotshen, one of the most influential among all their chiefs, should be sacrificed. Kotshen was so generally beloved and esteemed by his nation, that, notwithstanding the implicit obedience generally shown to the decisions of the Shamauns, their judgment was on this occasion rejected. The pestilence, however, continuing to rage among men and cattle, and the Shamauns persisting in their judgment in spite of threats and ill-usage,* Kotshen, at length, like another Curtius, declared he saw the spirits were determined to have him for a sacrifice, and therefore devoted his own life to preserve his nation. Still the general affection with which he was regarded opposed itself to the execution of the horrible sentence of the Shamauns. No one would lay his hand upon the sacrifice, till Kotshen's own son, softened by the father's entreaties, and by the menace of his malediction, planted the murderous steel in his heart, and surrendered the body to the Shamauns.

So powerful is still the influence of Shamaunism, which occupies the place of religion, but which is distinguished from all other religions by the absence of everything like doctrine or law, if we except a few fabulous traditions. The belief and practice of the Shamauns is not anything invented by one man, and bequeathed to others; it arises in the breast of each separately from the impression of the objects by which he is surrounded. As the exterior objects in the wastes of Siberia are everywhere as uniform as the degree of enlightenment

* The Shamaun is often well beaten, to induce him to alter an unpopular judgment. This gentle correction frequently produces the desired effect; but he often persists in his first decision, and such firmness never fails to raise him greatly in public estimation.

to which the half-savage population has reached, the impressions produced are nearly the same in all places, and on all individuals. When these Nomades abandon their wandering life, fix themselves in permanent habitations, and are brought within the reach of civilised influence, then, and then only, will the spontaneous belief in good and evil spirits and Shamauns disappear, and give place to the pure doctrines of Christianity.

Almost all who have hitherto expressed an opinion respecting the Shamauns, pronounce them at once to be gross cheats, whose convulsions are a mere juggle, carried on with a view to gain. From all I have observed here, and in other parts of Siberia, I am disposed to consider this judgment severe and unjust. It is, at all events, one-sided, and can apply only to the jugglers who, under the name of Shamauns, wander through the country, and by a variety of marvellous conjuring tricks, such as handling red hot iron, piercing their skin with needles, and the like, astonish the ignorant, and extort money from them. The real Shamauns belong to no caste; they form no distinct body, combined for one common object; they arise as individuals, and stand individually alone. A man happens to be born of an enthusiastic imagination and of excitable nerves; he grows up in a belief in the marvels of spirits and Shamauns; the spectacle of their unnatural convulsions, the mystical character of their whole existence, produce a lively impression on the youth. He longs to obtain admission to a communion with the strange and supernatural; but there is no one to act as his guide; for the oldest Shamaun is himself unconscious how he became one. It is from himself, — from that vast and gloomy nature that immediately surrounds him, — that the neophyte must derive his knowledge of that which is incomprehensible. Solitude, retirement from human intercourse, watching, fasting, heating and narcotic drugs,—all these raise his imagination to the highest point of excitement. He becomes convinced that he has himself seen the spirits and apparitions of which he heard in early youth. At length he is consecrated as a Shamaun, — that is to say, during the silence of the night, and amid certain solemn forms, he is made acquainted with the conventional grasp of the hand, the use of the magic drum, &c. But all this adds nothing to his previous knowledge, occasions no change in his state of mind; it is a mere external ceremony; his future words, actions, and feelings remain the effects of his mental constitution; he is no cold calculating impostor, no common juggler. Whenever I have seen a genuine Shamaun perform his rites, the spectacle has always left a lasting and gloomy impression upon me: the wild look, the bloodshot eyes, the hoarse voice, apparently forcing its way by a powerful effort from the convulsively contracted breast, the unnatural distortion of the face and the whole body, the erect hair, nay even the hollow tone of the magical drum, — all combined to impart something ghastly and mysterious to the scene.

The camp of the Tshuktshi, formed of several detached groups, presents not a very cheerful, but, in its way, a very picturesque aspect. In the centre of each group of ten or twenty tents rises that of the chief, which is larger, loftier, and more ornamented than the rest, generally close to a tree, against which it leans for support, surrounded by the travelling sledges of the women and children. Near it stands a few favourite reindeer, tied up and fed on fine moss, while the rest are obliged to scrape away the snow with their hoofs, in order to get

at their scanty food. About the tents, and on the branches of the trees, are hung in poetical disorder, bows, arrows, quivers, articles of dress, skins of all colours, and household utensils of various forms. From the summit of each tent rises a column of smoke mixed with sparks, and here and there perhaps a fire in the open air, with a pot suspended over it. Among all this are seen the grotesque human creatures themselves, enveloped from head to foot in furs, covered all over with a white hoar frost, and running about so merrily, in spite of thirty-four degrees of frost, that one might be tempted to believe them insensible to any feeling of cold.

The travelling tents, not so large as those the Tshuktshi use at home, are of soft tanned reindeer skins sewn together, and sustained by means of a few thin poles. Under this outer tent, which has an opening at the top to let out the smoke, are the kitchen (an iron pot, with a fire lighted under it), and the sleeping-tent. This is a large bag sown together, of the finest skins of young reindeer, and kept in the form of a square box by means of some staves and laths, but so low, that the most its inmates can do, is to sit upright in it, or to creep about upon their knees. This sleeping tent has no opening either for light or air. To give light and warmth to this sleeping-tent, a large earthen pot stands in the centre filled with train-oil, and in this burns a wick made of moss. In so small a space, hermetically closed, the heat produced by this lamp-fire is so great, that even during the severest frost the inmates sit there nearly naked. One tent often covers two or three sleeping-tents, each containing a separate family, or perhaps one of the wives of the owner of the tent and her children.

Loit, one of the richest chiefs, invited me to visit him, and I was delighted with this opportunity of seeing something of the domestic life of these people; but scarcely had I been introduced into the sleeping-tent by my hospitable host in the humble manner above described, than I most heartily wished myself out again. The atmosphere prevailing in the air-tight box may be imagined. I thought I should have been stifled. The hostess and her daughter, a young girl of seventeen, received me with a loud shout of laughter, occasioned, no doubt, by the awkward manner in which I entered their drawing-room, which contained six naked Tshuktshi, male and female, and then proceeded, without the slightest embarrassment, to plait a few strings of beads into their greasy hair, a thing done entirely in honour of my visit. I was requested to be seated; and as soon as their toilet was completed, Madame Loit placed a dirty wooden trough before me, with some boiled reindeer venison without salt, and over this, to make it more agreeable and palatable, she poured a liberal portion of rancid train-oil, and kindly invited me to fall to without ceremony. I shuddered, but there was no help for it. Not to give offence, I was obliged to swallow a few mouthfuls. My host meanwhile devoured meat and broth with incredible eagerness, and without the assistance of fork or spoon, praising to me all the while in broken Russian the culinary talents of his lady, who, it seemed, was famed for her skill in communicating to the train-oil a certain bitter acid flavour, that was highly prized by her lord. I shortened my visit as much as possible, and was well pleased when I got out, and was able to breathe a little fresh air again; but the smell of the sleeping tent remained in my clothes for several days, in spite of all my beating and airing. Loit is not only one of the richest, but also one of the most cultivated of his nation; some notion may therefore be formed of the domestic delights of humbler mansions.

It is astonishing that, living in so pestilential an atmosphere, and in such habitual filth, the people remain so strong and healthy as they do. They are a fine well-grown race of men; and herein, as well as in their physiognomy, they are distinguished from all other Asiatic nations. The Tshuktshi appear to be of American origin, although their language bears no resemblance to the American dialects. Their own name for themselves is *Tshetko.*

In addition to the soirée just described given me by my friend Loit, I was invited by another chief, Makomol, to a race given by himself near his camp, and to which he brought me in his own sledge. A large portion of the assembled crowd had been attracted from the fair, and these, having posted themselves in two lines, formed the race-course. Three prizes were destined for the victors, namely, a blue fox-skin, a beaver, and two very fine sea-horse tusks. At a given signal the race commenced, and we had every reason to admire, not only the astonishing rapidity of the reindeer, but also the admirable skill with which the charioteers guided and urged them. In addition to the prizes, the victors received the loud acclamations of all present, more particularly of their own countrymen, upon which they appeared to place the highest value. The sledge-race was followed by a foot-race, more curious even than the former, the competitors being all in their usual heavy, stiff, and cumbrous costume, in which it was only with the greatest difficulty that we could stir at all. They ran, however, through the deep snow as lightly and nimbly as a most elegant runner could have done in his jacket and pumps. They were thoroughly "game," as may be judged from the fact, that the distance to be run round a hill could not be less than fifteen versts, and that the race was well contested. The victors were again rewarded by inferior prizes, and by the applause of the public; but it was evident the Tshuktshi set less value on the skill of the runners than on that of the charioteers. As soon as the games were ended, the whole assembly were entertained with boiled reindeer, cut up into portions, and served out in wooden bowls, each Tshuktshi fetching one for himself, and eating it very contentedly on the snow. Their orderly behaviour, as well during the games as at the banquet that followed, was admirable. There was no crowding, pushing, or quarrelling; everything went off decorously.

On the following day I was visited at my quarters by a numerous party of Tshuktshi, male and female, who came to take leave of me, and to commend themselves to my remembrance. I had only tea and sugar-candy to treat the ladies with. The latter they accepted very willingly, but left the balmy infusion, which appeared not to be to their taste. Frugal as was my entertainment, still, by the aid of a few glass beads, blue, red, and white, which I distributed, I put my guests into such good humour, that the ladies offered to get up a dance. There was nothing, to be sure, very refined in the ballet; but it was peculiar in its kind. The bayaderes, in their stiff ungainly furs, placed themselves in a close circle, and, without stirring from the spot, kept moving their feet slowly backwards and forwards, and tossing their hands violently about in the air all the time. The countenance, however, played the most prominent part in the performance, being distorted most extravagantly. This was accompanied by a kind of song, consisting of single discordant tones, or successive grunts. By way of *finale*, one of their favourite national dances was executed by three *artistes* of the first eminence, whose performance was most enthusiastically applauded by their own country-people. We uninitiated

ones beheld only three uncouth oily objects, holding one another by the hand, rushing at each other with the most frightful grimaces, then starting back again, and keeping up the sport till perspiration and exhaustion forced them to break up the ball. By the advice of our interpreter, a little brandy and tobacco was offered to these solo dancers, who accepted them with great delight, and the whole party left us highly pleased with our hospitality, and with reiterated invitations to visit them in their own country.

On the sixth day after our arrival the fair was at an end. The Tshuktshi chiefs paid me one last formal visit, to renew their assurance that we might depend on a friendly reception in their country; after which they set off for their homes, in five or six separate caravans. The population of the surrounding country did the same, as did also the merchants of Kolymsk, the Commissary, and the priest, to whose party we joined ourselves. In a short time the last trace of the busy life that had so lately prevailed there disappeared under a covering of fresh snow. Some hungry foxes and wolverenes established themselves there immediately on our departure, and held a little fair of their own, to discuss the bones and other remnants that lay scattered about the huts and the late encampments.

I left Ostrovnoïe on the 16th of March. Our return was quick and easy, partly because the dogs had been well fed and well rested during the fair time, and partly because we everywhere found hard and beaten tracks. We accordingly reached Nishney Kolymsk in good spirits on the 19th.

JACK FROST.

WHAT a very strange fellow Jack Frost must be!
What a creature of mischief and fun!
Just come to the window a moment, and see
What odd things the urchin has done.

The meadows were emerald-green last night,
And the ruffled pond was blue;
But the mischievous elf has clothed in white
The pond and the meadows too.

He 's always on some strange frolic bent
When the sun is out of the way,
And prowls about with felon intent
In winter, by night and by day.

Sometimes with glass he paves the flood,
Or whitens the emerald dale,
Or he scatters his wool o'er the naked wood,
Or pelts the roof with hail.

I should like to know where his home may be—
Perhaps on Ben Nevis' crest,
Or perchance in the dreary Polar sea
He makes his icy nest.

With silent tread, when we 're in bed,
He 'll be at his pranks again,
With wind and snow, and I don't know who,
And the rest of his madcap men.

But we 'll heap the blazing fagots high,
And sit round the fire so bright,
And we 'll spend the day right cozily,
And laugh at all his spite.

S. W. P.

THE DEATH-BED CONFESSION.

FROM THE POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF A LATE SURGEON.

"One fatal remembrance."—MOORE.

I HAVE often thought that no profession is so fraught with the recollection of human suffering, mental and corporeal, in all their varied and characteristic shades of life and death, as that of the surgeon and general medical practitioner. The attorney in the course of business is sufficiently connected with misery, Heaven knows. It may be his stern duty to drag from the writhing hand of poverty the last shilling; he may have to issue an execution, and, amid the wailings of a forlorn family, see torn from them, by his minion the broker, their every household chattel,—perhaps leaving a once smiling and happy hearth desolate indeed; nay, the attorney may have to consign some hopeless debtor to all the wretchedness of a prison for life; but the melancholy sequel—the last horrors of existence that border upon the mystic awfulness of eternity—the *deathbed*—belongs of right to us, and those whose holy ministry breathes, through a blessed Redeemer, the consoling balm of peace to the repentant and departing soul!

The wealthy, the poor, the honourable and ignoble, in all the lights and shadows of circumstance and character, call upon the professor of the "healing art" to administer the fruits of his study, to expel that foe to health and enjoyment, fell disease, with its hydra head. In the chambers of the sick, in the grey of early morning, or with the garish sunlight of the day streaming through the half-closed curtains, or at the more solemn midnight hour, when "half the world is hushed in deep repose," the eventful pages of life and death sometimes display strange and startling scenes to us;—when the anguish of the body and mind conjoined in the sufferer have thrown off the artificialities of every-day existence. The spirit then bordering upon the confines of another world, in the muttering of the broken sleep, the sudden start and exclamation, or even in the very raving of delirium, oftentimes but too eloquently tells of woe or vice, in all the horrors of their true details. Amid such scenes I have often noted that truth has worn a garb stranger than fiction.

Some such motive, I may say, has induced me to write the following recollection.

My early life in the profession was accompanied by a circumstance that, to say the least of it, was not a little singular. It is now some five-and-twenty years since I first commenced practice in this at present overgrown metropolis of London. The first house I occupied was in a style commensurate with my humble fortunes, in a small thoroughfare leading out of Oxford Street. Having but few friends, and those resident in the country, and but a very meagre capital for support until I got into active employment, the knowledge of this fact perhaps only served to stimulate me in my endeavours to obtain practice; but, in spite of every effort, it was to no purpose. I felt myself under a kind of ban, of having the tolerable portion of

skill I knew myself possessed of, remain unknown. Daily, hourly, as I vainly hoped and sought for business, and as my capital gradually decreased, I had the mortification of knowing that my circumstances soon threatened to involve me in all the horrors of poverty.

If I had been a single man, I could have managed to have borne my ill fortune perhaps with something like resignation; but there were two beings entirely dependent upon me for support—a young wife, and an infant at her breast.

One dull December evening, my wife and I were mourning over our gloomy circumstances. The tea-things had been just removed, and we were sitting in the little parlour adjoining my small and seldom-visited surgery. As I contemplated for a moment the horrors of beggary, I burst out into some of those repinings, which I did not possess philosophy enough entirely to suppress, while my angel wife endeavoured to soothe the rugged bitterness of my spirit with the first and last exhortation of the wretched—to hope! My last twenty pounds had been taken from my banker's hands the preceding week, and where I was to obtain a fresh supply when that was gone, Heaven only knew. Something was to be resolved upon soon; but each plan proposed was speedily rejected as impracticable. We had sunken into a silent fit of reflection, gazing at the fire, when the voices of many persons, apparently approaching the house, fell upon our ears.

"This is the house—here's the nearest doctor's. Take care of the gemman," cried several voices.

I rushed to the door, which was already opened by the servant, and by the light of an adjoining lamp I beheld a considerable crowd of people half surrounding four men, employed in supporting the body of one who, twenty rough voices at one and the same moment informed me, had been run over by a carriage.

Conducting the four men into my surgery, I had my patient placed in a reclining arm-chair. He appeared covered with mud, and in great pain. In crossing Oxford Street, one of the men who assisted in bringing him informed me, he had been run over by the wheels of a carriage driven at a furious rate. The stranger, judging from a single glance at his tall and attenuated figure, had once, no doubt, been a singularly fine man, though now debilitated by age and grief, as his white hair and the furrowed lines of his open and intellectual countenance seemed to infer. He was suffering acute pain, which he informed me proceeded from his right leg. I now perceived, indeed, that this limb laid in a very lifeless and unnatural position. Taking my scissors from my case, I immediately cut down the seam of the trowsers, and through part of the stocking, laying bare the hurt limb, which, as I had expected, exhibited a severe fracture, through which a portion of ragged bone protruded. At the same moment the old gentleman had with much difficulty raised himself a little, and now bent his eyes over the shattered leg.

"Ha! as I thought!" he exclaimed, in a tone of voice in which pain, self-possession, and resignation were singularly blended. "Fracture of the *tibia* and *fibula*, just below the *upper third*. You must have recourse to your splints."

At this observation, which I knew could only have emanated from a medical man, the slight hope of reward I had cherished at once vanished from my mind, and I prepared as cheerfully as I could to render those services to a brother of the profession that were called for by humanity, and rendered gratuitous from custom. Indeed, I apparently had little reason to regret the discovery; for, from the old man's dress, it would have been reasonable to infer that his resources admitted but of a very wretched fee.

By the time I had cleaned the wound and bandaged on the splints,—a painful operation, which my patient bore with unshrinking firmness,—he complained of considerable faintness, which I relieved by administering a small glass of brandy.

"I fear this will go hard with my life," said the old gentleman, regarding my countenance with a steady glance.

"If I were to tell you that you are not in considerable danger, I should deceive you, sir," I replied, at the same time inwardly dreading the worst from the evidently debilitated state of my patient's frame.

"Well, God's will be done, and not that of a wretched sinner like me!" murmured the stranger, laying a kind of bitter emphasis upon the latter word.

The men who had carried my patient, and who seemed to belong to that very doubtful class, who, without any direct employment, may generally be seen congregated round the coach-stands in London, now took the opportunity of asking very significantly if they were *wanted* any longer. I immediately perceived their drift, and asked my patient if it would not be better to send a note to his family or friends to apprise them of the accident, before making his appearance among them.

"No, it is needless; that pain is mercifully spared me and them. I have no family,—no friends," replied the old gentleman, in a voice so forlorn that it went to my heart at once, and even for a moment seemed to affect the men standing by.

"Shall I call the gemman a coach?" inquired one.

"No," replied my patient; "that is the worst conveyance for a broken limb. Take a cab, and obtain for me, if possible, a stretcher, and—"

The old man, evidently with a strong mental effort, suppressed the anguish he felt from his fractured limb; but the agony he endured was but too perceptible in the writhing of his countenance, down which the large drops of perspiration trickled one after the other. I was moved at the sight, and a feeling of commiseration got the better of my selfishness: indeed, I even forgot my own situation at the moment, as I made him the offer of a vacant bed in the house.

"You are kind, sir," he replied, a flush succeeding the death-like paleness of his care-stricken features. "I am not quite prepared to die — that is, I could wish to live *some months* longer, and I fear a removal at present might greatly increase the inflammation; therefore, if I do not encumber you, I will accept your offer. But there is one, my kind landlady,—you must apprise her of my misfortune." And he gave me his address, when I immediately penned a note, which I despatched by one of the men to the street in Tottenham-court-road where Mr. Benfield (the name of my patient) resided.

After giving him an anodyne draught, by assisting the men a little, I managed to get him carried up stairs, without inducing much additional pain from the fractured limb.

"Perhaps the gen'elman will have the goodness to think of us now," said one of the men, as we got my patient into bed, endeavouring to assume an air of modesty which sat upon his coarse features with intolerable grace.

"True, I must remember I have to reward your humanity, as it is not the worldly fashion to confer services for nothing." And the old gentleman putting his hand into a small side-pocket of his great-coat, as it hung by his bed-side, took out a sovereign, which, to my surprise, he gave to be divided among the men.

The sight of this sum, so much larger a donation than these worthies had expected to receive, wrought an almost magical effect upon them, and brought forth numerous professions of gratitude.

"I see, sir, you 're a real gemman," uttered the fellow who had been spokesman previously. "Although I didn't think of it afore, I can tell you the number of the coach as knocked you down."

"It is of little consequence," said the stranger with a deep sigh.

"But the willain, Jem Burns, as drove over your honour," continued the man.

"I forgive him with all my heart," uttered the benevolent old gentleman.

Perceiving that the sleeping potion was already beginning to take a slight effect upon my patient, I placed the bell-rope close to his head, and forbidding the expression of some thanks he was about to utter, I led my rough assistants down stairs, when they took their departure with many offers of service to "the queer old gen'elman, as didn't mind people running over him."

In the parlour I found my kind partner all anxiety to learn the state of our guest, and while discoursing of the suddenness on the occurrence, Mrs. Smith, his landlady, arrived. She was a woman past the meridian of life, and, with all the vulgar garrulity so common to her station in society, displayed a strong feeling of sorrow for Mr. Benfield's accident. The cause, indeed, of this emotion was sufficiently accounted for, when she informed us that her lodger had, by his great attention and medical skill, saved the life of her eldest son.

"Oh, sir," continued the widow, for such she was, "poor dear old Mr. Benfield is the best of men. He 's never happy but when he 's doing good to somebody or other; though, poor gentleman, his sadness at times, and his lone ways, sitting up as he will half through the night praying and calling himself names, as I 've known him to do, makes me quite miserable. And then the old gentleman, if he only hears of a case of distress, will run out in all weathers to give relief. He 's the best of human beings, sir; though he often talks as if he 'd done something wicked in his youth."

"Is he not in practice as a surgeon ?" I inquired.

"Oh, no, sir," replied Mrs. Smith; "though I heard him say he was once a doctor when a young man; and then, as though the recollection made him miserable, he told me in his mild way never to ask him questions, or remind him of it; so that I and my eldest boy, whose life he saved, fancy he might have been unfortunate in business."

"But has he no relations or acquaintance?"

The kind landlady's face assumed a look of grave thought as she replied, "Oh, no; there it is where the old gentleman's sadness sometimes lays. He will talk in the most moving way for hours together in the middle of the night of his wife and children, that are dead. And then to see how hardly he treats himself in his living, when he thinks nothing can be too good for others, it makes me quite fretful to see it; but he will have his own way, and says anything is good enough for him."

It is almost unnecessary to say that my wife and myself were but too interested in the welfare of the excellent and eccentric old man, who had so strangely been made an inmate under our roof, not to listen with much interest to the brief particulars we collected of him from Mrs. Smith.

As the kind-hearted landlady seemed desirous of seeing her lodger, I immediately led the way up into his room. From his heavy and laboured breathing as I opened the door, I knew that he was asleep, and motioned Mrs. Smith to tread softly, while I shaded the light which I carried in my hand, so that its rays might not tend to disturb his slumbers. My patient's sunken cheek I perceived, as I bent over the bed for a moment, wore an alabaster paleness, which, with the few floating grey hairs streaming over his deeply furrowed countenance, gave him an appearance peculiarly venerable. Still, from a slight spasmodic play of feature, and an occasional half murmur in the hard breathing, it was but too easy to perceive that the old gentleman was in a high state of fever, and that his sleep, so far from being repose, seemed—

"But a continuance of enduring thought."

All my fears were respecting the strong tendency to fever, so evident in the frame of my patient, and this reflection I had just whispered to Mrs. Smith, when he uttered a groan; then followed a half muttering sound, as though he were talking in his sleep. Fearful of awaking him, I had just motioned to my kind-hearted companion to follow me out of the chamber, when the slumberer, in a voice whose cavernous and half-stifled tone seemed to emanate from the very depths of his chest, exclaimed—

"Blessed Lord! when shall I be forgiven!"

There was something so solemn in this appeal, that I was deeply impressed by it as I softly closed the door.

"That's just like him, sir," said Mrs. Smith, as I conducted her down stairs. "To hear Mr. Benfield at times, you'd think he'd been a very wicked man; when it's quite impossible such a good man could ever have done anything wicked."

Three months passed before anything like perfect adhesion took place in the fractured bones. During this period I had many opportunities of becoming intimately acquainted with the character of a man, whose extensive knowledge and erudition were only equalled by his Christian philanthropy and humanity. From many conversations I had with him, my previous belief was confirmed, that my patient was labouring under some painful recollection of early indiscretion or guilt, which his over sensitive mind, it appeared to me, seemed to imagine could never be atoned for in that world

"where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." I now became the confidential agent of the kind old gentleman in a hundred actions of the purest benevolence. Like a second Howard, I discovered that he had made it his study to find out and relieve the wretched and distressed—

"Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame."

My own embarrassments, notwithstanding several patients I had obtained through the representations of Mrs. Smith, had now grown too serious to be concealed any longer. Indeed, a few days after the removal of my patient, I found myself in circumstances of poverty peculiarly mortifying.

I had scarcely two pounds in the house, and my poor wife now indeed was inconsolable. After revolving a variety of expedients, I saw but one way of obtaining money sufficient to defray the landlord's demand, and therefore in a letter to Mr. Benfield stated my present difficulties, and requested the loan of twenty pounds. This gave me some pain; and while anxiously expecting an answer, Mr. Benfield drove up to the door in a coach. I could not help remarking that he looked more than usually pale and troubled. Seizing my arm in an agitated and nervous grasp, he drew me into my study, and shut the door.

"And how was it I had no suspicion?" said he. "You are poor; you want money; in practice, and want money. Why have you not told me of this before?"

I hesitated for a moment in offering him my reasons.

"Ah! I know the pride of a professional man. Oh! I was once a medical man—poor. Would I had ever remained so! but temptation came like a fiend, accompanied by opportunity,—and a long life of anguish has been the result." And the excited old man now buried his face in his hands. I was moved.

"This is weakness, I know you will say," he continued; "but, oh! if you knew *all*, you would cease to wonder at these ebullitions of a repentant spirit. The similarity of your present situation with my own on my first entrance into life, has called up these feelings. My pray'er to heaven is, that you may shun the fatal rock upon which my every hope of eternal happiness has been wrecked. But, come; give me pen and ink, at least I may reap some happiness from your wants." And, hastily taking a banker's book from his pocket, he wrote a cheque for two hundred pounds.

So unexpected and handsome a gift at first entirely deprived me of the power of returning thanks, and I attempted to object receiving a sum, to the fourth part of which I had no claim. But I was met in the old gentleman's usual determined manner when contributing to the wants of others.

"And, why should you not keep it?" he uttered calmly. "It has been honourably earned in the exercise of your profession. I feel happier at this moment than I have for many years. Oh!" he added, raising his eyes upwards, while the tears trickled down his furrowed cheeks,—"oh! that some one in *my* hour of need had thus stepped before me," and his head again sunk between his hands, and for a moment he seemed buried in the one terrible thought that appeared to canker his existence.

As he left my house he exclaimed, "God bless you! you have made me happy if I have in any way contributed to serve you. In difficulties, in distresses, and misery, may you ever be enabled to resist temptation to evil. That I have not done so has made me the wretch you behold. When I have grown calmer I will again call and see you."

Two days passed, and I heard nothing of Mr. Benfield. On the third, my wife at breakfast was reminding me that it would look neglectful if I did not call, when Mrs. Smith was announced. Her benevolent lodger had been thrown upon a sick bed the day previous, and having grown considerably worse, she had with his consent come for me.

It is needless to say that I immediately waited on him.

His greeting was as kind as usual, but, if anything, more sad and solemn. He had been attacked by fever.

"I know I am going fast. The Almighty has already prolonged my days more than"—his voice here fell into a mysterious whisper—"more than I had a right to expect. I have wandered about the world the last twenty years of my life, a wretched, and but for the all-redeeming mercies of our blessed Saviour, I might say, hopeless man. But now I feel—indeed I have had presentiments I rely upon—that my time on earth is nearly up."

Feeling his pulse, I found it beating 130. He was, indeed, in a high state of fever, no doubt induced in a great measure by the active working of his mind. His leg that had been so lately fractured I was sorry to perceive in a very inflamed state; and, although I insisted upon the application of leeches immediately, he shook his head with a mournful presentiment of his approaching fate.

"It is of no use; but you shall have your own way, my young friend. I feel 'that within which passeth show' which tells me I have not long to live."

I left him indeed that day with the conviction that his constitution, unable to rally from the severe shock it had so lately received, was sinking fast, and that the excellent old man had but a short interval before he was destined to be ushered into a better world.

In the evening I found him considerably worse. In spite of topical depletion, and other remedies I used, there still was a strong tendency to inflammation. His throat had become slightly affected, while a general languor and debility reduced him to a state of great weakness. Although evidently on his death-bed, he was resigned, and even cheerful.

That night there was a slight inclination to delirium; which, however, subsided a little by the morning, when I left him enjoying a gentle doze, to seek for myself a brief respite from the fatigue of watching by his bedside. On returning in the evening, Mrs. Smith, whom I met at the door, informed me that to her surprise he had sat up in bed, supported by pillows, and had employed himself during great part of the day in writing some letters, notwithstanding all she could do to dissuade him from it, on account of the fatigue and excitement it must necessarily occasion.

On entering his bed-room I found him reclining in a disturbed slumber. Even since the few hours I had last seen him a rapid and deathlike change had taken place in his countenance; the features

had become more sharpened, and wore that blueish paleness which is so characteristic of approaching dissolution. Gazing at the old man as he now and then moved restlessly in his troubled sleep, I felt an emotion of sadness deeper than I had experienced for years. His patience, — his humility,—his kind and charitable heart,— his high and cultivated mind, blasted as it seemed by some dark recollection, threw over him, as it were, an almost romantic veil of interest, and made me feel for him as I had once felt for a father whom I had lost.

I know no solitude equal to the melancholy of a sick-chamber, when left to one's own ruminations; the garish gleaming of the candles as their flame is reflected in gigantic shadow upon the bed-curtains, or wall; the falling of a cinder from the fire; nay, the very ticking of the clock, are apt to cause a peculiar sense of dreariness and desolation, which is anything but lessened by the hard and laboured breathing of the dying.

While my patient slept, desirous, if possible, of relieving the melancholy of my thoughts, I took up an old newspaper that was lying amongst some loose papers on a table near the bed. I mechanically began turning it over, and perceived it was a Scotch paper, published some twenty years previous. Running my eyes over its columns my attention suddenly became arrested by a heading in large characters of

"HORRIBLE AND MYSTERIOUS MURDER!"

I know not why, but there is a strange fascination that attracts one's attention to the narrative of crime or suffering, and I immediately commenced reading. To the best of my memory the relation ran as follows:—

"HORRIBLE AND MYSTERIOUS MURDER.—It is our painful and melancholy task to announce a murder which has just been committed in the very heart of our usually peaceful city, and which has created a sensation of surprise and alarm not easily to be described. The unfortunate victim, we are sorry to say, is Joseph Saunderson, the well-known gigantic porter, who has been for so many years in the service of Messrs. ——, the bankers. Yesterday, in the morning, the unfortunate man was sent early with a heavy package, mostly of gold, — in amount £3,000, it is said, — to book and enter, by the evening mail for London. Not returning as soon as he was expected, the chief cashier began to grow anxious about the safety of the parcel, and knowing Saunderson,—(who had been for the last fifteen years in the employ of the house,) to be a remarkably steady man, he was induced to think that something extraordinary must have occurred. On despatching a clerk to the coach-office, it was ascertained that Saunderson had not been there. Suspicions of the unfortunate man's character became entertained by the firm; the police were called in, and a general search instituted. Half an hour afterwards, we grieve to say, poor Saunderson's body was found lying in —— Passage, weltering in his gore. The unhappy man had taken this unfrequented path to get into —— Street, and had there met his death from the hand of some assassin or assassins at present unknown. On examining the body only one wound was found inflicted, and that was apparently by the thrust of a sharp knife, given with such precision that it had gone completely through the unfortunate man's

heart, killing him, no doubt, instantly, before any alarm could be given, and evidently inferring the murderer to be well acquainted with the anatomy of the human frame. It is needless to say, the valuable money parcel has been stolen by the murderer or murderers. What renders the circumstance so peculiarly singular is, that the crime should have been committed in the open day, and on a man whose gigantic strength, with a less fatal blow, might have been justly dreaded. This has generally induced the supposition that it has been the deliberately-planned act of more than one individual. As the numbers of the notes are known, and the police actively on the search, a feverish anxiety prevails for the intelligence of the apprehension of the inhuman murderers. Poor Saunderson, whose honesty and industry had procured him the entire confidence of his employers, and who has thus come to a sudden and untimely end, has left behind him a wife and five children to lament his loss.

"On Tuesday a coroner's inquest will be held, when it is to be hoped further particulars will be elicited."

"Poor Saunderson!" I almost unconsciously exclaimed with a sigh.

My aspiration was echoed by another so sepulchral, deep, and intense, so full of human agony and suffering, that I cast my eyes towards the couch from whence the sound proceeded, in the full belief that it was the last tribute of expiring nature. There, to my horror, I beheld Mr. Benfield sitting up in his bed, his few grey hairs wildly streaming over his attenuated countenance, and his deep, sunken eyes gleaming from under his pent brows, apparently with a more than mortal light, as they steadfastly regarded me.

"Poor Saunderson, indeed!" exclaimed the old man, solemnly; "and, why do you not give vent unto the feelings of your heart, and curse his cruel and relentless murderer. Behold him here, in this corroded heart and withered frame! You now are in possession of the fatal secret, which, for the last twenty years of my wretched existence, has, like some Gorgon, been feasting upon my entrails. Yes, behold here the hitherto undiscovered murderer of the unhappy Saunderson!" And the wretched man buried his livid countenance in his clasped hands, through which the scalding tears fell fast, while sighs, long and heavy, filled the little apartment.

Conquering the shock the old man's sudden exclamation had given rise to, (for his grief and repentance, put everything out of my mind at the moment but his sufferings,) and, hastily uttering I know not what words of comfort, I sprang towards the bed, and caught him in my arms, as, overcome by his sudden emotion, he fell back, and fainted.

Applying a little ammonia to his nose he slowly opened his eyes; when I endeavoured to allay the excitement under which he was labouring.

"No, I must speak—I feel I must," he exclaimed, in those querulous tones I had so often marked as one of the signs of approaching dissolution. "You know my deep,—my soul-involving guilt, and something,—some slight portion of that remorse, which, if human suffering on earth may constitute an expiation in the eyes of the Almighty disposer of events, I am not without hope may be taken into consideration in my final account. You know my guilt. Now

listen to the miserable narrative of a dying man. Oh! beware of temptation; take warning from my unhappy story, and learn that any state is far preferable to the loss of virtue and honour.

"I was young,—in your own profession,—my situation even somewhat like your own. I had married, without due reflection in respect to my worldly means, one whom I loved more than I valued life. The natural gaiety of our hearts led us into the first society of the city in which we resided; and the usual consequence, of living beyond an income, resulted —we became involved, and were threatened with ruin. Oh! had I listened in time to *her*, instead of my accursed pride, and retired from the scene of my former extravagance, all had been well. But there is a web woven by Fate that I believe we are destined to be enmeshed in. I remained — remained to hear the insulting remark,—the half sneer,—the tone of pity, from those towards whom I had perchance felt but contempt in the days of my thoughtless prosperity. The changed countenance of former friends, — the taunt of gratified malignancy from the base-minded at times drove me half mad, and, I believe, changed my nature. Even my gentle and endearing partner failed to console me, and I became morose and savage, detesting myself, and hating all mankind. In this frame of mind, with the stinging reflection that the little practice I had was fast seceding from me, and that I should soon be a beggar; a temptation the most fatal was suddenly thrown in my way. Going into the banking-house of Messrs. —— to receive the amount of a small cheque, I accidentally heard a clerk talking to a fellow-servant of the house respecting a large sum they were to send in the morning by the mail. I knew that from the shipping connexion large amounts of gold were constantly being sent up to London: I had even once or twice met their trusted and colossal porter, the unhappy Saunderson, in that Passage which I often traversed, as it saved me a considerable distance in going to one part of the town. The devil that very night filled my mind with one appalling idea — it passed through my brain like lightning, as it were, scathing and consuming. My circumstances were more desperate even than were known. I was daily living in the fear of an arrest. My house was stripped of its contents. I had nothing,—no hope from the world,—still less from those who had once been friends. Oh, hour of horror!—I resolved upon the diabolical act of murder and robbery. Why should I dwell on the bloody detail? I waylaid my victim—struck the fatal blow with my knife; and almost before the departing breath had fled, possessed myself of the treasure. Ten thousand furies seemed ringing their plaudits in my ears as I hurried home with the package hidden beneath my cloak; which before I had committed the murder I had laid aside, with a villain's foresight, and which now covered the sanguine stains that marked me for a murderer. My brain was on fire. The notes, which I knew it would be dangerous to pass, I buried with the package case. You, whom I have left my executor, will have the direction where to find it.*

* It is a singular fact, that all the notes and bills of exchange, to the amount of 1,700*l.* have been recovered, from the directions left by the repentant criminal. The papers were found in a wonderful state of preservation considering they had lain wrapt up for a period of twenty-nine years in a deal box, buried in the earth. —Ed.

"It was only after the hurried excitement had ceased that the dreadful and soul-appalling horrors of the atrocious act sunk with a cold and deadly chill into my heart. Then it was that my guilty mind became overwhelmed with terrors unutterable. Nightly — those dreadful nights!—nightly in my dreams I saw the wretched victim, pale and bloody, at my bedside, upbraiding me with my infernal deed. Such visions were frequently followed by fits of partial insanity,— if I may so term them; in one of which my gentle wife learnt my dreadful secret. Its horrors soon overwhelmed her; and in less than a month the tomb had closed upon her seared and blighted heart.

"Although I lived in a thousand daily terrors, suspicion had never for a moment been directed towards me. Though I had, as it were, bartered my soul for one cursed deed, still I had never touched a shilling of the plundered gold. The fact that most maddened me is to come. Saunderson had scarcely been buried a fortnight, and my wife on the point of death, when news came to say an uncle in the East Indies had died, and left me a handsome fortune. Oh, how I cursed it in my heart! — and, wretch that I was! I rashly accused Providence of betraying me into the commission of the most revolting crime.

"Glad of a pretext to leave Scotland, and disdaining the now proffered smiles of menial parasites, I departed with my two children. The curse of the Almighty seemed to pursue me; my children within a few months of each other died: I was left alone — a branchless and scathed trunk upon the world's waste! What language can do justice to my horrors and remorse! Time, instead of alleviating, seemed only to strengthen the gloomy and harrowing feeling that I was peculiarly marked out as an object of Divine wrath in this world, and that more dreaded world to come. I sought to appease the Divine anger by works that, emanating from other hands, might have been considered virtuous. But it seemed fated that I should never cease to feel bitterly the curse of an accusing spirit.

"I have nearly done," pursued the dying man, his sudden excitement yielding to the feelings of exhausted nature,—"I have left the remnant of my property to be applied to certain purposes* which you will find specified in that paper," and he pointed to a packet lying on the table.

His voice during the latter part of his confession had sunk into a low, half-articulate whisper, that intimated a state of complete exhaustion. His senses were yielding to the influence of delirium. Placing his gaunt and bony hands across his forehead, he began rambling for several minutes in an unconnected strain, that was painful to hear.

As I perceived that his late excitement had indeed in a great measure caused this imbecile state, I immediately administered an opiate draught, which shortly had the effect of throwing my patient into a quiet and undisturbed slumber. This induced me to seek a temporary rest in the easy arm-chair I occupied. I was soon in a kind of restless and uneasy doze.

* To be invested in certain charitable institutions. A trust that was scrupulously fulfilled by the late esteemed writer of this paper.—Ed.

When I awoke the first cold light of another day was stealing through the curtained window, giving a sickly hue to the tall flame of the unsnuffed taper on the table. I listened eagerly, but in vain, to catch the respiration of my patient. All was still, save the monotonous ticking of the house clock.

With a dread of the worst I hastily drew aside a part of the curtain of the bed. To my surprise and horror I beheld my patient kneeling up in bed, his bony hands clasped together, and his head thrown back, while the glassy eyes seemed directed upwards. But there was neither movement nor pulse in the frame before me! the penitent and sorrow-stricken wanderer had breathed his last sigh in prayer to the Almighty!

H. J. M.

JUDGING BY APPEARANCES.

MISTAKES IN A DRAWING-ROOM.

I HAVE always entertained a good opinion of myself, at least upon one point; but, unfortunately upon this point, none of my friends would ever agree with me, — I have always flattered myself that I was a man of nice discernment, and that my *forte* lay in a felicitous deduction from appearance, which, however slight or few, would enable me to penetrate character, dive into plans, and prophesy consequences. I have studied Lavater and phrenology, and have by heart those malevolent authors, who lay down that man is by nature a mean rogue, and who teach how to see through his hypocrisy. Let the sequel testify whether I have been too arrogant with respect to my own abilities.

I was at the splendid party of my friend, Sir George Railtravers, — for, though small, and termed a family party, it was given with a magnificence that bordered upon ostentation. The reasons were obvious. Sir George's affairs were going down hill with a steam-engine velocity; whilst his sons and daughters were growing up in geometrical proportion, — for every season witnessed the *début* of a son, or the introduction into fashionable life of a daughter. A man of rank and fashion in ruined circumstances, and with a numerous family, must keep up appearances. His extravagance concerns only his creditors, and cannot make him worse; whilst appearances are his only chance of saving his family by advantageously settling them in life. The party, moreover, like many other parties that make a figure in history, was got up for an object, which, in the eyes of the persons concerned, would justify any means for attaining the end.

In fact, the entertainment was a scheme of Lady Railtravers to secure to her daughter the hand of Sir Larry Balooney, whose father, Sir Perkins Balooney, had transferred an immense capital from London to an estate in Yorkshire, and who dying soon after the transfer was made, had left his son — in his twenty-first year — the joyful successor to his property. Miss Matilda Railtravers was *un peu passée*. She had been the star of fashion for some years; had moved in the highest circles at Brussels, Paris, Vienna, Rome, Florence,

and Naples; her mother now thought that she was standing in the way of her younger sisters, and that she might by good management have a chance of captivating Sir Larry, the son of a broker desirous of a fashionable connexion. Sir Larry, with his tall, lanky person; his large round face, full cheeks, and vacant eyes, was the admired of all beholders. But in vain did Miss Railtravers exert her fascinations upon Sir Larry. She was everything by starts, and nothing long. She varied from the skittish to the matronly, from the lively to the innocent, and even descended to the childish. She was by turns prudent, gay, fashionable, domestic, fond, and coquettish. Had Sir Larry's heart been of bell-metal he could not have been more insensible. Throughout the scene his broad, tawny face, was directed to the other extremity of the room, towards which his large lack-lustre eyes seemed to be spell-bound.

And, what was there at the other end of the room that could so entrance this unfortunate youth? In a recess, upon a couch shaded by drapery, sat the juvenile sylph, Rosa Railtravers. Poor Rosa's face was pale, full of anxiety, pensive, and melancholy. She was too young to conceal the sympathy between the heart and countenance; too pure to practise disguise. Here was the very personification of one "who never told her love, and let concealment prey on the damask cheek;" yet the damask cheek told the story more powerfully to the heart than could ever love-letter to the eye, or parental negotiation to the ear.

The cause of Rosa's melancholy was fathomable to a man of my penetration; for, in the opposite recess, on a couch shadowed by similar drapery, was Mr. Doveways, who gazed on Rosa, looking unutterable tenderness, while he seemed to blush and tremble at his temerity in gazing. Lady Railtravers was sensible of Rosa's exquisite beauty. She counted upon her as the retrieve point of the family fortunes, and predicted that when brought out next season she would immeasurably outstrip all rivalry. Her determination was that Rosa should marry a man of first-rate rank and fortune. Now Mr. Doveways was not a man of title; but, as his uncle, though married, was childless at sixty-seven, he was heir-presumptive to an earldom; and, though as yet a minor, he was within four months of being of age, when he would come into the possession of one of the finest estates in England, with the immense accumulations of a long minority. Oxford and London boasted of him as a well-governed youth, — for, though spirited and fashionable, he had always been discreet, and had kept himself within the bounds prescribed to him by his guardians and the Court of Chancery. No stripling of aristocracy could be better adapted to Lady Railtravers' ambition, or to Sir George Railtravers' dilapidated affairs, or more calculated by nature to win the heart of the delicate Rosa. Mr. Doveways was rather tall, finely formed, of elegant manners, and with a face intelligent and handsome, though somewhat effeminate; whilst a tone of sentiment in all he spoke was in unison with all he looked and acted. "And this," said I, "is to be the husband of the beautiful Rosa? The affection is clearly mutual, and may Heaven prosper the unison of their young and ardent loves!"

Rosa was the most perfect of human beings, and I had a strong influence over her, from a friendship of thirty years standing with her father, and from my intimate acquaintance with her sweetness

of temper, her affectionate, ingenuous, and playful disposition. Rarely had Nature blended in one person so many admirable qualities. She was only in the beginning of girlhood, with every promise of a perfect maturity.

"And, Rosa," said I, after prefaces artfully contrived to lull suspicion, and to draw from a girl the secret of her love, — "who, dear little Rosa, is the best dancer in the room?"

"You surely must know that," said Rosa.

"My dear little Rosa, no man on earth is more ignorant of such subjects. At the Opera, when I hear one dancer spoken of with ecstasy, and another with equally fervent dislike, I look at both, and can discover no difference."

"But here," said Rosa, "the difference is so plain;" and poor little Rosa spoke with an approach to a sigh, that showed that her heart trembled on her tongue.

"And who, Rosa, is the best dancer? for I am still in ignorance."

"Captain Bruen, to be sure; it is impossible not to perceive that," said she, with an energy I had never before witnessed in her.

I cast my eyes on Captain Bruen, who was then going through a quadrille.

Never was there a finer specimen of the *militaire*. Captain Bruen was the *beau ideal* of a soldier. He was six feet two without his shoes; but, though his shoulders and limbs were the most admirable I had ever witnessed for a charge against Napoleon's cuirassiers, they were but little adapted to a drawing-room, still less to a quadrille. He beat the ground with stamps so furious that a modern floor might have quaked under his exertions, and seemed as if inspired by reminiscences of riding rough-shod over the enemy.

Rosa, thought I, is not quite so innocent as I imagined. She is slyly directing my attention from her Mr. Doveways; but it would be odd if a man of my penetration were not a match for a girl of seventeen.

After a little chat, artfully managed on my part, I said, "Dear Rosa, I would be your lover, but for two causes."

"What causes?" said the sensitive and tremulous Rosa.

"I am too old, and too poor."

"The last is no objection to a generous heart or disinterested mind."

"Ah, Rosa, but your silence on the first point is the most cruel of expressions. My poverty, as I get older, I shall get rid of by the death of my relations; but my former sin must grow with my growth, and strengthen with my years. But come, tell me, Rosa, who is the finest and handsomest man in the room?"

"The finest and handsomest man," said the simple unsuspecting girl, "is unquestionably Captain Bruen."

"If immense stature, and a robust frame,—if powerful limbs constitute the finest man, Captain Bruen is unquestionably—"

"But he is so handsome!" said Rosa.

I looked at Captain Bruen, and, as far as a profusion of coal-black curls over his forehead — as far as immense whiskers, huge tufts of hair under his chin, and over his eyes and upper lip, would allow one to get a peep at his face, I was enabled to come to a conclusion that nature, in so handsomely endowing his person, had balanced the account in the formation of his face. He was a hard-featured man,

and his countenance advertised that he had seen much service, in climates not favourable to beauty. Captain Bruen was dancing vigorously with a fat lady of forty, who scarcely reached his hip; and whilst the lady's sympathy of exertion made her fat cheeks of the colour of an autumnal gooseberry, the stalwart Captain's face was as dry as parchment.

"But who is the most elegant man?" said I to the lovely rose-bud Rosa, determined to discover her secret. Rosa coloured, seemed distressed, and made no reply. "Mr. Doveways, Rosa?" said I archly.

"*Pshaw!*" said the lovely girl, with almost rudeness.

"Oh, oh," said I to myself; "is the girlish simple Rosa already so cunning?"

The quadrille had ended, and another was to be arranged.

"Rosa, will you dance?" I asked, with a determination to procure Mr. Doveways for her partner.

"No—yes—I don't know—I can't say now—perhaps I may—not this dance; perhaps I may the next," said little Rosa, her cheeks changing colour, and her beautiful eyes and lips varying in expression at every no and yes.

"But, beautiful little Rosa, the no or yes depends on the partner, and I can—"

"Oh, I will dance," said Rosa, in a voice too tremulous to be understood; but her emotion spoke her meaning.

"Rosa, you must positively dance," said Lady Railtravers, as I left Rosa to procure for her the partner of her choice, and the future partner of her life.

"My dear mamma, pray leave me alone; I don't think I can dance the next two. I am not well." And Rosa looked at me as if her whole soul depended on my success.

"You will dance, of course," said Sir George to Lady Macedonia Grizzle, who had been eyeing the juvenile dandy Doveways with as much passion as he had been exhibiting towards the lovely Rosa. "Lady Macedonia, you will of course dance?"

"Faith, I dinna ken; but sence you are so very poleete, I have na muckle objiction to dance the twa next kadreeles."

"You will dance?" said I to Mr. Doveways, and Mr. Doveways' cheeks coloured like fire.

"Yes," said Mr. Doveways, his eyes beaming with delight at Rosa.

All might have been happy,—Rosa might have danced with Mr. Doveways,—but Lady Macedonia marred all my arrangements. The high stalwart figure of this lady of fifty, her broad shoulders and projecting wing-like shoulder-blades, with hands, ankles, elbows, and cheek-bones to match, did credit to the aboriginal breed of her native mountains.

"Faith, and I will dance the twa," said Lady Macedonia.

Never was man so put to a *non plus*. When Sir George asked Lady Macedonia, he had conceived that it was as absurd as asking the Monument to dance. But here was a dilemma; a partner must be found; and Lady Macedonia soon cut the gordian knot. Taking Sir George by the hand, and leading him as a victim up to Mr. Doveways, adroitly giving to the company the appearance that she was the lady introduced, she addressed poor Doveways, and said,

"My freend, Sir Geordie, is unco poleete in intr*a*ducing ye to me; and, faith, Mr. Doveways, I will e'en dance with ye, acc*a*rding to

your deseeres, for I have lang wushed to form your acquaintance; and, as an old Scotch proverb says, 'The maire ye ken, the maire ye leeke.'"

Poor Doveways cast a look of wretchedness at Rosa, and bowing profoundly, handed Lady Macedonia to the quadrille, muttering something like "I am very happy." Rosa curtesied pensively as her mother presented to her Sir Larry. Never did a quadrille go off worse. Matilda was enraged at her younger sister's carrying off her beau, and her anger was not decreased by her having to dance with a little elderly foreign Count, who wore powder, and sported a pig-tail. Lady Macedonia danced with great prowess at Mr. Doveways, who seemed rather to dance from than with her. Poor Rosa moved with submissive apathy, whilst Sir Larry's round cheeks were flushed with satisfaction. Lady Railtravers watched the scene with delight, and whispered to Sir George, that if Sir Larry did not take with Matilda, he was a capital catch for Rosa. The only two dancers that were completely happy were Captain Bruen and his corpulent beauty; for, in spite of etiquette, these two would dance together in this, as they had done in the preceding quadrilles. I enjoyed Lady Railtravers' illusion; for I knew that Mr. Doveways would be a far better match for her daughter Rosa than the other.

Never did a match party produce greater disasters. In three weeks Captain Bruen went off with his fat partner; it was entirely a love-match on both sides. Sir Larry, by the advice of a friend, read all the fashionable novels, that he might learn to make love, but in vain; for, in spite of the efforts of both father and mother, Rosa could not bring herself to listen to his addresses. My friend Doveways made Rosa an offer; — never shall I forget my surprise when he showed me her delicate, mild, but firm REFUSAL! Doveways took the disappointment keenly to heart, and went off to Florence. To Florence after him flew Lady Macedonia Grizzle, on account of her health. Sir George and Lady Railtravers repaired to Boulogne.

Poor Rosa, the most beautiful in form and face, the most graceful in manners, the most artless and innocent, the most frank and affectionate, never lived to realise her mother's anticipations. I think I now see her timid varying countenance, and hear the playfulness of her voice, giving charm to her delicacy and young sensations at life opening to her in prospect. Rosa was disappointed in her love, and died early of consumption.

"Never again," said I, "will I pique myself upon my penetration; for never did it strike me that poor Rosa was deeply, fatally in love with Captain Bruen!!!"

EARLY FRIENDSHIP;

OR, THE SLAVE OF PASSION.

Henry Fortescue has been some years numbered with the dead, or the following impressive narrative would not yet have seen the light. Nor would I give it now, were one being in existence who could recognise with any painful sensation the facts I shall record. Facts they are, clothed only in the garb of fiction so far as relates to actual names and situations. There is always something in the language of truth which carries with it its own certificate; and the story itself, which has dwelt, unimparted, on my mind for many and many a year, will, now that I can safely and honestly divulge it, ease my recollection of a load which, from accumulated burthens of my own, I have felt a hundred times a disposition to shake off. But the integrity of even boyish confidence I believe is seldom broken. For my own part, I would not for the wealth of worlds abuse a secret reposed in me in the unsuspecting days of youth, any more than I would the apparently more important communications of matured age. In fact, we might generally risk the latter rather than the former; for it is observable that the secrets confided in middle and advanced age are seldom of a nature which compromise character, or, if imparted, such as would endanger respectability. We grow cautious, if we do not grow wise, as we grow old; though even caution must be considered as one of the humbler attributes of wisdom.

Henry Fortescue was my schoolfellow, and my earliest friend. He protected me from the tyranny of bigger boys because I was weakly, and seemed to love me the better for having protected me. There have been worse causes than this for devotion on the part of a youngster in after-life towards a young man in many respects his superior. He finished his school education many years before myself; but he never forgot his early *protegé*. We did not, however, meet again until he was in his twenty-third year, and he was my senior by about six years. Accidental associations at this time brought us into frequent collision, and adventitious circumstances had rendered us mutually serviceable to each other. The dissimilarity of our ages, particularly felt at the period of life to which I allude, made me regard Henry Fortescue for some time as a superior; and in many respects he was really so. His manners were highly attractive, his person unusually handsome, his education finished, and his birth just above the middle rank of society. With such advantages, it can be no matter of surprise that a lad in all these respects beneath him should be flattered by his notice, and attached by his regard; and, whatever might be his genuine feelings towards me, who had little more than high spirits and good nature to recommend me, his early kindness and subsequent notice bound me to him with a sort of romantic affection, which would have induced me cheerfully to risk my life in his service or defence.

Young persons, at the age I have described myself to be at the period I refer to, are rarely indeed remarkable for examining very minutely into the real characters of their chosen, or rather accidental, associates and friendships. I did not examine at all. I was first attached by kindness, and afterwards somewhat dazzled by the acquire-

ments of my friend, and altogether flattered by his confidence. To the common eye, the coarsest iron may be so polished as to resemble steel; the basest copper may be so washed as to pass current for gold. Experience, too often dearly bought, teaches us to look beneath the surface, and to separate the ore from the refined metal; but those who look for, or expect to find, the discernment of experience in youth, prove only their own inexperience. The young, amongst many engaging qualities,—of which this open confidence, this very want of circumspection, is assuredly prominent,—the young, I say, see no spots on the sun's disc; while the philosopher, with his smoked glass, not only sees, but counts and describes them. It would indeed be to dash with bitterness the cup of youth, could the penetration and foresight of age be at once conveyed to their understandings, when all the glowing fancies, the warm anticipations, and buoyant hopes of their vital spring were bracing with joyous elasticity their highly-wrought imaginations. It were cruel kindness, were it possible, to instil this precocious wisdom, and worse than cruel to debar that precious period of life of its natural and best delights.

The weaknesses, the frivolities, the errors of the young, are therefore justly regarded with a lenient eye. The offspring of the monarch of the woods must be a whelp before he can become a lion; and the mind of man must "grow with his growth, and strengthen with his strength," through many a slow gradation, before it can arrive at that stage of advancement when reason is to become the guide of judgment, and judgment the master of passion.

Henry Fortescue had just sufficient fortune, derived from the bequest of a near relation, to enable him to mix in good society, and to preserve a straitened independence. His parents had wished him to follow one of the learned professions; and after some years had been lost in hesitation rather than in deliberation, he discovered that it was too late to commence the necessary studies; and having some considerable expectations hereafter from a rich maiden aunt, who had always shown great affection towards him, he soon determined to adopt the indolent plan which his inclination suggested, and to continue to live on the adequate, but still slender means, I have before described.

With that sort of desultory education, which enables a young man of good address and agreeable manners to pass muster in the world, he now considered that his acquirements were all-sufficient for the purposes of a private gentleman, and soon gave himself up to that fatiguing "idleness," which consists in a round of dissipation, and which has been emphatically and most truly considered "the root of all evil."

Henry Fortescue had no ambition, and as little foresight. He laughed at the suggestion of marriage, which he denominated a state of servitude and thraldom if maintained in purity, and as one of abandoned infamy if violated in its avowed and sworn integrity.

In these acknowledged feelings there was too much of unquestionable truth to excite any sentiments beyond those of pity in some sedate minds, and of applause in many honest ones; and had his opinions been founded on firmer ground than his imagination, and proved consistent in the end, he might have passed onward to age with the character of a respectable old bachelor, and died perhaps in the arms of some affectionate niece, who might have long anxiously watched his declining health, while calculating the precise amount of the promised

inheritance or bequest, on which depended the fruition of her own long-anticipated matrimonial arrangements.

But fate had otherwise ordained.

Henry Fortescue's denunciation against marriage was by no means the result of a phlegmatic temperament. His passions were strong, and his admiration of the softer sex ardent, — so ardent, indeed, that the indulgence of his passions had, very speedily after he became his own master, in some degree impaired the slender independence of which I have spoken; still it was not without some surprise on my part that he one day laughingly announced to me that he had reviewed the subject of his favourite professions, and had arrived at last at a different conclusion.

"Then," said I, "you are about to reform, and marry?"

His only answer was a deep sigh.

"You reasoned so well, and so convincingly," I continued, "on your former resolutions, that I am justly entitled to hear the motives which have influenced your renunciation of them."

"My reasoning," he replied, "was too just to be controverted, or at least *refuted;* but when I adopted it, I had never known what it was to love."

"Oh! ho!" I exclaimed.

'The fox that laugh'd at each snare he pass'd
Was caught in a simple trap at last!'"

"Alas! my dear young friend," he very seriously replied, "this is no jesting matter."

He now proceeded to confide in me his "tender tale of love." He had many months before become acquainted with the only daughter of a wealthy merchant, a very young and beautiful girl, to whom he had gradually become devotedly attached, who had evinced, and at last acknowledged, that his passion was as warmly returned; but that the enraged father, having discovered their reciprocal understanding, and having far superior views in life for his only child, (having indeed, already selected the man whom he preferred, on commercial considerations, as her future husband,) had at last peremptorily forbidden him the house, in which he had been for some time almost domesticated, informing him at the same time, "that the young lady was in fact already engaged,—and that, having been brought up to fear as well as to respect parental authority, she had easily abandoned all idea of opposition to their will,—had yielded cheerful obedience to her sense of duty, and had given a solemn and voluntary promise that she would never more see or correspond with her new admirer until one or both of them were otherwise disposed of in marriage."

For many weeks after this confidential communication I grieved to see my somewhat libertine friend a victim to his absorbing passion, and a prey to that morbid melancholy, which is at once the consequence and the solace of a sincere and devoted affection. It was evident enough, even to me, that he had never before known what a real passion meant. He had heretofore been like the voluptuous bee, that gathers sweets from every flower, whether wholesome or poisonous, and too often, like the worm that works its insidious way into the nascent bud, to canker and destroy the blossom; but never till now had he appeared to settle on one object that genuine affection, which has been rather hyperbolically said by Goldsmith to be

"On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest."

This mood in my early friend had lasted many months, when he appeared to make a desperate effort to rally, and resume his wonted gaiety. One morning he called upon me, as I plainly saw, in a state of some excitement.

"Ralph," said he, "desire yourself to be denied for half an hour, as I have something particular to say to you." I did as he desired, and he began—"You once asked my motive for changing, or I should rather say, for not adhering to my principles in regard to marriage. I gave you a satisfactory one,—namely, that when I formed those principles I had never known what it was to love. I now again propose departing from them; but my present motive is a very different one."

"You astonish me!" said I.

"I knew I should," replied he, "and have rather astonished myself,—but so it is. I never, my dear Ralph, so much required the encouragement of a friend as I do at this moment. You are younger, *little man*," as he had frequently called me from our boyish days, "you are younger than I am; but I know not where to seek advice but from one in whom I can confide my whole heart and soul."

I was about to reply, when he proceeded—

"I have far outrun my limited income. My creditors have applied to my father; and I would die rather than involve him and my mother in difficulties, which it is alone my business to repair. They are, happily, independent, thank God; and I would not abstract one iota from their comforts to relieve myself from abject misery."

"My dear Henry," I replied, interrupting him, "I have a little hoard of money, which is yours from this moment." And I rose to fetch it.

"Stop, stop," cried he; "this is far from my meaning."

"But," said I, "I have no use whatever for some eighty or ninety pounds in my writing-desk."

"Eighty or ninety pounds, my little man, will go but a small way towards paying nearly two thousand. I am seriously so far involved. And now hear the truth. A lady of unimpeachable character, with a fine fortune, unencumbered,—that is, without parents or guardians,—has condescended to cast on your humble servant an eye of approbation,—or whatever you may please to call it. The lady is not very young, or remarkably handsome; but—but—attend to the *but*, my dear Ralph—she has at least thirty thousand pounds for her fortune. She is a widow; but what of that? I hope she may possibly love a young husband better than, as report goes, she ever loved her departed old one. Now my notion is, that with such a lady, and her fortune, I may pass a contented life, though, after what you already know, I never can pass a happy one. What say you?"

"I am very young and very ignorant," I replied; "but it strikes me that your heart being already devotedly engaged—"

"The heart must not be brought into a question of this sort," he retorted. "I love, I adore Julia still, and ever shall. I never loved another, and never can—"

"Then do not marry another," I replied; "for that, to my poor understanding, would appear a base violation of every feeling of truth and integrity, which is most valuable to man in the discharge of his allotted duties."

"You speak warmly, my friend," he replied.

"It is for your sake I speak so. Whether my passions are weaker than yours, or my acquired sense of right stronger, it is not for me to decide; but I shudder when I see the dilemma in which you are about to involve yourself."

"This is all mighty wise, my dear Ralph; but why bring *passion* into the affair? What has passion to do with a simple *mariage de convenance*,—or, if you prefer it, a *mariage de raison?*"

"Nothing," I replied; "and for that very reason I argue against it. What happiness can be expected, or rather what misery may not be anticipated, from a union without affection,—or, what is still worse, with the affections wholly and for ever, as you say, devoted to another being?"

He sighed heavily, and replied, "Of happiness I never spoke or dreamt; but it seems you disapprove of my *necessary* plan."

"I do, as one which in the end must *necessarily* involve your own misery."

"Then, my friend, we must part for the present. I cannot lose time in argument when I have resolved on action. I have, as you know, always been the creature of impulse. It is now too late to reflect; for

'I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die.'"

While uttering these lines with a theatrical air, he shook me by the hand, and before I had time to utter another word he was gone.

It was nearly twelve months before I again beheld him. I heard, indeed, that he was married to the rich widow, and had departed on a continental tour, and subsequently that they had returned, and were living in a handsome style in the neighbourhood of Berkeley Square.

Circumstances at last brought us together in society. There was a momentary hesitation on the part of both as our eyes met, but it was rather of surprise than doubt. I met him as one always meets an old friend who has been long lost; received his not uncordial pressure of the hand with a warmth which left no doubt of the pleasure the meeting afforded to both, and which at once awaked all our bygone and half-obliterated feelings.

Few things give a greater zest to friendship than the renewal of kindly intercourse after a temporary, and perhaps unavoidable interruption. Persons suffering under misfortunes of any kind are too apt to think themselves slighted by those with whom they have formerly lived in habits of friendly intimacy; and indeed it requires no small exertion of liberal feeling to make the necessary allowances for such occasional estrangements; but these, in fact, arise much more frequently from casual inadvertency than from premeditated neglect; and the consciousness of having merited even a gentle reproach too often permits us to delay the reparation until a sense of shame renders explanation difficult, and apology painful; and thus are loosened, and at last broken, some of the best and dearest ties of our nature.

After some interesting conversation, and a recurrence to old times, I could not avoid remarking to him how much he was altered; for he was indeed looking wretchedly ill. He hastily withdrew me to another room.

"Ralph," he said, "when we last parted, we separated as friends whom adverse opinions had divided; but I have the same reliance still

on your truth and your integrity, and I cannot withhold from you a secret which weighs upon my heart, and which is the final termination of all the follies you have deplored, and all the wretchedness, I hope and trust, which I have drawn on my own heart and conscience, by the unbridled indulgence of my unrestrained and unblessed passions. Breakfast with me to-morrow morning, and you shall learn the whole of my fearful and most warning history."

I promised to do so, and again we parted.

On the following morning I was punctual to my appointment. Our breakfast was taken in silence, only interrupted by occasional common-place remarks on the weather, &c.; for my friend appeared lost in thought, as preparing himself for some painful communication. He was indeed extremely pale, and had lost much of the freshness of youth, and all its gaiety.

When the things were removed, he desired the servant to deny him to every one, as he should be for some time engaged on particular business. He then drew to the fire, stirred it, threw himself back in his chair with a deep sigh, and thus began.

"I have scarcely closed my eyes during the past night. At one time my heart smote me for having promised to communicate a dreadful secret, which is not altogether my own, and which cannot be divulged without involving a being whom I would now cheerfully lay down my life to redeem from a situation in which my accursed passions have involved her. But I again reflected that I could have no hope without the counsel, and perhaps assistance, of a tried and faithful friend, and my heart assured me that I might look in vain for one of that description, if I found him not in you. I ask for no pledge, because I know you are incapable of betraying the trust I am about to repose in you. You are already aware of my motives in marrying; and I trust and believe that Mrs. Fortescue has never yet felt a moment's regret for the selection she had made. *Love* I never professed, for you well know that I had no heart to bestow—it was lodged once and for ever in the breast of another—but I have ever treated her with kindness and attention; and I flatter myself that, up to the present time, she has considered herself a happy wife. But you are already aware also of my long-avowed and oft-repeated opinions in regard to marriage, and that I regarded any violation of the vowed fidelity in that state, on the part of man as well as of woman, as an act so infamous as to entail equally on either the contempt, and scorn, and reprehension of the world. This opinion is still unchanged, though in that confession I pronounce my own condemnation. But even such degradation in my own eyes and those of the world I would be content to bear, were it not for the greater horrors that surround my far less guilty victim. You remember the name of Julia?"

"Good God!" I interrupted, "not *she*, I trust!"

"You must not interrupt me," he exclaimed; "and do not—for God's sake, do not reproach me, when my own heart is throbbing with remorse, and almost bursting with a load of misery and self-accusation. It is indeed of Julia that I must speak. I was long a great favourite, as you know, with her parents, until they discovered the attachment between her and myself; and when our future correspondence was prohibited, with vanity, which was not perhaps altogether unnatural, I conceived myself to be insulted, if not absolutely injured. With this feeling, I left no stone unturned to obtain a clandestine interview;

but she was too well guarded and watched, or, as I sometimes feared, too indifferent, to give me a chance of success. Letter after letter was returned unopened, and at last a short note was brought to me from Julia. It was couched in cold but determined language, and merely informed me that she had given a solemn promise, which no power on earth could induce her to violate, to hold no farther correspondence with me until one or both should be otherwise disposed of in wedlock. Indignantly I tore this letter into a thousand pieces. You remarked at the time these matters occurred, as I well remember, the distracted state of my mind, and the intense sufferings I underwent. In the midst of these I determined on a *ruse*. I wrote to the father, in the hope that he would relax his vigilance. I stated that his daughter's letter had convinced me of the inutility of farther perseverance; that I was now satisfied that I had mistaken her gentle kindness and condescension for a warmer feeling; and that I began to suspect that I had been somewhat deceived by my own heart, which, though it could not fail to appreciate her virtues, I now found quite as deeply deplored the loss of the long-enjoyed society of her parents as of her own engaging presence; in short, that I gave up all my former presumptuous and silly fancies; and therefore ventured to express an earnest hope that I might be permitted occasionally to renew my visits, and not to be considered, as his harsh sentence had decreed, an alien from his house and ever hospitable table.

"To this letter I received a very cutting and sarcastic answer in the frigid form of a note, which I will now read to you."

So saying, he took from his writing-desk the note, and read as follows:—"'Mr. Bankson presents his kindest regards to his young friend, Mr. Henry Fortescue. He is delighted to learn that his sentiments have undergone so sudden and so salutary a change, and sincerely hopes that the restoration of tranquillity to his own bosom may produce a corresponding peace of mind in a family whom his "*mistaken views*" have plunged into much affliction and disturbance. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Bankson have in any respect altered their opinions of Mr. Henry Fortescue's amiable and varied attractions. They have had too serious and severe a proof of them: and while they regret, at least as sincerely as he can do, their deprivation of an agreeable associate, they must still adhere to the opinion that prevention is better than cure; and that until their daughter or Mr. Henry Fortescue shall have otherwise irrevocably disposed of themselves, they should not again subject the "*gentle kindness and condescension*" of their daughter to be mistaken for a "*warmer feeling*." At the same time Mr. B. begs to assure Mr. Henry Fortescue that when he has verified his professions so far as to have put himself in a matrimonial position in any other quarter, as he is happy to say his daughter is on the eve of doing, it will afford him and his family the highest pleasure to renew an intimacy which was always a source of pleasure, until it became also one of irreconcilable apprehension.

"'Throgmorton Street,' &c."

My poor friend folded up this note, and replaced it in his desk, with the air of a man, who, having sustained a grievous injury, and exhibited his forbearance in not resenting it, exclaims, "What think you of that, sir?"

But I did not interrupt him, and he continued,

"You will scarcely believe, my dear Ralph, the effect this note produced upon me. I was not so destitute of vanity as to have been blind to the obviously marked preference, and I may say allurements of the respectable widow, who is now my wife. I called on you with a warm anxiety to receive your approbation of a measure on which I had already decided, and was startled by the objections which your younger, less practised, and better feelings, at once raised to my scheme. Had I listened to you, and reflected, I might have been spared those bitter pangs which I feel are now hastening me to my grave. But, as I before said, I was already determined; and, like the generality of men who think they ask advice, I was only seeking an opinion to corroborate and strengthen my own. I married—not, if I must lay bare my whole heart as I now ought to do—without the hope of an early restoration to the fireside of Mr. Bankson: but, as Heaven shall eternally acquit or condemn me, with a heart as remote from a guilty thought as ever innocence itself presents before the throne of its unerring judge; with an unknown, and therefore indescribable feeling, I panted once more to see and enjoy the society of my beloved Julia; but in marrying another, who was to relieve my mind from the pressure of pecuniary difficulties, I had most solemnly resolved to verify my own system, and to prove an honourable, just, and conscientious, if not a loving husband. I therefore passed two months on the Continent with my wife, in order to fortify my resolution, and if possible to wean my heart from its unfortunate predilection. I recalled all my old maxims of the duties attached to the married station; and, as I thought, by a determined effort of reason, persuaded myself that I could now meet Julia Bankson with no other feelings than those of a passionless and attached brother. In justice to myself—and I require, indeed, every palliative that the most indulgent friendship can afford me—in justice to myself I ought to state, that even previous to my marriage I had frankly avowed to the liberal widow the simple story of my rejection, without, of course, compromising the young lady by a declaration of the return she made me. I told her, with truth, that, however I had deviated from the straight path of moral right, this had been my first and only real attachment; and she so fairly rallied me on my notions of *first love*, hinting not obscurely her knowledge that I had not led the chastest of lives, that I felt almost sorry that I had so unnecessarily made a painful, and, as I felt, humiliating confession.

"We had sent to Mr. and Mrs. Bankson the usual announcement of our marriage, and, no sooner was our return from the Continent proclaimed in the newspapers than the tickets of those persons were left at the hotel at which we had taken up our temporary residence,—I must abridge my story, dear Ralph, or I shall fatigue you—and myself."

"I am riveted," said I, "and burn with impatience for the conclusion."

"I shall not long detain you now," he said; "but I am faint," and he rang the bell, and ordered brandy. He had, indeed, exhibited frightful emotions during some parts of his unaffected narrative; but he appeared determined to go through with it, as a man mortally wounded in the act of committing some atrocious crime will sometimes struggle for life to make confession of the diabolical villany he had perpetrated.

The brandy was brought in, and Fortescue swallowed a bumper glass of it.

It was the first time I had ever seen brandy swallowed in that way, and most especially in the morning. I made some movement, or some ejaculation, which attracted his notice.

"You are surprised at this," said he. "Learn to be guilty, and you will learn the value of brandy! Boy! dear Ralph! may you never, never know that the oblivion of intoxication is the only, — ay, *save death*,—the *only* refuge for crime!"

I saw his eye reverting to the bottle, and I removed it.

"Ay — ay," he said, "you are right, or I might not be able to finish my story.

"Well, sir," he at last resumed, "visits of ceremony were exchanged, but Julia never appeared. It was something to look at the dwelling which contained a being who, though I would not admit the consciousness, still remained the *primum mobile* of my existence. I sometimes left my house with a deliberate intention of visiting the gallery of the House of Commons, and found myself at the entrance to Throgmorton Street, or even before the gate of her actual residence. On one of these occasions I ventured to knock at the door, and, inquiring after the family, left my name, and retreated as if I had committed a felony.

"In a day or two after a similar propensity led me to the same spot, and an increased confidence enabled me to inquire of a footman whom I had never seen before, if Mr. and Mrs. Bankson were at home. The answer was a negative—both were absent; and Miss Bankson?—'She is at home, sir,' was the reply.

"'Say that Mr.—say that a gentleman requests to speak with her.'

"I was now in the house which contained that jewel, of all others on earth the most precious to me. At the next moment I became alarmed at the agitation which shook my frame,—my heart beat with frightful rapidity,—I felt the blood rushing to my head,—my feet like ice, and my limbs trembling beneath me. At this moment I wished myself a hundred miles in some other direction. At the next, the door opened, and the footman re-appeared.

"'My young lady, sir,' he said, 'begs to be favoured with your name.'

"This was an instant relief to me! How I should at that instant have borne her presence I know not. I recovered my recollection sufficiently to say.

"'I ought, not, perhaps, to have troubled Miss Bankson. I leave my card, and will wait on Mr. and Mrs. Bankson another day;' and precipitately left the house.

"I should not have dwelt so particularly on this circumstance, had it not produced an event. The following morning Mr. Bankson called upon me at an early hour. He shook me very cordially by the hand.

"'I have heard of your visit yesterday,' said he, 'and have hastened to express not only my approbation, but my obligations also, for the delicacy and propriety of your conduct. I am now convinced that we may meet once more as friends, and, if it be your wish, as intimate ones. Let us begin without ceremony, and bring your wife to dine with us *en famille* to-morrow.'

"'For my own part,' I replied, 'nothing can afford me greater pleasure; but Mrs. Fortescue left me two days ago on a visit for a week

or two to a relation in Worcester, while I am detained in town on business which requires my attention.'

"'Then at six,' said he, 'we shall expect you.'

"We now conversed for some time on the common topics of the day, and parted with the same cordiality as we had met.

"I had now time to collect myself, and prepare my spirits for an interview which I still dreaded. But I had no cause: she did not make her appearance till the moment when dinner was announced; and then hastily acknowledged my salutation, and taking her father's arm, descended to the dining-room. That hasty recognition of my presence had not, however, passed unnoticed by me. I observed that she never raised her eyes from the ground, but that her face and throat were suffused with a crimson blush. There were two other gentlemen present besides myself and our entertainers; and it so happened that I was seated nearly opposite to her. I now saw at a glance that she was pale as death; but, notwithstanding, was far more lovely than ever. In two years that I had not seen her, her graceful form had expanded, for she was now only eighteen years of age, into the richest bloom of feminine beauty. The gentleman who sat beside her was that accursed Mr. Vanderspecken, by whose patronized addresses she had been so long persecuted. He was marked in his attentions; and, though they appeared to be coldly received, I felt a strong desire to strangle him. The dinner was altogether a painful one to me; but I rallied my spirits, and exerted all the little powers I possessed to make myself agreeable, as in former and happier days, and so well, at last, succeeded, that I saw out of the corner of my eye that even Julia could not repress a smile while the rest of the party were enjoying a hearty laugh.

"Why do I dwell on these trifling and minute particulars? I know not, unless it be that they were anything but trifling to me! But I will not dwell upon them, or describe the progress of our renewed intimacy. Enough that I became what I had formerly been — a daily visiter. My wife wrote to me frequently; and, as she was often the subject of our conversation, I read them occasionally passages from her letters; especially, I must admit, such as spoke of her attachment to me, of the happiness she always enjoyed in my society, and her deep regret that the increasing infirmities of her relation were likely to detain her from me for a longer time than she had anticipated.

"In the mean time an opportunity soon presented itself for an *eclaircissement* with Julia. I began by half-seriously, half-playfully reproaching her with having abandoned me, and this she answered more seriously than I had expected, for she burst into tears, and exclaimed with passionate vehemence, that it was unmanly to jest on such a subject, or to charge her with the violation of an engagement which her wretched heart had ever held sacred, and which I, and I alone, had coolly, basely, and deliberately broken! You will guess my astonishment and agony at hearing this charge. I stood for some moments appalled. The expression of the features when the heart adjusts the index is not easily mistaken. I asked what she could mean? reminded her of the many letters she had returned unopened. *She had never received or heard of a single one!* I spoke of the cold and cruel letter she had sent me, declaring her firm resolve to abide by the promise she had given never to see me more. With almost a shriek she vowed *she never had penned to me a single line!* and that if any such letter had been re-

ceived, it must have been written by her mother, whose hand-writing her own exactly resembled! That a promise, indeed, had by dreadful violence been extorted from her by her father that she would not write to me, and that she had been kept a close prisoner in her own apartment for many weeks, excepting when ordered to attend when the hateful Mr. Vanderspechen, whom they had endeavoured to force upon her acceptance, was invited to renew his abhorred addresses. That during the whole of this time she had been assured by both her parents that I had treated the subject of my attachment to her with the utmost levity. That I had spoken of her as a mere child in haste to obtain a lover; and had at last been shown a letter from myself to her father, corroborating, to a certain extent, the facts which they had stated. Every feeling of my nature roused, as you may well suppose, to refute these atrocious slanders with a vehement, yet connected statement which carried upon its surface the stamp of truth, I explained all I had suffered, and all I had attempted. I had, unfortunately, in my pocket-book her father's detested sarcastic letter, which I instantly produced. She read it with almost breathless horror. I then briefly told her of my embarrassed situation; of my belief that she was lost to me for ever; of the widow's attachment; of my pure and holy wishes to restore some portion of my lost happiness by purchasing once more at any price the chastened enjoyment of her beloved—her adored society. Not one syllable beyond the solemn truth did I dare to utter. She saw—she felt—she comprehended as I proceeded the artful means which had been adopted to separate us. She burst into an agony of tears, not unaccompanied by my own. I endeavoured to support, to console her. Her head fell upon my shoulder. O God! could I forget for ever that moment of delirious transport!"

Just then I observed that my unhappy friend became, if possible, paler than ever: his lips and his cheeks were livid; his features were slightly convulsed; and he threw himself back on his chair, hiding his eyes and forehead with both his hands. He sobbed aloud.

I urged him to take something—brandy.

"No—no—no," he uttered, in a voice scarcely articulate, "not now!—not now! I have nearly finished," and after a violent effort he recovered sufficiently to add:—

"I cannot proceed thus! indeed I know not how I can proceed at all! Circumstances — strange and maddening circumstances — every thing conspired to produce the fall of innocence as pure as ever entered heaven. I again appeal to that heaven to witness the absence of every bad *intention* in my own heart. It was infatuation; it was delirium; it was Fate! and *she* was ruined!

Again he sank back exhausted in his chair. I had struggled hard to suppress my own emotions at various parts of this calamitous story. I now, though long anticipating the event, uttered a wild cry of horror. My wretched friend started up with a degree of maniacal fury, and shouted,

"Do you exclaim at that! ay, do! it is indeed enough to make a host of angels weep! But, mark what follows, and prepare to hear a legion of devils laugh! The crime — the abhorred, unconscious crime of that fatal evening never was again repeated. It was not want of opportunity either; but both shrunk with an awful consciousness of guilt from every approach to tenderness. With the worm that never dies gnawing at my inmost soul, I met her, — again and again I met

her; for with her the wreck of my heart was lodged. I saw her gradually fading in beauty, and sinking in health. At last — not three days ago—she told me—I cannot speak the rest. Yet *one* word, and I have done—I am destined to become a father!"

To attempt consolation at such a moment I felt would be hypocritical, if not cruel, as well as useless. I sat for some minutes collecting my agonized thoughts in the best manner I could; and coming at last to the conclusion that he had some specific object for making me useful in his confidence, I said, with as much self-command as I could assume:—

"And now, my dear and unhappy friend, in what possible way can I serve you?"

"I have thought much of suicide," he quickly answered.

"What!" said I, "and leave that hapless girl alone to struggle with the bitter world, and her more cruel shame! O Henry! such a thought is unworthy of a man, and disgraceful to his nature. No, my friend, you must live to bear not only your own share of the burthen, but to support hers also. To die is easy; but even I, your warmest friend — I, and the whole world, would denounce you as a paltry coward should you dare to shrink from the responsibility which your own frailty has incurred, and thus deprive your forlorn victim of the only prop on earth on which she can rely!"

He rose from his seat, took from his waistcoat pocket a vial, and dashed it to atoms beneath the grate. He then turned and embraced me with the affection of a brother, saying, "You have saved my life, —*for her!*— or that laudanum would have done its work before an hour had elapsed. My sole object in this conference was to have requested your friendly—your brotherly care—to my adored Julia when I should be no more. Blessed be the day when I first protected you from ill-usage when we were boys at school! I *will* live — I will *endure!*— come what may, I will not rob my forlorn victim of, *indeed*, her only friend; nor will I fly from life while I have on earth so true a friend as you."

Though I could not contemplate the slave of passion, and the intended suicide without some emotions of horror, I own that compassion predominated over every other feeling. I stayed with him the remainder of that day, and summoned every little art of consolation I could command to soothe and encourage him; and on his solemn promise to see me on the following day, we parted at a late hour.

The remainder of this distressing tale, as I afterwards heard it, will be quickly told. The parents of the unhappy girl soon discovered in the altered and wan appearance of their child that she was miserable; and their long-obscured sagacity at length glanced at a suspicion that they had incurred imminent danger to her peace by bringing her again into the society of one who had so clearly been the object of her young affection, although they had long persuaded themselves that that affection had been forgotten. To account for such fatuity it can scarcely be necessary to explain that Mr. Bankson, though a thorough man of business, was wholly ignorant of the world; that his mornings were exclusively devoted to his ledgers; his early afternoons to the Exchange and Lloyd's; and his evenings — except on foreign post-days,— to his amusements. It was his especial pride to make his table a constant scene of mirth, as well as hospitality; and the gay manners, elegant

and fashionable deportment, and amusing anecdotes of my friend Fortescue, once enjoyed and appreciated, he had felt a vacuum at his table which he never ceased to regret, and was delighted once more to fill, the moment that the event occurred which completely silenced his former apprehensions.

Now, indeed, when too late he saw, or suspected, that the former feelings of his daughter had only been suspended, and that the presence of a once-favoured lover, though now a married man, had revived the dormant predilection, he became ferociously enraged at the discovery of his own imbecility. His intemperate anger, instead of falling on himself, was first vented on his weak wife, who had all along been a mere instrument in his hands. The next object was his daughter; who, habitually timid from the excessive rigour of her education, had long been accustomed to yield obedience without deliberation, and to submit implicitly to authority without ever presuming to listen to the adverse dictates of her own judgment.

He now broadly accused her of having broken her former sacred promise; demanded her keys, and searched in every drawer for letters or papers to convict her; but he sought in vain; still nothing could subdue his fresh and too just suspicion. He made her swear — and she swore truly, that she never had received a single letter from Henry since their separation. He would not believe even her oath; and imprecated the most bitter and blasphemous curses on her head if she did not corroborate her assertion by the only proof she could give of her veracity, by an immediate marriage with Mr. Vanderspechen, who had so long been a supplicant for her rebellious and refractory heart.

She threw herself on her knees; she clung to his; begged and implored in tears, and accents that might have softened the heart of any other tyrant, to be spared the dreadful crime which obedience to his commands would entail upon her. The hardened brute actually spurned the fragile creature before him with his foot, and left her again, denouncing curses on her body here, and her soul hereafter, if she did not obey his commands within six days. The prostrate being — prostrate in heart and mind, as well as body, lay happily senseless on the floor where this detestable scene had occurred, for many minutes; and when she revived she found herself supported by the arms of a mother, who, weak in understanding, and irresolute in heart, had never been a mother in the proper sense beyond the moment she had given her birth. No confidence could exist between the wretched girl and such a parent! The latter only preached obedience to her father's will, and charged her to escape her father's curse!

Lost in agony, and forgetful at that moment of all else beside, she cried, "Do with me as you will. I am a wretch, and must endure."

Three days after this scene she was married by special licence to Mr. Vanderspechen, and was carried fainting from the ceremony to her bed.

The dreadful excitement she had undergone produced a strong revulsion in her frame; and a confidential female servant, whose devotion Fortescue had secured by liberality, but far more Julia by kindness, within two hours after acquainted him that he was no longer in danger of becoming a father!

Henry Fortescue and Julia never met again. No.

STANLEY THORN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VALENTINE VOX."

CHAPTER XII.

In which Stanley performs a gallant action, and the Widow is smitten again.

Although Amelia felt for the moment disappointed on hearing that Stanley had not been to Richmond, she soon became reconciled when he described the pleasure evinced by Mrs. Joliffe on their way to Kew Bridge; while the fact of his having recovered his watch (which was really a miraculous fact as he explained it) formed, in her gentle judgment, a sufficient excuse for his return being so long delayed.

Stanley was not, however, satisfied with himself. He appreciated, perhaps more highly than ever, the amiable characteristics of Amelia, and upbraided himself with neglect. He began to doubt the strength of his own resolution; and often, while reflecting, would he press his lips together, and unconsciously frown, as he fixed upon a new course of action indicative of anything but an insensibility to the value of self-esteem, the loss of which leaves a man nothing of value to lose but his life, and of that he then soon becomes reckless. He had frequently felt that he was not all a husband should be to a wife so affectionate and gentle as Amelia; but on this particular occasion so determined was he to reform, that — like a drunken individual, who makes up his mind to stick to tee-total principles for a week or a month, when the probability is that he will then break loose, and become worse than ever — he resolved to devote to her society exclusively three entire days! To this resolution he adhered; and Amelia was happy, and had recourse to every means at her command of rendering that happiness mutual; but before the first day was at an end, he began to view it as an act of penance. Amelia was all he could have wished her to be; her society was pleasing, indeed very pleasing; but the pleasure was too monotonous; the thing became irksome; the hours passed slowly, and hung heavily as they passed; still he would with manly firmness adhere to his resolution! — although it would perhaps have been as well if he had not.

On being released from this self-imposed punishment,—for a punishment he unhappily held it to be,—he proceeded to the Albany to make his first call upon his friend, Sir William Wormwell, the person by whom the *soi-disant* Colonel had been so mercilessly exposed. He found him engaged in the pleasing occupation of perusing a number of letters from certain of his constituents, who were most sincerely anxious for him to procure for their sons and nephews appointments in the Treasury, the Customs, the Colonies, or in fact —not being by any means particular—in any other place within the scope of his influence, which letters he invariably answered to the effect, that he was particularly sorry the application had not been made two days earlier; but that he would, notwithstanding that unfortunate circumstance, assuredly bear the thing in mind.

His reception of Stanley was of the most cordial character. He

appeared to be highly pleased to see him; and, after a long and mutually interesting conversation, Stanley prevailed upon him to promise to have a quiet domestic dinner with him and Amelia at six, when, remounting his favourite horse Marmion, he rode towards the Park.

The day was fine, and, although it was yet early, there was rather an unusual number of equipages in the ring. Of these equipages there was one which especially attracted Stanley's attention. It was an elegant phaeton, drawn by a pair of extremely beautiful white ponies, upon one of which was mounted a chubby little fellow, who might have been seven years of age, although he was quite small enough to have been taken for four. In this phaeton were two rather brilliantly dressed persons, who appeared to be mother and daughter, both of whom took particular notice of Stanley as he passed them, which notice was repeated as often as they met.

This excited his curiosity. No arms appeared upon the panel, nor was there any crest upon the harness; while the only livery of the boy was a jacket with three rows of round gilt buttons, a cap with a gold tassel, top-boots, and an infinitesimally small pair of smalls. He had therefore no means of ascertaining who they were, although he felt anxious to do so. In fact his anxiety on the subject became very intense; for they met with unusual frequency, and each time their notice became more marked.

"Well," thought Stanley, "this is very singular. Who can they possibly be? I never saw them before to my knowledge, although I appear to be known to them. I wish they'd bow: I'd ride up and speak to them at once."

Inspired with a very lively hope that they would give him this little opportunity of ascertaining who they were, he turned again; but scarcely had he done so, when a lady, whose horse had taken fright, dashed past, crying aloud, "Oh, save me!—save me!"

In an instant Stanley put spurs to Marmion. "Courage, courage!" he cried. "Be silent, and you are safe."

The lady was then about twenty yards a-head; but, although the horse she rode was a fine, swift, high-spirited creature, the beautiful Marmion being put upon his mettle, flew over the ground in gallant style. They were soon side by side.

"Hold firmly by the saddle," cried Stanley, "and drop the reins."

The lady did so, and he seized them in an instant, and tried to check the horse, but in vain; for as Marmion now made strong efforts to shoot a-head, he found it difficult to control even him. All he could do, therefore, was to keep them side by side in the middle of the road, and thus they dashed on until they turned round by Cumberland gate.

At this point the lady's courage failed. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "I am off!—my head whirls!—I can hold on no longer!—I can hold on no longer!"

"Trust to me, then," cried Stanley, who, just as she was on the point of fainting, caught her firmly by the waist, when, sending his foot home in the near stirrup, and checking Marmion's speed, he drew her off; but the pommel of the saddle caught her habit, and held it. He tried to rend the robe, but could not, the whole of his strength being required to sustain his inanimate burthen, who was then in a more perilous position than before. Bob, however, fortu-

nately came up at the moment, and having unhooked the garment, Stanley had the lady safely in his arms.

"Stop Marmion!" cried Stanley, who had not then the power to do it himself.

Bob spoke to him, and Marmion knowing the voice, at once slackened his pace, when Stanley was able to pull him up with ease. Bob then dismounted, and having received his master's burthen, who was still quite insensible, and looked pale as death, bore her manfully in his arms to the lodge, where every exertion was made with a view to her recovery.

By this time the lady's servant had providentially reached the spot, upon a mare that appeared to be about the same age as himself, which could not have been much less than sixty, and immediately afterwards a carriage drove up containing two of the lady's relatives, when Stanley, conceiving that he could render no farther assistance, satisfied himself that the patient was recovering, remounted his horse, and rode at once through the gate.

Bob, however, did not at all approve of his immediate departure. He held it to be altogether premature. It was a proceeding to which he gave no countenance, and which, indeed, he never would have sanctioned, his private opinion being, that if his master had remained until the lady had had time to look a little about her, something bearing the semblance of a present would have passed between her friends, in the fulness of their gratitude, and himself. Nay, so deeply was he impressed with this conviction, that, as his master remounted, he intimated as pointedly as possible the expediency of being permitted to take upon himself the entire responsibility of catching the lady's horse, which would have answered his purpose perhaps equally well; but as even this privilege was denied him, notwithstanding he urged that it was six to four at least against the lady's groom catching that horse in a fortnight, he thought it so particularly unhandsome and unkind, that as the natural sweetness of his disposition began to change, he pronounced it to himself, confidentially, to be enough to make a man's blood boil.

On reaching home, Stanley found his mother, whom Amelia had prevailed upon to dine there that day, and who was therefore about to dismiss her carriage. Her spirit was perturbed. She was fidgety and absent, and indeed appeared to have been altogether put out. She had passed Mr. Ripstone that morning; and Mr. Ripstone, by bowing with peculiar politeness, had awakened those beautiful feelings which, cradled in her heart, had been sleeping so soundly and so long. She would have stopped the carriage, — she would have sent the servant after Mr. Ripstone, — she would have taken his hand with the same cordiality as before; but serious considerations, having reference to the correctness of such a course, backed by an acute recollection of what had occurred, began to struggle with her inclination, and long before the contest was decided Mr. Ripstone was out of sight. Still she felt it very strongly; it interfered to some extent with the usual regularity of her pulse, while her nerves appeared to be—nay, really were—quite unsettled. But when she heard from Stanley that she would—ay, that very day — dine with Sir William Wormwell, a Baronet, and a member of Parliament to boot!—regret was supplanted by hope, and her spirit became much more tranquil. She deemed it then singularly fortu-

nate that she had not spoken to Mr. Ripstone; and as she proceeded home to dress, — for that was held to be, under the circumstances, absolutely indispensable,— she thought that Lady Wormwell was a remarkably euphonious name, and, moreover, one which could not be objected to even by the most fastidious. Lady Wormwell!— really it sounded very well, and would look very well on a card. Lady Wormwell—Mrs. Ripstone. No comparison could be rationally instituted between them; — the difference was very wide, and as to which name was entitled to the preference!—Well, she reached home, and having dressed irresistibly, returned to Stanley's house filled with high aspirations, and was soon introduced to Sir William. Why, what a charming person! Really his manners were very elegant! How excessively polite! And what beautiful eyes! Then his figure! It was not perhaps quite so symmetrical as that of her Stanley; but then it was an altogether different style of figure. And then his voice! It was a fine, manly, musical voice, and he spoke so firmly, and with so much confidence,—and yet not unpleasantly so!—by no means! On the contrary, it was precisely as a man ought to speak. She never could admire moustaches before!—oh! she could not endure even the sight of them; but then the moustaches of Sir William were such an improvement, that she marvelled they were not more generally worn. His conversation, too, was very entertaining; while his style was extremely interesting and eloquent. In a word, her delight was unqualified until dinner was announced, when she could not resist slightly envying Amelia, he led her into the dining-room with such surpassing grace. And yet this was not as if it had been a matter of choice! Had it been so, why, the case being different, might have engendered very different feelings. Nor was it as a matter of preference that he sat where he did. She, singularly enough, thought of this tranquillising circumstance, and the thought had a very good effect; for, after all, of what real importance was it? He sat immediately opposite, — their eyes could, and did, meet constantly; and although, in taking wine with Amelia, he looked at her probably a little too long, when he took wine with *her* his look was far more expressive, — indeed so much so, that she felt in some slight degree embarrassed at the moment, which Sir William perceived, and hence addressed his conversation during dinner, not exclusively, it is true, but chiefly to her! There was then, of course, not the smallest doubt about the matter in her mind, nor was there the smallest doubt about the matter in the mind of Sir William, who continued to be as fascinating as possible until the ladies retired.

And then, with what rapture did she applaud his companionable qualities! He had made a very favourable impression upon Amelia, she regarded him as an exceedingly gentlemanlike person; but the widow was in ecstasies; and, while he and Stanley were over their wine, she thought every minute an hour at least.

At length the reunion took place; and Stanley in due time proposed a quiet rubber, which seemed to impart pleasure to all; and, as the widow very pointedly intimated that she should like to have the self-same party at her own house on an early day, the day was fixed, and they passed the remainder of the evening, delighted alike with each other and themselves.

CHAPTER XIII.

Treats of the Park, and of Stanley's mysterious interview with Madame Poupetier.

But one thing was now required to render the happiness of Amelia complete, and that was the formal forgiveness of her father. Poor Mrs. Joliffe laboured hard to effect this; but the Captain was not to be moved. He was sorry for Amelia: he was not—he could not be — angry with her: his anger was directed against Stanley alone; for, as far as her prospects of happiness were concerned, he would have been more content had she married a tradesman. He looked upon Stanley as a youth without any fixed principles, — one who had been thrown upon the world without any sufficient check upon his passions, but with the means at his command of giving perfectly full swing to them all; who had to form casual friendships, which are at all times most dangerous; who had nothing on earth to seek but pleasure; and who, while fascinated by every novelty, had the power to indulge in every vice. He therefore felt that domestic happiness would be entirely out of the question; that, as love cannot live upon itself alone long, new scenes and temptations would wean him from home, if even they failed to drag him into the gulf of dishonour. The only thought which in the slightest degree shook his resolution to avoid a formal reconciliation was this, that he might, perhaps, be able to guide Stanley; to advise him what to embrace, and what to shun. But, when he reflected upon Stanley's headstrong disposition; when he considered that any opposition on his part might have the effect of stimulating, rather than that of checking him, he soon became convinced that the only wise course he could pursue was that of holding out until the time of danger had passed, conceiving that the additional claim which Amelia — in consequence of having sacrificed all else for him—then had upon his tenderness, would, in the event of a reconciliation, no longer exist, while the vanity of Stanley might prompt him to act so as to enable him anon to exclaim with exultation, "Now what have you to say against me or my conduct? What becomes now of your baseless fears, your unworthy suspicions and guesses?" This consideration had great weight with the Captain; and, as nothing arose to outweigh it, he adhered to his resolution firmly, notwithstanding the pathetic appeals of Mrs. Joliffe, who advanced with great point that what was done could not be undone, with a variety of other arguments equally novel and strong.

Amelia, of course, had no knowledge of the Captain's real motive. She attributed the fact of his continuing to withhold the expression of his forgiveness to anger alone, yet hoped that reflection would cause him to relent. She would have gone at once, and thrown herself imploringly at his feet; but she could not without having Stanley's consent, which she perfectly well knew she could never obtain. This necessarily made her feel sad; and, as she appeared to be unusually depressed the day after that on which Sir William dined with them, seeing that the few pleasant hours they had passed recalled to her recollection the very many happy evenings that were associated with the home of her childhood, Stanley felt pleased when the widow, who was in the highest possible spirits, called, according to promise, to take Amelia for a drive.

As soon as they had departed he ordered his horse, and proceeded at once to the Park. It was Sunday; and, being, moreover, an excessively hot day, the appearance of the Ring was most animated and imposing.

Perhaps there is no scene in Europe that can be held to be comparable with that which the Ring in the Park presents on a fine sultry Sunday. In the Drive there are vehicles of every description, from the aristocratic curricle to the "vun oss shay." The countess, luxuriantly lounging in an almost horizontal position in her britska, is followed by the butcher in his "ginteel drag" who (while "his missus, the vife off his buzzum," is injuring her spine by leaning over the back of the buggy, with the laudable view of doing the thing with all the luxuriant grace of the countess,) is constantly looking with an expression of agony at the unexampled tightness of the bellyband, and continually making "a hobserwation" to the effect that "she *vill* set a leettle matter forrard, if she doesn't petickler vornt to be spilt." Then comes the rouged *roué*, with the rein hooked elegantly upon his little jewelled finger, and with an eye-glass stuck with surpassing dexterity between his finely pencilled brow and his blooming cheek-bone, staring on the one hand into every carriage, and smiling at every milliner that passes on the other with all the power of fascination at his command. The dowager follows, with her three devoted daughters, whom she has put up at auction to be sold to the highest bidder, and who are engaged, as a mere matter of duty, in making eyes of the most provoking caste at those gudgeons whom their ma is most anxious for them to hook. Then comes an acknowledged leader of *ton*. Every eye is upon him. Whatever he may wear of an extraordinary character, whether of shape, make, or colour, is held to be the mode, which is a source of hebdomadal mortification, inasmuch as when his aspiring civic imitators fancy that they have matched him to a hair, they find on the following Sunday that he is dressed in a style most astonishingly different altogether. After him comes an old-fashioned phaeton, drawn by an old-fashioned horse, driven by an old-fashioned gentleman, with an old-fashioned lady behind him, guarded by an old-fashioned groom. The lady and gentleman when abroad never speak to each other by any chance. Neither has to communicate anything of which the other knows nothing: they know each other's sentiments so well that they are mutually impressed with the conviction that they need not trouble themselves to explain them. For a period of fifty years, probably, they have been man and wife, and their feelings, their prejudices, their hearts so mingle, that the death of one — come when it may, will be death to the other. Then follows the invalid, taking the air in a chariot, with all the windows up; thus inhaling the fetid atmosphere he has a thousand times exhaled, with a view to the expansion and more healthy action of his tubercled lungs. A barrister follows, riding in state to extend his practice, and calculating —with correctness too, seeing that he must be an extremely eminent person to be enabled to live in such style,—upon his airings not only keeping his carriage, but putting into his pocket an additional thousand a year. And thus they go round and round, to see, and to be seen; flanked by equestrians from the duke to the draper, while the promenade is thronged with pedestrians of every grade; of whom the majority, however, are milliners and tailors, raising dense clouds of

dust behind a row of individuals at the rails, who are engaged in usurping the functions of the Crown by conferring high honours upon persons unknown, and pitchforking people up to the peerage by wholesale. The heart of him who thus establishes himself as a fountain of honour must teem with a peculiar sort of secret satisfaction. It is highly irrational to suppose that, were it not so, he would take so deep an interest in the thing; for he is never by any chance at a loss for a title. A black-whiskered bootmaker appears: of course he is an illustrious duke. His Grace is followed by a bagman: he is some celebrated marquis. A blackleg, who, in his early youth practised as a pickpocket, follows him: he is some distinguished baronet, whose family originally came over with William the Norman in the reign of Queen Anne, when Richard the Third started over the Alps after Julius Cæsar. And this is pleasing to all concerned: it pleases him who imparts the information as well as him who receives it, while it meets the views of those upon whom the titles are conferred, and whose aim is to be taken for persons of distinction.

Stanley had not been long in the Park when he met the identical pony-phaeton, which he had noticed so much the day before. The same ladies were in it, and the same lightning glances were exchanged. What could they mean? They might be friends of the lady whom he had rescued! and yet, had they not glanced thus pointedly at him before that event took place? They met again and again; but, at length, having made a sign to Bob, they gave him a card to deliver to his master, and drove at once out of the Park.

Bob rode forward; but as Stanley was then at the door of his mother's carriage, and continued to ride by the side of it until they reached home, he very prudently deferred the delivery of the card until then, when he explained, of course, how, and from whom he had received it.

"Madame Poupetier!" said Stanley, as he looked at this card,—"Madame Poupetier!" It was a name of which he had never before heard. What could be the meaning of it? What could be the object of Madame Poupetier? He was engaged in conjecturing during the remainder of the day, and conceived ten thousand ideas on the subject. The thing was so unusual, — so mysterious! As a matter of courtesy he must call upon Madame Poupetier; and as a matter of courtesy, well seasoned with curiosity, he did call the following morning.

Madame Poupetier was at home; and, from the manner of the servant it was clear that she expected him, for he was shown at once into a room which was ornamented with singular elegance and taste, and which he could not help admiring while the servant went up with his card.

In due time the lady appeared; and, having taken Stanley by the hand, she gave him at once a most fascinating smile, and they sat on the sofa together. It was plain that she had been a most splendid woman; for, although she was at that period *passé*, traces of beauty still remained of a character unusually striking.

"I feel honoured by this visit," she observed, with a slight foreign accent, "but indeed you must forgive me for having had recourse to the means by which it was procured."

Stanley bowed, without replying; for the fact is, he did not exactly understand it even then; besides he felt at the time in some slight degree confused, which Madame Poupetier in an instant perceived, and therefore drew somewhat nearer, and took his hand again, and having pressed it, continued to hold it in hers.

"This is rather warm!" thought Stanley, as she looked into his eyes as if she then felt quite happy. "I suppose that I shall presently know what it means."

Madame Poupetier at this moment of interest drew nearer still, and then resumed. "The fact of my having sent my card to a gentleman to whom I never had the pleasure of being introduced, must, I am aware, appear strange; but when I explain that I was impelled to that course by a lady who is dying to impart to you something of importance, I feel sure that you will pardon me."

"I beg," said Stanley, "that you will not name it. I am happy, without reference to the means, in having become acquainted with Madame Poupetier."

Madame bowed and smiled, and pressed his hand again, and drew so closely to him then, that she absolutely fixed him in a corner.

"Have I the pleasure to know the lady of whom you speak?" inquired Stanley.

"I believe not," said Madame Poupetier.

"Have I never seen her?"

"It is the lady who was with me in my phaeton yesterday."

"Oh, indeed! and the day before?"

"Yes: she is a dear, good, affectionate girl; and I love her so much, that I consented to resort to the only means available of letting you know that she had something to communicate."

"Indeed you are very polite. I shall be happy to receive any communication from that lady. But—pardon my curiosity—do you know at all the nature of that communication?"

"Why," said Madame Poupetier, who smiled, and shook her head playfully, "I *do* know; but Isabelle would scold me if I were to explain."

"Then I will not by any means urge you. When shall I have the pleasure of being introduced?"

"Isabelle is very anxious for it to be as soon as possible; but matters of this description are managed with more pleasure to both parties without the formality of a set conversation. I have therefore undertaken to solicit the favour of your company to-morrow evening, when, as I am going to have a little party, all can be explained without any reserve. Will you do me the favour to join us?"

"With pleasure," replied Stanley.

"There's a good creature. Poor little Isabelle! — she will be *so* happy! You will not be late? Say ten o'clock — do not be later than ten."

"I will not," replied Stanley, who rose to take leave.

"Then you forgive me?" said Madame Poupetier, as she smiled and rang the bell. "You are sure, quite sure that you forgive me?"

"I am delighted," returned Stanley, "as well with this introduction to Madame Poupetier, as with her polite invitation."

"It will be a sort of fancy dress party," she observed; "but *you* need not come in any fancy costume. If, however, you wish to appear like the rest, I have one with which I am sure you will be

pleased, although I think you cannot possibly assume a more attractive character than your own."

Stanley appreciated this flattering observation, and having acknowledged the receipt of the compliment inclosed, he gracefully took leave of Madame Poupetier, stepped into his cab, and drove off.

It was perhaps but natural that he should have deemed all this strange. The interview, instead of satisfying his curiosity, had had the effect of exciting it still more. What could be the nature of this important communication? What could it mean? Surely no lady had become desperately enamoured of him? It was very mysterious! The warm manner of Madame Poupetier, her mode of pressing his hand, and sticking so closely to him on the sofa, with other little familiarities, with which he could not feel displeased, he attributed to the fact of her being a French woman, in whom they were understood to be common civilities. This he could—or, at all events, fancied he could—well understand, but nothing more; all the rest was a mystery, which had still to be solved.

CHAPTER XIV.

Explains the characteristics of a peculiar Fancy Dress Ball, at which Stanley receives a highly interesting communication.

At the appointed hour the following evening, Stanley — having explained to Amelia that, as he was going to sup with a few friends, he should not perhaps return quite so early as usual—repaired to the residence of Madame Poupetier, who received him with characteristic grace, and expressed herself highly delighted.

"Mademoiselle Mignon," said Madame Poupetier, after the first cordial greeting, "has not yet arrived; but I expect her every instant. You cannot conceive how enraptured she was when I told her that you would be here."

Stanley now, of course, perceived that Mademoiselle Mignon was the little Isabelle, and having observed that he should be equally delighted to see her, he was sent with an attendant to put on the dress she had prepared, and was then led by Madame Poupetier into a brilliantly illuminated ball-room, in which there were from thirty to forty persons assembled, of whom the majority were females, dressed in various styles, with so much elegance and taste, that each style appeared to be absolutely the most attractive. He had never before seen so much beauty. It appeared to be impossible for the passion of envy to be excited there; for although some were habited as nuns, some as sylphs, and some as peasants, while others were in Persian, Greek, and Turkish costumes, they vied with each other in personal charms so successfully, that it would have been indeed extremely difficult to point out the loveliest in the room.

As Stanley entered, eight very young and graceful creatures, who appeared to have been under the tuition of some accomplished *maître de ballet*, were engaged in a picturesque dance, of which several gaily-attired elderly gentlemen appeared to be lost in admiration. At the upper end of the room a quadrille band was stationed, and by the side of the temporary orchestra a group of old ladies, with remarkably round, red, anti-aristocratical faces, stood discussing with surpassing volubility divers matters, in which they seemed to take the deepest possible interest. But for this particular group,

which was not fairy-like in the slightest degree, the whole scene would have appeared to be one of enchantment. This reduced it at once in Stanley's view to reality; and, as an elegant *brunette* at the moment took his arm *pro tem.* he began to notice the chief characteristics of the scene, a variety of which struck him as being most strange; but that which he held to be more extraordinary than all was the dearth, nay the almost total absence of young men. The ladies danced with each other, promenaded with each other, and chatted with each other exclusively, which Stanley conceived to be not quite correct; although it might have been reasonably inferred, from their vivacity, that nothing was really wanted to render their happiness complete.

He had scarcely, however, brought his mind to bear upon the cause of this singular circumstance, when Madame Poupetier re-entered the room with an exceedingly delicate beautiful *blonde*, whom she introduced to Stanley as plain Isabelle. He had never before beheld a creature so fair. Her skin was as clear and fine as that of an infant, rendering more sparkling her brilliant blue eyes, which, notwithstanding the whiteness of her lashes and brows, were peculiarly expressive; while her flaxen hair, soft and fine as silk, hung in ringlets upon a bosom comparable only to animated wax.

There could be now no longer any doubt about which was the loveliest girl in the room; for, although she was dressed in the most simple style, she, at least in Stanley's view, eclipsed them all; while —on recovering her self-possession, for she appeared somewhat tremulous when Stanley took her hand—she spoke in tones of surpassing sweetness.

There is probably nothing more really engaging than the simple conversation of one who has acquired a sufficient knowledge of our language to make herself just understood. Like the innocent prattle of an infant, it fixes our attention, while we are interested and amused, and almost imperceptibly inspires us with feelings which are nearly allied to those of love.

Isabelle was born and educated in France. She had been at the period of her introduction to Stanley but twelve months in England, and knew just enough of the English language to make those with whom she conversed comprehend what she meant. Stanley was therefore charmed with her conversation, and gazed upon her as she spoke as he would have gazed upon a child. Indeed he regarded her but as a child, assumed a patronising tone, smiled at everything she said, however seriously intended, and kept her hand playfully in his.

"You will dance with me, Isabelle?" said he.

"Oh! I vill be mos delight!"

"You are extremely fond of dancing, I presume?"

"Oh, yes! I vos lof it indeed veery great."

"Well, then, we 'll dance the next set."

And they did so; and nothing could surpass the elegant ease of Isabelle, who glided through the figures like a fairy. Stanley now became more delighted with her than ever, and went through the following set, and then joined in a waltz, which he kept up with spirit, until his knees began to tremble, and he had lost the point of sight, when with great consideration he drew her arm in his, and inquired if she did not begin to feel fatigued.

"Fatigue!" she exclaimed, with surprise. "Oh non: I vill not feel fatigue till the day beefore to-morrow."

Stanley believed what she meant to convey; but as he felt fatigued himself, he confessed it, and led her to a seat, when she gaily explained to him that she had on one occasion danced "tree days effeery day, vid no daylight, no fatigue, no sleep," and he warmly applauded her spirit.

"And now, Isabelle," said he, taking advantage of a pause, "what is this highly important secret you are so anxious to communicate?"

"Oh," said Isabelle, blushing deeply, and pretending to adjust Stanley's dress, "I cannot possible tell to you now: I am beesy."

"But, my dear girl, you may as well tell me at once."

"My dear girl!" echoed Isabelle, with an expression of pleasure.

"Upon my word I beg pardon," said Stanley; "but really I am so accustomed—"

"Accustom!" interrupted Isabelle, as she turned her blue eyes full upon him—"Accustom!—Oh, yes!" she continued, as her features relaxed, "you have leetel sistare—dear girl—I comprehend."

"Well, then," said Stanley, "now, keep me no longer in suspense. What is it?"

"Noting a tall beefore souper! Indeed it vos not quite possible to tell to you beefore."

Madame Poupetier now approached, and, after making a variety of observations touching matters in general, but more particularly with reference to the perfect understanding which appeared to exist between Stanley and Isabelle, she expressed a highly laudable hope that they were happy, and left them again to themselves.

"Have you known Madame Poupetier long?" inquired Stanley.

"No; not long. I vos not been in Engeland long."

"Your friends knew her, probably, before you arrived?"

"Oh, no," said Isabelle, with an aspect of sadness. "My friends nevare vos know Madame Poupetier." And as she spoke the tears sprang into her eyes, which she tried, but in vain to conceal.

Stanley changed the subject in a moment; but before Isabelle could reassume her wonted gaiety supper was announced, to the entire satisfaction not only of the elderly gentlemen, but of the red-faced ladies, who hailed the announcement with manifest delight. They therefore at once slipped away, taking with them all who were not then engaged in the dance, save Stanley and Isabelle, who found pleasure in lingering until the conclusion of the quadrille, when they followed of course with the rest.

On entering the supper-room, Stanley found everything arranged in the most *recherché* style, and for the first time perceived that, while engaged with Isabelle, the number of gentlemen had greatly increased.

"Is that Monsieur Poupetier?" he inquired, alluding to a fine portly person who sat at the top of one of the tables.

Isabelle looked and smiled, and then replied, "Non. Dere nevare vos be Monsieur Poupetier. Madame Poupetier vos nevare be marry."

"Indeed!" said Stanley; "I was not aware of that."

Isabelle looked and smiled again.

The champagne soon began to go round very briskly, and the guests felt, in consequence, much less restrained. They conversed

with more spirit, and laughed with more freedom, and, indeed, there were several present who displayed no inconsiderable share of true wit. These, however, did not create the most laughter. The greatest amount of merriment was produced by two aged individuals, who had not a tooth between them, but who, nevertheless, exhibited the chief characteristics of buffoons to such perfection that Mirth burst the barrier of Pity to roar. Not, however, content with this pleasing result of the laudable developement of his genius, one of them actually kissed two nuns who sat beside him; and Stanley conceived, as they offered no resistance, but, on the contrary, felt rather flattered than not, that he was the father of those nuns, or their uncle, or their guardian at least, until Madame Poupetier, who saw the outrage committed, exclaimed, with appropriate solemnity, "My Lord!"

The expression of the noble individual's queer countenance on being thus solemnly called to order, became so excessively droll that it induced a simultaneous burst of laughter, which, being both loud and long-continued, threw his lordship into a state of perfect rapture, the powerful developement of which he managed by rolling remarkably in their sockets his two odd eyes, with which, in point of legitimate obliquity, nothing at all comparable in the annals of eyes either ancient or modern exists upon record. The only person who did not laugh at this highly-interesting exhibition was the noble lord's rival. To him the effect was wormwood. He became extremely jealous. He held it to be a monstrous monopoly, and tried to break it down; but, although he laboured hard to eclipse the noble lord, he eventually felt himself utterly extinguished.

It may here be remarked that champagne is a wine of which ladies in general are fond: it were useless, perhaps, to dive to any depth into the cause; but that they do love it dearly is a fact which experience has placed beyond the pale of dispute. Such being the case, then, it may, without any impropriety, be mentioned, that at this particular period of the evening that light and lively wine began to work its legitimate effects upon the elderly round-faced ladies by whom the festive board was adorned, and who entered at large into the general economy of the establishments over which they had respectively the honour to preside. This appeared to be deeply interesting to them, but not to Stanley: still his eyes might even then have been opened, had not Madame Poupetier with great adroitness suggested that the young ladies present were then at liberty to return to the ball-room, when, as this correct suggestion was acted upon generally, Stanley and Isabelle joined them at once.

"Now, Isabelle," said Stanley, having led her to a seat, "what is this grand secret?"

Isabelle gazed at him intently for a moment, and then said, "*Est-il encore un secret?*"

"*Oui vraiment,*" replied Stanley; "*mais parlez Anglais. Il m'est difficile — il m'est difficile — de vous faire comprendre en Français; en même temps j'admire beaucoup plus—beaucoup plus—j'admire beaucoup plus votre Anglais que votre Français.*"

"Vich vos be de same to me myself, but different. Still I sall try to pleasure you."

"Well, then," said Stanley. "Now what is it?"

"Vy," said Isabelle, as she played with Stanley's chain, and ar-

ranged it in various devices upon his vest, "it is — I — it is veery terrible to me to tell to you. I cannot possible."

"Why, you silly girl?"

"Vell, you sall — you sall deviner — vot you call? — guess — yes, yes, you sall guess."

"Impossible! I cannot."

"Cannot guess? Vot vill I do? You vill not be angry? Please do not be angry?"

"Angry, my dear girl! Why should I be angry? I cannot be angry with you!"

Isabelle raised her eyes, which then sparkled with pleasure; but dropped them again as she said, "Oh, it is veery shocking for me! but it vill as vell bee done at last as at fost!" when, taking a deep inspiration, she added, "I lof you!" and buried her face in his bosom.

"And this is the secret," thought Stanley. "Well! I suspected as much. Now how am I to act? I must not be serious with this poor girl. I must pass it off with levity, — treat it as a jest. Isabelle," said he playfully, "let me see your eyes."

Conceiving that his object was to test her sincerity, she looked at him firmly in an instant.

"And so you really love me?"

"Oh, yes, indeed! I have veery dear great lof for you in my heart."

"Upon my honour I feel highly flattered."

"Oh, no: tere is no flatterie in vérité. Indeed I vos not a tall flatter."

"And, pray how long have I had the honour of your love?"

"Evare, from ven I deed know you to see."

"Indeed! Well, that *is* strange. But, Isabelle, what is the character of your love?"

"Te character? I cannot tell. I nevare deed lof like tis lof beefore. Oh! it is happiness — yet it is not: it gives to me pleasure, and yet it does not: it is te supreme—it is—oh!—it is lof!"

"Now, suppose, Isabelle, that I were married."

"Marry! oh, no, no, no! you are not marry."

"But, if I were?"

"Vy, if you vere marry, it vill be veery terrible to me."

"Of course in such a case you would love me no more?"

"No more! Till evare and evare! I vill not help it. But, no, no, you are not marry a tall. I perceive by you smile you are not, vich is veery great felicity to me."

"Well, come," said Stanley, attempting to rise, "shall we dance the next set?"

"Yes — yes," said Isabelle; "but — you have quite forget to tell to me someting."

"Indeed! What have I forgotten?"

"You have quite entirely forget to say you lof me."

"Well, that is indeed very wrong, is it not?"

"But," said Isabelle after a pause, "you have nevare tell to me still!—You do *not* lof me."

"Love you? How can I resist? I can't but love so sweet a girl."

"But, do you lof me vid de veritable lof vich is lof — vich is true? Ah! vy you hesitate? vy you not answer to me? You are —*marry!* Oh, tell to me if it is so! but do not—oh, do not be cruel to say it is if it is not. Are you marry?"

"I will not deceive you," said Stanley: "I am."

Isabelle dropped her head, and was silent. The tears flowed fast though unheeded by her, and she looked as if the answer of Stanley had been death to every hope she had cherished.

"Come, come," said he, "why are you so sad? Because I happen to be married? Why, I hope to see you married soon."

"Oh, nevare! You vill nevare see Isabelle marry: you vill nevare see Isabelle more!"

"Hark! what is that?" exclaimed Stanley, as at the moment he heard a loud scream, followed by cries which had a thrilling effect. "Remain here, my girl. Do not be alarmed. I will return to you immediately."

Isabelle pressed his hand, and he darted from the room.

Following the sound of the voices, which now became more and more loud, he soon entered the room in which supper had been laid, and which at that time presented a scene of a character the most lively and imposing. The tables were turned upside down; the chairs were broken; the pier-glass was starred; and the carpet was strewn with the fragments of bottles, and saturated with wine; and while those of the guests by whom the sport was enjoyed were pulling others back, and shouting, "Let them alone!" the noble individual who had produced so much mirth, and his rival, whom at supper he had totally eclipsed, were mounted upon the sideboard, engaged among the glasses in the performance of a musical *pas de deux*.

Stanley at first could not get even a glance at the principal characters engaged in the scene; but having, by dint of great perseverance, broken through a kind of ring, he perceived two of the red-faced ladies devoting all their physical energies, with the view of getting as much satisfaction out of each other as possible, to the manifest delight of those by whom they were respectively backed. One of these ladies struck out like a man quite straight from the shoulder and fairly; but the other, though incomparably less scientific, did with her talons the greatest amount of execution. They were both in a state in which ladies ought never to wish to be, whether they do or do not love their lords; and being so, the highest object of each was to damage the countenance of the other as much as she comfortably could.

"Pray—pray, put an end to it,—pray!" exclaimed Madame Poupetier, with an expression of agony. "Oh, the reputation of my house!—the reputation of my house!"

Stanley, on being thus appealed to, at once interfered, but in vain.

"I'll teach her to run down my girls!" shrieked the more scientific of the two, who at the moment aimed a left-handed blow at her opponent, whose cap, though adorned with pinks, lilies, and roses, and long ears of corn, was so frightened that it flew off her head. "I'll show her the difference! I keep them like ladies, and that's more than some people do," and she aimed another blow, which had so powerful an effect upon the face of her opponent, that that lady considered it expedient to close; when, apparently with malice aforethought, she plucked off in an instant her more scientific antagonist's *coiffure*, consisting not only of a violet velvet turban, with three birds of paradise stuck up in front, but of an elegant, richly-curled, highly-wrought peruke! Oh! to the delicate and strictly-private feelings of that lady this was terrible indeed,—and it may not be altogether incorrect to mention, that with her white bald head, and

her round red face, thus completely unadorned, she did not look so comfortable quite as she did before. Still, although she felt it deeply, while the other shrieked with laudable exultation, she flew at her boldly again, and caught hold of *her* hair, expecting evidently a similar result, which would have made her comparatively happy; but, albeit she tugged and tugged with becoming perseverance, she found it so excessively natural that she really began to deem herself conquered, inasmuch as she felt that she could not inflict upon the feelings of her opponent so deep a wound as that which her opponent had inflicted upon hers. So natural a fact is it that, while she cared but little about an exposure of her moral defects, over which she had control, she could not bear the exposition of those physical defects, over which she had no control whatever; and hence, notwithstanding the enthusiastic promptings of her satellites, who really gave her every encouragement to "go in and win," she snatched from the ground her degraded *coiffure*, and rushed from the room, amidst loud roars of laughter.

Stanley now began to feel convinced that some of the persons there assembled were not of the most respectable caste; but, without at all dwelling upon the importance which ought to have been attached to this conviction, he returned to the ball-room, with the view of rejoining Isabelle. He reached the couch on which he had left her: she had vanished. He inquired of those around: they knew nothing of her departure. He requested the servants to search the house, and they did search; they searched every room: she was not to be found. He remembered the last words she had uttered; and became apprehensive of her having madly rushed to self-destruction. He wished that he had not been so candid, yet felt that he could not be blamed. He inquired of Madame Poupetier; he inquired of all whom he met; he could not obtain the slightest information. He felt that during the disgraceful confusion she must have escaped unperceived, and, being firmly convinced that she was lost, he changed his dress, and left the house, with her last words ringing in his ears, "You will never see Isabelle married: you will never see Isabelle more!"

CAPTAIN MORRIS.

A REVIEW.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

I.

Here goes a review, such as Yellow and Blue
  Its pages most glorious ne'er clapt in;
And sure it were wrong, if in aught but a song
  A notice we gave of THE Captain!
Hail, Morris! the chief, prime bard of prime beef!
  Other poets on feeding more airy
Their thin muses may starve—richer diet must carve
  Our old Beef-Steak-Club Se-cre-tá-ry.



CAPTAIN CHARLES MORRIS.

Engraved by W. Greatbatch from the Original Picture in the Possession of the Family.

London, Published by Richard Bentley, 1840.

II.

Moses tells us, that "when we 've reach'd threescore and ten,
Our work in the world is nigh over;"
And you 'll find it true still, search wherever you will,
From the house of John Groat down to Dover.
If that date we o'erpass, our strength is, alas!
Shrunk away down from giant to fairy,
Except in such case, as the reader may trace
In these songs of a non-a-ge-ná-ry.—

Dear Morris [at ninety].

"Well, I 'm come, my dear friends, your kind wish to obey,
And drive, by light Mirth, all Life's shadows away;
To turn the heart's sighs to the throbbings of Joy,
And a grave aged man to a merry old boy.
'Tis a bold transformation, a daring design,
But not past the power of Friendship and Wine;
And I trust that e'en yet this warm mixture will raise
A brisk spark of light o'er the shade of my days.
The swan, it is said by the poets, still tries
To sing, if he can, a last song ere he dies:
So, like him, my dear brethren, I 'll do what I can,
Though th' attempt savours more of the *goose* than the swan.

When I look round this board, and recall to my breast
How long here I sat, and how long I was blest,
In a mingled effusion, that steals to my eyes,
I sob o'er the wishes that Life now denies.
'Twas here my youth, manhood, and age used to pass,
Till Time bade me mark the low sands in his glass:
Then with grief that alone Death can hide from my view,
I gave up the blessing, and sadly withdrew.
But my sorrow is soothed, my dear friends, let me say,
As your 'tribute of friendship' I proudly survey,
That my heart can yet glow with the joy it reveals,
And my tongue has yet power to tell what it feels.

How many bright spirits I 've seen disappear,
While Fate's lucky lot held me happily here!
How many kind hearts and gay bosoms gone by,
That have left me to mingle my mirth with a sigh.

But whate'er be the lot that Life's course may afford,
Or howe'er Fate may chequer this ever-loved board,
So the memory of Pleasure brings Sorrow relief,
That a ray of past joy ever gleams o'er the grief.

And still in your presence more brightly it glows:
Here high mount my spirits, where always they rose;
Here a sweet-mingled vision of present and past
Still blesses my sight, and will bless to the last.

When my spirits are low, for relief and delight,
I still place your splendid memorial* in sight;
And call to my Muse, when Care strives to pursue,
'Bring the steaks to my memory, and bowl to my view.'

When brought—at its sight all the *blue devils* fly,
And a world of gay visions rise bright to my eye;
Cold Fear shuns the Cup where warm Memory flows;
And Grief, shamed by Joy, hides his budget of woes.

* A large and elegant silver bowl, with an appropriate inscription, presented by the Society as a testimonial of affectionate esteem.

'Tis a pure holy fount, where for ever I find
A sure double charm for the body and mind;
For I feel, while I 'm cheer'd by the drop that I lift,
I 'm blest by the motive that hallows the gift.

Then take, my dear friends, my best thanks and my praise,
For a boon that thus comforts and honours my days;
And permit me to say, as there 's Life in a Bowl,
That Taste forms its body, but Friendship its soul."

III.

The Beefsteaks are done,—pepper, salt, mustard gone,—
Not a songman, or speechman, or quillman
Now is found in the haunt, where was heard their last chaunt—
('Twas a grog-shop, establish'd by Spilman).
Burnt down is the house where they used to carouse:
O Arnold! what fun and vagary,
Before the old Strand had grown gaudy and grand,
Was by Exeter 'Change Me-na-gé-rie.

IV.

You ought not to think it was merely the drink
Brought those wonderful fellows together;
To be sure we have heard that the bottle was stirr'd,
And the bowl too, in wintersome weather.
Though they never profess'd that "water is best,"
(See Pindar, translated by Cary,)
Yet something beside the wine's glowing tide
Was deem'd by those wits ne-cess-á-ry.

Dear Morris.

"Think not, because I praise my glass,
That brute excess my song excites;
That Nature's charms unheeded pass,
And nought of mental joy delights:
Did not my soul's best feelings wake,
My fancy's sweetest visions rise,
Soon would my lip that fount forsake
Where now my bosom's blessing lies.

'Tis the past ardours of my soul,
The glowing transcript of my joys,
That, brightly pictured in my bowl,
Enchant, and fill my moistening eyes;
'Tis the sweet trace of raptured days,
That fondly glide through Memory's dream,
'Tis that alone that wakes my praise,
And tempts me to the magic stream.

'Tis warm devotion to those powers
That dwell in thought and mind alone;
'Tis the sweet triumph of those hours,
When man's sublimest bliss is known:
Did not my glass this heaven disclose,
For ever tasteless would it be;
If there no blest Elysium rose,
Dead would be all its charms to me.

When wine unlocks my bosom's store,
It stirs no heartless boisterous noise;
Far from the thoughtless revel's roar
My raptured fancy reaps its joys;
My glass ne'er prompts the clamorous din
That burst on Riot's senseless ear;
But feeds a softer fire within,
And soothes the breast with Memory's tear.

Yes! 'tis a soul-subliming cup,
That, with its pure refining glow,
Still wakes and lifts each virtue up,
And shows Love's eyes its heaven below:
Then say not to my ardent soul,
That vicious Folly prompts her mirth;
Love's holy fervour charms my bowl,
And Virtue gives that fervour birth."

V.

And of songsters the first, sweetest cry i' the burst,
Was Morris, from whom we are quoting,
Long caroll'd the strain which, to prince or to swain,
Sang of that on which mankind is doting.
But our times more demure, so pragmatic and pure,
Must (in printing, at least,) be more wary;
Of his loves all and some, we must therefore be mum
In this our review li-te-rá-ry.

VI.

The days are now past, when the King before last
Was kicking the world all before him.
He was old, and too fat, full of fuss, and all that,
When, as King, we were call'd to adore him;
But what were the tales of the gay Prince of Wales
When, as eaglet fresh fledged from his eyrie,
He first started forth, the prime star of the North,
Our ple-ni-po-ten-ti-á-ry.

VII.

Some songs here we know are very so-so,
In the style of a Laureate-ode ditty;
But as old Fum the Fourth (see Tom Moore) had the worth
Of pensioning Morris, 'twas pretty
That in his old age he should ink out a page
With verses though heavy and hairy,
For him who, when young, he had charm'd in a song
Of a style that would bang Tipperary.

VIII.

Some remembrances old does our Nestor unfold—
We wish that he gave them more plenty,—
What a life he could write, if he chose to recite
All he saw up to ninety from twenty!
Two only we 'll take, in which the old rake
Sings out in a tone rather dreary,
Over palace o'erthrown, and tavern pull'd down,
And the death of a chief culinâry.

Dear Morris.

"His last steak done, his fire raked out and dead,
Dish'd for the worms himself, lies honest Ned.
We, then, whose breasts bore all his fleshly toils,
Took all his bastings, and shared all his broils,
Now, in our turn, a mouthful carve and trim,
And dress, at Phœbus' fire, one scrap for him.

His heart, which well might grace the noblest grave,
Was grateful, patient, modest, just, and brave;
And ne'er did Earth's wide maw a morsel gain
Of kindlier juices or more tender grain.
His tongue, where duteous Friendship humbly dwelt,
Charm'd all who heard the faithful zeal he felt;
Still to whatever end his chops were moved,
'Twas all well-season'd, relish'd, and approved.
This room, his earthly heaven, when Fate drew nigh
The closing shade that dimm'd his lingering eye,

His last fond hopes, reveal'd by many a tear,
Were that his life's last spark might glimmer *here;*
And the last words that choked his parting sigh,
'Oh! at your feet, dear masters, let me die!'"

Again,—

"Farewell for ever! — Thus, then, falls, at last,
The roof where all my proudest joys have passed;
Where Mirth, enthroned in splendour, held her reign,
And Royal voices echo'd still her strain:
That roof, where minds with Life's high polish stored
Still graced the banquets of her glowing board;
Where Wit and Wisdom mingled grave and gay,
And Reason revell'd with the Fancy's play.
Farewell, farewell! a sad memento lie
How Fame's lost lustre dims the sorrowing eye,
And bids the heart, long cheer'd by Fancy's beam,
Sink in sad languor o'er the fleeting dream.

Again farewell! for ill my sight can bear
Thy crumbling ruins, once so famed and fair.
What art thou now? a heap of rubbish'd stone;
'Pride, pomp, and circumstance' for ever gone!
A prostrate lesson to the passing eye,
To teach the high how low they soon may lie.
Dust are those walls, where long, in pictured pride,
The far-famed *Dilettanti** graced their side;
And where so long my gay and frolic heart
Roused living spirits round these shades of art,
Sunk are they all, in heedless silence lost,
Or 'midst the flames, as useless refuse, cast;
All hid, all hush'd,—no vestige left to tell
Where Mirth thus honour'd rose, or where it fell:
Bare to the desert air now stands the space
Long fill'd with classic taste and fashion'd grace.

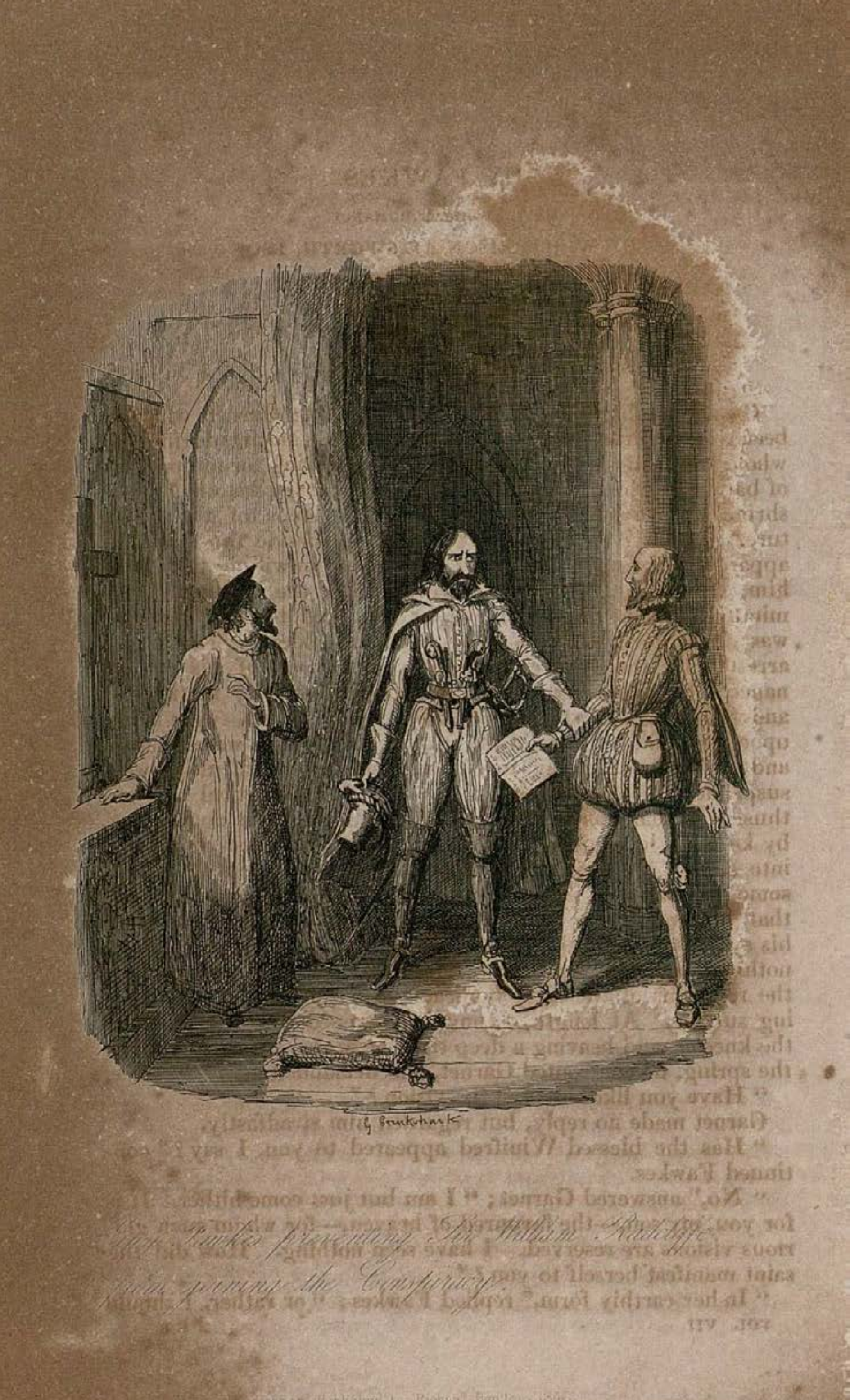
Down falls the Palace too! — and now I see
The street, a path of deadly gloom to me:
And, as I range the town, I, sighing, say,
'Turn from Pall Mall: that's now no more thy way;
Thy once-loved "shady side," oft praised before,
Shorn from earth's face, now hears thy strains no more;
And where thy Muse long ply'd her welcome toil,
Cold Speculation barters out the soil.'

Thus sinks the scene—thus proud emotions rest,
That fondly warm'd so long my flatter'd breast;
And now, to ease the sad regrets that rise,
All-soothing Hope in cold oblivion lies.
Let me forget, then, till that fatal day
That sweeps my time-worn frame, like thine, away;
For soon, alas! my aged fabric must,
Struck by Fate's hammer, drop, like thine, to dust."

IX.

Jolly Captain, adieu!—Your song is sung through,
Choused out of your last *derry down derry.*
[As a matter of trade, 'tis fit to be said
That these songs all so joyous and merry,
In octavos a pair, in type very fair,
If you wish them to grace your libráry,
Slip a guinea quite gently in the palm of R. Bentley,
The Queen's Bibliopole Ordináry.]

* A club, composed of most of the travelled noblemen and gentlemen of the kingdom, and called the *Dilettanti,* was held in the great room of this tavern.



Guy Fawkes preventing Sir William Radcliffe from joining the Conspiracy.

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GUY FAWKES.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

BOOK THE FIRST.

CHAPTER XII.

THE VISION.

Before daybreak on the following morning, Garnet, who had been engaged in earnest conference with Catesby during the whole of the night, repaired to the sacred spring for the purpose of bathing within it, and performing his solitary devotions at the shrine of the saint. On ascending the steps of the structure, he perceived Guy Fawkes kneeling beside the fountain, apparently occupied in prayer; and, being unwilling to disturb him, he paused. Finding, however, after the lapse of a few minutes, that he did not move, he advanced towards him, and was about to lay his hand upon his shoulder, when he was arrested by the very extraordinary expression of his countenance. His lips were partly open, but perfectly motionless, and his eyes, almost starting from their sockets, were fixed upon the boiling waters of the spring. His hands were clasped, and his look altogether was that of one whose faculties were suspended by awe or terror. Aware of the fanatical and enthusiastic character of Fawkes, Garnet had little doubt that, by keeping long vigil at the fountain, he had worked himself into such a state of over-excitement as to imagine he beheld some preternatural appearance; and it was with some curiosity that he awaited the result. Glancing in the same direction, his eye rested upon the bottom of the well, but he could discern nothing except the glittering and bloodstreaked pebbles, and the reflection of the early sunbeams that quivered on its steaming surface. At length, a convulsion passed over the frame of the kneeler, and heaving a deep sigh, he arose. Turning to quit the spring, he confronted Garnet, and demanded in a low voice,

"Have you likewise seen the vision?"

Garnet made no reply, but regarded him steadfastly.

"Has the blessed Winifred appeared to you, I say?" continued Fawkes.

"No," answered Garnet; "I am but just come hither. It is for you, my son,—the favoured of heaven,—for whom such glorious visions are reserved. I have seen nothing. How did the saint manifest herself to you?"

"In her earthly form," replied Fawkes; "or rather, I should

say, in the semblance of the form she bore on earth. Listen to me, father. I came hither last night to make my couch beside the fountain. After plunging into it, I felt marvellously refreshed, and disposed myself to rest on that stone. Scarcely had my eyes closed when the saintly virgin appeared to me. Oh! father, it was a vision of seraphic beauty, such as the eye of man hath seldom seen!"

"And such only as it is permitted the elect of heaven to see," observed Garnet.

"Alas! father," rejoined Guy Fawkes, "I can lay no claim to such an epithet. Nay, I begin to fear that I have incurred the displeasure of heaven."

"Think not so, my son," replied Garnet, uneasily. "Relate your vision, and I will interpret it to you."

"Thus then it was, father," returned Fawkes. "The figure of the saint arose from out the well, and, gliding towards me, laid its finger upon my brow. My eyes opened, but I was as one oppressed with a night-mare, unable to move. I then thought I heard my name pronounced by a voice so wondrously sweet that my senses were quite ravished. Fain would I have prostrated myself, but my limbs refused their office. Neither could I speak, for my tongue was also enchained."

"Proceed, my son," said Garnet; "I am curious to know what ensued."

"Father," replied Guy Fawkes, "if the form I beheld was that of Saint Winifred,—and that it was so, I cannot doubt,—the enterprise on which we are engaged will fail. It is *not* approved by Heaven. The vision warned me to desist."

"You cannot desist, my son," rejoined Garnet, sternly. "Your oath binds you to the project."

"True," replied Fawkes; "and I have no thought of abandoning it. But I am well assured it will not be successful."

"Your thinking so, my son, will be the most certain means of realizing your apprehensions," replied Garnet, gravely. "But, let me hear the exact words of the spirit. You may have misunderstood them."

"I cannot repeat them precisely, father," replied Fawkes; "but I could not misapprehend their import, which was the deepest commiseration for our forlorn and fallen church, but a positive interdiction against any attempt to restore it by bloodshed. 'Suffer on,' said the spirit; 'bear the yoke patiently, and in due season God will avenge your wrongs, and free you from oppression. You are thus afflicted that your faith may be purified. But if you resort to violence, you will breed confusion, and injure, not serve, the holy cause on which you are embarked.' Such, father, was the language of the saint. It was uttered in a tone so tender and sympathizing, that every word found an echo in my heart, and I repented having pledged myself to the undertaking. But, when I tell you that she

added that all concerned in the conspiracy should perish, perhaps, you may be deterred from proceeding further."

"Never!" returned Garnet. "Nor will I suffer any one engaged in it to retreat. What matter if a few perish, if the many survive. Our blood will not be shed in vain, if the true religion of God is restored. Nay, as strongly as the blessed Winifred herself resisted the impious ravisher, Caradoc, will I resist all inducements to turn aside from my purpose. It may be that the enterprise *will* fail. It may be that we *shall* perish. But if we die thus, we shall die as martyrs, and our deaths will be highly profitable to the Catholic religion."

"I doubt it," observed Fawkes.

"My son," said Garnet, solemnly, "I have ever looked upon you as one destined to be the chief agent in the great work of redemption. I have thought that, like Judith, you were chosen to destroy the Holofernes who oppresses us. Having noted in you a religious fervour, and resolution admirably fitting you for the task, I thought, and still think you expressly chosen by Heaven for it. But, if you have any misgiving, I beseech you to withdraw from it. I will absolve you from your oath; and, enjoining you only to strictest secrecy, will pray you to depart at once, lest your irresolution should be communicated to the others."

"Fear nothing from me, father," rejoined Fawkes. "I have no irresolution, no wavering, nor shall any engaged with us be shaken by my apprehension. You have asked me what I saw and heard, and I have told you truly. But I will speak of it no more."

"It will be well to observe silence, my son," answered Garnet; "for though you, like myself, are unnerved, its effect on others might be injurious. But you have not yet brought your relation to an end. How did the figure disappear?"

"As it arose, father," replied Fawkes. "Uttering in a sweet but solemn voice, which yet rings in my ears, the words, 'Be warned!' it glided back to the fountain, whose waves as it approached grew still, and gradually melted from my view."

"But when I came hither you appeared to be gazing at the spring," said Garnet. "What did you then behold?"

"My first impulse on awaking about an hour ago," replied Fawkes, "was to prostrate myself before the fountain, and to entreat the intercession of the saint, who had thus marvellously revealed herself to me. As I prayed, methought its clear lucid waters became turbid, and turned to the colour of blood."

"It is a type of the blood shed by slaughtered brethren of our faith," rejoined Garnet.

"Rather of our own, which shall be poured forth in this cause," retorted Fawkes. "No matter. I am prepared to lose the last drop of mine."

"And I," said Garnet; "and, I doubt not, like those holy

men who have suffered for their faith, that we shall both win a crown of martyrdom."

"Amen!" exclaimed Fawkes. "And you think the sacrifice we are about to offer will prove acceptable to God?"

"I am convinced of it, my son," answered Garnet. "And I take the sainted virgin, from whose blood this marvellous spring was produced, to witness that I devote myself unhesitatingly to the project, and that I firmly believe it will profit our church."

As he spoke, a singular circumstance occurred, which did not fail to produce an impression on the superstitious minds of both parties,—especially Guy Fawkes. A violent gust of wind, apparently suddenly aroused, whistled through the slender columns of the structure, and catching the surface of the water, dashed it in tiny waves against their feet.

"The saint is offended," observed Fawkes.

"It would almost seem so," replied Garnet, after a pause. "Let us proceed to the chapel, and pray at her shrine. We will confer on this matter hereafter. Meantime, swear to me that you will observe profound secrecy respecting this vision."

"I swear," replied Guy Fawkes.

At this moment, another and more violent gust agitated the fountain.

"We will tarry here no longer," said Garnet. "I am not proof against these portents of ill."

So saying, he led the way to the chapel. Here they were presently joined by several of the female devotees, including Viviana, Anne Vaux, and Lady Digby. Matins were then said, after which various offerings were made at the shrine of the saint. Lady Digby presented a small tablet set in gold, representing on one side the martyrdom of Saint Winifred, and on the other the Salutation of our Lady. Anne Vaux gave a small enamelled cross of gold; Viviana a girdle of the same metal, with a pendant sustaining a small Saint John's head surrounded with pearls.

"Mine will be a poor soldier's offering," said Guy Fawkes, approaching the shrine, which was hung around with the crutches, staves, and bandages of those cured by the miraculous spring. "This small silver scallop-shell given me by a pilgrim, who died in my arms near the chapel of Saint James of Compostella, in Spain, is the sole valuable I possess."

"It will be as acceptable as a more costly gift, my son," replied Garnet, placing it on the shrine.

Of all the offerings then made, that silver scallop-shell is the only one preserved.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CONSPIRACY.

On Viviana's return from her devotions, she found her father in the greatest perturbation and alarm. The old steward,

Heydocke, who had ridden express from Ordsall Hall, had just arrived, bringing word that the miserable fate of the pursuivant and his crew had aroused the whole country; that officers, attended by a strong force, and breathing vengeance, were in pursuit of Sir William Radcliffe and his daughter; that large sums were offered for the capture of Guy Fawkes and Father Oldcorne; that most of the servants were imprisoned; that he himself had escaped with great difficulty; and that, to sum up this long catalogue of calamities, Master Humphrey Chetham was arrested, and placed in the New Fleet. "In short, my dear young mistress," concluded the old man, "as I have just observed to Sir William, all is over with us, and there is nothing left but the grave."

"What course have you resolved upon, dear father?" said Viviana, turning anxiously to him.

"I shall surrender myself," he answered. "I am guilty of no crime, and can easily clear myself from all imputation."

"You are mistaken," replied Viviana. "Do not hope for justice from those who know it not. But, while the means of escape are allowed you, avail yourself of them."

"No, Viviana," replied Sir William Radcliffe, firmly; "my part is taken. I shall abide the arrival of the officers. For you, I shall intrust you to the care of Mr. Catesby."

"You cannot mean this, dear father," cried Viviana, with a look of distress. "And if you do, I will never consent to such an arrangement."

"Mr. Catesby is strongly attached to you, child," replied Sir William, "and will watch over your safety as carefully as I could do myself."

"He may be attached to me," rejoined Viviana; "though I doubt the disinterestedness of his love. But nothing can alter my repugnance to him. Forgive me, therefore, if in this one instance I decline to obey your commands. I dare not trust myself with Mr. Catesby."

"How am I to understand you?" inquired Sir William.

"Do not ask me to explain, dear father," she answered, "but imagine I must have good reason for what I say. Since you are resolved upon surrendering yourself, I will go into captivity with you. The alternative is less dreadful than that you have proposed."

"You distract me, child," cried the knight, rising and pacing the chamber in great agitation. "I cannot bear the thought of your imprisonment. Yet if I fly, I appear to confess myself guilty."

"If your worship will intrust Mistress Viviana with me," interposed the old steward, "I will convey her whithersoever you direct,—will watch over her day and night, — and, if need be, die in her defence."

"Thou wert ever a faithful servant, good Heydocke," re-

joined Sir William, extending his hand kindly to him, "and art as true in adversity as in prosperity."

"Shame to me if I were not," replied Heydocke, pressing the knight's fingers to his lips, and bathing them in his tears. "Shame to me if I hesitated to lay down my life for a master to whom I owe so much."

"If it is your pleasure, dear father," observed Viviana, "I will accompany Master Heydocke; but I would far rather be permitted to remain with you."

"It would avail nothing," replied Sir William, "we should be separated by the officers. Retire to your chamber, and prepare for instant departure. And in the mean while I will consider what is best to be done."

"Your worship's decision must be speedy," observed Heydocke: "I had only a few hours' start of the officers. They will be here ere long."

"Take this purse," replied Sir William, "and hire three of the fleetest horses you can procure, and station yourself at the outskirts of the town, on the road to Saint Asaph. You understand."

"Perfectly," replied Heydocke. And he departed to execute his master's commands, while Viviana withdrew to her own chamber.

Left alone, the knight was perplexing himself as to where he should shape his course, when he was interrupted by the sudden entrance of Catesby and Garnet.

"We have just met your servant, Sir William," said the former; "and have learnt the alarming intelligence he has brought."

"What is your counsel in this emergency, father?" said Radcliffe, appealing to Garnet.

"Flight—instant flight, my son," was the answer.

"My counsel is resistance," said Catesby. "We are here assembled in large numbers, and are well armed. Let us await the arrival of the officers, and see whether they will venture to arrest you."

"They will arrest us all, if they have force sufficient to do so," replied Garnet; "and there are many reasons, as you well know, why it is desirable to avoid any disturbance at present."

"True," replied Catesby. "What say you then," he continued, addressing Radcliffe, "to our immediate return to Holt, where means may be found to screen you till this storm is blown over?"

Sir William having assented to the proposal, Catesby instantly departed to acquaint the others; and, as soon as preparations could be made, and horses procured, the whole party composing the pilgrimage, quitted Holywell, and ascending the hill at the back of the town, took the direction of Mold, where they arrived, having ridden at a swift pace, in about half an hour.

From thence they proceeded without accident or interruption, to the mansion they had recently occupied near Holt. On reaching it, all the domestics were armed, and certain of their number stationed at the different approaches to the house to give the alarm in case of a surprise. But as nothing occurred during the night, the fears of Sir William and his friends began in some degree to subside.

About noon, on the following day, as Guy Fawkes, who ever since the vision he had beheld at Saint Winifred's Well had shunned all companionship, walked forth beneath the avenue alone, he heard a light step behind him, and, turning, beheld Viviana. Gravely bowing, he was about to pursue his course, when, quickening her pace, Viviana was instantly by his side.

"I have a favour to solicit," she said.

"There is none I would refuse you, Miss Radcliffe," answered Fawkes, halting; "but, though I have the will, I may not have the power to grant your request."

"Hear me, then," she replied, hurriedly. "Of all my father's friends, — of all who are here assembled, you are the only one I dare trust,—the only one from whom I can hope for assistance."

"I am at once flattered and perplexed by your words, Miss Radcliffe," he rejoined; "nor can I guess whither they tend. But speak freely. If I cannot render you aid, I can at least give you counsel."

"I must premise, then," said Viviana, "that I am aware, from certain obscure hints let fall by Father Oldcorne, that you, Mr. Catesby, and others are engaged in a dark and dangerous conspiracy."

"Miss Radcliffe," returned Guy Fawkes, sternly, "you have once before avowed your knowledge of this plot. I will not attempt disguise with you. A project is in agitation for the deliverance of our fallen church; and, since you have become acquainted with its existence — no matter how — you must be bound by an oath of secrecy, or," and his look grew darker, and his voice sterner, "I will not answer for your life."

"I will willingly take the oath, on certain conditions," said Viviana.

"You must take it unconditionally," rejoined Fawkes.

"Hear me out," said Viviana. "Knowing that Mr. Catesby and Father Garnet are anxious to induce my father to join this conspiracy, I came hither to implore you to prevent him from doing so."

"Were I even willing to do this, —which I am not," replied Fawkes, "I have not the power. Sir William Radcliffe would be justly indignant at any interference on my part."

"Heed not that," replied Viviana. "You, I fear, are linked to this fearful enterprise beyond redemption. But he is not. Save him! save him!"

"I will take no part in urging him to join it," replied Fawkes. "But I can undertake nothing further."

"Then mark me," she returned; "if further attempts are made by any of your confederates to league him with their plot, I myself will disclose all I know of it."

"Miss Radcliffe," rejoined Fawkes, in a threatening tone, "I again warn you that you endanger your life."

"I care not," rejoined Viviana; "I would risk twenty lives, if I possessed them, to preserve my father."

"You are a noble-hearted lady," replied Fawkes, unable to repress the admiration with which her conduct inspired him; "and if I can accomplish what you desire, I will. But I see not how it can be done."

"Everything is possible to one of your resolution," replied Viviana.

"Well, well," replied Fawkes, a slight smile crossing his swarthy features; "the effort at least shall be made."

"Thanks! thanks!" ejaculated Viviana. And, overcome by her emotion, she sank half-fainting into his arms.

While he held her thus, debating within himself whether he should convey her to the house, Garnet and Catesby appeared at the other end of the avenue. Their surprise at the sight was extreme; nor was it lessened when Viviana, opening her eyes as they drew near, uttered a slight cry, and disappeared.

"This requires some explanation," said Catesby, glancing fiercely at Fawkes.

"You must seek it, then, of the lady," rejoined the latter, moodily.

"It will be easily explained, I have no doubt," interposed Garnet. "Miss Radcliffe was seized with a momentary weakness, and her companion offered her support."

"That will scarcely suffice for me," cried Catesby.

"Let the subject be dropped for the present," said Garnet, authoritatively. "More important matter claims our attention. We came to seek you, my son," he continued, addressing Fawkes. "All those engaged in the great enterprise are about to meet in a summer-house in the garden."

"I am ready to attend you," replied Fawkes. "Will Sir William Radcliffe be there?"

"No," replied Garnet; "he has not yet joined us. None will be present at this meeting, but the sworn conspirators."

With this, the trio took their way towards the garden, and proceeding along a walk edged with clipped yew-trees, came to the summer-house,—a small circular building overrun with ivy and creepers, and ornamented in front by two stone statues on pedestals. Here they found Sir Everard Digby, Ambrose Rookwood, Francis Tresham, Thomas and Robert Winter, John and Christopher Wright, awaiting their arrival.

The door being closed and bolted, Garnet placing himself in

the midst of the assemblage said, "Before we proceed further, I will again administer the oath to all present." Drawing from his vest a primer, and addressing Sir Everard Digby, he desired him to kneel, and continued thus in a solemn tone, "You shall swear by the Blessed Trinity, and by the sacrament you propose to receive, never to disclose, directly nor indirectly, by word or circumstance, the matter that shall be proposed to you to keep secret, nor desist from the execution thereof, until the rest shall give you leave."

"I swear," replied Digby, kissing the primer.

The oath was then administered in like manner to the others. This done, Catesby was about to address the meeting, when Tresham, glancing uneasily at the door, said, "Are you assured we have no eaves-droppers?"

"I will keep watch without," observed Fawkes, "if you have any fears."

"It were better," replied Robert Winter. "We cannot be too cautious. But if you go forth, you will be able to take no part in the discussion."

"My part is to act, not talk," rejoined Fawkes, marching towards the door. And, shutting it after him, he took up his position outside.

"This precaution taken, we can securely proceed with the discussion," observed Sir Everard Digby.

"We can," replied Catesby. And he thereupon commenced a long and inflammatory harangue, in which he expatiated with great eloquence and fervour on the wrongs of the Catholic party, and the deplorable condition of its church. "It were easy to slay the tyrant by whom we are oppressed," he said, in conclusion; "but his destruction would be small gain to us. We must strike deeper to hew down the baneful stock of heresy. All our adversaries must perish with him, and in such manner as shall best attest the vengeance of Heaven. A mine of powder placed beneath the Parliament-house shall hurl it and its heretical occupants into the air, — nor shall any one survive the terrible explosion. Are we all agreed to this plan?"

All the conspirators expressed their assent, except Sir Everard Digby.

"Before I give my concurrence to the measure," said the latter; "I would fain be resolved by Father Garnet whether it is lawful to destroy some few of our own faith with so many heretics."

"Unquestionably, my son," replied Garnet. "As in besieging a city we have a right to kill all within it, whether friends or enemies, so in this case we are justified in destroying the innocent with the guilty, because their destruction will be advantageous to the Catholic cause."

"I am satisfied," replied Digby.

"As to the tyrant and apostate James," continued Garnet,

"he is excommunicated, and his subjects released from their allegiance. I have two breves sent over by his holiness Pope Clement VIII. in 1601, one directed to the clergy, and the other to the nobility of this realm, wherein, alluding to Queen Elizabeth, it is expressly declared that, 'so soon as that miserable woman should depart out of this life, none shall be permitted to ascend the throne, how near soever in proximity of blood, unless they are such as will not only tolerate the Catholic faith, but in every way support it.' By this brief, James is expressly excluded. He has betrayed, not supported, the church of Rome. Having broken his word with us, and oppressed our brethren more rigorously even than his predecessor, the remorseless Elizabeth, he is unworthy longer to reign, and must be removed."

"He must," said the conspirators.

"The Parliament-house being the place where all the mischief done us has been contrived by our adversaries, it is fitting that it should be the place of their chastisement," said Catesby.

"Doubtless," observed Ambrose Rookwood.

"If the blow we meditate should miscarry," observed Thomas Winter, "the injury to the Catholic religion will be so great, that not only our enemies, but our very friends will condemn us."

"There is no chance of miscarriage, if we are true to each other," said Catesby, confidently. "And if I suspected any one of treachery, I would plunge my sword into his bosom, were he my brother."

"You would do wrong to act thus on mere suspicion," remarked Tresham, who stood near him.

"In a case like this, he who gave the slightest ground for doubt would merit death," replied Catesby, sternly; "and I would slay him."

"Hum!" exclaimed Tresham, uneasily.

"Mr. Catesby will now perhaps inform us what has been done to carry the project into effect?" said Sir Everard Digby.

"A small habitation has been taken by one of our chief confederates, Mr. Thomas Percy, immediately adjoining the Parliament-house," replied Catesby, "from the cellar of which it is proposed to dig a mine through the wall of the devoted building, and to deposit within it a sufficient quantity of gunpowder, and other combustibles, to accomplish our purpose. This mine must be digged by ourselves, as we can employ no assistants, and will be a laborious and dangerous task. But I for one will cheerfully undertake it."

"And I," said the elder Wright.

"And I," cried several others.

"Supposing the mine digged, and the powder deposited," observed Ambrose Rookwood, "whose hand will fire the train?"

"Mine!" cried Guy Fawkes, throwing open the door. As soon as he had spoken, he retired and closed it after him.

"He will keep his word," remarked Garnet. "He is of a nature so resolute that he would destroy himself with the victims rather than fail. If ever man was created to be the main agent of a conspiracy, it is Guy Fawkes."

"Well, gentlemen," said Catesby, "we are now at the latter end of July. All shall be ready against the meeting of Parliament in November."

"There is some likelihood, I hear, that the meeting of the house will be prorogued till February," remarked Tresham.

"So much the better," rejoined Catesby; "it will give us more time for preparation."

"So much the worse, I think," said Ambrose Rookwood. "Delays are ever dangerous, and doubly so in a case like ours."

"I am far from desiring to throw any impediment in the way of our design," observed Sir Everard Digby. "But I would recommend, before we proceed to this terrible extremity, that one last effort should be made to move the king in our behalf."

"It is useless," replied Catesby. "So far from toleration, he meditates severer measures against us; and I am well assured if Parliament is allowed to meet, such laws will be passed as will bring all of us within premunire. No, no; we have no hope from James, nor his ministers."

"Nor yet from France or Spain," observed Thomas Winter. "In my conference with the Constable Velasco at Bergen, I received assurances of the good-will of Philip towards us, but no distinct promise of interference in our behalf. The Archduke Albert is well disposed, but he can render no assistance. We must depend upon ourselves."

"Ay, marry, must we," replied Catesby; "and fortunate is it that we have devised a plan by which we can accomplish our purpose unaided. We only require funds to follow up with effect the blow we shall strike."

"My whole fortune shall be placed at your disposal," replied Sir Everard Digby.

"Part of mine has already been given," said Tresham, "and the rest shall follow."

"Would I had aught to peril in the matter except my life," said Catesby. "I would throw everything upon the stake."

"You do enough in adventuring thus much, my son," rejoined Garnet. "To you the whole conduct of the enterprise is committed."

"I live for nothing else," replied Catesby; "and if I see it successful, I shall have lived long enough."

"Cannot Sir William Radcliffe be induced to join us?" asked Rookwood. "He would be an important acquisition; and his wealth would prove highly serviceable."

"I have sounded him," answered Catesby. "But he appears reluctant."

"Be not satisfied with one attempt," urged Christopher

Wright. "The jeopardy in which he now stands may make him change his mind."

"I am loth to interrupt the discussion," said Garnet: "but I think we have tarried here long enough. We will meet again at midnight, when I hope to introduce Sir William Radcliffe to you as a confederate."

The party then separated, and Garnet went in search of the knight.

Ascertaining that he was in his own chamber, he proceeded thither, and found him alone. Entering at once upon the subject in hand, Garnet pleaded his cause with so much zeal, that he at last wrung a reluctant consent from the listener. Scarcely able to conceal his exultation, he then proposed to Sir William to adjourn with him to the private chapel in the house, where, having taken the oath, and received the sacrament upon it, he should be forthwith introduced to the conspirators, and the whole particulars of the plot revealed to him. To this the knight, with some hesitation, agreed. As they traversed a gallery leading to the chapel, they met Viviana. For the first time in his life Radcliffe's gaze sank before his daughter, and he would have passed her without speaking had she not stopped him.

"Father! dear father!" she cried, "I know whither you are going—and for what purpose. Do not—do not join them."

Sir William Radcliffe made no reply, but endeavoured gently to push her aside.

She would not, however, be repulsed, but prostrating herself before him, clasped his knees, and besought him not to proceed.

Making a significant gesture to Sir William, Garnet walked forward.

"Viviana," said the knight, sternly, "my resolution is taken. I command you to retire to your chamber."

So saying, he broke from her, and followed Garnet. Clasping her hands to her brow, Viviana gazed for a moment with a frenzied look after him, and then rushed from the gallery.

On reaching the chapel, Sir William, who had been much shaken by this meeting, was some minutes in recovering his composure. Garnet employed the time in renewing his arguments, and with so much address that he succeeded in quieting the scruples of conscience which had been awakened in the knight's breast by his daughter's warning.

"And now, my son," he said, "since you have determined to enrol your name in the list of those who have sworn to deliver their church from oppression, take this primer in your hand, and kneel down before the altar, while I administer the oath which is to unite you to us."

Garnet then advanced towards the altar, and Sir William was about to prostrate himself upon a cushion beside it, when the door was suddenly thrown open, and Guy Fawkes strode into the chapel.

"Hold!" he exclaimed, grasping Radcliffe's right arm, and fixing his dark glance upon him; "you shall not take that oath."

"What mean you?" cried Garnet, who, as well as the knight, was paralysed with astonishment at this intrusion. "Sir William Radcliffe is about to join us."

"I know it," replied Fawkes; "but it may not be. He has no heart in the business, and will lend it no efficient assistance. We are better without him, than with him."

As he spoke, he took the primer from the knight's hand, and laid it upon the altar.

"This conduct is inexplicable," cried Garnet, angrily. "You will answer for it to others, as well as to me."

"I will answer for it to all," replied Guy Fawkes. "Let Sir William Radcliffe declare before me, and before Heaven, that he approves the measure, and I am content he should take the oath."

"I cannot belie my conscience by saying so," replied the knight, who appeared agitated by conflicting emotions.

"Yet you have promised to join us," cried Garnet, reproachfully.

"Better break that promise than a solemn oath," rejoined Guy Fawkes, sternly. "Sir William Radcliffe, there are reasons why you should not join this conspiracy. Examine your inmost heart, and it will tell you what they are."

"I understand you," replied the knight.

"Get hence," cried Garnet, unable to control his indignation, "or I will pronounce our Church's most terrible malediction against you."

"I shall not shrink from it, father," rejoined Fawkes, humbly, but firmly, "seeing that I am acting rightly."

"Undeceive yourself, then, at once," returned Garnet, "and learn that you are thwarting our great and holy purpose."

"On the contrary," replied Fawkes, "I am promoting it, by preventing one from joining it who will endanger its success."

"You are a traitor!" cried Garnet, furiously.

"A traitor!" exclaimed Guy Fawkes, his eye blazing with fierce lustre, though his voice and demeanour were unaltered,—"I, who have been warned thrice, — twice by the dead, and lastly by a vision from heaven, yet still remain firm to my purpose,—I, who have voluntarily embraced the most dangerous and difficult part of the enterprise,—I, who would suffer the utmost extremity of torture, rather than utter a word that should reveal it,—a traitor! No, father, I am none. If you think so, take this sword and at once put an end to your doubts."

There was something so irresistible in the manner of Guy Fawkes, that Garnet remained silent.

"Do with me what you please," continued Fawkes, "but do not compel Sir William Radcliffe to join the conspiracy. He will be fatal to it."

"No one shall compel me to join it," replied the knight.

"Perhaps it is better thus," said Garnet, after a pause, during which he was buried in reflection. "I will urge you no further, my son. But before you depart you must swear not to divulge what you have just learnt."

"Willingly," replied the knight.

"There is another person who must also take that oath," said Guy Fawkes, "having accidentally become acquainted with as much as yourself."

And stepping out of the chapel, he immediately afterwards returned with Viviana.

"You will now understand why I would not allow Sir William to join the conspiracy," he observed to Garnet.

"I do," replied the latter, gloomily.

The oath administered, the knight and his daughter quitted the chapel, accompanied by Guy Fawkes. Viviana was profuse in her expressions of gratitude, nor was her father less earnest in his acknowledgments.

A few hours after this, Sir William Radcliffe informed Sir Everard Digby that it was his intention to depart immediately, and, though the latter attempted to dissuade him from his purpose by representing the danger to which he would be exposed, he continued inflexible. The announcement surprised both Catesby and Garnet, who were present when it was made, and added their dissuasions to those of Digby — but without effect. To Catesby's proposal to serve as an escort, Radcliffe likewise gave a peremptory refusal, stating that he had no fears; and when questioned as to his destination, he returned an evasive answer. This sudden resolution of the knight, coupled with his refusal to join the plot, alarmed the conspirators, and more than one expressed fears of treachery. Sir Everard Digby, however, was not of the number, but asserted, "Radcliffe is a man of the highest honour. I will answer for his secrecy with my life."

"Will you answer for that of his daughter?" said Tresham.

"*I* will," replied Fawkes.

"To put the matter beyond a doubt," said Catesby, "I will set out shortly after him, and follow him unobserved till he halts for the night, and ascertain whether he stops at any suspicious quarter."

"Do so, my son," said Garnet.

"It is needless," observed Sir Everard Digby; "but do as you please."

By this time, Radcliffe's horses being brought round by Heydocke, he and his daughter took a hasty leave of their friends. When they had been gone a few minutes, Catesby called for his steed; and, after exchanging a word or two with Garnet, rode after them. He had scarcely proceeded more than a couple of miles along a cross-road leading to Nantwich, which he learnt

from some cottagers was the route taken by the party before him, when he heard the tramp of a horse in the rear, and, turning at the sound, beheld Guy Fawkes. Drawing in the bridle, he halted till the latter came up, and angrily demanded on what errand he was bent.

"My errand is the same as your own," replied Fawkes. "I intend to follow Sir William Radcliffe, and, if need be, defend him."

Whatever Castesby's objections might be to this companionship, he did not think fit to declare them, and, though evidently much displeased, suffered Guy Fawkes to ride by his side without opposition.

Having gained the summit of the mountainous range extending from Malpas to Tottenhall, whence they beheld the party whose course they were tracking enter a narrow lane at the foot of the hill, Catesby, fearful of losing sight of them, set spurs to his steed. Guy Fawkes kept close beside him, and they did not slacken their pace until they reached the lane.

They had not proceeded along it more than a quarter of a mile, when they were alarmed by the sudden report of fire-arms, followed by a loud shriek, which neither of them doubted was uttered by Viviana. Again dashing forward, on turning a corner of the road, they beheld the party surrounded by half a dozen troopers. Sir William Radcliffe had shot one of his assailants, and, assisted by Heydocke, was defending himself bravely against the others. With loud shouts, Catesby and Guy Fawkes galloped towards the scene of strife. But they were too late. A bullet pierced the knight's brain; and, no sooner did he fall, than, regardless of himself, the old steward flung away his sword, and threw himself, with the most piteous lamentations, on the body.

Viviana, meanwhile, had been compelled to dismount, and was in the hands of the troopers. On seeing her father's fate, her shrieks were so heart-piercing, that even her captors were moved to compassion. Fighting his way towards her, Catesby cut down one of the troopers, and snatching her from the grasp of the other, who was terrified by the furious assault, placed her on the saddle beside him, and striking spurs into his charger at the same moment, leapt the hedge, and made good his retreat.

This daring action, however, could not have been accomplished without the assistance of Guy Fawkes, who warded off with his rapier all the blows aimed at him and his lovely charge. While thus engaged, he received a severe cut on the head, which stretched him senseless and bleeding beneath his horse's feet.

THE EVENING STAR.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE night is come, but not too soon;
And sinking silently,—
All silently,—the little Moon
Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven
But the pale light of stars;
And the first watch of night is given
To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of love?
The star of love and dreams?
Oh no! from that blue tent above
A hero's armour gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me rise
When I behold afar,
Suspended in the evening skies,
The shield of that red star.

O star of strength! I see thee stand
And smile upon my pain;
Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand,
And I am strong again.

Within my soul there shines no light
But the pale light of stars;
I give the first watch of the night
To the red planet Mars!

The star of the unconquer'd will,
He rises in my breast,—
Serene, and resolute, and still,
And calm, and self-possess'd.

And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art,
That readest this brief psalm,
As one by one thy hopes depart,
Be resolute and calm.

O! fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong!

THE PORTFOLIO OF MR. PETER POPKIN (DECEASED).

WHERE SHALL WE DINE?—A LUCKY DISCOVERY.

Samuel Russell, when a young man, and Cresswell (afterwards of Covent-Garden Theatre), belonged to a small strolling company in Kent. This concern breaking up, they applied to the manager of the Deal Theatre for employment, and succeeded in obtaining an engagement. The theatre, it was stated, would open in a few days. In the mean time their finances were in a woeful plight, Cresswell not having a farthing, and Russell possessing only three shillings and sixpence in the world. To render the matter worse, the latter, fancying that he had friends at Deal, laid out his three and sixpence on a pair of second-hand white kerseymere breeches, in which he intended to enact the part of Belcour. After making this purchase, Russell to his mortification discovered that the friends from whom he had expected assistance had quitted Deal.

Cresswell was a stout, melancholy person, and paraded the sands with an awfully craving appetite, and no credit. Russell, *pour passer le temps*, went to his lodging to try on his kerseymeres. Whilst admiring them, he imagined that he felt something like buttons inside the lining at the knee. He proceeded immediately to cut open the seam, and, to his great delight, miraculously discovered three half guineas, which had probably made their way from the pocket of some former fortunate possessor of the small-clothes. Highly elated with this piece of luck, Russell hit on an expedient to have some fun, in consequence, with poor Cresswell. Accordingly he went to a tavern — the Hoop and Griffin, and ordered a roasted fowl and sausages, and a bottle of sherry, telling the waiter to lay the cloth, and he should return. He then sought Cresswell, whose appetite and despondency had increased in an eminent degree.

"What, in the name of Heaven, is to be done, Cresswell? This is Thursday, and the theatre will not open until Monday next. If *you* can last so long as that, I *cannot*."

"*I* last?" replied Cresswell. "I am now perfectly empty. Look at my waistcoat."

"Come along," says Russell; "let us put a bold face on it. It is of no use being poor, and seeming poor, too. Let us go to the Hoop and Griffin, and try and get a dinner. We cannot be worse off than we are at present."

Cresswell was a modest reserved man; but he followed Russell into the coffee-room of the tavern, which was vacant. As they stood before the fire the waiter was busily employed in laying the cloth. When he had left the room, "Cresswell," said Russell, "I have made up my mind to one point. You and I will dine with the gentleman for whom that cloth is laid."

"Heavens! Russell, what is your intention?"

"No matter," replied Russell; "leave it all to me."

He then looked out at the window, as if to observe whether any person was coming.

"Here goes," said Russell; and he rang the bell consequentially. "Waiter, tell your mistress to send in the dinner."

"Yes, sir."

"Heaven bless us!" exclaimed Cresswell. "You surely are not going to get us in such a dreadful scrape? We had better be hungry than dishonest."

"Necessity has no law," said Russell; "and so I shall tell the gentleman when he comes." The waiter now entered with the roasted fowls and sausages, placed them on the table, and left the room.

"I cannot resist it, Cresswell," exclaimed Russell. "How nice this fowl smells!" Accordingly he sat down, and removed the covers. "Let me exhort you to take care what you are about," said Cresswell; "you know we neither of us have got a farthing. Oh! if you had not laid out your money on those deplorable breeches! Good Heavens! you are cutting up somebody else's fowl! Suppose the gentleman should come! Hadn't you better wait for him, and explain?"

"D—— the gentleman!" said Russell. "I'll fight him, if he does not like it. Sit down, I say. I'll hold you harmless!"

Cresswell was in great distress, and endeavoured in every way to persuade Russell to desist from his fraudulent mode of proceeding. At this moment the waiter bustled in with the bottle of sherry. Cresswell inwardly groaned, "There's the gentleman's wine, too, to add to the misdemeanour!" At length, worn out with hunger, overcome by the savoury exhalation of the roasted fowl and sausages, and persuaded by Russell, Cresswell moodily seated himself at the table. While Russell was carving, he took the opportunity occasionally to peer out of the window, and remark, "He has not come yet." After some glasses of wine Cresswell became a little less unhappy.

"For what we are going to receive," said Russell, "the Lord make us truly thankful."

"Amen!" fervently ejaculated Cresswell, and devoured his share of the dinner with an appetite that showed how much he was in want of it. When the fowl was demolished, Russell, looking into the street, saw a stranger coming into the tavern.

"Here he is," said poor Cresswell. "Now it is all up with us!"

"I will bet you a bottle of wine," replied Russell coolly, "to be paid in more prosperous times, that the gentleman will not take the slightest notice that we have eaten his dinner."

"I hope to Heaven," sighed Cresswell, "he may not!"

"Now, observe," said Russell, "when he comes into the room I will give him a look that shall prevent him saying a word to us."

Here the stranger entered: Cresswell modestly hung down his head; whilst Russell rose, and affected a sort of swagger, flourishing the carving-knife, humming a tune, and sitting down again.

"You are a wonderful fellow, Russell," whispered Cresswell. "*He has not* taken any notice of the loss of his fowl and wine!"

"*Nor will he*," said Russell. "He knows better."

Cresswell remained on tenter-hooks all the afternoon, expecting the gentleman to break out every moment. He never knew that his companion had hoaxed him; but he set the stranger down as the greatest poltroon he had ever met in his life.

THE PRINT OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.

James Heath, A.R.A. the excellent engraver, having, with great labour, completed his fine whole-length portrait of Washington, from the picture by Gabriel Stuart, (a print which was to have been published by subscription,) found himself in the predicament of having only seventy guineas subscribed. On complaining of this inadequate compensation, a printseller offered him one hundred guineas for the plate. This was disdainfully refused by Heath. On the evening of the day that he sent the plate to the printer, the news of the death of Washington arrived from America. This event so altered the state of affairs that impressions could not be produced fast enough for sale; and the artist's house was literally besieged for them. An American speculator, who came over in the ship that brought the intelligence, took two thousand impressions, and paid Heath two thousand guineas for them. The fortunate engraver, in fact, cleared considerably above five thousand pounds by the happy decision of keeping the plate in his own possession. No one regretted his good luck, for it is a beautiful work of art; and is always reckoned by continental artists and intelligent amateurs as a standard and sterling specimen of the art of engraving in England.

ANONYMOUS LETTER.

Mr. Aaron Graham, who for some years filled the situation of chief magistrate at the public office, Bow-Street, was once placed in a situation (totally unconnected with his magisterial functions), wherein he had to interfere in the domestic disagreements of a gentleman and his wife, his friends. After weighing in his own mind all the circumstances of the case, Mr. Graham decided that the husband was greatly to blame; but, as this husband was of an impetuous temper, the worthy magistrate judged it prudent to point out to him the irregularities he had committed, by an *anonymous* letter, thinking that would entirely put an end to the affair. He accordingly penned an epistle of strong remonstrance to the husband, pointing out his folly and weakness in energetic terms, and advising an alteration of his conduct. This anonymous letter was copied by a confidential clerk in the office; but it happened most unfortunately to be on Aaron Graham's *escrutoire* with a number of warrants, summonses, &c. to which a police magistrate has habitually to affix his signature, and he, in a moment of abstraction, wrote "AARON GRAHAM" at the bottom of his intended anonymous admonition. The letter was duly despatched; and the worthy magistrate was called out by the infuriated husband.

MICHAEL KELLY'S PONY.

Kelly for several years rode a brown pony, which had been presented to him by the Prince of Wales. This animal was the only being in Kelly's confidence, as regarded certain visits to somewhat questionable female acquaintances, and with the friendship of many such Mr. Kelly was honoured. Poor Kelly was attacked seriously by gout, and could not be carried by his sagacious pony to Mrs. ——'s nor to Miss ——'s; and, as there did not appear any

chance of immediate recovery, the pony was sent to friend Tattersall's. Here it was recommended as being remarkably quiet; any timid gentleman might ride it. It was accordingly purchased for the Rev. W. T. O——, at that time in a bad state of health, and who had been ordered by his physicians to take equestrian exercise. The invalid clergyman was not a first-rate rider, and Michael Kelly's pony was of fixed and persevering habits, and of his own accord regularly trotted up with his reverend owner on his back to several doors, where it was anything but reputable to be seen. There he waited habitually for his master to dismount. The Archbishop of Canterbury having notice of the fact, it was found necessary to sell the pony.

TOM SHERIDAN.

At one of the election dinners at Stafford, (when his father was returned for that borough,) Tom Sheridan was in earnest conversation with the gentleman who sat at table next to him. The mayor of Stafford, Mr. Horton, an eminent shoe-manufacturer, (the staple commodity of the town,) presided, and, as a matter of course, gave as a toast, "Prosperity to the manufacture of Stafford." This was not heard or attended to by T. Sheridan, who continued his conversation; on which the chairman, in rather a dignified tone, exclaimed, "Mr. Tom Sheridan, I have proposed the toast of 'Prosperity to the manufacture of Stafford,' which you have utterly disregarded." Tom instantly turned, and imitating the pompous manner of the mayor, said, "Sir, may the manufacture of Stafford *be trampled on* by the whole world!"

CLAUDE SEURAT, THE LIVING SKELETON.

When that extraordinary being denominated the "Anatomie Vivant" was brought over from the Continent as an exhibition, Major W——, the speculator in the affair, observed, that this skeleton was very fond of, and always gallant to, the English ladies. My friend Barnaby remarked, "That it would be a bad thing for the country, as it might have an effect in *thinning* the population.

LADY PAYNE'S MONKEY.

R. B. Sheridan was on terms of intimacy with Sir Ralph and Lady Payne. Her ladyship had a favourite monkey, which was seized with a peculiar melancholy incidental to its species. It had taken to eating its tail—a sure forerunner of death.

Mr. Sheridan came to dinner, and Lady Payne informed him that poor Jem was no more; that she intended to have him buried; and entreated the author of the "School for Scandal" to write an epitaph on her monkey. Sheridan was not quite in the vein; but the lady pertinaciously placed paper and pen before him, whereupon the great dramatist and orator sulkily scratched—

"Poor Jem!
Sorry for him!
I'd rather by half
It had been Sir Ralph!"

THE HORSE AND HIS RIDER.

An Irish peasant on a small ragged pony was floundering through a bog, when the animal, in its efforts to push on, got one of its hoofs into the stirrup, "Arrah," said the rider, "my boy, if you are going to get up, it is time for me to get down."

TWO SPECIMENS OF AN IRISH LAMENT.

The lament over the dead body of a relative or friend is of very ancient origin. Occasionally the language becomes impassioned, and even beautiful. The following lament was uttered by an old and attached nurse in a family, and addressed to the corpse of the master, whom she had in his infancy loved and nourished.

"Ah! ah! why did you die and leave us? I rocked your cradle, —I nursed your children, — I must follow in your funeral! Your children are about me! I see my child's children, but I see not my child! I remember your face in youth — its brightness was manly like the sun's — it made daylight around me! I remember your form in the dance, and strong was your arm when you wrestled with the young men. Oh! none was like my son to me! and all your days were pleasant until the destroyer came; then your young cheeks grew pale, and the light left your eyes, and I laughed no more! I baked your marriage-cake; warm was your heart, and warm the hand that pressed poor old Norah's! All, all now is cold and desolate!"

The following lament, though perhaps uttered with equal sincerity, is converted to the ludicrous by the language taking a less poetical turn:—

"Why, ahi! why, Phelim, why did you lave all your good family, an' the other household furnithur behind you? Och! why did you lave that trivet with the bit of baked mutton an' praties on it? Why did you lave the three-legged sthool, on whom you sat so often to smoke your dudhee? An' there 's the tortoise-shell cat an' kitten to match, behind to bewail yer loss! Why did you lave that penn'orth of brown shugar in the paper, an' your bed-curtins with the chickabiddy pattern furnithur? Och! ahi! who 'll wear the top-boots now, that your father gave ye when they got too small for him? Och! ullaloo! och!"

HOW TO DISTINGUISH A FRENCHMAN.

Observe when he enters a room, and takes his hat off. If he makes a comb of his fingers, and settles his hair (which is generally pretty long) with them, you may be tolerably certain of your conjecture. Observe him still further; and if, when at dinner, he picks and cleans his teeth with the table-forks, you may be perfectly sure you are right. *Probatum est.*

THE SNUFF-TAKING STATUE.

We have often heard of persons mistaking the shadow for the substance; in the present instance we have to describe the case inverted. An English officer in Venice walking one day from the Doge's palace, thought he observed one of the figures on the clock-

tower of St. Mark's stoop down and take up something! He looked again, and he positively saw the figure take a pinch of snuff! The officer confessed that he was apprehensive he was losing his senses, or, that his vision was deranged; when an old woman, observing his consternation, soon explained the seeming miracle, by telling him that one of the figures that struck the hour being out of repair, her nephew Jacopo was engaged as a substitute till the machinery was put in order.

THE FATAL WINDOW.

BY TOBY ALLSPY.

We crack-brained saunterers through life, whose brains are stuffed to overflowing with the odd shreds and patches of tradition, are apt to affix a value to circumstances of locality, trifles of no account in the eyes of sober-minded men, and wholly overlooked by the ordinary observer. Till within the last few months there existed in the Place Vendôme, marring the uniformity of its presentments, a single window, whose narrow panes and old-fashioned framing afforded a remarkable contrast to the noble plate-glass so much better proportioned to the majestic architecture of the place which filled the windows of the neighbouring houses. Though the chamber to which it admitted light was situated on the first floor, or *étage d'honneur*, of one of the finest hotels of the square, it had evidently remained untouched from the period of its construction, when even the palaces of the first kingdom of Europe betrayed, in the inadequate quality and size of their window-panes, the imperfect progress of one of the most ancient and beautiful of the arts of invention.

Every other drawing-room of the Place Vendôme was adorned with capacious *carreaux*, so transparent as to deceive the eye into doubts of any intervening medium between the cozy warmth within, and the chilly atmosphere without. Yet in that one window, (the fatal window, as it was designated by all the old people of the neighbourhood,) there remained the small, green, veiny squares, through which the financier, Law, used to gaze upon the gathering of the multitude below; who first thronged thither to purchase his worthless paper; and finally, with the hope of tearing to pieces the arch-impostor by whom that scheme of financial knavery was devised for the ruin of thousands.

It was not, however, during John Law's occupancy of the hotel in question that the event took place which was the cause of affixing to the window in question so startling a designation. The sale of the adventurer's goods and chattels, consequent upon the breaking of the bubble, placed the noble mansion, stigmatized by his temporary occupancy, in the hands of one of the most opulent of that unpopular tribe, the *Fermiers Généraux* of the kingdom. Monsieur de Raynolle, (whose financial exertions were, not to speak it profanely, strictly within the letter of the law,) was a man to regard with horror the dealings of his predecessors as irregularities, innovations, in-

breaks into the routine of financial credit. He considered the post he had purchased as the means of honestly turning his capital to account. It had pleased heaven to make him rich; it pleased himself to make himself richer. Like the greater number of his confraternity, he did not slumber upon his opulence, but enjoyed an all but regal share of the luxuries and transports of life; purchasing at the highest cost not only the *chef-d'œuvres* of art or science, but the society of the most eminent among the wits, poets, philosophers, statesmen, and beauties of his time. For such things *are* purchasable; not, as the bargain-drivers say, from hand to hand, but by splendid banquets, brilliant entertainments, and all the garlands and frippery suspended by the hand of luxury over the wooden framework of life!

The Duc de Choiseul, and the Comte de Lauraqauis, the profligate Richelieu, and the brilliant Soubise, were the frequent guests of Monsieur Raynolle, both in his Place Vendôme hotel, and at his splendid château de Draveil. Nay, even St. Lambert and Marmontel, the Abbe Voismon and Baron Grimm, crowded eagerly to his *petits soupers.* Nothing could be more *recherché* than the fare; nothing more fashionable than the society assembled. It was impossible to outrage moral feeling, or laugh at the notion of a Providence, with a better grace than did the guests of Monsieur Raynolle, the *Fermier Général!* One might have fancied that this buyer-up of the good and beautiful things of this world, had also contracted with the great disposer of events for impunity from judgment to come.

And yet the reckless libertine had a wife,—young, beautiful, brilliant, shrewd,—in name, if not in nature, an Englishwoman.

In the course of his mercantile dealings some ten years before, Raynolle had become acquainted with a man, named Darley, the poor, but honest cashier of a house of business, having intimate connection with the English market, and Raynolle, on discovering that the daughter, (for whom, in addition to a couple of grown-up sons, the indigent clerk was indebted to his marriage with a portionless Frenchwoman, of indifferent reputation,) was young and beautiful beyond even the renowned beauties whom he was bold enough to consider his own, made no doubt of attaching her name to the catalogue of his household property. Neither Hester Darley nor her mother seemed, indeed, to oppose much obstacle to the supposition. His costly gifts were so well received, his tedious visits were so obsequiously welcomed during the absence of the poor cashier on his daily duties, that Raynolle was almost pardonable in believing that the time was not far distant when his further visits would become superfluous. In this insolent surmise he was strengthened by the discovery that Hester's elder brother, John Darley, had formed a clandestine marriage, almost as imprudent as his father's, and that extreme misery might be expected to silence *his* opposition to the disgrace of his sister.

Of the younger brother, Gerard, the *Fermier Général* knew nothing, for he was with the army in Flanders—a soldier of fortune; nor was it till on the very eve of the day which Raynolle had marked for the *enlèvement* of Hester Darley, that the sudden arrival of the impetuous young man, (to whom some considerate neighbour had despatched tidings of what was passing in his father's house,) threw the projects of the *Fermier Général* into confusion.

"I am neither a brawler nor a bully," said Gerard Darley, on finding Raynolle, as he had been taught to expect, established as master of the house during his father's absence, "and the airs of grandeur you would assume with me, *Monsieur le Richard,* are wholly thrown away. I fear neither the canes of your footmen nor the staves of the *huissiers,* with whose aid you are accustomed to make war upon your debtors. Only this I tell you, without rancour or malice, — that you leave this house as the affianced husband of my sister, or you leave it not alive. Hester is your equal, sir,— for *you* possess riches and consideration, *she* youth and beauty; and, in point of family, both alike are sprung from the people. But even did there exist a disparity of condition, you should have thought of it before your visits here brought disgrace on an honest family!"

Madame Darley and her daughter listened in consternation to this arrogant address, not conceiving that the unsupported menaces of a youth of Gerard's age could be productive of any other result than that of incensing against them the munificent patron to whom they had so many obligations; and Hester grew pale with rage at the idea of any interruption to an intimacy which had been the means of affording such luxurious indulgences to her vanity, and rendering her an object of envy to their less fortunate neighbours. But her vexation was soon converted into hope of a more favourable issue, on discerning the weakness and terror of poor Raynolle, when he found himself yet more vigorously pressed by the reckless young sergeant of dragoons. With features contracted by rage, he finally yielded to the imperious demands of Gerard Darley. A notary was sent for; a legal signature secured; and when Raynolle, according to his previous intention, bore the beautiful Hester from her obscure home, it was as his lawful wife! One only stipulation did the wily financier make on the occasion, — that not a syllable should be suffered to transpire of the mode in which the marriage had been achieved; while his sole act of vengeance upon those of whom he conceived himself the dupe, consisted in a decree that not one of the Darley family should ever set foot within his gates.

Meanwhile the admiration excited in society by the charms of the new beauty, (as Madame Raynolle was universally denominated by the gallants of the court,) almost reconciled her vain-glorious husband to a connection into which he had been forced at the point of the sword. Of her origin nothing was known; and the Financier having been artful enough to make a hurried journey to London previous to placing his beautiful bride at the head of his establishment, Madame Raynolle passed among her husband's friends as a *belle milady,* whom he had brought back with him from the chartered fatherland of fine horses and fine women.

Who now so worshipped as the charming wife of the millionary *Fermier Général?* Her portrait was on the easel of every artist; her name imparted distinction to every fashionable invention. To the indignation of Madame de Pompadour, ribbons were tied up into bows *à la* Raynolle; chickens stewed *à la* Raynolle; *pralines* crisped *à la* Raynolle; carriages painted in garlands *à la* Raynolle; every thing worn, tasted, or displayed at that moment in Paris, was named in honour of the divinity in whose hair flashed a coronet of diamonds surpassing even that of the Queen; and towards whose box at the opera the eyes and acclamations of the whole assembly were di-

rected. Voltaire addressed to her, under the name of Néæra, one of his choicest odes; and the prettiest of Marmontel's tales was dedicated to the presiding angel of the Place Vendôme.

The *Fermier Général* was satisfied. Eclat was all he coveted in this world; and his handsome young wife excited as much applause as his statues of Daphne and Chloe by Couston, or the frescos of his dining-room, by Boucher. He saw himself an object of envy, and was content. Already, too, he recognised a kindred spirit in the lovely Hester. Vain and ostentatious, her nature was cold and artificial as his own; and he was indebted to his wife for a thousand cogent suggestions for the advancement of their position in society. The purchase of a princely estate in Languedoc, endowed with privileges of ennoblement, converted them into the Marquis and Marquise of Montméry; the purchase of an office in the royal household entitled them to an *entrée* at court. In consideration of the fair aspirant after the honours of Versailles, Louis XV. made no opposition; and though certain of the more stiff-necked of the Queen's ladies were indignant at seeing a mere *bourgeoise* raised to their level, they dared not venture any open demonstrations of displeasure. In the *grand monde* of Paris, as in the laws of England, "*Le Roi le veut!*" rendered the rule absolute.

On the nights when the fêtes of the new Marquise de Montméry set the windows of her hotel into a blaze, as vast a crowd was collected in the Place Vendôme as in the tumultuous days of John Law. Many among them had witnessed the triumphs of that unprincipled adventurer. "At that very window he used to stand, and with fiendish glee survey the poor dupes below, the last livre of whose earnings he was filching!" they would exclaim, pointing to a window of the first floor, from which now issued a dazzling gleam of light, emitted by the brilliant boudoir of the lovely Marquise. Others, turning from the spot, were heard to whisper, "The place is doomed! A curse ought to be upon the window from whence John Law numbered his victims!"

Instead of a curse, however, a blessing seemed to be on all belonging to the Marquis and Marquise de Montméry. As their prodigality increased their means became doubled. His speculations were uniformly triumphant; till "lucky as Montméry" became a proverb in the money-market of more than one European city. Fifteen years after the marriage (on the origin of which he no longer suffered a reflection to disturb the harmony of his thoughts,) the *Fermier Général* was as fast united to his fair Hester by similarity of tastes and pursuits, as he had formerly been by the brilliancy of a complexion, which, sooth to say, was now, like most dazzlingly fair complexions, somewhat on the wane.

The time was now come, indeed, for the Marchioness to experience a similar change in the colour of her fortunes. One evening, about ten years after her marriage, during the absence of her husband, who was inspecting the erection of a splendid conservatory at Draveil, a strange cavalier insisted on forcing his way into her presence with a vehemence not to be withstood by a whole regiment of lacqueys.

"Yes, it is I!" cried Gerard Darley, flinging down his hat on a table of malachite and gold, on finding himself face to face with his proud sister in her luxurious boudoir. "You are surprised to see me here. You had hoped never to see me again. Ungrateful for

the energy of soul and arm which served to place you in the position you now occupy, you despise your obscure brother; who, trust me, Madam, renders back with interest the contempt of the Marquise de Montméry!"

"You must be aware that the prohibitions of my husband——" Madame de Montméry was beginning.

"I have sedulously respected them," replied Gerard with a bitter sneer. "I did not appeal to your opulence when your parents lay dying in misery and neglect. I did not appeal to your affection when your wretched brother, distracted by the loss of his young wife, fell by his own hand, leaving two helpless orphans to my protection. I did not appeal to your pity when one of these poor babes, requiring tenderer aid than could be afforded by its soldier uncle, pined away till it rejoined its parents in the grave. I appeal not to it even now, Madam, though one of the only two on earth in whose veins blood kindred with your own is flowing, stands in urgent need of your protection. But I command it, Hester! I command it in the name of those who gave you life! I command it in the name of that most high God who hath called them to himself. I command it in the name of the world's opinion, more influential over your mind than either!"

"What is it you require of me?" faltered the Marchioness, overawed by the resolute sternness of her brother.

"That during my absence in the opening campaign you accord your protection to the orphan daughter of John Darley," replied Gerard. "The camp is not a fit home for a girl of her years and beauty; and where am I to place her, unless where she has a right to be, in the household of her nearest female relative?"

"It is well," replied Madame de Montméry, coldly. "During your absence my niece shall be duly cared for."

"I had rather the words were uttered in a more womanly tone," remonstrated Gerard; "nevertheless, I accept the pledge. Hester Darley is now fifteen, — fair and innocent, as was a former Hester Darley at those tender years. Her birth and breeding, though humble, are equal to those of the Marquis de Montméry. She must not be treated as a slave,—she must not be treated as a menial."

"She shall be treated as my brother's child," interrupted Hester, eager to bring the interview to a close.

"Nay, more. Unendowed with the means of forming a noble alliance, I will not have her thrust into the dissolute circles that frequent this house. Let her dwell in seclusion till my return, when I shall require at your hands an account of her welfare. You know me — you are aware that Gerard Darley is not to be trifled with. Let the prosperity of my poor charge allow me nothing to complain of."

However irritated by the arrogance of the trooper's tone, Madame de Montméry felt that the best method to keep peace with him was to subscribe to his conditions; and within an hour the young girl, as yet a stranger to her, was deposited under her care. That night young Hester Darley slept under the roof of the Marchioness.

The only comfort to the aunt, on beholding the extraordinary beauty of the girl thus peremptorily committed to her charge, was the injunction of Gerard that she should not figure in the gay society of the Hôtel Montméry. Hester Darley, though presenting an ex-

traordinary resemblance to her aunt and namesake, was a thousand times lovelier than the Marchioness even in her prime. She possessed that transparent fairness rarely seen, unless in persons of English descent, enhanced by a glossy elasticity, which sadly put to shame the faded cheeks of her kinswoman, withered by vigils and dissipation.

"This would never do!" murmured Madame de Montméry, as she noted the resplendent beauty of the timid young girl. "I would not that even the Marquis should see me thrown into the shade by this minion. This very day I shall despatch her, under the care of my woman, to the superior at Moret, where, till Gerard's return, she may abide for the completion of her education; and should he fall in the wars, as his headlong rashness renders probable, she may become a permanent inmate of the convent. The good abbess has too many obligations to us not to accept a moderate dowry with a kinswoman of the Marchioness de Montméry."

On the return of the Marquis from Draveil, the affair was briefly explained to him, when, as usual, he approved of the arrangements of his wife. But he testified little interest in the affair. His faculties were already impaired by the influence of a malady, which in a few weeks' time carried him to the grave, leaving Madame la Marquise sole comptroller of his princely inheritance.

Engrossed by the cares and irritations inseparable from such a charge, Madame de Montméry had scarcely enough leisure to discover the tediousness of a year of widowhood. Though resolved to reappear in the world at its expiration more brilliant than ever, to imbibe anew the incense of poets and flatterers of the court, and, if possible, unite herself in second marriage with a man of untarnished blazon and illustrious lineage, she was too much occupied with processes of law, and the *comptes rendus* of her various intendants, to do more than direct the preparation of an infinity of rich attires and costly suits of jewels, in which she intended to blaze forth on her reappearance at Versailles. Madame de Pompadour's death (which occurred eight months after that of the Marquis) had cleared the way for a thousand ambitious projects on the part of the unprincipled beauties of the court of Louis XV.

Of "*cette jeune Esther*," meanwhile, the ostentatious widow knew no more than was communicated once a quarter by her friend the abbess, — namely, that she edified the whole convent by her piety, gentleness, and grace, — to say nothing of the divine beauty which, one day or other, would cause strange emotions among the profane; which laudations were, of course, accompanied with the usual claims for the cost of the young lady's maintenance and education. These missives were carefully laid aside by Madame de Montméry, to be exhibited to her severe brother on his return from the army, in evidence of the noble manner in which she had performed her duty to his *protégée*.

From time to time there arrived a harsh letter from Darley, demanding tidings of his beloved Hester, his nursling, his darling, to which the Marchioness returned a dry and succinct reply. But she saw that there must be no trifling with this stern guardian, — that she was deeply accountable to him for the welfare of the girl,—and that he was capable of proceeding to the worst extremities to avenge any evil that befell his favourite niece.

What, therefore, was the consternation of Madame de Montméry when, at the expiration of the fifth quarter of Hester's residence at Moret, and of her own widowhood,—just as she was beginning to enjoy with almost more than her former animation the gorgeous festivals of Versailles, and the addresses of a hundred noble adorers,—she was apprized by the superior of Moret that Mademoiselle Darley (no longer *cette belle Esther!*) must be instantly removed from the establishment. In the hope of softening by a gratuity the determination of the abbess, Madame de Montméry hastened with all speed to Moret; but, alas! only to find her perplexities converted into utter consternation. The gentle timid Hester, the model of *pensionnaires*, had disgraced the convent—her family—herself! Permitted by the indulgence of the partial abbess to accompany the noble family of one of her companions to a royal *rendezvous de chasse* held within half a league of Moret, during the sojourn of the court at Fontainbleau, Hester, on the second day of the fêtes, had disappeared from her friends,—had been forty-eight hours absent,—and at length made her way on foot to the gates of the convent in such a plight, as to render her reception a matter of grace on the part of the abbess. To these humiliating statements, and the bursts of fury from the Marchioness which succeeded, poor Hester, pale and motionless as a statue, replied only by an almost unconscious assertion that she was married,—that time would bring her innocence to light,—in confirmation of which she showed on her finger a diamond ring of considerable value. Her two judges were startled. They saw at once that she had fallen a victim to some bold and practised seducer of the court. But neither persuasions nor menaces could extract from the lips of the young girl further avowals, further explanation. So public, meanwhile, had been the scandal, that the abbess persisted in her refusal to retain her *pensionnaire;* and, sorely against her will, the Marchioness was forced to convey back the humbled delinquent to the Hôtel Montméry.

A secluded chamber was now assigned to Hester. The Marchioness decided that the disgrace of the recent event could only be obliterated by an immediate marriage; and nothing was easier than for the rich widow to secure by a sufficient dowry an alliance suitable to the modest pretensions of her niece. She even commenced negotiations with the intendant of her Languedoc estates for the hand of his son; and finally signified to Hester, that unless the unknown seducer, whose name she refused to disclose, presented himself within two months to claim her as his wife, she must give her hand to Alexis Duval. Madame de Montméry trembled at the mere apprehension of Gerard's return, till the clearing up of a mystery so dishonourable to his beloved niece.

Meanwhile, nothing could exceed the wretchedness of the unhappy Hester. Her obstinacy in refusing to disclose the name of him whom she regarded as her plighted husband arose, in truth from ignorance of his title. In offering himself as her protector when separated from her party by the crowd assembled in the gardens of the palace of Fontainebleau, to witness a *feu d'artifice* in honour of the King's arrival, he had described himself as one of the royal household; and, on her ingenuous avowal of her own name and situation, had declared himself to be an intimate acquaintance of

the Marquise de Montméry. Confiding in this assurance, the poor girl, in the course of the scandalous deceptions practised upon her, after being persuaded to accept a refuge in the palace, gave full credit to his assertions that his rank and fortune were such as to preclude all possibility of refusal on the part of her relations, when he should present himself to claim the hand of his affianced wife. How could she disbelieve him? His deportment was so noble,—his eloquence so convincing,—his manner so graceful! He was the only man from whose lips she had heard avowals of admiration, professions of love; and even now, amid all her humiliations, (and the discredit thrown upon her assertions of having escaped from the palace, on discovering that attempts were made to detain her a prisoner,) those professions and those graceful gestures dwelt upon her memory as endowed with only too dangerous a charm. She felt that she could love that audacious stranger. Morning, noon, and night she prayed upon her bended knees that he might fulfil his pledges, and appear to claim her as his own, so as to prevent her being forced into a hateful marriage, to the injury of an honourable man.

Certain, from their former conversation, that he for whose crime she was making atonement was well acquainted with her abode, and might have learned at Moret her removal from the convent, she persuaded herself day after day that her penance was about to end,—that he would come,—that the preparations for her marriage with Alexis Duval would be discontinued,—that happiness was still in store for her. But every night she laid down her aching head upon a sleepless pillow!—no token of his arrival!—no change in her destinies!

Madame de Montméry had nothing further to apprehend from the introduction of the poor girl into her *coterie*. "*Cette belle Esther*" was wasting to a shadow. Not a tinge of colour on her cheek,—not a spark of animation in her downcast eyes. To crown all, the preliminaries of peace were signed, and it was expected that a few weeks' time would bring back the French armies from Germany, and the Marchioness actually shuddered as she anticipated the arrival of her brother.

"Expect not a day's delay after the appointed period," said she to her suffering niece. "Alexis Duval is already arrived in Paris. The writings are preparing—you will find that I have supplied a handsome dowry and noble *trousseau*. I have neglected nothing to secure the happiness of her who has so ill repaid my former bounties."

Sometimes poor Hester persuaded herself that her unknown lover, not daring to present himself to Madame de Montméry, might be wandering in the vicinity of the Hôtel, in the hopes of catching a glimpse of the object of his attachment. Her allotted chamber overlooked the court-yard; she had no means of obtaining a view of the place. Aware, however, that every day at a certain hour Madame de Montméry quitted the Hôtel to exhibit herself and her sumptuous equipage on the Cours la Reine, she watched one morning till the coach and six rolled out of the *porte cochère*, and the household servants retreated to the offices; then, stealing from her retreat, made her way to those gorgeous saloons which she never considered without

awe, as the habitation of her heartless kinswoman. With a stealthy step she traversed the gaudy chambers, across whose windows were drawn heavy draperies of crimson brocade, embellished with fringes of golden bullion. But the fresh air from without reached her as she approached the boudoir which terminated the suite. That window at least must be open. The termination of all her sorrows was perhaps at hand! — and, with the sanguine impetuosity of youth, the heart of the poor invalid beat almost to bursting when she reflected that she might be on the eve of beholding him whose features were indelibly impressed upon her memory, — upon her affections. He, at least, would not despise her — he, at least, must still treat her with gentleness and respect.

At that moment a strain of music reached her from without. A military band was striking up in the Place, as if to honour the arrival of some royal personage. With a panting bosom, regardless of the strange figure she must present with her dishevelled hair and long white wrapper, Hester approached the open window. A brilliant procession was indeed passing; the King in person, followed by his whole *état major*, proceeding to pass in review his royal guard upon the esplanade of the Hôtel des Invalides.

Amid the tumultuous clash of cymbals and braying of trumpets that celebrated the royal progress, the crowd assembled in the Place fancied they heard a piercing shriek. And it might be so; for the royal personage whose uncovered head was so affably declined to the salutations of the multitude was no other than the lawless libertine of Fontainebleau; and the fair wasted corpse which, on the return of Madame de Montméry from her drive, was found extended cold across the sill of the fatal window, was that of the predestined niece of Gerard Darley!

Fortunately for the Marchioness, her brother was not fated to return alive to France to work out his threat of retribution. It was considered a singular circumstance, however, that from the period in question to the day of her death she never again set foot in her hotel in the Place Vendôme. Many people conceived that her precipitate retreat to her estates in Languedoc was produced by the refusal of the King to sign her contract of marriage with the Comte de Hainvilier, a member of the royal household. But the publication of the archives of police at the Revolution proved that Madame de Montméry had been escorted thither under *surveillance*, by virtue of a *lettre de cachet*. She was never suffered to re-appear at court, — Louis XV. being desirous to usurp to himself the monopoly of heartlessness and crime, as well as to secure the secret of his disgraceful excesses.

Such was the history of the fatal window, to which a superstitious charm was long attached by the after possessors of the Hôtel Montméry. The demolition of this strange memento of the vices of the olden time occurred within the last few months, in the course of the improvement achieved in the house by its new proprietress, the Baroness de Feuchères.

KING JOHN.

A LEGEND OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

In the year A.D. 1215, the inhabitants of the few cottages that were at that time scattered along the banks of Whippingham Creek, were thrown into a state of great alarm by the arrival of four large vessels. Most of them fled away, and those that were unable to escape were still more dismayed to hear the chiefs of these intruders and their armed followers conversing together in a foreign language. They made no doubt but that it was another invasion of the Danes, for which they knew the island to be altogether unprepared, as they had been free from their inroads ever since the Conquest.

The Danes, whenever they came, burnt and destroyed whatever they found. The present visiters, however, acted differently. Instead of destroying anything, after turning the inhabitants out, they took possession of the cottages, and set to work to make them as comfortable as they could for their own residence; keeping, however, a few of the natives to slave for them in fetching wood and water, under the threat of the utter destruction of their property when they went away.

The strangers, however, did not appear to have the slightest intentions of leaving their present quarters again, but seemed to be preparing to make it their permanent abode; for all that evening men were employed disembarking deer's hides and costly furs, broad pieces of woollen cloth, cooking vessels of all kinds, huge piles of dried venison and hams, together with a number of casks of wine. They were also surprised to see disembark a quantity of most costly armour, such as only the nobility or the most wealthy knights were able to afford.

One of the poor fishermen, who had been thus unceremoniously dispossessed of his dwelling, ventured to hint to the person who seemed the chief of the strangers, and was almost the only one that appeared to be English, that if they intended to make a long stay in the island, there were many fairer and more convenient houses to which he would be happy to conduct them.

"Ha!" said the chief, with an air of offended dignity. "Let me give you this advice,—keep your prattling tongue quiet, and take no notice of what you see or hear, or—" finishing his sentence by signs, putting his forefinger and thumb round his neck, and then pointing up to a large bough of an oak tree that was spreading over their heads. "And now it strikes me," he continued, "that it would not be amiss just to hang one churl at starting; it would make the remainder more respectful and attentive. Here, De Mark, send Gigo here with half a dozen of his men and a halter."

When they had come, he made a sign with his finger, and in an instant one end of the rope was thrown over the bough of the tree, and the other tied in a running noose round the poor fisherman's neck.

"Shall we lift him?" said Gigo, turning to his master to see whether he had changed his mind.

"Lift away," said the chief, looking on with listless indifference.

Gigo's assistants quickly hauled upon the loose end of the rope, and the unfortunate man was soon swinging in the air. He struggled

hard, clasping the rope above his head with both his hands, which they had not thought worth the trouble of tying behind him.

"He is a long time dying, my lord. Shall I lower him a little, and take a pull at his legs?"

"No, no; let him enjoy the liberty of kicking as long as he likes." His struggles presently got less strong, and he turned black in the face. "You may lower him down now, Gigo, and throw the carcass away."

"He is hardly dead yet, my Lord. Your Grace must not blame me if he should recover."

"Oh, for the matter of that, I do not care if he does. I only did it for a joke. But here comes the Templar. Well, Anner, what news from Hugh de Boves?"

"May it please your Grace, I had letters from him five days since; but I had some difficulty in tracing your Grace's movements. I sought you at the castle; but old De Vernon said that he had received no tidings of you. I think, nevertheless, that he is aware of your arrival here; for, upon being questioned, he acknowledged that he had heard of the arrival of certain strangers in the island."

"It was De Malleone's advice," replied the chief, "that we should not trust our royal self within the walls of Carrisbrook. De Vernon is ill affected towards us. His castle is strong, and rebellion walks abroad in the noonday."

Thus spoke King John, for the chief was none other; and De Malleone added,

"Although De Vernon's grandson is a hostage at Windsor, still, as the welfare of the realm hangs upon our Sovereign's life, we would not that anything should be unnecessarily risked."

Not all the hypocrisy of the Templar and respect for the royal presence could prevent a slight curl of contempt from being visible on his upper lip.

The King, however, marked it not, but asked, "What were the tidings from Hugh de Boves?"

"He writes, that when he showed your signet, vast numbers flocked to his standard from Poictou, Gascony, Louvain, Brabant, and Flanders, and that in a week or two at the latest he will sail for Dover with a powerful host. The time will shortly come when the Barons will be able no longer to boast that they made their King a cipher, the sovereign of no dominions, and a slave to his subjects. But your Grace is ill accommodated here. Shall I summon De Vernon into the royal presence, and tax the Isle of Wight to support its royal guest in a befitting manner?"

"That would be rash, Sir Templar," said de Malleone. "Should our presence here make much stir, we might draw the Runnemede Barons upon us before our scheme is ripe. If De Vernon suspects who the strangers are that have sought refuge in his island, he must be kept silent by threats of vengeance."

"Ah," said the King's jester, who stood by, "tell him the joke we played off upon one of his retainers for unnecessarily putting in his word."

"Peace, fool!" said the King, perhaps a little ashamed of what he had done. "Sir Templar, I will intrust you with an embassy to De Vernon. Go and hint to him about the advantages of secrecy in all affairs connected with the King. Speak of those here as friends of the

King. The King himself, mind you, is still at Windsor. On no account give him the slightest cause to suspect that he is any nearer him than that."

"I will execute your Grace's order," said the Templar; "and if it is your pleasure to let me take twenty of your men with me, I will surprise his castle, and put it out of his power to tell tales to any one."

"Act as I direct you, Sir Anner. It is absolutely necessary to the success of our future expedition that our residence here should not be noised abroad. Our sojourn here must be quiet, and perfectly peaceful."

"May it please your Grace," replied the Templar, "I am sorely puzzled to guess where we are to raise our supplies from, if the royal authority is altogether to be hidden in its scabbard. You would hardly like to hear of your caterers paying toll to the Earl of the Isle of Wight for leave to purchase bacon and long-cail in his market of Carisbrook."

"No, no," said a number of voices together; "that cannot be."

"It will never do," said Philip de Mark, "for the King of England, like a greasy burgher, to send his servants to market to buy salt beef and greens. I see a way to raise our supplies by the King's authority, without betraying his presence in the island. Let us not prey close round home like a mangy wolf; but get into our ships occasionally, and go out to sea and rummage the cargoes of the wealthy merchants, as they sail backwards and forewards to Southampton."

"Well contrived, De Mark. You are our best counsellor when we get into difficulties," said the King.

Day after day the King and his attendants spent their time in feasting and drinking deep. Their only other occupation was walking along the sea shore, throwing stones into the water, or practising with their cross-bows at the gulls. Day after day passed, and still no farther intelligence from Hugh de Boves. They did not dare to go much inland, or move far from the secluded spot in which they had established themselves, for fear of exciting attention, and making their residence known; for should the English Barons discover the villainous scheme of their King, who was preparing to invade and lay waste his own kingdom of England with an army of foreign mercenaries, his life would not have been safe.

The King himself would probably have submitted to the conditions of the Magna Charta, had it not been expressly stipulated in it that he should dismiss his Flemish knights, with whom he constantly surrounded his person. One of the clauses went so far as to banish by name several knights, most of them Flemings, who were his chief favourites and counsellors. These were the persons with whom we find him attended in the Isle of Wight. They urged him on to stir up a war against the Barons, by constantly holding up before his eyes the degradation that he had undergone at Runnemede.

"Do not suffer yourself," said they, "to be trampled under foot by your own subjects, and to be made a thing of nought, and a jest in your own kingdom."

Urged on by these taunts, he had intrusted Hugh de Boves and others to collect an army on the Continent for the invasion of England. They were directed not only to bring with them an army, but any number of women and children, to people the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk, which he intended to lay waste. He had sent also to the Pope,

offering to deliver up his kingdom to him, and hold it under him as his vassal, if his Holiness would give him the assistance and sanction of his name. This was the posture of affairs at the time of which this story treats; hence the strict seclusion in which the King thought it necessary to keep, until he obtained assistance from abroad.

In the course of time, the supplies that they had brought with them began to run short, notwithstanding that every now and then one of the knights or archers shot a deer in the surrounding wood, and that some supplies were daily sent in from the manor of Kerne, which at that time belonged to the Knights Templar.

"May it please your Grace," said De Mark one day, "our time hangs heavy upon our hands. Our provisions are running short, and our wine will be quite out to-night. A pretty bevy of merchantmen left Southampton this morning; the wind has quite fallen, so that they will make but little way. We should soon work up to them with our long oars."

"I wonder how they are manned and armed?" said the King.

"I know them well," answered De Mark; "they carry few arms, and scarcely men enough to tend the sails. In fact, they have little room for either, staggering as they are under a load of tin, salt beef, and hides. There was one of them seemed to be piled half way up the mast with wool-packs; and it's not at all improbable that we may trip up some foreign ship hither bound laden with wine."

"Well, then, you may give orders to prepare," said the King; "but mark, every knight and man at arms must be in disguise, and nothing but Flemish must be spoken whilst we are boarding them."

"Long live King John!" said those around, flourishing their caps in the air. "Long live the King, and success to our fishing!"

The news that the King had given orders to prepare for a marauding expedition spread like wild-fire through the royal colony. All was now activity; the ships launching, men at arms embarking, and pages running to and fro in search of spears, bucklers, and cross-bows.

They were soon at sea; but no royal pennon fluttered from the mast of King John's vessel. The only thing that distinguished that ship from the rest was the court-jester, who had got up to the top of the mast, as he said, to have the first sniff at the salt beef.

"Uncle John," said the fool, reaching his head down, "shall I tell you what joint of beef you would like to eat up best?"

"What is that?"

"A baron of beef," replied the jester; "but you do not know how to carve it when you have got it. The Saxons were the fellows for carving—those Saxons were clever fellows."

"Explain yourself, most mighty Wisdom," said the King.

"Why, look you, uncle, don't you remember how the Saxons invited all the British nobles to dinner at Stonehenge, and then sliced them up with their crooked knives,* as if they had been ribs of beef? That was a rare go, uncle. Only think what a feast you might have made at Runnemede, if you had only had a little of my wit, uncle! But perhaps barons are not so easily caught now-a-days: they are getting up to trap. But it may be we will surprise them a little in a few days' time, hey, nuncle? And may be we'll surprise yon skipper, who appears to be sitting on a wool-pack eating his dinner."

* Seaxes, short slightly-curved swords used by the Saxons, from which it is supposed that the name of Saxon is derived.

"Peace, fool!" said the King.

"Ah, nuncle, it's all very well to talk of peace; but that is a very warlike man we are going to attack. Look at him. There he is cutting his bread and cheese with a knife as long as my arm! And what an irascible temperament he has! I can read it in the colour of his beard — his hair is as red as brick-dust. Those red men are terribly savage. Let's go and attack one of the other ships, and leave Master Rufus to finish his dinner."

They were now fast approaching the merchant ship that they were in chase of; and King John began to give his directions for boarding her. The men-at-arms lay concealed at the bottom of the King's vessel until the ships actually struck one another. They then sprang up, and leaped on board the red-whiskered man's ship.

The jester had been quite right in his estimate of the courage of the Captain; for, the moment he saw their intention of attacking him, he seized a short spear; and the rest of his crew appeared in arms at the same moment. It was not until the men at arms had sprung out of their concealment, and he saw the utter uselessness of defence, that he threw his weapon down again. While they were rummaging his vessel, however, he showed no signs of fear, but kept boldly demanding of them by what right and what authority they dared to pillage him? and threatening them with the vengeance of the King of England, whose subject he was.

King John's temper could ill brook this language. "Ha! seekest thou my authority?" said he. "Gigo, chop him down with an axe."

This cruel order was obeyed with alacrity, and the ship of the honest merchant was stained with its owner's life-blood. Gigo's assistants threw the carcase overboard, and the ship was allowed to proceed on her voyage.

King John's other two ships were equally successful, and they returned to their master laden with spoil.

The chiefs assembled in the royal vessel to hold a council what was to be done next. If they returned immediately to their old haunts they might be traced by some of those they had plundered. And, should that be the case, the barons with all their host might soon be upon them.

"Now if we sail round the outside of the island," said the Templar, "and return to our old quarters by the narrow strait to the west, it will then appear to these burghers that we are foreigners, and are going to cross the open sea."

"Does any one know the coast well?" asked the King, whose cruelty was alone equalled by his cowardice.

Upon inquiry it appeared that no one on board any of the ships had ever been round the outside of the island. But some of the sailors had heard reports that the voyage round that coast was full of perils. There was one place on the south-east of the island where, they had been told, that sometimes out of a smooth sea a long wave raises itself up like a wall, and, after rising to a great height, curls over upon the luckless mariner, and falls with the noise of thunder. Round the south coast there were said to be many other spots, where, while the wind was lulled, and the sea smooth everywhere else, a violent storm would be raging within its contracted limits. The waves rising up to a great height, and falling over in all directions, to the imminent danger of such vessels as were drawn within its limits by the strength of the tide, or

by the magical influence of the water-demons who were the cause of all this hubbub in the sea. Water-kelpies had, indeed, occasionally been seen riding a-straddle on the white foaming crests of the waves, combing their long hair, or singing melancholy ballads in the pale moonlight,—for they were rarely or never seen in the daytime.

Although these magical storms generally occurred near the same spots, some of these places were farther out at sea, while others were close to the shore. In short, the sailing round the island appeared to be a perilous adventure, which it would be folly to attempt without the strongest necessity.

"Ah!" said the jester, "we should be like gudgeons, who, after catching a nice prey for themselves, get eaten up by the larger fishes. Just think now, uncle, of being boiled down into soup to make a dinner for the water-kelpies."

"But, if we go straight back," said De Maleone, "our retreat will be known to the burghers, and we shall be attacked in the morning by superior numbers, and your Grace will run imminent risk of being discovered, if a worse chance does not befal you; for the rebel Barons are in high favour at this moment with all classes, and your Grace's death would be a sure road to preferment."

"What think you, Sir Templar," asked the King, "of the voyage round the island? Is there any credit to be given to these strange stories of enchanted waves and water-kelpies."

"I should be deceiving your Grace if I was to say that I doubt them altogether. I have myself seen mariners, who have told me of the sights and sounds that they have witnessed as they sailed by night round the south coast of the Isle of Wight. Different coloured lights would be seen hovering along the shore, sometimes over the land, and sometimes over the sea. At one time a dismal moaning would be heard; at another the sound of beautiful music. Among the high cliffs I have also heard that there are deep caverns in which the sea enters, in one of which was once seen coiled up a sea-serpent of enormous length. For my own part, however, I think little of these things. I have seen much of life, and been in perils by land and sea; and I have ever found that supernatural terrors shrink into little or nothing upon a close inspection. My opinion is, that we should sail round the island, and so return to our former quarters. I think I might safely stake my honour as a knight that we shall meet with neither magical storms, Kelpies, nor sea-serpents."

"It's all very well, Sir Knight Priest," said the jester, who saw how the land lay with his royal master,—"it's all very well for you to talk in this manner, who can exorcise a kelpy with one hand, and cut his throat with another. Yet methinks your counsel is rather of the rashest; like the advice that the fish gave to his companions in the frying-pan, that they should all jump out of it into the fire."

"What thinks your Grace," said De Maleone, "of standing out to sea for a few hours, as if we were sailing to a foreign country, and slip back again to our old quarters in the dusk of the evening?"

"We have nothing else to choose," said the King, "that gives us any hope of safety."

The three ships, in consequence, stood out to sea, as if for the purpose of crossing the channel. There was very little wind, but a long rolling swell came from the eastward, which in the course of a little

time began to produce unpleasant effects upon those on board, who had not been accustomed to the sea.

"Look at Sir Gigo there," said the jester; "his face is becoming the colour of parchment. How he opens and shuts his mouth like a dying oyster! It strikes me, uncle, that he must be a man of infinite wit."

"Why so?"

"I mean, judging from the good things that come out of his mouth."

"Foh!" said the King, "you have quite given my stomach a turn. I didn't feel unwell before."

"In that case," replied the jester, "I will take myself off to the farthest end of the ship. I would sooner pull a lion by the whiskers than jest with a King who feels sea-sick; and, as for holding my tongue, it is a thing that I have never been accustomed to."

After rolling about upon the long swell of the sea, with a hot sun over their heads, for the rest of the day, as evening began to close in they turned their vessels' heads towards the shore again; and about midnight they found themselves again in their old quarters. Here they found a messenger, who had been sent to the King from the Bishop of Worcester, the Lord Chancellor, and Hugh de Boves, who were still abroad, collecting troops for the invasion of England. Their letters stated that these foreign allies of King John were on the point of sailing for England: and the King was recommended to come to Dover without delay, to put himself at their head. The next day there was a strong east wind, which rendered the King's sailing from the Isle of Wight impracticable; and the King, to while away the time, was sauntering through the glades of the forest that fringes the creek of Whippingham, attended by his jester, the Templar, De Maleone, and Gigo, habited as usual in the dress of common sailors.

On turning a corner they came unawares upon a lady, who was sitting upon a fallen tree, caressing a large deer greyhound. She was tall, and delicately formed, and her dark tresses hung down in long ringlets upon her bosom. The King was much struck with her beauty and noble bearing; and, emboldened by the success that usually attends royal gallantries, at once familiarly placed himself by her side, and began a long string of idle and courtly compliments.

"Fairest lady, what a felicity it is for my admiring eyes to discover such a beautiful form inhabiting so savage a forest. How would all the beauties of the court shrink into comparative ugliness by the side of this lily of the island!"

The lady shrunk back, and tried to separate herself from him, but in vain; for the King still continued to intrude himself upon her.

"Who are you?" she said, "that thus unmannerly force yourself upon my society. If you are what your dress represents you to be, you will, perhaps, show some respect to my rank, although you do not to my sex. Know that I am the daughter of a knight, and I seek not companions among those that are servile born."

"Gentle lady," he replied, "you would do me wrong were you to judge me by the dress that I now wear. I am not what I appear to be. My rank is as superior to that of a simple knight, as your station is to that of the meanest serf. Lady, I am the King." He watched her eye to see the effect that this sudden announcement of his royal station would have upon the mind of a country-bred girl. Great was his surprise to find that, instead of his disclosure working a change in

his favour, she shrunk from him more than before, and uttered an exclamation of horror.

"No, no, no," she exclaimed, "I will never believe that. The King I know to be profligate, wicked, and cruel; but he never, never would have hung a poor, innocent, honest, industrious man, for a mere jest. Thank Heaven, however, he still lives. He was brought like a dead man to our house. I was his physician; and he lives to bless me. Oh, what an unfortunate being I am; after all this to fall myself into the power of such a——"

"Speak the word out, lady, fear not."

"Villain was the word, then," she replied, the colour mounting to her cheeks. "Isabel de Bosco fears you not. Let me pass on my way."

"Not so, sweet lady," said the King, taking hold of her gently by the arm. No sooner, however, had he touched her than the deer-hound by her side gave a loud bark, and flew straight at the King's throat. The King let go her arm, and started back. The dog also checked his spring, and contented himself by warning the King of danger with a low threatening growl.

Presently a number of armed persons were seen advancing through the openings between the high oaks. The maiden clapped her hands to draw their attention, and then turning to the King, she added, "Now I am beyond your power; and, know further, it only rests with me to hang you on yon tree, as you hung poor honest Gurton. But, go your ways now, and mend your manners."

The King, who by no means liked the look of the tree that she pointed to, was not slack in following her advice. But, as he turned away with his companions, he muttered between his teeth, "By God's feet she shall not escape me thus. Am I to be made a laughing-stock of by a country maiden? Before we hoist our sails this night, she shall be my prize."

The supper was over in the old hall of Wotton. Sir Reginald de Bosco, its venerable proprietor, with his fair daughter, Isabel, had just received the lamp from their page, and were retiring to their private apartments. The retainers and visiters that crowded the lower part of the hall rose out of respect to the knight; but, before they had time to leave the hall a loud knocking was heard at the outer door. The seneschal went down with the porter to the entrance, and questioned the strangers through the wicket.

"Who knocks so loud, and disturbs the knight's family at so late an hour?"

"Messengers to Sir Reginald de Bosco from the Earl of the Isle of Wight," was the reply.

The bolts were immediately withdrawn, and the door thrown open. The old seneschal was thrown down, and trampled on by the crowd that rushed in, and the hall was filled with armed men.

Isabel gave a loud shriek. "That is he that called himself the King." She ran out by a side-door, and drew the bolts behind her.

"Give chase!" cried the chief of the intruders.

A number of men instantly ran up the hall, oversetting the stools and forms, passed the dais, and burst open with an axe the side-door by which Isabelle had retired.

The lady was presently dragged out again into the hall by Gigo and

the Templar, and forced by them away from her father's house, followed by the remainder of the King's attendants. They had not, however, gone far from the building, when, as they passed through the wood, Gigo, who was holding one of the lady's arms, fell, pierced through by an arrow.

"That was a bold marksman," said the Templar, "who ventured to send his shaft so near the lady."

"I only did it for a joke," shouted a voice from behind a tree not many yards off; and, before this sentence was concluded another arrow had scored the skin from off one of the ribs of the King. An inch difference in the aim, and it had reached his heart.

"Treason!" shouted the King. "Let go the maiden, and scour the wood. A purse of gold to whoever secures the villain."

The maiden was released, and made her escape; and the archer turned his knowledge of the ground to such advantage that they heard no more of him.

The next morning saw King John and his followers depart to attempt a scheme of higher import, and deeper villainy, in the prosecution of which he perished, and the curses of his subjects were heaped upon his grave.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY JAMES ALDRICH.

In beauty lingers on the hills
  The death-smile of the dying day;
And twilight in my heart instils
  The softness of its rosy ray.
I watch the river's peaceful flow,
  Here, standing by my mother's grave,
And feel my dreams of glory go,
  Like weeds upon its sluggish wave.

God gives us ministers of love,
  Which we regard not, being near;
Death takes them from us, then we feel
  That angels have been with us here!
As mother, sister, friend, or wife,
  They guide us, cheer us, soothe our pain;
And, when the grave has closed between
  Our hearts and theirs, we love—in vain!

Would, Mother! thou couldst hear me tell
  How oft, amid my brief career,
For sins and follies loved too well,
  Hath fall'n the free repentant tear!
And, in the waywardness of youth,
  How better thoughts have given to me
Contempt for error, love for truth,
  'Mid sweet remembrances of thee!

The harvest of my youth is done,
  And manhood, come with all its cares,
Finds, garner'd up within my heart,
  For every flower a thousand tares.
Dear Mother! couldst thou know my thoughts
  Whilst bending o'er this holy shrine,
The depth of feeling in my breast,
  Thou wouldst not blush to call me thine!

AN EPISTLE FROM MISS SELINA SPRIGGINS TO MISS HENRIETTA TIMS.

Spriggins' Folly, April 1, 1835.

Ma chere Henriette,

In the umbrageous solitude of Spriggins Folly, a letter from you breaks in like a ray of summer sunshine! How happy am I to learn that your interesting *affaire de cœur* progresses with all the felicity your dear affectionate soul deserves.

You ask me if I am yet unalterably fixed? No! my dear Henrietta. The truth is, there is such a swarm of (not *bees* but) *would be's*, that I am really (like a child in a pastry-cook's) puzzled which of the sweethearts (*sweet tarts?*) to select. As at a full *Archery meeting*, here's a display of *beaux* of all sorts. First in the rank of my admirers is Sir Plimly Supple. He professes the most ardent affection, — and exhibits *certainly* a great *inclination;* for he is all bows. He has little conversation; but manages to fill up his part in the dialogue with ducking, cringing, bowing in such admirable pantomime, that you almost forget he has said nothing. Describe his eyes or teeth I cannot; for it is a rare thing to see anything but the crown of his head! Alas for him! his bows will all prove barren, if the affections of your loving friend are expected to be the fruits of them. In his presence I cannot help applying Æsop's maxim, that "the *beau* should not be always bent!" A dear good-natured friend (who has a *son* of her own, by the by) whispered my father the other day, "That, notwithstanding his appearance, Sir Plimly Supple was very much *straitened!*"

"I am glad to hear it," answered my father, to the dame's evident surprise; "for really I thought the man was born *crooked*."

The lady recovered a little at this turn, and added, "That although he assumed so much humility, he carried his head very high elsewhere."

"Indeed!" said my father. "Why, I have heard that he has a sort of pride of pedigree, — boasts of his Norman descent. For my part, I should guess he was an *Angle;* for that is the form his slender and plastic body most usually assumes."

Of my suitors the next in rank is Albert Anyside, Esq. the eldest son of Squire Anyside, a man of some property, and great consequence in the county,—having a great command of *votes*. His son, however, has not mine, and will never be my election. He has been educated for the bar; but he is so full of technicals, and so wary in his speech, that he will never *commit* himself. He would be a very desirable ally for any power going to war, for he deals in *generals!*

Although his declaration (as he would technically term it) sets forth the most ardent affection, I am afraid his love would turn out a "little brief!"

Young Conway, his cousin, is worth twenty of him,—a smart, impudent, careless, rattling youth of five-and-twenty, — but no fortune. As he says, however, he has so much of the milk of human kindness, that he may reasonably be expected to make his own way (whey?) in the world!

Upon a late change in the politics of his cousin, he gravely re-

marked, "If the barrister were a Whig—(wear a wig?)—he is now a Tory!"

He is also one of the captives chained to my triumphal car. As for the rest—why, all I can say is, they do not disturb your Selina's rest! But do not imagine for a moment there is the slightest impression. Were it so I would not conceal the feeling for a moment from my bosom friend and confidant. You shall never say of me, "She never told her love,"—such concealment on my part would be indeed unwarrantable after the confidence you have reposed in me.

But now, to descend (or rather to ascend) from beaux to belles. The elder ladies of these parts are rather inclined to loquaciousness and obesity; and the junior branches to silence and dowdiness. Sir Plimly's mamma is a very moral, sententious, strict, old dowager. Such a pattern! but very much creased — that is, wrinkled, — like many other excellent patterns that we know of! She gives very dashing tea and turn-out parties; and, I assure you, (however paradoxical it may sound,) those of her admirers who are "left out" by no means like the "cut" of the "pattern!"

Anyside's daughters are mere rustics, but most violent in their attachment to the last new fashion. Conway laughs most impertinently at their vain attempts at elegance.

"Those girls," said he one day to me in a whisper, "are really walking contradictions, for, though very 'raw' they are 'well dress'd.'" He is, indeed, very severe; and his satirical vein has obtained for him among his companions the apt soubriquet of "Roasting *Jack!*" He is a great favourite with papa. He is so full of anecdote, he says, and is such a good hand at cribbage and backgammon. I am sure he would have little difficulty in gaining his approbation if he had the golden pretensions of his cousin. For, although papa is very aristocratical in his notions, he is a staunch supporter of equality in all matrimonial alliances. He brought us tickets of invitation to a ball the other evening, to be given by a wealthy yeoman some six miles from Spriggins' Folly.

He had little difficulty in persuading papa to accept them; for he luckily produced them after the old gentleman had just beat him at two games of back-gammon.

"No doubt," said Conway, "the thing will be done well, for the old yeoman is an old cricketer, and knows how to give a ball in good style."

We went; and I assure you I was highly pleased. My blue satin and blonde (made for my dear Henrietta's birthday) was displayed on the occasion. The body and sleeves, I could perceive, puzzled the rustic critics not a little. They were all eyes, like a peacock's tail! There was no fear, however, of their taking it to pieces, for they could not discover how it was put together!

Quadrilles did not figure much on the occasion. Country-dances were all the vogue; and my poor kids suffered a martyrdom in the lusty gripe of many a sun-burnt hand. It was really a most vigorous exercise with the greater part of the company. No mincing, or gliding, or glissading; but every one (ladies not excepted) did their work *man*fully!

"A very pleasant ball," said Conway, as we returned; "but, like the good yeoman's ale, there was too much of the *hop* in it for my taste. O! Taglioni! thou compound of music, moonshine, and

gossamer! how their eternal thump—thump would have annihilated thy nerves!"

But I must stay my pen; for I have already crossed and recrossed my letter, till it has assumed the appearance of a remnant of check. Remember me affectionately to our mutual friend, Amelia, and believe me, my dear Henrietta,

Your ever affectionate friend,
SELINA SPRIGGINS.

LINES IN AN ALBUM TO WHICH LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON HAD BEEN A CONTRIBUTOR.

BY B. SIMMONS.

As certain pilgrims bound of yore
To far Judea's sacred shore
Were vow'd a rosary to say
At every shrine upon their way,
So it befits the Bard, each time
An Album cheers his road, to rhyme.
Here, then, a wandering minstrel, weary
With life's long journey dim and dreary,
Pauses amid the desert waste
To hail this shelter spread for Taste,
And bless the fair and graceful powers
That gather'd here Wit's scatter'd flowers,
And strew'd these leaves with fancies bright,
And won sweet poesy to pour
Such freshness o'er them that the wight
Now scribbling, shrinks from scribbling more.

Yet, ere I part each favour'd leaf,
Where Genius look'd, and left a spell,
How can this heart repress its grief
While lingering o'er yon record brief
Of her the lost—the loved so well?
The radiant lady of the lute!
The fire-lipped Sappho of the Isles!
And, is the Queen of Music mute,
Who woke our tears and smiles?
Immortal Passion's priestess, wo
To us to whom thy songs shall be
But springs in bitterness to flow
Above thy lucid memory:
For, as we point to all thou 'st done,
Remembrance of thine early fate
Will count what wreaths were left unwon
Till Grief grows desolate!
Strange fate! fierce Afric's ocean laves,
Or leaps in thunder by the bed;
And Afric's sultry palm-tree waves
Above the gentle head
Of HER who deep should take her rest
Far in her own belovèd west,—
In some green nook,—some violet dell,
Beneath the rose she sang so well,
Soothed by the lull of some sweet river,
Sparklingly pure and bright, like her, the Lost for Ever!

A DAY AT ETON.

"Me quoties curas suadent lenire seniles
  Umbra tua, et viridi ripa beata toro.
Sit mihi, primitiasque meas, tenuesque triumphos,
  Sit, revocare tuos, dulcis Etona ! dies."

"Come, parent Eton ! turn the stream of time
  Back to thy sacred fountain crown'd with bays !
Recall my brightest, sweetest days of prime,
  When all was hope and triumph, joy and praise."

LORD WELLESLEY.

ANY one living habitually in the country would find it difficult to appreciate the delight which a Londoner feels when he quits the great metropolis to pass the day either at Hampton Court or Windsor, or indeed to make any other rural excursion. A primrose, cowslip, or even the modest daisy, are not regarded by him with indifference. He thinks the song of the unseen lark the sweetest music he ever heard. He listens with delight to the notes of the throstle and blackbird, and inhales the fresh breeze as if he derived from it a new existence. It is always a satisfaction to witness the delight, the real enjoyment, experienced by those who, emancipated from the smoke and confinement of London, come to have a day of pleasure in either of the places referred to: those especially whose means of living are obtained by the sweat of their brow, — who are either chained to desks, or shut up in offices or shops the greater part of their time, — enjoy their excursion to Hampton Court or Windsor with a delight peculiar to themselves. It is a pleasure to witness their happiness, as well as the orderly conduct that is now becoming every day more and more apparent in visiters to these places, even amongst the humblest class; a fact which at once gives an answer to the fears and objections that were formerly urged against the free admission of the public to picture-galleries, museums, and gardens. It was impossible to touch upon this subject without bearing this testimony to the correct conduct of the working classes, and it is no small gratification to be able to do so.

But it is time to describe a little excursion I made with an old Etonian about the middle of last month, in order to see all that was worth seeing on the spot where his earliest and happiest days had been passed. It was a delightful May morning when we left Paddington to go to Slough by the Great Western Railway. This has now become almost the only public mode of conveyance to Windsor, and it is not surprising that it should be so. It is unrivalled for the smoothness and rapidity with which we travel along it,—its punctuality,—its arrangements,—its comparative safety,—the great civility of its attendants, — to say nothing of the stupendous cost of its works, which no other country but this can boast of, or could have undertaken. All these place it in the first rank among railroads.*

The bell rang at twelve o'clock, and the train was instantly in movement. We arrived at Slough, eighteen miles and a quarter from the

* The travelling *parlour* is the very perfection of ease, comfort, and enjoyment.

Paddington station, in exactly thirty minutes, and an omnibus soon deposited us at Eton.

The emotions excited by a view of Eton College are of a far different nature from those associated with Windsor. Eton is fraught with a peculiar interest of its own. As we enter the venerable walls of the College, it is impossible not to call to mind that from this place have issued some of our greatest statesmen, philosophers, and poets. Here, amongst other great men, the learned John Hale, Sir Robert Walpole, Harley, Earl of Oxford; Lord Bolingbroke, Earl Cambden, the celebrated Earl of Chatham, Oughtred, the mathematician, Boyle, the philosopher; Lord Littleton, Gray, Horace Walpole, West, Waller, Fox, Canning, the Marquess Wellesley; the historian Hallam, and, though last, by no means least, the Duke of Wellington, were educated. Here, probably, the impulses of ambition were first excited in their breasts, and here they may have been warmed with the flush of those glorious feelings, the outbreaking of which has made their names an honour to their country. As we sauntered through the courts of the College, we called to mind the numerous great and good men who have been educated at Eton, and thought that many, perhaps in the zenith of their fame, had revisited its classic shades, and acknowledged how far preferable was the freshness of heart which accompanied the thoughtless school-boy, to all the laurels which they had since reaped. Many, perhaps, beneath its venerable elms, have wept over their early friendships, and breathed a sigh at the recollection of that day, when they were launched from the sunny stream of childhood into the stormy ocean of public life. That this is the case with at least one great man, —one who is equally an honour to his country, as to the school in which he was educated, — is evident from the following beautiful apostrophe:—

"Me, when thy shade and Thames's meads and flowers
Invite to soothe the cares of waning age,
May memory bring to me my long-past hours,
To calm my soul, and troubled thoughts assuage.

Come, parent Eton! turn the stream of time
Back to thy sacred fountain crown'd with bays,
Recall my brightest, sweetest days of prime,
When all was hope and triumph, joy and praise.

Guided by Thee, I raised my youthful sight
To the steep solid heights of lasting fame,
And hail'd the beams of clear ethereal light
That brighten round the Greek and Roman name.

O blest Instruction! friend to generous youth!
Source of all good! you taught me to intwine
The muse's laurel with eternal truth,
And wake her lyre to strains of faith divine."

Beautiful as these lines of Lord Wellesley's are, they are exceeded by his original Latin composition on the same subject; remarkable as having been written by a great statesman in his eightieth year, yet warm with all the freshness of youth, and the ardour of a true Etonian.

The enthusiasm of my companion, who had not visited Eton since his

school-boy days, knew no bounds. Everything he saw delighted him, because he was reminded of some youthful prank, or some incident almost forgotten, until the spot where it had taken place brought it afresh to his recollection. He was ready to exclaim with the poet,

> "Ah, happy *courts!* ah, pleasing shade!
> Ah, fields beloved in vain!
> Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
> A stranger yet to pain!
> I feel the gales that from ye blow
> A momentary bliss bestow,
> As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
> My weary soul they seem to soothe,
> And redolent of joy and youth,
> To breathe a second spring."—GRAY.

We visited every hole and corner which were accessible to strangers; talked of floggings and Montem, Dr. Keate and the late Provost, and then adjourned to "The Christopher," to partake of one of Mr. Clarke's good dinners, and afterwards strolled about in the evening till it was time to take our departure by the last train.

The object of my companion in accompanying me to Eton was to explore the scenes of his youth;—mine was to assist my memory, in order to produce an article for the next number of Mr. Bentley's Miscellany, and to indulge my fondness for viewing the fine chapel, and the interesting buildings which adjoin it.

Eton College was founded in the year 1440 by that unfortunate king, Henry the Sixth, and established nearly on the same footing as that adopted by William of Wykham for his seminary at Winchester. The foundation at present consists of a Provost, Vice-Provost, six fellows, a head master, lower master, ten assistants, seventy scholars, seven lay clerks, and ten choristers. Besides these, there are an unlimited number of scholars who derive no advantage from the College, and who are styled oppidans. Those on the foundation are called King's Scholars, or familiarly Collegers, and are distinguished from the others by wearing a black cloth gown. The total number has generally amounted to about five hundred and fifty, although this number is frequently exceeded.

In immediate connection with Eton is King's College at Cambridge, to which establishment, as vacancies occur in it, the senior "King's Scholars" are elected from Eton every year. Here they are enabled to complete their education free of expense, and at the end of three years are admitted to fellowships, without passing through any preparatory examination.

The College of Eton is divided into two courts, or quadrangles. In the first of these are the chapel, the upper and lower schools, the apar[illegible]ts of the head and second master, and those set apart for the sch[illegible]foundation, — the oppidans being lodged in boarding-[illegible] In the other quadrangle are the lodgings of the [illegible] the great dining-hall, and the library of the [illegible]

[illegible]old Gothic structure; but, with the exception [illegible]Henry Wotton, who was a lay provost of the [illegible]morial of any particular interest. At the [illegible]el there is a beautiful marble statue of the

founder in his regal robes, executed by Bacon, in the year 1768. On the monument of Sir Henry Wotton is the following remarkable inscription :—

Hic jacet hujus sententiæ primus auctor—
" Disputandi pruritus sit ecclesiarum scabies.''
Nomen aliàs quære.

Or, in English,

Here lies the Author of this sentence,
"May an itching for dispute be the scab of the Church."
Seek his name elsewhere.

In the centre of the principal court is another statue of the founder in bronze. On its pedestal is an inscription, purporting that it was placed there in 1719, by Henry Godolphin, then Provost of the College. The upper school-room in this court, with its stone-arcade beneath, and the apartments immediately attached to it, were built by Sir Christopher Wren, at the expense of Dr. Allestre, who was Provost in the reign of Charles the Second.

The library, besides a curious and highly valuable collection of books, contains an excellent assortment of Oriental and Egyptian manuscripts, many beautifully illuminated missals, and other literary curiosities. It has frequently been added to by the bequests of different persons who have borne an affection to this venerable seat of learning. Amongst these are Dr. Waddington, Bishop of Chester; Mr. Mawn, Master of the Charter-House; Richard Topham, Keeper of the Records in the Tower; Anthony Storer; and the Rev. Mr. Hetherington, a fellow of the College. Over one of the fire-places is a fine painting of the founder on the panel.

The apartments of the Provost contain the portraits of many learned individuals who have been his predecessors in that office, amongst whom are Sir Thomas Smith, well known as a statesman; Dr. Stewart, Clerk of the Closet to Charles the First; Sir Henry Saville, and Sir Henry Wotton. There are also half-length portraits of Queen Elizabeth and Sir Robert Walpole. In one of the rooms is a painting of a female on panel, said to be the unfortunate Jane Shore. The supposition principally arises from a belief that her confessor was a Provost of the College, for there is nothing in the portrait that gives any idea of the pre-eminence in beauty which we attach to this celebrated female. The forehead is high and broad, and the hair auburn; but the other features are small, and devoid of interest. These characteristics also distinguish her portrait in Hampton Court Palace.

Having given this cursory account of Eton, it will be expected that something should be said on the celebrated triennial pageant of the Montem.

At this ancient ceremony, as is well known, contributions are levied from all passengers and visiters, and the amount presented to the boy who has the good fortune to be at the head of the scho[illegible]me the Montem takes place. For this purpose the wh[illegible], habited in different fancy-dresses, march in gra[illegible] neighbouring village of Salt-Hill, where a dinne[illegible] and the money, or *salt*, which sometimes exceed[illegible] presented to the head-boy, who is styled for t[illegible] impossible to detail all the different custom[illegible] take place during these juvenile saturnalia[illegible]

ever, may perhaps be formed from the following passage, which is extracted from an article published some years ago in Mr. Knight's Quarterly Magazine, and is evidently written by an Etonian.

"We reached, at length, the foot of the mount,—a very respectable barrow, which never dreamt in its Druidical age of the interest which it now excites, and the honours which now await it. Its sides are clothed with mechanics in their holiday suits, and happy dairy-maids in their Sunday gear. At its base sit Peeresses in their barouches, and Earls in all the honours of four-in-hand. The flag is waved; the scarlet coats and the crimson plumes again float amongst us, and the whole earth seems made for one universal holiday. I love the no-meaning of Montem. I love to be asked for 'salt' by a pretty boy in silk stockings and satin doublet; though the custom has been called something between robbing and begging. I love the apologetical '*mos pro lege*,' which defies the police and the Mendicity Society. I love the absurdity of a Captain taking precedence of a Marshal, and a Marshal bearing a gilt baton, at an angle of forty-five degrees from his right hip; and an Ensign flourishing a flag with the grace of a tight-rope dancer; and Serjeants paged by fair-skinned Indians, and beardless Turks; and Corporals in sashes and gorgets, guarded by innocent polemen in blue jackets and white trowsers. I love the mixture of real and mock dignity: the Provost, in his cassock, clearing the way for the Duchess of Leinster to see the Ensign make his bow; or the Head-Master gravely dispensing his leave till nine to Counts of the Holy Roman Empire, and Grand Seigniors. I love the crush in the Cloisters, and the mob on the Mount. I love the clatter of carriages, and the plunging of horsemen. I love the universal gaiety, from the peer who smiles, and sighs that he is no longer an Eton boy, to the country-girl, who marvels that such little gentlemen have cocked hats and real swords. I will not attempt to reason about the pleasures of Montem; but to an Etonian it is enough that it brings pure and ennobling recollections, calls up associations of hope and happiness, and makes even the wise feel that there is something better than wisdom, and the great, that there is something nobler than greatness. And then the faces that come about us at such a time, with their tales of old friendships, or generous rivalries. I have seen to-day fifty old schoolfellows, of whom I remember only the nicknames; they are now degenerated into scheming M.P.'s, or clever lawyers, or portly doctors; but at Montem they leave the plodding world of reality for one day, and regain the dignity of sixth-form Etonians."

It is, indeed, a bright and joyous scene; and, in spite of the stern verdicts of uncompromising censors, may the time be far distant when its innocent buffooneries shall be at an end, and it shall cease to be a jubilee for thousands. It is one of those scenes which an assemblage of youth, and health, and high spirits, alone can produce; it holds before us a mirror of the past, and brings back that early freshness of the heart for which wealth and worldly grandeur are but ill-exchanged.

In addition to the objects which have already been pointed out as worthy of the strangers' notice, he must not forget to visit the interior of the Upper and Lower Schools, on the walls of which he will discover the names of many celebrated men who have been educated at Eton, and which Pepys tells us in his Memoirs they were in the habit of carving on the shutters of the windows in his time. He should also stroll into the playing fields, with their rich verdure and venerable

elms; the Thames calmly rippling along their banks, and Windsor Castle towering in the distance. This fine pile of buildings is, perhaps, seen to greater advantage from these fields than from any other spot, especially when the last faint gleams of a setting-sun rest upon them. Nothing, indeed, can be more beautiful than the whole appearance of the Castle, with its numerous towers and Gothic chapel: we call to mind the many interesting events which from the most remote periods of our history have taken place within its walls. We think of Herne's Oak, the Merry Wives of Windsor, Shakspeare, Falstaff, and all the associations with which they are connected. Our thoughts wander to Runnemede, King John, and Magna Charta; a distant wooded rising-ground reminds us of Cooper's Hill, and Sir John Denham; and then we revert to Windsor Forest, and Pope, and long to wander over the classic scenes connected with the poet and his song,

"Thy forests, Windsor, and thy green retreats."

The Thames, too, is not without its interest, and how delightfully it winds through Datchet! Here the celebrated Provost of Eton, Sir Henry Wotton, and his old friend and companion, the good Izaac Walton, enjoyed together the amusement of the rod and line, not improbably seated on that pretty ait which still belongs to the Provost and Fellows of Eton College. Here, also, Charles the Second sometimes resorted to pass a few idle hours in catching gudgeons, which still abound in this part of the river. This circumstance in his history, which is perhaps not generally known, is referred to in the following lines, attributed in the State Poems to Lord Rochester.

"Methinks I see our mighty Monarch stand,
His pliant rod now trembling in his hand,
Pleased with the sport, good man; nor does he know
His easy sceptre bends and trembles so.
Fine representative, indeed, of God,
Whose sceptre 's dwindled to a fishing-rod!
Such was Domitian in his Romans' eyes,
When his great godship stoop'd to catching flies.
Bless us, what pretty sport have deities!
But see, he now does up from Datchet come,
Laden with spoils of slaughter'd gudgeons, home.
Nor is he warn'd by their unhappy fate,
But greedily he swallows every bait,
A prey to every King-fisher of state."

We might mention the annual festival at Surly Hall, and the interesting sight on the river of the numerous boats rowed to that place by Eton boys; but it is time to conclude.

"*Floreat Etona!*"

It is an old motto, and a pure aspiration; and long may she flourish, with her classic courts and happy faces, undisturbed by the desolating mania of reform, and the dangerous experiments of modern improvements.

E. J.

Hampton Court,
May 12, 1840.



"This is a real picture!"

MR. FOXE VARNISH.

THERE are some children—clever little dears!—who are peculiarly apt in picking up words without fatiguing their infantine brains with the meanings which they bear. It is sufficient, in their estimation, that the syllables possess a certain striking euphony. Like the "little busy bee," that is innocently attracted with the simple music of a street-door key clinquantly applied to the wrong side of a frying-pan, the *sound* is all-sufficient to their ears; they seek not the *sense* nor derivation.

Sir Flatman Flunks was a full-grown specimen of this easily-to-be-pleased-and-gulled genus.

At an early age,—even at that freshly-green period when the small bag-like trowsers are unconscious of any other suspenders than the diminutive pea-buttons of a tiny jacket, fashioned from the same piece of broad-cloth, and forming a fitting case for the embryo man,—when he was merely designated a "young gentleman," and was graduating at a spinster's establishment for the education of downy-cheeked darlings "under nine years of age," Flunks was a prodigy! "Hard words" appeared to make a most permanent impression on his soft head—his tender mind, as his indulgent governess chose to phrase it! He was, indeed, taught like a parrot; and made about as much use of his attainments.

Two points, however, were indisputably gained by the happy knack he possessed of pronouncing "sesquipedalians" so trippingly: he became the envy of his school-fellows, and astonished the maid-servants, who "vowed and declared that they were positive-certain as Master Flunks would, one day, be a very great man;" but "*fallax vulgi judicium*," as Phœdrus saith; for, as his *years* increased he "turned out" an uncommonly great donkey!

Most fortunate was it for Flunks that his father was born before him! This is so common an occurrence, indeed, that few men are sufficiently grateful for it; in this instance, however, priority of nativity was the salvation of Flunks,— for had the father been "nothing," the filial derivation would assuredly never have risen above *par!*

As it was, old Flunks, having accumulated a good round sum in the cheesemongering "line," died one day, leaving Flatman in the possession of a considerable fortune in the funds, and an excellent connection.

Being a man of substance, he was, in the course of events, elected sheriff, and presenting an address—although a man of no address—his Majesty was "most graciously pleased to confer the honour of knighthood," &c. as the custom is. He immediately cut the cheese, and turned connoisseur—admiring everything he did *not* understand. He bought pebbles and pictures; and crammed artists and authors at his *soirées* and *conversazioni*,—the only substantial good that arose out of his egregrious vanity. Such, Reader, is the man to whom the obsequious Mr. Foxe Varnish elevates his beaver. Not to know *that* man is to argue yourself unknown. Why every man in every ward, from the officious street-keeper, who pokes his cane into the apple-woman's basket, to the burly alderman "with fat capon lined," knows Mr. Foxe Varnish, the picture-dealer.

Behold, with what a super-suavity of manner he projects his "finely-chiselled chin" over the rippling gutter as his bright and discriminating eyes catch the languid glance of the obese Sir Flatman.

No industrious spider, on summer flies intent, ever peeped from his ambuscade at a booming blue-bottle entangled in his web, with more complacency! It is impossible to look upon the clean, dapper little man, with his fair hair, and fine teeth, and flexible form, and to suppose that he ever washed those smiling features with anything but highly-perfumed "brown Windsor," or almond paste, there is such a clear, cosmetical appearance about them.

And then his language! so bland, mellifluous, and stuffed with superfine conceits,—forming a sort of Irish blarney diluted with honey-water,— it is irresistible! He is, moreover, naturally so good-natured withal, that should he even fail in persuading you to become a purchaser, a rare occurrence, there is no cloudy indication of disappointment in his handsome countenance, and he ushers you to the threshold of his shop-door with so much ceremony that it is ten to one but you repeat your visit, and—are caught at last!

In fine, in Mr. Foxe Varnish the homely proverb of "Honey catches more flies than vinegar" is beautifully illustrated.

"Good morning, Sir Flatman," said Mr. Foxe Varnish, approaching the great asinine knight with one of his most insinuating smiles,

"I hope I have the felicity of seeing Sir Flatman in excellent health?"

"Tolerable, Mr. Varnish, *passablement bien*, thank'e," replied the knight, extending his hoof — his hand, I mean — to the sincere inquirer. "The gout — the *podagra* rather troublesome in the extremities; this *pluvial congelation*, too, touches my nerves!" (There had been a slight fall of *hail!*)

"That you *are* well, and *wear* well, are two points on which your well-wishers agree in congratulating themselves," said Varnish; "for you are too valuable a man, Sir Flatman, both in the eyes of our respected corporation collectively, and the members individually, not to be watched with the most affectionate solicitude."

"Why, Varnish," replied Flunks, with a self-approving smile, "I believe I may say it, without arrogating to myself too much, that 'I have done the state some service.'" A hackneyed quotation, which he was in the habit of daily dealing forth ever since he presented *the* Address, and moved a return in the Common Council of the costs and charges made by the City scavengers since the year 18—, and proposed some "sweeping clauses" touching the duties and remuneration of the said important functionaries.

"Nobody can deny that," answered Varnish. "Had you been born a Roman, (which our selfish feelings would have made us regret,) you would undoubtedly have been named dictator! Talking of Rome reminds me that I have a Carlo Dolce, which I should like to submit to your inspection. Your approval of it, Sir Flatman, will augment its value in the eyes of the *cognoscenti*. I have to add, that your condescension will confer an obligation on myself personally; and I know that you will honour my humble gallery," &c.

Of course the knight put his arm within that of the agreeable Mr. Foxe Varnish, and accompanied the dealer to his shop, who smirked and nodded to all his acquaintances, both great and small, whom he happened to meet in the line of march, determined that they should see the friendly familiarity with which he was treated by the wealthy Flunks.

The room into which he bowed the knight was beautifully arranged and elegantly furnished, the glaring light of the "vulgar unrefined day" pleasantly softened by blinds,—so as to show off his merchandise to the best advantage.

Flunks "flopped" himself into a cushioned chair, while his dull stupid eyes, attracted by the gilding, roved from frame to frame; and it must be confessed *they* were of the most approved and costly model.

"Ah! Sir Flatman, I see where your eyes are fixed," exclaimed Varnish. "That white horse is your mark!"

Sir Flatman looked in that direction — for the first time. "Exactly," replied he.

"A Wouvermans that, Sir Flatman, eh? There is no mistaking his touch, I think?" continued Varnish.

"Certainly not," replied Flunks. "I should aver, without any pretension to vaticination, that it is an indubitable original. There is a tone—a certain *je ne sçais quoi*—a keeping about his *capi d'opera* —his *chefs-d'œuvre*, that veritably proves him a master—"

"Of the horse!"

"A master of the horse!" said Flunks, extremely delighted with the joke, which the other had dexterously put into his mouth.

"You 're *so* ready!" said Varnish, adroitly making him a present of the saying, which, indifferent as it was, was very valuable to a man whose stock of wit was so miserably scant.

Unlocking a case, Varnish placed it in a chair opposite to his soft and softened customer, and threw back the folding-doors with an effect.

"There!" cried he, "that is a gem of the first water!"

"Beautiful!" exclaimed Flunks. "Delectable!"

"Is it not? Now, Sir Flatman, I may be permitted without exaggeration to call that a picture—a real picture. Look at the splendidly graceful arrangement of that drapery!—the unstudied simplicity of that infant's head!!—the natural and glowing tint of the Virgin's roseate cheek!!!—I have only permitted one of our first *living* artists to look upon it,—and only to hear his raptures! He at once undertook to submit it to the committee of the National Gallery. It *was* a temptation; but I resisted it: I was resolved that it should adorn the gallery of some private friend. It is not often that I have the opportunity of sacrificing my interest to my pleasure. The public, Sir Flatman, would not generally have appreciated its beauties, and, as a lover of the arts, I could not—I felt that I ought not to comply. I know there are many in this city who would thank for it—besides the price—two hundred and fifty guineas—is really such a trifle."

"Say *pounds*, — guineas are gone by, — and I 'll write you a cheque," said Flunks.

"Really, Sir Flatman, I have refused the sum already ten times," replied Varnish; "but I am under so many onerous obligations to you, Sir Flatman, that—I cannot resist. The gem is yours!"

So Flunks bought it!

Alfred Crowquill.

MORAL ECONOMY OF LARGE TOWNS.

BY DR. W. C. TAYLOR.

MANCHESTER.

There can be few objects to attract the notice of a casual and hurried visiter in a manufacturing town. Space is too valuable to allow room for architectural display; time is too important for the inhabitants to waste it in answering the inquiries and satisfying the curiosity of a stranger. Those who passed through Manchester on the coach in old times, retained in their memory a confused picture of enormous chimneys smoking like volcanoes, steam-engines and spinning-jennies clattering in factories that looked like prisons, suggesting to an excited imagination ideas of nameless torture incessantly operating within their walls; streets of warehouses, secured by shutters and bolts, as if an enemy was expected; and crowds

hurrying along, as if the storm had commenced, and their foes were in hard pursuit. To these were usually added a murky atmosphere, a neglected pavement, and shops that seemed to present "a beggarly account of empty boxes." Though the town has of late been considerably improved both in its streets and shops, its external aspect is still far from favourable; it is ever enveloped in clouds of smoke, the din of engines is incessant, and people hurry through its streets as if their neighbours had the plague, and the delay of exchanging salutations would expose them to infection. There are no sounds of mirth around; the joyous laugh of childhood is unheard; and the very few urchins to be seen about, have a look of care and anxiety quite inconsistent with their early age. Uninviting as the externals are, there is no place so deeply interesting when its interior life is examined. It exhibits a system of social life constructed on a wholly new principle, a principle as yet vague and indefinite, but developing itself by its own spontaneous force, and daily producing results which no human foresight had anticipated.

The factory system, aggregating its thousands and tens of thousands in one narrow district, creating immense towns where some years ago there was not even a hamlet, disorganizing all the relations between the lords and the occupants of the soil, combining rapidity of movement with permanency of influence, is a *new* element of society, which cannot establish itself without greatly deranging old institutions, customs, and opinions. It is itself an innovation, and a wondrously great one; it seems like a giant who sprung fully-formed from the earth into the midst of a crowd, and of course discommoded the whole assembly, while elbowing his way to the place he had resolved to occupy. This jostling of the giant is not very pleasant to feel, but it is not unamusing to witness; and therefore our readers will please to accompany us while we take a glance at his struggle in Manchester.

The first thing that strikes a stranger in Manchester is, that every person he meets is in a hurry; the next is, that he does not see one vacant face in the passing crowd. On the contrary, every countenance displays a more than ordinary share of intelligence; a decidedly stupid physiognomy could not be found in the town. Again, the range of intelligence seems to be fixed within pretty definite limits; there is no decided superiority, and there is no marked inferiority; a great genius appears to be as rare as a great fool. As the faces pass, rapidly as the shadowy forms of Banquo's glass, the impression of their intellectual sameness assumes the form of conviction, but at the same time seems to defy analysis. There remains, however, a picture in the mind of firmness and steadiness, without a single dash of enthusiasm,—a spirit of determination and perseverance, unattended by excitement,—and a power of ingenuity and contrivance, sharpened by being constantly exercised within narrow limits, but, for that very reason, rendered incapable of any great effort in a new direction. Many volumes have been written to explain the difference between inventive talent and creative genius: they would all be rendered unnecessary, if we could paint the face of a mechanic of Manchester.

There appears, then, to result from the factory system, judging merely from physiognomy, an intellectual principle at once elevating and levelling; and this produces sentiments of equality and inde-

pendence, which render themselves very obvious in the manner and bearing both of the manufacturers and the operatives at Manchester. In no place is there less of the air of patronage on one side, or presumption on the other; insolence is quite as scarce as servility. But though, from the mere appearance of the streets, one would be led to imagine that the factory system had fixed the masters and the men in their respective places, yet when an inquirer enters into conversation with them, he finds in both an indefinite feeling that their relations are in some way or other still unsettled, and that some unknown change must occur before all are in their proper places. Chartism appears to be the natural result of this feeling. If a Chartist is asked "what good the Charter will effect?" his invariable answer is, that it will hasten *the* change; but of the precise nature of the change he has never attempted to form a conception.

Strolling along the streets of Manchester, the stranger may soon discover that, though its growth is modern, its origin is very ancient; and his curiosity will probably be excited to visit some of its antiquated institutions, for the purpose of seeing how they have accommodated themselves to a condition of society utterly unknown at the time of their foundation. Chetham College is one of the first objects to which his attention is directed; and no place is better calculated to show him the folly and mischief of applying to one state of society the regulations that were framed for another and a very different condition of affairs.

The visiter enters an open gateway into an unpaved desolate-looking yard, in which he sees some score of melancholy urchins, exhibiting the vacant listlessness which characterizes those who cannot find employment either for mind or body. The contrast to the faces witnessed in the street is absolutely startling. An ingenious German, who had a theory for everything, suggested as a plausible explanation of the difference, that the people of Manchester, from their intercourse with the East, had adopted the Mahommedan notion of the sanctity of idiotcy, and had founded this institution to prevent the race of moping idiots from becoming extinct. The conjecture has this much to be said in its favour, that the institution is very likely to answer such a purpose.

Advancing through the court-yard to the building, a range of filthy cellars meet the view, in one of which still more filthy children may be sometimes seen kneading dough. Chetham College is celebrated for its *brown* bread: it is not determined what proportion of the colouring matter depends on the mud and gravel. To the extreme right is a kind of cellar, badly lighted, and worse ventilated, which serves as one of the school-rooms. Some modern botanists have proposed to raise plants without air or light; the invention is not new,—they were anticipated by ancient schoolmasters. It does not appear that the plan, however ingenious, is very successful. Visiters may with some little trouble catch a few of the specimens, and examine the results of their training; and if they can in Europe find greater specimens of *crass* ignorance, (to use Lord Brougham's phrase,) they may forthwith offer their services to the British Museum, as the most ingenious discoverers of curiosities that ever existed.

To the left of the building is a passage leading to the Library and

Museum, and to some handsome suites of apartments belonging to the officers of the College. The Museum is usually exhibited by one of the boys, who chants the catalogue like a litany, and is himself the greatest curiosity in the collection.

Now, can any reasonable man believe that such an institution as this, richly endowed for doing good, and perversely applied to effecting mischief, can be maintained among such an intelligent body as the artisans of Manchester, without creating a contempt and dislike for ancient institutions? It would be strange indeed if people reverenced antiquity, when the only ancient thing before their eyes was a nuisance that ought to be abated.

There is also a very rich grammar-school, admirably conducted as such, but remarkable for teaching everything that is useless, and scarcely anything that is useful, in Manchester. It is richly endowed; portions of its accumulated wealth have been applied to founding exhibitions at the universities, and purchasing the presentations of livings. It sends forth pupils initiated in the mysteries of Greek prosody, and able to correct Lord Brougham's translation of Demosthenes; many of them can tell the genealogies of the heathen deities as correctly as Hesiod, and recount their metamorphosis as fluently as Ovid. But in Manchester, the construction of Greek verse is not so important as the construction of a steam-engine, and the amours of Jupiter not so interesting as the price of twist. It is doubtful if Virgil himself would be endured, had he not the good fortune to have been once translated by Cotton.

The ancient institutions of Manchester are, in the present state of society, useless, or worse than useless; they have ceased to belong to the town, and seem to be preserved as specimens of the system of civilization which has fallen into oblivion. The aspect of them tempts us to regret that nobody ever endowed a college for Druids, and bequeathed an estate for securing the correct pronunciation of "Down-derry-down," which we are assured was a sacred chorus among the ancient Britons.

Quitting ancient for modern Manchester, the visiter's first great object is to get admittance into a mill. Mrs. Trollope's "Unsatisfactory Boy," as the publisher, with too much reason, calls his unfortunate speculation, will lead him to suppose that this is a matter of some difficulty; but this is not the case. The owners, on the contrary, are anxious to show every attention to visiters; and a very casual inspection will show that there is nothing which they should desire to conceal. When first a visiter enters, and sees the immense mass of machinery in motion, he naturally shudders with the apprehension of danger, and feels disposed to believe that the number of accidents must be perfectly frightful. It is not until his eye has caught the uniformity and regularity of all the movements that he discovers his apprehensions to be groundless. The most dangerous parts of the machinery are protected by boxes; and the operatives must exhibit dullness equal to that of the Chetham students, or still greater stupidity, if such be possible, to incur any real danger. There is also a constant care and supervision, which the owners must exercise for their own sake. Though manufacturers may not be philanthropists, they are not downright idiots; if they will not protect the lives of their workmen, they will at least look after their own machinery. Accidents are very expensive; and though hu-

manity may be disregarded when it involves outlay, we rarely see it neglected when it produces a saving.

A visiter is generally surprised to find that the inmates of a factory look both healthy and cheerful. Inquiries further confirm the impression that their labour is not unwholesome. Tested by the standards of size, weight, and strength, the factory children are rather above the average of children in agricultural districts; and the tables of mortality give an average duration of life in the manufacturing towns which does not differ materially from the rest of the country.

There are but two processes in the cotton manufacture which we should regard as unwholesome, *batting* and *gassing*. The former, cleaning the cotton by beating it with canes, is now rarely used. Except for some peculiar work, the cotton is cleaned by machinery. The latter, passing the thread through a gas flame to take off the rough fibres, is not disliked by the operatives themselves; and those who were interrogated on the subject declared that it produced no inconvenience.

A more difficult subject of inquiry is the state of morals produced by the factory system; for it is abundantly evident that a system so peculiar in its forms, creating such fixed habits of life, and interfering so much with all the domestic relations, must produce a very peculiar effect on public and private morals. It will not be necessary at present to enter into minute details on the subject; we shall only note some of the most prominent circumstances. Nowhere is the operation of physical and material causes on the moral condition so apparent as in a factory. The arrangement of the rooms, the position of the staircases, and the minor details for insuring cleanliness, &c. are each and all influential in the highest degree on the conduct of the operatives. "A badly constructed mill must be a badly conducted mill," is an aphorism rife in Manchester. It requires very little labour to obtain evidence of its truth. The separation of the sexes during the hours of work is not desirable; on the contrary, it has been found to have a very pernicious tendency. The presence of men acts as a restraint on women; the presence of women acts as a restraint on men. Employers are deeply interested in protecting morality. Vice, of whatever kind or degree, produces injurious derangements throughout the factory, which lead to great waste and loss of capital. Finally, the operatives themselves, in their several relations of husbands, fathers, and brothers, have established a far more rigid etiquette in social intercourse, especially between young persons of different sexes, than is usual among a rural population.

In a former paper notice was taken of the evils which arise from the habit of living in crowded lodgings, and the great advantages which would arise from each family possessing a separate cottage, as is the case at Hyde. This system would be impracticable in Manchester; but, perhaps the barrack system, which has been successfully tried in America, might be introduced with advantage. Rules for the regulation of such an establishment might easily be framed, and the power of expulsion vested in the hands of the managers would insure their observance. So far as our inquiries went we found that far the greater part of the vices that prevailed could be traced more or less directly to defective domestic arrangements.

We found several manufacturers who were convinced that the derangements in the discipline of their mill arose from improprieties which occurred outside its walls, and beyond their jurisdiction; and all with whom we conversed felt persuaded that some improvement in the domestic arrangements of the operatives was highly desirable, and almost absolutely necessary. Some wished for more stringent inspection; others desired more vigilant police; all agreed that something was wanting, but they required the almost impossible condition that it should restrain improprieties, and not abridge liberty.

Every improvement that is really valuable must be voluntary. People cannot be made religious and moral by acts of parliament; the experiment has been tried often enough, and it has always failed signally and completely. The operatives would gladly exchange their present unwholesome lodgings for suites of rooms in a barrack, and would submit to all the necessary regulations, provided they had a share in their formation. The great error committed at Lowell, in the United States of America, was, that the proprietors of the operative barracks legislated for the inmates; and, like all legislators, fell into the error of making too many laws. They also kept the entire administration in their own hands; and hence their system has been found to clash with the levelling and equalizing tendency which is of necessity produced in a manufacturing population. A certain portion of self-government is in our opinion necessary to the success of the experiment; and from what we have seen of the intelligence, the principles, and the propriety of the operatives, we feel assured that it may be conceded not only with safety but advantage.

The co-operative system is not necessarily bad because it has been perverted by Robert Owen. There can be no doubt that the health, comforts, and prosperity of the operatives would be greatly increased if, by the introduction of the barrack system, they could have a common kitchen, a common garden, and a common hall for meetings, either of business or amusement. This could obviously be effected without trenching on the sacred principle of private property, which would, in fact, be strengthened and developed, by being at once connected and contrasted with the principle of common property. Ventilation, a proper supply of water, opportunities for innocent and healthy recreation, could be obtained for less money than is now spent to purchase the share of a tainted atmosphere, the seeds of disease, and conditions of existence, which not only suggest but actually enforce vicious indulgence.

It must not be imagined that what we have ventured to call the barrack system appears to us the best and most desirable form of existence; we recommend it merely to a dense population, crowded together by manufactures, amongst whom every inch of ground has its price, and that a very high one. The vast majority of the operatives must live in lodgings; and we therefore propose to render that condition of existence — which is one injurious to themselves, and perilous to society, — tolerable for them, and safe for the empire. The partial success of Socialism is a proof that some such institution is wanting. No system which was wholly false ever gained even partial popularity; there are truths in Socialism just as there are truths in every other *ism;* and these truths happening to be pe-

culiarly applicable to a certain condition of society, withdraw attention from the mass of pernicious nonsense with which they are mingled. It may be said of Robert Owen's proposals that "they contain much that is good, and much that is new; but all that is good is not new, and all that is new is not good."

The employment of children in the factories is a question about which so much has been written that it would seem as if nothing remained to be said. But there is one point on which we should be glad to gain some information: namely, what is to be done with the children if they are not so employed? It should be remembered that not only the fathers but the mothers are engaged all day in the mills, and that they have neither time nor opportunity to look after their children. In many respects it was advantageous that the children should work under the eyes of their parents, and act as their assistants. The children of the handloom weavers were forced to do so; and they were generally more severely tasked and worse treated than the children in the factories. It is indeed very doubtful whether the factory bill has not been injurious to the interests of the children; many of them are employed in harder work than any to be found in the mill; they are frequently sent to toil in the mine until they are old enough for the factory. No doubt inspection was necessary; but it was far more required to protect children from the rapacity of parents than from the tyranny of masters. We have made many personal inquiries of the children, and we invariably found that they regarded admission into the mills as a boon and a favour.

It must not be imagined that the operatives are naturally and necessarily harsher parents than others; but the circumstances of their position prevent them from cherishing the domestic affections. In their wretched lodgings it is quite impossible that they should ever have a family circle. Many of them had tears in their eyes when they described how impossible it was for them ever to have their children as companions. Certainly not the least recommendation of the barrack system is, that it affords opportunities for bringing fathers and children together.

The relations between employers and operatives are determined by a nice process of self-adjustment, which would be greatly endangered by any external interference; these relations are not, as some have absurdly said, those of master and slave; on the contrary, they are based on mutual dependence and mutual interest. Employers dare not be tyrants when they have millions of property at the mercy of the ashes of a tobacco-pipe. There may be capitalists who demand too large a share of the profits of industry, just as there are landlords who rack-rent their tenants; but the capitalist discovers his blunder much sooner than the landlord, for his intellects are more sharpened by competition.

Nothing but actual inspection will enable a person to comprehend the phenomena of life in a manufacturing district. A new state of social existence is opened to the view; history records nothing like it; the experience of life in other forms leaves us quite unprepared for the novelties which meet us everywhere. It must be further observed that this state of society is in continual and rapid progress; that it evolves new phases of life, and generates new principles of action every day; and that every one of these deranges and dis-

places some established institution. Whether this innovating tendency be for good or for evil may be a theme of discussion for speculating metaphysicians; it is of far more importance to see that it exists, that it has increased, is increasing, and cannot be diminished. New institutions are rendered necessary; for the old are either shattered to pieces, or abandoned as useless lumber. There is, however, a manifest propensity towards forming institutions for themselves growing up among the manufacturing population, — a necessary result from the levelling and equalizing tendency which we formerly noticed; but it is not easy to foresee how these processes of self-government and self-adjustment will be reconciled with the established forms of the country.

The religious condition of the factory population has not received the attention it merits: the results of the inquiries made by a casual visiter must naturally be very incomplete; but still there are a few important and unsuspected facts which seem to merit consideration. In every large community following special occupations a peculiar dialect is rapidly formed, which, though it does not constitute a new language, renders communication difficult between the operatives and those who are not acquainted with their phraseology. The clergymen of the established church, classically educated at the universities, use a refined language, which rises nearly as much above the standard of ordinary conversation as the operative dialect falls below it. Hence, in the great majority of instances the sermons in church are preached to the operatives in what is virtually an unknown tongue. Those who do not think about religion are, of course, insensible to the evil. There are many operatives who look upon it as sufficient to go to church; and to whom it is a matter of perfect indifference whether the service be performed in Hebrew, Sanscrit, or English: but there are many more who think seriously on the matter, and they desert the church for the conventicle, because they conclude that whatever they do not understand must be nonsense. The operatives are aware that their average of intelligence is superior to that of the agricultural population, and they are proud of their pre-eminence. The most natural result of this pride is a determination not to be led blindfold; a spirit of inquiry which, united to imperfect education, is exceedingly likely to produce scepticism on the one hand, or enthusiasm on the other. The Church of England has not the machinery wanting to the working-population; it has no institution similar to the subdiaconate proposed by the Archbishop of Dublin, or the orders of preaching-friars in the Church of Rome; consequently, there is no system of mutual interpretation between the parson and his congregation, and they for the most part are not on speaking-terms, because they are ignorant of each other's language.

The progress of dissent among the operatives in the manufacturing districts is greatly favoured by another circumstance; the dissenting chapels are opened in the evening when the mills close, and they offer a place in which a working-man can sit down, who has no home, or a very uncomfortable one. In these chapels the music is generally of a very high order; and out of Italy there is probably no spot on the surface of the globe so intensely musical as Manchester. Church-hours, on the contrary, are quite unsuited to the operatives; and the less that is said about church music on

week-days, or even on Sundays, the better. It is no part of our business to suggest remedies for this state of things; it is quite sufficient for us to show that some process of adjustment is requisite in order to accommodate the old institutions of the country to the new forms of society generated by the growth of manufactures.

It seems to be generally acknowledged that scepticism, or rather the rejection of any positive creed, is on the increase; and this has been very unwisely confounded with the spread of Socialism. We know from our own investigations that the great majority of those who frequent the social hall, visit it

"Not for the doctrine, but the music there."

The dupes of Socialism are so well aware of this fact, that they strenuously oppose lyceums, and similar institutions for providing secular instruction and innocent recreations for the people. Unfortunately they have been seconded in their opposition by those who profess to be most horrified at the progress of Socialism, — by the sanctimonious, the supercilious, and the monopolizing.

Chartism does not appear to flourish among the operatives so much as is generally supposed; it appears to have been a fire kindled from the smouldering embers of the trades' unions, and fanned into a flame by some who ought to have known that they would be the first consumed by a general conflagration. At the same time the combined pride of intelligence, and the feelings of equality generated by what we have described as the levelling-principle, render the operatives jealous of their exclusion from the elective franchise. The peace and prosperity of Hyde seem to be owing in no small degree to the fact that Mr. Ashton has made a great portion of his working people freeholders. The errors and delusions in religion and politics which are to be found among the operatives, seem mainly to arise from the want of sound instruction. The field was cleared for the growth of some new principles, and "while men slept the enemy sowed tares." The tares, however, are not a healthy crop; they do not suit the soil; and intelligent cultivators are alone wanting to produce a more beneficial harvest.

It will probably appear to our readers that much remains to be investigated before the moral and social condition of the manufacturing population can be properly understood by the country. The facts to which attention have been directed in this paper are sufficiently startling; but many more might be added which would confirm what has already been said, that new elements of society have been developed by the manufacturing system; that these elements have dislocated ancient order, and disturbed the working of ancient institutions; and that some process of adjustment must be devised to reconcile the old and the new, or else they will soon work themselves into a position of hostility which must peril the safety of both. We do not, however, disguise our opinion that such an adjustment will be a work of great nicety and difficulty; it is, above all others a case in which the most careful inquiry should precede legislation.

THE HUNTSMAN'S WEDDING.

The Squire, as he was invariably called by the country-folk, was lolling in an antique-fashioned chair, worked fancifully with figures and flowers, reading the County Advertiser, after a substantial breakfast, when the perusal of the account of his hounds' last dashing run was interrupted by the entrance of the huntsman, familiarly called "Jumping Will," looking peculiarly sheepish, otherwise bashful. He industriously stroked down the straight hair over his temples with one hand, and engaged the other with plucking a button from his waistcoat. A heightened colour had spread over his round cheeks, always rubicund from health; and altogether Jumping Will's appearance had fallen from its usual careless and knowing bearing. The Squire peeped over the top edge of the paper; and seeing his favourite servant standing, with a good-natured smile said, "Take a chair, William — take a chair. All right in the stable?"

"Right as a trivet, sir," laconically replied Will, occupying a seat.

"The kennel in proper trim?"

"Even as bricks!"

"Then I don't care for anything else," replied the Squire.

"But *I* do, sir," said Will, with emphasis upon the pronoun.

"You—YOU care for anything else but the kennel or stable!"

"Yes, I do, sir," repeated Will.

"Ay—ay! A good cubbing season, I suppose."

"That's all in good time, sir. But what I now want is your approval to my getting myself coupled with Nancy, the dairy-maid, sir."

"What, married, William?" inquired the Squire, dropping the paper in surprise, and looking at the blushing Will.

"Buckled to, as a match pair, is our want, sir," was the reply from the huntsman, who, drooping his head, felt — as he afterwards described it to Nancy,—"like a fox with his earth stopped, inclined to hide himself, but didn't know where."

"You want to spoil yourself, spoil the hounds, and spoil the horses, eh, William? Who the devil is to ride the colts after you're married?" passionately asked the Squire.

"Me, of course, sir," rejoined Will.

"You — YOU ride after being harnessed in the shafts of matrimony! Fudge! You'll not take a water-furrow."

"But I will, though; and so I told Nancy. But, bless your soul, sir! she's the very gal to see a fellow brush a rasper. She boasts and brags of my riding to all the other maids in the house, and says she never would have had me but for the way I ride, and——"

"And what?" said Will's master, as he hesitated to complete Nancy's reasons for having him.

"She says, the fine appearance I cut in the cap and pink," replied the huntsman, looking hard at the Squire's face, after many attempts to raise his eyes from the carpet.

Will saw the burst of laughter about to issue from the Squire's inflated cheeks, and seeing the omen of the success of his suit, he slap-

ped smartly his doe-skin smalls with his broad hand, and a simultaneous roar proceeded from the two, which rang merrily to the roof, and was echoed far away into hall and kitchen, parlour and pantry. The fellow-servants, with the fair subject of Will's adoration, were all assembled, in anxiety to learn the result of the mission, when the loud laugh informed them of the unquestionable success of it, and many were the salutes and presses of the hand Nancy received, with her bright hazel eyes filled with tears of joy, from the happy crowd, who anticipated the frolic they were sure to have at the wedding.

"I tell you this, William," said the Squire, "if you don't keep your promise, and ride up to my hounds as formerly, now, mark me, I'll discharge you. I'm not married; because I'm certain a wife spoils a man's riding. I did not expect you would get one until I did, at least. However, follow your inclination; but, at the same time you must follow my hounds in proper style, or somebody else will."

"I'll do my duty. You have never had reason to complain; and you never shall, sir," rejoined Will, with emotion.

"I never have, William,—never. You were a boy in my father's stable, and now you are his son's huntsman. During the time of your long service no ground for complaint has existed. My hounds have been hunted with proper spirit, and kept in perfect condition. I will have them continued thus," firmly said the Squire.

"They shall, you may depend upon it," replied Will.

"Well, William, I hope, and almost believe so; but a wife is a terrific cooler for fox-hunting."

"May be for half-breds, sir; but not for regular out-an'-out blood and bone. Why, my mother was a daughter of the first whip to Lord Stanley's pack; and my father, you know, hunted the late Squire's for twenty-three years, sir. So I DO think from such a stock no muff should come," rejoined Will, with a glow of pride mantling over his features at the reminiscence of his ancestral dignity.

"Give me your hand, William. There, I know you'll not disappoint me," said the Squire, shaking the hand of his servant heartily. "God bless you! Be kind to your wife, as you've been faithful and honest to me. Ride well up to the dogs, and leave the wedding-frolic to me. I'll prepare that myself."

Will tried to thank his master, but the words died upon his lips; and turning round, he hastily left the room, brushing the tears from his rough honest face as they coursed each other downwards. Upon joining the assembled servants and Nancy, Will related all that had passed between him and the Squire. Loud was the praise bestowed upon the latter by all; and when the delighted maid was congratulated as "Mrs. William Wisk, as was to be,"

> "Then fresh tears
> Stood on her cheeks; as doth the honey-dew
> Upon a gathered lily."

It was a frosty day in the month of January. The well-heaped fire upon the hearth glowed fiercely, and crackled away, as log after log was added by an officious boy, whose duty generally was that of driving the cows to be milked, and otherwise attending upon them. His round cheeks bore shining marks of yellow soap, and he was dressed in his Sunday suit.

"I think that I ought to have gone to the church to see our Nance booked, though," said he to himself. "Every one's gone but me. That ain't fair. I'm left to keep up the fires. Well, then, never mind; here goes!" and another large log was thrown upon the blazing pile.

A large quantity of holly and ivy was stuck upon the walls of the room,—a spacious apartment called the "Servants' Hall,"—and a fine large mistletoe was suspended from the centre of the ceiling.

"Here they come!" exclaimed the boy, clapping his hands, and peering out of the window.

Along the gravel-drive to the house came the wedding-party from the village-church close by. The bride and William walked first, arm-in-arm; the former in an appropriate dress furnished by the Squire, and the latter in a new hunting-costume, complete, ornamented with a large white satin favour on his left breast. Next to them came the Squire and the Rector's daughter, who honoured the happy couple as bridesmaid. Then followed about forty gentlemen in scarlet coats, and their sporting equipments, who constantly rode with the Squire's hounds, and came to the marriage of "Jumping Will," thus dressed, as a compliment to their favourite leader of the chase. Bringing up the rear were the fellow domestics of Mrs. Wisk, and the invited guests, all decked in favours, and gaily dressed in their best apparel.

Across the huntsman's shoulders was slung a beautiful silver horn, a present from his master. His highly-polished top-boots were ornamented with a pair of spurs of the like material, given by "the gentlemen of the hunt;" together with a whip elegantly ornamented, and a cap well lined with sovereigns. The motley group entered the servants' hall, and Mrs. Wisk was immediately seized by the cow-boy as she entered, and taken under the mistletoe. A loud hearty smack was accomplished upon the lips of the bride, before being aware of the intentions of the young gallant.

"There!" exclaimed he. "I was determined to be first. Mr. Jumping Will don't be jealous; I considered it my right."

The Squire pinched the boy's ear, and with feigned anger, said, "You young stoat! how dare you poach upon another's manor, eh?"

"If you please, sir," replied the boy, screwing up his face, and rising upon his toes as the Squire elevated the grasped organ, "I had a promise for one from Nance herself on the wedding-day; and so I thought I'd be first and foremost."

"Without respect to the rights of precedence," rejoined his master, releasing his hold.

"None at all, sir," replied the boy; but ignorant of the meaning of the sentence rejoined to.

A capacious bowl was brought into the room by the butler, whose strained arms and fingers proved that the weight of the burthen was anything but trifling. Its contents smoked, and to the ceiling a continued cloud issued of odoriferous steam, particularly pleasing to the olfactory nerves.

"Now gentlemen, girls, and boys," said the Squire, stirring up the hot liquid with a ladle, "hold your glasses close; but don't touch a drop until I give the word."

In due course of time the respective goblets were filled, and all

obeyed the instructions given, excepting only the cow-boy; who, stealing behind the broad shoulders of his master, cautiously tasted the tempting mixture. A look of gratification spread over his countenance, and patting his abdominal regions significantly, he gave an imprudent crack of his lips. The Squire turned abruptly round, and discovered the cause of the impolitic effect.

"You disobedient whelp! what did I order not a minute since?" said the Squire.

"Beg your pardon, sir; but I forgot to wait," replied the confounded bacchanal, spilling the remainder upon the feet of his master.

"Wrong upon injury!" exclaimed his master, shaking the wet from his boots, and continued, laughing, "come, I'll fill your glass once more."

All were charged. The Squire stood in the centre of the company, and holding his filled goblet high above his head, said in a loud voice, "Here's the health and prosperity of Jumping Will and his pretty wife! May they live in uninterrupted happiness, peace, and plenty."

Loud was the shout which rang from the circle of sincere friends upon the completion of the sentiment. Cheer after cheer rang far and wide as each continued to express the real fervour entertained.

"Now for one more," said the Squire, "as a finish."

Far away that shout was heard; in the clear frosty air it went over hill and valley, wood, and dell, as merrily as the occasion merited; and, as it died away into a scarcely audible echo, the hounds in the kennel not far off answered the cheerful sound by breaking into a sudden musical cry.

"That's as it should be!" exclaimed the Squire. "You hear those dumb animals prompting you to speechify, William. Come, let's have it over."

The huntsman stood forward; and with a slight exertion to obtain confidence by a preliminary cough, he commenced,

"My kind master, gentlemen, and friends, if I try at a long speech, I shall either break down, or get pounded; therefore the sooner I cut across country the better. My talking for a year — supposing I could talk so long,—couldn't say how much I'm obliged to ye for your great kindness to me and my wife here. Coming to my wedding, gentlemen o' the hunt, is more than I could or did expect; and now, all I've to say in conclusion is, take my best thanks for your favours to me and Nance, and God bless you all."

Will's brief speech was received with acclamations of pleasure from everybody; and after much kissing under the Druidical branch, with the pretended reluctance of the lasses, and the evinced sincerity of the lads, the Squire ordered the prepared dinner to be brought in.

Haunches of fine venison, barons of beef, fresh-killed pike from the store-pond, speckled trout, hares, rabbits, pigeon-pies, partridges, pheasants, plum-puddings, and other dainties, too numerous to mention, were in due time placed upon the long table, squeaking from the ponderous mass upon its surface. Then followed such a confusion of noises, out-Babeling Babel. Knives and forks rattled, plates clinked, chairs and benches were taken, and the feast commenced in earnest. The Squire sat in the centre of the guests, and

was the very life of the scene. He talked to one, laughed with another, hallooed to a third, and, if the etiquette observed in refined society was disregarded, more good-humour, fun, and frolic, existed, than in the automaton circles of freezing fashion for an age.

Large round jugs of foaming ale quickly disappeared, and were as soon replaced. In the middle of the table, just opposite to the Squire, stood a huge wassail-cup, of antique form. It was filled to the brim with spiced wine. Taking hold of the sides with both hands, the Squire raised the vessel to his lips, and, as was his custom after a feast, said, "I drink to the friendship of my guests."

From him the cup was passed regularly round, and each drank from its contents, varying the toast to "the friendship of my friend or master," as the case might be.

The table was quickly cleared when the dinner was over, and numerous bowls of punch were introduced upon it. Bottles of port, "old as the hills," and of Madeira, bright as the beam of the bride's laughing eyes, were also placed in rows at proper distances. Now the smart joke and merry jest were cracked. Light was the laugh which momentarily came unrestrained from the hearts of the assembled carousers. Pledge after pledge were exchanged, and nothing was there but delight and revelry.

About an hour after the dinner all rose to clear away for the country-dance, and romping-reel.

The village Orpheus was mounted upon an empty barrel in the corner of the hall, and lustily he commenced scraping a rapid movement. The Squire led off the bride in the first dance, and enjoyed the spirit of it as much as any one.

"On with ye! Give them a hark-forward, William!" hallooed he; and the huntsman obeyed the instructions by stunning the company with a "Yoiks! yoiks for'ard!" and concluded with a long musical wind upon his horn. On danced the merry company, until from want of breath they were obliged to pause.

"Now for a glass of punch all round, and a song from William," said the Squire.

Loud were the approvals to this suggestion; and, seating themselves, all were attentive for Jumping Will's song; who, without hesitation, in a fine round voice commenced,

"Let smiles and bright eyes beam on me,
To glad my fleeting hours;
I love thee as a honey-bee
Loves bright and blushing flowers.

"Nay, let no pouting curl thy lip,
No tear-drops dim thine eyes;
But from the morn of life let's sip
Joy's sunbeams as they rise.

"The world would be a mournful one
If doubts, and fears, and sighs,
Were giving us their lingering tone
To cloud our starry skies.

"So smile, dear girl, and let us say,
When Time has cull'd the flowers,
Our life was like a summer's day,
Pass'd with the laughing hours."

"Well—capitally warbled!" said the Squire. "Now for a brisk reel. Strike up a brave tune, you fiddler there."

Gaily thus the hours fled, and the night waned fast, when, during a pause, it was proposed by the bride that "some one should relate a story." Drawing seats in a large circle round the log fire, all were eager for the tale. But who was to be the narrator?

"A hunting story from Jumping Will," said a voice, which suggestion met with unanimous approbation.

"Well, it's rather late for a long story; but I've told, so many times over, all save one, that I suppose you must have it by way of a change. When I was a boy, it was told to me by my grandmother, just on the day I entered the Squire's service. She called it

'THE LEGEND OF HASTINGS' CLIFF.'

I can't say how long since the facts I'm about telling you took place; but that doesn't signify.

"In an old manor-house, not far from the sea-shore, lived one of the loveliest ladies in England, called Agnes M'Caire. She was the heiress of a very rich old Colonel, who had passed the best part of his life in India, and with age and hard service was upon the verge of his grave, when his daughter captivated—as it's called by the gentry—a neighbouring gentleman; a fine, young, handsome fox-hunter. Frederick Catonder, for that was his name, loved Miss M'Caire as others have loved 'not wisely but too well;' and, like most other women under such circumstances, she took advantage of his folly. Wild as a fawn, the lady cared not what people thought of her gay freaks, which were pretty constant in some shape or other. Sometimes she would mount a vicious colt, deaf to the entreaties of everybody, and ride him with the speed of a pressed stag over heath and moor, hill and valley; her long hair streaming in the wind, and a careless laugh ringing from her lips as she swept over break-neck fences, walls, and brooks. When the gale whistled across the tossing waves, occasionally she might be seen alone, steering a light boat over the mountain-billows, as fearless of danger as the white sea-gull.

"Her father, who doted upon his untamed, beautiful child, never for a moment thought of checking with his authority any whim or inclination, however imprudent it might be. When angry at some past act of this kind, she would kiss and caress him out of ill-humour, and thus continued to do just as she pleased.

"'Tis said that no one could withstand anything desired by Agnes M'Caire. If a smile did not procure what was wished, a frown from her black flashing eyes was certain to do so. The talk of the country round was the heiress of the Manor-house. The poor blessed her, and prayed for her preservation, for her charity to them was boundless. The sick would find her gliding into the chamber, smoothing their pillow with ready hand, and administering the consolation of an angel, as she was—in some respects. In appearance, Miss M'Caire was a perfect beauty. Her skin was pink and white mingled, like the tints of the lily and the rose; her figure was tall, and proud in bearing; and, notwithstanding her wilfulness, but few eyes have seen a better, or more lovely lady.

"Among numbers of other gentlemen, Mr. Catonder started in the race for the prize of Agnes M'Caire. He was a true gentleman,

with a kind, frank, and open heart. Not one in the county bore a superior name; and he was the admitted straightest rider in the hunt, both far and near. For a long time the lady treated him, as she had done all others, with doubtful favour. Sometimes a cold distant look would be returned for an approaching attention; at other times, an unequivocal one of pleasure. Thus she continued to toy and play with the feelings of her admirers, just as an angler with a hooked trout; but Frederick Catonder had snared Miss M'Caire's heart, although he was ignorant of his success.

"Tormented and tired with the conflicting conduct of Miss Agnes, he resolved to settle the affair at a short jump,—as I did with Nancy,—yes or no; and one day, mounting his favourite horse, Mr. Frederick Catonder rode towards the manor-house for this purpose.

"The morning had a dull look; the wind came in gusts, and then a dead calm ensued, changeable as the smiles and frowns of Miss M'Caire, when the lover, full of doubts and fears, cantered between the row of towering elms upon the hard road leading to the manor-house.

"The clattering of the horse's hoofs as he neared, called the attention of Miss Agnes from teaching a pet spaniel to perform some trick; for her amusements generally consisted in attending upon her dogs and birds, and endeavouring to accomplish them in mischief. Books and music she never thought of, like other ladies; but occasionally all the servants and people about would stop in their work to listen to one of her untaught songs, which charmed like the fairy queen's. It was the old Colonel's greatest delight for her to sit close to his easy chair in the evening, and in a suppressed voice chant some heart-melting prayer of her own making, as the sun was setting behind the distant hills.

"Miss Agnes saw the horseman's approach, and at once thought of the object of his coming. It was earlier than usual for morning visits, and, from previous reasons, she had but little doubt of the cause of this one.

"'He looks very handsome!' she exclaimed, 'and he's a kind, good, dear fellow. Shall I, or shall I not? That is my choice.' And her fair brow was knit in deep thought.

"Ringing the bell violently for her attendant, she hastily had her riding-habit put on, ordered her horse to be saddled and brought to the door immediately, and met Mr. Catonder upon the steps of the house, just as he had dismounted.

"'Ah! Mr. Catonder. What, so early! I almost regret my intended gallop,' said Miss M'Caire, with as roguish a look as ever probed the heart of a man.

"'Perhaps you will permit me to accompany you?' replied Mr. Catonder, looking rather confused.

"'Well, I know of nothing that can be urged as a reasonable objection,' replied Miss Agnes, carelessly.

"'I should try to overrule any that might be submitted THIS morning, I assure you, Miss M'Caire,' rejoined Mr. Catonder, by way of a hint to what he was going to say.

"'Indeed! What, so bold, Sir Knight!' exclaimed Miss Agnes, laughing.

"'The coward often becomes desperate, you know,' replied he.

"'Come, come, no craven similes. Coward, forsooth! What

gentleman ever had a dastard's nerves? If by accident there is such a thing, and he spoke, or even looked at me, I 'd whip him from my sight like an offending hound.' And the lady's riding switch cracked in the air as she suited the action to the words.

"'By my honour, I shouldn't like to come under the lash,' said Mr. Catonder. 'But I hope that I am in no such danger.'

"'No, indeed. I believe you may deem yourself free from any such ordeal,' replied Miss Agnes.

"'That permission I consider a compliment. But where do you intend riding? Is the dew-drop to be brushed from the heath-bell, or the emerald turf pressed upon the downs?'

"'Inquired with all the romance of a time-yellowed novel,' replied Miss M'Caire. 'No more of such vapid nonsense to me. However, we 'll gallop over the downs to the sea-shore. You 've no objection to ride fast?'

"'None in the least,' was the reply.

"'If you had, I should soon distance you; for I dote upon racing with my greyhounds there. You shall see the fleet fellows outstrip the wind. I love to see them fly along. Then how my horse tries to beat them in their matchless speed! Every muscle is strained to cracking. He throws back his ears, and sweeps the ground like a chased hare; I cheer him in his exertions. His veins full of fire, and swelled as the fibres on a vine-leaf, on we go in our chase of fun and glee, merry as a set of mad-caps, as we are,' said Miss Agnes, flushed with the excitement she felt at her own description.

"The horse was now brought to the door, and no sooner saw his mistress than, giving a plunge forward, he neighed a loud recognition.

"'You see what it is to be a favourite of mine,' said Miss M'Caire, smoothing the arched neck of her pleased horse, and springing lightly into the saddle.

"'That it is an enviable condition,' replied Mr. Catonder, mounting his steed, and at one bound was at the side of the lady.

"A small silver whistle was suspended round the neck of Miss Agnes: placing it to her lips, she blew a long shrill summons. It was answered by a leash of large superb greyhounds rushing towards them, which jumped to the saddle-bow, and screamed with delight, when they arrived at the place where their mistress waited for them. Then they ran some distance before, and stood with pricked ears, as if inviting the usual course of a joyful bloodless sport. It was the only one they were permitted to have; for no living creature was ever injured, or allowed to be, by Miss M'Caire. 'Tis said the birds even knew that they were free from danger when near her, and built their nests in the luxuriant ivy which crept about her bedroom casement, feeding without fear from her hands. Her gold fish would frisk about, and allow her fingers to caress them in the globe, when she dropped in fresh moss and grass, as was her daily custom. All things loved her, as well they might; for her kindness of heart was only equalled by her acts of goodness and charity.

"Few have had so many blessings showered upon their heads as Miss Agnes. From childhood her name was never mentioned scarcely but with 'Heaven save from harm, and watch over the good lady!'

"It is impossible to say which appeared most anxious for the run, —Miss Agnes, the horse, or the greyhounds.

"'See how the creatures long for me to start!' said she, as the horse fretted and pulled upon her tightened reins.

"'And you are equally desirous to obey their wishes, if I'm not mistaken,' rejoined Mr. Catonder.

"'I admit most readily that I am, call me childish or not. So here's for Hastings' Cliff, and remember I stop not till there, my cavalier.'

"Her horse reared upon his haunches, and jumped high into the air as the curbing-rein was slackened. The hounds gave a short cry of delight, and, to a loud cheerful 'Away!' from their mistress, on went the whole at a merry pace. With the speed of light they flew over the turf; hill and dale, slope and level, were all the same to them. Now and then a merry laugh was carried back upon the breeze, as it burst from the lips of the light-hearted lady, which was all the sound that was heard in that rapid ride, save the heavy beating of the horses' feet upon the greensward.

"'She is as wild as an unhooded hawk; but then how beautiful she is!' thought Mr. Catonder, as he rode a little way behind. The manner in which she managed her horse was sufficient to win the heart of a fox-hunter. Erect she sat upon the saddle, yielding gracefully to the motion as the animal took his long and fast strides. Her elbows were close to her small waist, and the bridle-hand bent towards the pummel. Straight as an arrow she kept the course, and no fault could be seen in her matchless riding — a queen of beauty upon horseback.

"Now they neared a wide brook. Poising her light whip, and checking the horse's speed slightly, they bounded across it with the ease and quickness of thought.

"Whether Mr. Catonder's eyes were so bent upon his fair companion as she charged the leap, or whether his horse baulked the jump, was never known; but that he was thrown heavily, many yards over his horse's head, is quite certain. Miss M'Caire pulled up suddenly, and, suppressing a rising laugh at the fallen horseman, returned to inquire if any serious effects had resulted from such an awkward occurrence.

"'Nothing of consequence,' replied Mr. Catonder, rising very pale from the shake.

"'You look blanched with the tumble. How did it happen?' asked Miss Agnes, now laughing heartily at the mishap.

"He was, however, too much chagrined to answer; his lip was between his teeth, and a frown bent his brow over his eyes. It may appear to some a trifling circumstance; but a fall in the presence of a lady makes a man feel so ridiculous, that the temporary annoyance can hardly be exceeded: this, too, before one in whose estimation he wished to stand superlatively well at this time, was peculiarly unfortunate and irritating to Mr. Catonder. He mounted again, and, with rather an assumed good humour than real, said,

"'I'm the unluckiest fellow living. However, let us proceed in the gallop.'

"'No, I thank you. Since it pleased you to stop without my consent, or indeed your own, we'll now proceed leisurely to the Cliff, which is, you see, close to us,' rejoined Miss Agnes, laughing

so, that it was impossible for her to continue the gallop, if desired. 'What singular taste for a position that of lying flat upon the back is!' continued she, chafing him more severely than aware of. 'Oh, thou Nimrod! where is thy wonted skill? For me to lead and throw thee! Well may I say, what a falling off was there!' And then she laughed again till the tears stood in her eyes.

"Mr. Catonder tried to join in the merriment of Miss M'Caire; but it was an attempt as awkward as his fall.

"They proceeded slowly to the verge of the towering heights bounding the lashing waves, and dismounting, sat upon the turf to rest themselves, Miss Agnes still alluding to the accident with hints and jokes, Mr. Catonder still vexed, and in great ill-humour.

"The mist which hung gloomily upon the boundless waters now began to roll away, and the bright clear sun broke from his cloudy curtain upon earth and sea, rendering dull nature in a moment brilliant and cheerful. The gull wheeled in lofty flight its graceful circles over the deep blue ocean, now dipping, and then rising with a wild scream of delight to shake the salt drops from its snowy breast; the curlew skimmed with rapid wing his restless course, hovering over a swelling wave to snatch occasionally his precarious fare; the bleached sails of a ship were just visible in the horizon; and altogether the attractive magical scene riveted the attention of Miss M'Caire from bantering and mirth to thoughtful admiration. She was sitting in a leaning posture, with one arm round the neck of a favoured hound, the other holding the rein of the horse, who was cropping the short herbage for amusement; her large dark eyes were bent upon the vessel fading from the view far at sea, when she felt a hand pressed slightly, and a few soft words whispered in her ears with faltering tone, that sent the crimson blood into her cheeks. It was a triumphant moment for Frederick Catonder. No answer came from the lady; but from her countenance he saw that his success was certain,—that he was an accepted lover; and he concluded in brief raptures by thanking her for the silent granting of his suit.

"Did I say concluded? I believe after this a waist was clasped, and upon a pair of ruby lips a first, long, clinging kiss was printed, yielded without reluctance or affected coyness.

"For many minutes not a word was spoken. At length Miss M'Caire sprang upon her feet, and said, 'Now, Frederick, we 'll return.'

"How pleasing was that familiar name to Mr. Catonder! He looked his delight, and said, 'What can I do or say to prove the sincerity of my affection?'

"'Words are mere empty sounds, changed and forgotten in a succeeding breath. This is not the age of chivalry; brave knights no longer break lances, or their necks, for smiles, scarfs, and roses; therefore neither vows nor deeds are required,' rejoined Miss Agnes.

"'I wish from my heart that an action could be done, in order to show that my protestation is not the too common one of mere form,' replied Mr. Catonder, warmly.

"'Perhaps another leap would not be objectionable, if I wished it,' said Miss M'Caire, with a sly look, as they turned their horses towards home.

"'The Demon's Foot-mark, if it will please you,' replied he, with flashing eyes.

"Now this Demon's Foot-mark was a chasm in the cliff. It formed a close resemblance to the mark of a foot of gigantic proportions, doubtlessly occasioned by the continued beating of the sea at the base, which from time to time had washed parts of the chalky substance away. The top crumbling for want of support had left this gaping cleft, which, from the peculiarity of its shape, was thus so called. It was about twenty-four feet in width, and some four or five hundred in depth, scooped out of the cliff. Miss Agnes, unthinking of the way in which the feelings of Mr. Catonder were irritated at the accident that befell him, recurred to it in jest, as was her usual way in all things. When he said that he would jump the Demon's Foot-mark, which was within a few yards of them, Miss M'Caire, not dreaming of the seriousness of the offer, laughed at it, and said,

"'Remember the result half an hour since. Be not too brave in such volunteer boasts, or I shall challenge you to try another puddle.'

"The words were scarcely out of her lips when Mr. Catonder dashed the rowels into his horse's flanks, and with furious speed flew towards the fearful leap. With outstretched neck the punished horse neared the edge—upon it, and seeing the awful depth, the terrified creature hesitated, drew back upon his haunches, but too late to avoid the jump, — he sprung from the ground, and fell with his fore-legs upon the other side of the precipice, his hind ones hanging over the declivity. Trying to recover himself, he scrambled upon the verge, sending the earth and stones beneath with his struggles for life, which fell heavily to the bottom. Sliding at every plunge farther down, the horse at last reeled like a balanced weight, and, for a moment becoming still, the rider clutched the broad leaves of a large dock-weed, just as the groaning animal went backwards upon the rocks beneath, with every bone broken and sinew cracked. With one hand grasping the weed was suspended the ill-fated horseman over the terrific depth, a few green weak leaves holding him between warm life and inevitable death.

"Frozen with horror, Miss M'Caire beheld the frenzied action. Immovable and breathless, she watched the desperate position of both as they struggled upon the breaking edge of the yawning precipice. Her hands clasped together, with eyes starting from their sockets, and ceaseless beating heart, she watched the terrible exertions of the horse. Upon seeing him launched beneath, and the rider grasp the dock-weed growing upon the brink, just within his reach, a scream of mingled terror and joy burst from her so loud and shrill, that an old fisherman said that he heard it a league at sea. In an instant she rushed to assist him from the peril. Leaf by leaf was cracking in his hand; another instant, and the last must have severed, when, kneeling upon the extreme edge, the lady caught the hand in hers as the remaining leaf snapped in his fingers, and thus locked together both fell into the abyss, mangled, shapeless, and bleeding corses.

"In the dead of night, as the coast-guard paces his solitary walk, his nerves tremble and his blood is chilled as an unearthly screech is borne upon the breeze. The fishermen, as they are spreading their nets, pause and gaze in silence at each other as it sweeps past them;

but 'tis never heard by any without a prayer for the unhappy lovers of 'Hastings' Cliff.'"

So ended the huntsman's story.

The night was far advanced, and the Squire, after shaking hands with many of the guests, departed with his friends for repose. Most of the company evinced symptoms of somnolency, and one by one crept away.

All had now left the festive scene save the cow-boy, who seemed lost in contemplation. He looked with unconscious eyes upon the dying embers that flickered on the hearth, and suddenly rising from his seat, he exclaimed,

"What a pity Miss Agnes worn't stronger in the arm loike, or that weed a little stouter loike!"

The moon was shining brightly as he crossed the yard on his way to a hay-loft for *bon repose;* but, from some unexplained cause, he always declared "there were TWO moons shedding their pale light upon field and flower on the night of 'the huntsman's wedding.'"

JUDGING BY APPEARANCES.

MISTAKES IN A COURT OF JUSTICE.

I WAS shooting in the county of ——, shortly after the death of Rosa, when I was astonished at meeting my friend Doveways rambling solitarily and sorrowfully under the deep shades of an unfrequented path in the woods. His reception of me was cordial, and I accepted his invitation to take up my quarters at his mansion as long as I could make it convenient to stay.

"I thought you were at Florence," I observed.

"And there I intended to have remained," added he, with impatience; "but Lady Macedonia arrived, and sent me her card, and in two hours I was *en route* for England."

I found that Rosa's untimely death still dwelt upon his spirits.

It was the period of the Assizes, and I proposed after dinner that the next day we should go into court and hear the trials. It was the last day of the Sessions,—a Friday,—and those awful cases only were to come on, for which the guilty would unquestionably suffer death. There was a man to be tried for murder,—a man and woman for coining,—and finally, a man for bigamy; for bigamy was at that period punished by death, if there were any aggravated circumstances in the case. When the prisoners were brought into the dock, a few gentlemen acquainted with us proposed that I and my friend, who knew nothing of the prisoners, should each exercise our discernments, and judge by appearances of each man's particular offence.

"That is the murderer," at once said my friend, who was more willing to risk the reputation of his judgment than myself.

I looked attentively at the individual designated, and never did I see a man more ugly and repulsive. He was thin and short, from

sixty to sixty-five years of age, stooped in the shoulders, and looked pale and haggard, as if from habitual vice. His face was more than ugly; it had the worst expression I had ever witnessed, while deep furrows occasioned by the smallpox added no beauty to his ferret eyes, and dark protruding teeth.

"I should think him the murderer," I replied, "were he not too old and too feeble to commit violence."

"Oh," rejoined my friend, "the murder required but little strength or courage. It was committed simply by coming behind the victim, and discharging a pistol through the back of the head."

On this explanation, we agreed that this was the murderer. He looked the very man whose crime would be committed in such a way.

The next exercise of our penetration was upon a pale, thin, and rather dandified young man, dressed in the style which is vulgarly called "shabby genteel." He looked like a Cockney *roué*, and there was a remarkable effeminacy in his face and figure. His light hair grew in long curls, approaching to ringlets; he had a good set of teeth, which, even in his awful situation, he was vain in exhibiting; and his voice was soft as a girl's.

"That is the prisoner for the bigamy," said I; and all concurred in my decision.

There was no other opportunity for the exercise of divination, for but one man and one woman remained: these were the coiners.

What was my astonishment when the first prisoner, tried for bigamy, was the hideously ugly and disgusting little old man, whom we had mistaken for the murderer. His last, or present wife, was a rather tall and very fat and muscular country wench of twenty, with a face as round and red as the full moon in autumn. She gave her evidence with great emotion, and, though she looked a sturdy creature, well able to go through all the hard work of a farmhouse, was so overcome by her situation that she sobbed aloud, shed tears, and at last fainted. The judge was obliged to allow her a chair, and the refreshment of a glass of water. On her cross-examination the sturdy hussy admitted that the prisoner had "gone less after her than she had after him;" that he had made her a very good husband; that she had supported him by her labour, as he could himself get nothing to do; and that "she had loved her *Johnny*," as she styled him, dearly, until she found that he was "a false, *perjury* man," and had another wife living.

That other wife was the second witness. She was a tall, awkward, ill-made, but strong woman of forty, with a long, pale, melancholy visage, and very prominent features. The expression of her countenance was that of a gloomy, severe *devouée;* and her nasal, drawling tones, almost disturbed the gravity of the court. This respectable elderly lady gave evidence that she had been married to the prisoner seven years; that she had three children by him; and, though she delivered herself with the bitterest malignity, was obliged, on cross-examination, to confess that she had lived very happily with him; that he had been a good husband and a good father; and that she had loved him as a good wife, and honest woman, ought to love a good husband, until she found out that he had previously deserted a young wife and child, who were both still living.

Evidence of this first wife's being yet alive was also put in, and the prisoner was found guilty.

When the judge pronounced sentence of death upon the wretched

culprit, the tall, cadaverous woman could no longer disguise her satisfaction; she clapped her hands, and cried, "He deserves it, and I'll be at the gallows." The judge was in the act of reproving her, when a violent scream produced a thrilling effect,—the other wife had sunk down in an hysterical convulsion.

There was something singular in the case of coining. The man was tried, convicted, and hanged: but the woman escaped, on the ground that she had acted under the influence of her husband. This was a remarkable fiction of the law; for it appeared that this was the fourth husband whom she had brought to the gallows. She had originally been a governess in a nobleman's family, and had married a man who lived by forgery and coining. On this, her first husband's being detected and executed, she had married a second, and a third, who successively met the same fate; and now the fourth was to be the victim of the law. It was supposed that in the three preceding cases the woman, as she grew tired of the connexion, had contrived to lead to her husband's detection by the police. Her career, however, was now in all probability finished, for her character had become notorious for hanging husbands, and she had become both old and ugly; it was by no means likely, therefore, that she would be able to seduce another "good-looking man" into the silken bonds of wedlock. The one now executed was about forty years of age, and had a very respectable appearance. He had borne an exemplary character before he had contracted this fatal marriage; and his fate, together with the escape of his wife, was a curious contradiction of the maxim of law, which infers that a woman acts under the authority of, or by the compulsion of her husband.

The effeminate dandy, with his long hair, fine teeth, and soft voice, pleaded guilty to the murder, and he was the only one of the convicts that died with fortitude.

This was the second instance of my failure in "judging by appearances."

ANSWER TO MISS FARRER'S CHARADE,

IN BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY, MAY, 1840.

HER lovers said the maid was COLD
When she their suit rejected;
Nor dreamt how deeply she could love
One whom her heart selected:
For pure as is the new-born STREAM
From Alpine mountains flowing,
Was that young love—her bosom's guest,
Whose certain empire was confess'd
In blushes brightly glowing
When the beloved one was nigh,—
Whene'er she met his conscious eye,
Although his lot was "poverty:"
And truer love than *his* was ne'er
By ancient minstrels sung,—
"And nobler heart than his ne'er beat,"
The *Coldstream* Guards among! M. S.

UNCLE SAM'S PECULIARITIES.

LONG ISLANDERS.

I STARTED one day from Brooklyn in a "Dearborn Waggon," to pay a visit to an English farmer, Mr. Peter Acastor, formerly of Barnby Dun, in Yorkshire, whose land was situated at an equal distance from Jericho, Babylon, Rockaway, and Hempstead. The road from Brooklyn was considered a first-rate turnpike, or 'pike;—the difference between a 'pike and a common road being, that the latter is a slice of country railed off from the land on either side; but to which no other labour has been used in its formation; the original unevenness remaining to warn travellers against progressing at night. The 'pike, however, was a very good Macadamised road; and in a couple of hours we had run over the flat country about sixteen miles, through the romantic small forests of cedars and pines, and the quiet, white painted villages, to Peter Acastor's farm. The little villages of Jericho and Jerusalem were new and clean, and the little wooden spires to the churches, the railed garden-grounds to each cottage, and the neat school-rooms attached to the parsonages, bespoke an opulence sufficient for rural felicity.

My friend, Peter Acastor, had an excellent farming residence; comfortable parlours, and equally comfortable sleeping apartments; a well of pure spring water; and a pond for fish close by the house: two or three vehicles; and several "span" (couple) of horses; an immense barn, well stored with grain and hay (the latter is never put up in open stacks); the pigs had abundance of right of way to run over, and the fowl and game (including terrapins, or land-tortoises), were in sufficient abundance. He brewed his own cider and wine; he *might* have grown his own hops, made malt, and brewed his own beer; he *might* make his own candles, and tan his own leather; he *might* grow his own tobacco, and distil his own whisky. No prying exciseman could disturb him. He was a farming nobleman, a lord of the soil, and had the happiness to see around him neighbours as independent and comfortable as himself. This was, indeed, a tempting picture of that American felicity of which so much is spoken, written, and printed, in England; and on attending church the following day at Hempstead, the favourable impression of Long Island happiness was strongly increased. Here were two churches — one Presbyterian and the other Ecclesiastical (Church of England), and around each there were thirty or forty waggons and sulkies,* owned by the families attending worship.

An interesting ceremony took place in the Ecclesiastical church: the Bishop of New York inducting a clergyman into the ministry of the church "at the desire of the congregation." The Bishop sat in a plain chair under the pulpit during the prayers, at the end of which he arose, and, presenting a Bible and prayer-book to the future incumbent, declared that "by these presents" he inducted him into the preferment. A very excellent sermon followed, showing the duties of the minister, and the good he might effect among his pastoral charge.

* Gigs holding one traveller only.

The streets of the village were broad, and the houses beautifully clean. There was a newspaper office, and no bridewell; several good hotels, a ten-pin alley, and a fire-engine depôt and news-room. This was the prettiest village I had ever seen; yet it did not satisfy the inhabitants: they wanted to make it into a *city*, so that there might be the little aristocracy of mayor and common-councilmen. They were tired of having no rank and titles but such as the military and militia, the newspaper and the fire-engine afforded. The village Bonapartes saw in perspective the grandeur and dignity to which they might aspire in the future city: the glory and renown reserved for some one citizen who might be in his own proper person colonel of the militia; brigadier-general of the "military artillery;" editor of the "Hempstead Polar Star, or accepted Mason's Beacon of Liberty;" churchwarden of the Ecclesiastical church; proprietor of the Washington Hotel; commissioner of the 'pikes; director of the fire-engine; and mayor of the free and independent city of Hempstead! What a huge mouthful of honour! And to be had by merely making a village into a city, and the payment of a certain bill of costs to a legislative agent at Albany!

Peter Acastor, who was a widower, had a widowed mother, and two sons, both mere lads, but one born in Barnby Dun, and the other in America. The youngest, who was the American son, had been taught at school to pride himself on the fact of his being a *real native American*. Peter was a very quiet man; but had frequently to reprove his youngest son for his indigenous patriotism; while the eldest son, from the nature of the society into which he was thrown, was unwillingly forced to admit the sort of superiority his younger brother boasted over him. One evening there were present in the farmer's parlour, facing the pond and farm-yard, and a little hillock of Indian corn in the distance, Quiet Peter, and his two sons, all three mending a net; the old "granny;" Anacreon Livingstone, village schoolmaster; a dry store-keeper of Babylon—name forgotten; and a curious specimen of Yankeeism, yeleped Captain Quare Algord, a one-eyed clipper of Jericho village. The following is a tolerably faithful report of the conversation which ensued. The reader is requested to imagine himself in the writer's seat, near a window, enjoying the transatlantic prospect; and during the pauses of conversation laughing heartily at two niggers, who were rolling over each other near the pond in a sham gouging match.

PETER. There is plenty more of that fruit. Don't spare it. Pine apples are rather more plentiful here than in England.

SPECTATOR (to Peter, aside). There is no real occasion to inform your friends that I am an Englishman. Let me be a New Yorker, if you please. I shall enjoy myself much more if I am not called on to take up the cudgels for the old country.

PETER (aside.) A nod is as good as a wink.

QUARE. Don't like no sort o' fruit except 'bacca; that I like, leaves and all. Were any of you at the sham-fight yesterday?

SPECTATOR. Was there any sport?

QUARE. Oh! famous—famous! The Rockaway blues mustered eighty-four, and the Washington greys, of Jericho, forty-six; besides the niggers as carried the officer's great coats and umbrellas. Captain Simon Snidge proposed that as the greys were only half as many as the blues, the greys should be Americans, and the other

side should be British; and laid down a beautiful particular plan that the British should pretend to fight hard, but should be beaten at last, natural enough. So the Yankees got up in the cedars, and hid in the firses, and the British paraded away, beating the drums like thunder. You should have seen some of 'em imitate the real English hired assassins. Oh! it was awful ridiculous, I expect. How they held up their heads, and beat the foremost, to make 'em face the enemy, who were peppering 'em like lions from the firses and cedars. I guess they carried on this game for three hours, till we were quite tired of laughing. All the front rank were kicked so that they fell back in the rear; and at last Commodore Cadwallader, of the frigate Federalist, who was on the ground, gave the word to charge bayonets, and the British should then have given way slick; but I wish I may be skewered on the spot if they didn't fall on the forty-six, and, contrary to agreement, poked at 'em so, that in self-defence the Yankee side were obliged to clear out. The blues couldn't bear to be British any longer; their real Yankee blood was up at fomentation point; and the Washington greys were bayoneted within a few yards of reality.

SCHOOLMASTER. Capital — capital fun! but so natural, I forgive them for it.

PETER'S AMERICAN SON. So do I; that's a fact.

PETER. Mr. Quare Algord, it isn't very polite of you to make fun of the English in this way, before *me*.

SPECTATOR. Did any one here ever meet with an Englishman named Waterton?

QUARE. *I* never did; but I hard of him. He went gunning in the south, and saw a poor runaway nigger, with a white head, and a bear's skin on him. "Oh! oh!" says he, this is a genooine species of the monkeyana baboonarial tribe, made a-purpose for museums. Clack—click—pop! went the gun; down came the poor devil; and this here Waterton cut off his head with a bowie-knive.

AMERICAN SON. What did he do with it?

QUARE. Why, he had the imperence to put it into two quarts of Jamaky sperets, sealed up, and showed it to the nigger's owner, who knowed it at first sight. "Sir," says Waterton, "as this here is a free country, I've shot this extravagant fine specimen, to have a drawing made of it, as a fruntingspice to my work on America."

SCHOOLMASTER. That was cool, certain. Shooting an owner's property that way, was a powerful pleasant way of being agreeable to foreigners in an independent country. Any local improvement paper in the Brooklyn Beacon of this morning?

DRY STORE-KEEPER. Oh, yes! Powerful paper on building, I guess. Recommends the building of a store-corner of Loco-foco-street, turning on Manhattan and Fulton.

QUARE. That aint to be recommended ag'in. Washington Bigg should have known that locality is bought, and promised to be paid for.

SCHOOLMASTER. Who has gone for to consider *that* a favourable privilege ground for planting a store?

QUARE. Why, young Smith,—Warming-pan Smith, as carries the large Dutch watch, which he lends out in winter to warm the beds.

AMERICAN SON. Who is he?

DRY STORE-KEEPER. Why, he's a smart un, *he* is:—a relation to

the Smiths of London, in Great Britain,—military captain one year, —father a universal clergyman,—uncle kept a grocery. Was raised in Providence, but went to York to trade in coffins. Now out of his time, and clearing out to set up for himself. Made nineteen clever coffins at night-work, while an apprentice, to stock his store with; but one was borrowed by his bos, who wouldn't return it, cos he said the wood was gouged from his store.

Schoolmaster. Where did this young man git the hard Jackson to plant this building?

Dry Storekeeper. Oh, he hasn't any cash, as you may say; but he knows a person who has a brother-in-law, that has hard of a friend, who will lend a year's deposit on the land, if he gets the title-deeds, and the coffins. Then he is promised credit for the bricks, which he intends to give a bill of sale for, so as to raise the timber and tiles. So here, I think, is a store fixed right away, and no occasion for cash. He has eighteen coffins for sale now, and the population is increasing; so that he may make the spec answer. His bos was the person that sent the ready-made coffins to New Orleans, during the reign of Old Chol; and his brother is famous in the wooden ham trade.

American Son. You seem uneasy, Quare. What 's the fix?

Quare. Why, it 's my back; a hurt from a hoss of Captain Syms', as I clipped last week. "This here hoss is a vertuous In*dine* hoss as ever eat a meal," says the captain, "and has no vice. Sound, jump well, quiet and grand in harness, first-rate in a sulky, handsome temper and courage; kind of hack, hunter, and racer all in one. Only wants clipping, and his switch-tail screwed off." So he says, "Clip me this here devil, and square his tail up." And I says, "I 'll clip him smart and smooth; but I 've a dog as I wouldn't swap for your hoss no way you could fix it—a grand, clever, liver-coloured pointer, shot over by Silas Johnnes two falls; perfect, stand and back, drop to the hand, drop to game fast as a steamer, range like an In*dine*, and all that." Then he says, "You don't know the vally of this crittur,—so full of vertue, that I wouldn't go for to sell him to any but a Presbyterian or Baptist minister." Well, I clips him right away, and was just going to square his tail, when this very vertuous hoss took hold of me by the waist, bit a hole in my back, and laid me on a heap just by. I tried to bark a squirl yesterday, and couldn't, not being able to stand right on account of my back.

Spectator. What do you mean by barking a squirrel?

Quare. Why, didn't you ever hear of that?

Spectator. We haven't many squirrels on Manhattan Island.

Quare. Why, sir, when I want to catch a squirl alive, I naterally don't ought to poke either bullet or shot in him, and maybe I 've nothing no way but a gun to make the crittur come to hand. Why then, what does I do but load with a single bullet, and depend on the frightful nater of the squirl hisself. I fires at the bark of the tree, jist by the squirl, so that the bark peels off, and so tarrifies the crittur, that down it comes in a kind of swoon.

Spectator. That puts me in mind of Col. Crockett. The animals in the woods were aware that if he fired at them it was certain death. So, one day when he was out gunning, and was about to take aim at a 'coon, the creature cried out, "Don't fire; you 're Col. Crockett; I 'll give in, and come down."

Quare. That 's as true as thunder. Col. Crockett told me the

story himself, word for word, three weeks *before* the gunning took place.

SCHOOLMASTER. Did you ever hear of the Englisher and American thunder?

QUARE. Go a-head.

SCHOOLMASTER. This here Englisher was a-travelling in this free country in a Poughkeepsie stage, and he says to a real American native, as was seated opposite, "*You know*," says he, "*you know hi ham quite tired of this air free country, you know*," says he; "*nothin' hin hit his has hexcellent has hin Hingland, you know, you know.*"—"It 's a size or so larger," says the real American native. "*Hi ham not hinduced to hacknowledge that, you know, you know*," says the Englisher.

QUARE. Tarnation!

SCHOOLMASTER. "Why, then," says the real American native, "you won't acknowledge that we have powerful peculiar water privileges, — or that the City of the Falls will be the grandest cataract location in the world, — or that the City Hall beats all nature, — or that Astor's Hotel is the grandest boarding-house in this or any other country, — or that Broadway goes a-head of all the streets in the entire of Europe?" — "*You know*," says the Englisher, "*you know hevery harticle his a nundred times more helegant hin Hingland, you know, you know.*" Jist at that moment there comes such a great gun of thunder, and such a prairie full of lightning, that the Englisher shut his eyes with fright. "There," says the real American native, "d—n you, have you any thunder and lightning as elegant as that in England?"

ENGLISH SON. All Englishmen don't speak in that way. *I* am an Englishman by birth, and *I* don't speak in that way.

AMERICAN SON. But then you 've learnt civilization in America.

ENGLISH SON. No; I was born civilized.

AMERICAN SON. But it didn't come natural until you were naturalized. Thank heaven, I was born an American.

ENGLISH SON. I am an American citizen, if I wasn't born here. Don't be so infernally proud of being a native, don't. Father was born in England, and he is as good, ay better, than you, though you are a native.

GRANNY. Yer granfeyther was the mon,—worth all the natives on Long Island.

AMERICAN SON. Where did the grandfather die?

GRANNY. In Barnby Dun, in Yorkshire, on a Thursday night in October come next month is nineteen years ago, and he was an old man then. I was out of Wiltshire; but there was no harm in marrying a Yorkshireman, or Heaven help me! He fells in the river getting a sup of water, as saying is; for we were going to wash, and I says, "Get a sup," says I, "that we mayn't want any." He was just smoking his pipe. I 'd give three haypence the day before for hafe an ounce of baccer, and I says to Mrs. Mulauverer, "make it as strong baccer as you can," I says, "that it may last a bit;" for she war a decentish woman, and would help to save, if she didn't lose much by it. Many 's the haypenny she took from me when feyther war aloive. Baccer without end he smoked, and took snuff too, for that matter; burning candle at both ends, as saying is.

AMERICAN SON. What of the grandfather, granny? Come to him.

GRANNY. Well, as I war saying, my husband war fetching a sup

o' water for the floor, and he goes over head and heels; the bucket come arter, and knock him on forehead. Thinks he, "This is either Hull or Liverpool, as saying is." But he climb up the brink. Poor fellow! it war brink o' grave to him. But he manage to come home, a-growling like a bear with a sore neck, as saying is. Then he took ill, and went to his bed. He had a wambling and sneezing, then he had a mowing and chattering. He war tweezed so, that he puled and went into a quandary, and had the saustion o' nature. The clerical pairson come, and the doctor come, and he war pilified. The night as he died next morning he felt better, but cold where the pills was, and he said to me, "I could eat a mouthful," he says, and I fetch un two sheep heart, and he mumbled and chowed a bit, but it didn't warm un. So he says, "Fettle me some fettled porter," says he, for he war fond o' fettle; "or stay a bit," says he, "don't fettle me any fettled porter to-night; but I 'll have some warmed ale warmed hot in the warmer." So I warms un some warm ale in the warmer, and he takes it warm and comfortable, and it warms un till he felt warm all over. And he says, "I feel warm," says he; "that warm ale has warmed me quite warm," he says. So he lay down, and kivered hisself with the rug, and talks o' taking old Sal the mare to the farrier, and told me which end o' the field to dig the next taters, till he fell into a woundy doze; but when he woke he war dying, and says, "Fetch me the leather purse, for I feel I 'm going, and the tithe isn't raised yet," he says. "I 'se lost by the composition," says he; "but take all, only don't stress me," he says; for his interlicks war a woolgathering, and the pairson had snudged un once. And then he turns over, and, without saying, Sal, good by, or waiting for the purse, dies, leaving me a lone widow. And a sorrowful day it war for me, though we must all go to blissful 'ternity some time; and may be my time is as far off as another's, if it comes to that. Rich and poor must all take it in turns, as saying is.

Quare. That 's a mighty tough story of yours, granny. As long as one of the patent ever-charged rifles, — fire two-and-twenty shots without exhausting the bullets.

Spectator. That is a novelty. Major Longbow, however, invented a musket that could shoot round a corner.

Quare. Did you ever shoot with a funnel-bore? It spreads the shot so, that you can bring down hundreds at one pull. But I 'll tell you of a peculiar cheap shot as I had with a single bullet. In at Farmer Spovin's, I see a coop ready to go to Brooklyn, with seven-and-forty ducks in it. So I says to Spovin, "How much will you charge me for a single shot among that brood with a single bullet, whole, and not split?" — "Two dollars," says Spovin. "Done!" says I, slick enough. So I took a little bruised corn and strewed it along the trough, and out pops the seven-and-forty heads of the ducks. Then I lay down on the ground right away, and taking a perspective horizontal view of the whole regiment sideways, I wish I may be tee-totally substaquilated if I didn't carry off the entire whole of the seven-and-forty heads.

American Son. That was mortal clever. How the bullet must have bobbed in and out amongst the necks of the critturs.

Quare. I had a curious winter shot at nineteen rooks as I wanted for a breakfast pie. These here rooks were perched on a piece of zig-zag of Farmer Muggs', close to the location house as they built

when they were scoping out the 'pike for gravel. Nineteen rooks in a line, with their feet all spread flat over the top of the stake. So I slides over the ground, for it was over slithery, and snew powerful, and gets down into the hollow. I calcylated I shouldn't be able to hit the whole nineteen with one bullet, so I aims at the stake, and split it so, that it opened over the whole length on the top, and in fell the feet of the nineteen rooks right into the split, which closed ag'in immediate on the whole of their feet; and I wish I may be amazing disbelieved if I didn't ring the necks of the whole nineteen, for they waited patiently while I come at 'em one by one.

DRY STOREKEEPER. That was considerable of a shot. I made a curious aim once at a livery-button on an Englisher's shoulder.

QUARE. What on airth is a livery-button?

DRY STOREKEEPER. Kind of branded button as they know a help by. I said to the Englisher, he ought to be ashamed of himself for wearing such buttons in a free country. His answer was—

SCHOOLMASTER. "D—n your heyes, you know."

DRY STOREKEEPER. No, that wasn't it.

SCHOOLMASTER. I guessed it was. That's what they generally say, I expect.

DRY STOREKEEPER. No; he said it was a club-button of the Royal something bow and arrow club. But we couldn't agree on this here point, and I expect I had to fight him; but he saved his life by stamping his foot.

AMERICAN SON. Go a-head, Uncle Sam! How did he do that, any how?

DRY STOREKEEPER. Why, while I was aiming at one of the buttons on his shoulder, the word *hold* was given, which was the signal for us to let go. He fired no ways slow, and missed by a mile and a half; and while he was stamping his foot with rage, and swearing in English, my bullet flew over, dodged under his shoulder, and only carried away the smallest leetle piece of cloth. If he hadn't a stamped his foot, I should have carried away the button, and a slice off his shoulder.

QUARE. I never shot at a man but once, and then I was hand and glove with him.

SCHOOLMASTER. Then you did it quite tenderly, I guess.

QUARE. Exact; quite tenderly, yet a leetle notion deliberate or so. I was out at dirty Pittsburg, and went gunning with a fellow, —kind of lunatic madman, — who kept preaching considerable of poetry, Byrom verses, and notions of that make, and then blazed away without caring three cents where *I* was fixed at the time. I warned him of it over and over, ag'in and ag'in; but what's the use of speaking grammar to a dead horse? At last I was considerable of exasperate, and the steam was up on the high-pressure principle, when I wish I may be spiflicated if he didn't fire and hit me. One of the shot grazed my hand, and drew blood. "Oh, oh!" says I; "am I in the military or not? Shall I captainise over my troop one day, and put up with such a 'tarnal confounded insult as this the day after? No ways you can fix it," says I. "That shot must call for blood, and the tip of your finger at least." So I hollars out, kind of smart, "Where air you, Major?"—"Here I am," says the Major.— "Can't see you," says I, "for the immortal heart of me, and the smoke of that pea-shooter of yours. Hold up your hand, and let me

see what part of the fuz-bushes you stand upright in." Well, up pops a hand over the young saplings, fuzes, and under-plants, and I, no ways slow, took a tender aim, and carried away the foremost end of his little finger, together with a piece of his glove. "There," says I, "that 's what I call a slip for a slap, and no love lost: hand and glove friends, and no mistake."

Dry Storekeeper. Was it that shot of his that made such a number of holes in your hat?

Quare. Don't spurt out any insinuating remarks on my hat. These holes were made the last gunning frolic. I took a bet of two dollars to a fip that I 'd poke seventeen leetle shot into this hat blindfold, and I won it.

Dry Storekeeper. Won two dollars, and ruinated a hat worth five dollars.

Quare. When I was blindfold, I says to myself—

Schoolmaster. You won two dollars on the circumbendibus, or endless-rope principle.

Quare. I says, "There 's no bar to my feeling where that hat is." So I considers *mi*nutely, and finds it.

Dry Storekeeper. They only quizzed you when they blindfolded you; you were blind enough before.

Quare. So when I found the hat, I says, "There 's no bar in the wager to my shooting right away. Nothing was said about distance."

Dry Storekeeper. You were so tarnal cute, that you overreached yourself.

Quare. Then I blazed away, and wins the two dollars.

Dry Storekeeper. And lost three dollars' worth of beaver.

Quare. It isn't beaver, it 's rabbit fur. I call it now the patent ventilating skull-cap. When I 'm seized with absence of mind, these holes let in the rain, and tell me when to put up my umbrella. But it is time for me to be getting back to Jericho.

American Son. How is that wonderful cat of yours? Has she caught any more fish with diving?

Quare. No. He has got so tarnal fat, he can't sink in the water, even with a plumber's lead in his mouth. But I 'll tell you of a real clever trick he played some rats the other day. We have an awful congregation of double-bodied rats on our farm, — large elephant-rats, about half a dozen to the hundred weight, — kind of wholesale blubberskins. These devils are so fond of rum, that if you lay out a gallon or two by accident over night, it is all gone in the morning. My wife says she has seen 'em stand forty or fifty round a cask, dip their tails into the spirits, and then spoon it off with their mouths, as natural as Christians. Well, this here cat of mine, as I call the Brigadier General, one night, wishing to catch a few rats, tempts 'em by dipping his tail into some rum, and then lay down before a fire quite stiff, as if he were dead. Along come the rats, whee wheek, cautious*ly*, cautious*ly*, and thinking the cat dead, attack the Brigadier General's tail, for the sake of the rum. Four of the varmint had laid hold with all their might, a-eating of the tail, and a-drinking of the rum, when this here cat whips his tail into the air with such a powerful spring, that the whole four elephant-rats were pitched a yard and a half into the fire, and no mistake. I wouldn't take five dollars for the Brigadier General. He is the most scientific and talented cat in these parts.

JOURNAL OF OLD BARNES, THE PANTALOON,

ON A TRIP TO PARIS IN 1830.

"As we passed by the market-place of Boulogne I saw the three grey Bath cloaks, with pink linings, being hawked for sale by Sofie's friend. That was the French mode of "*doing their duty;*" and I had not been long in the dilly before I discovered—a trump card—a love —oh! he was worth any money, both on the journey, and afterwards in Paris.

"He was a young clerk-looking man, with straight sandy hair, pale face, serious aspect, and was employed writing remarks and notes in a little 'washing-book.' I say so, because on casting my sharp eye across it I read, '2 shirts, 8*d.*; 1 pock. hand. 1*d.*; 2 pr. stockgs. 2*d.*; 3 collars, 3*d.*; owing last week, 2*s.* 8*d.*;' with a continuation in pencil, 'should the following journal obtain that favour which some may think due as supplying evidence that the writer has not been altogether a careless, incurious, or indifferent observer of foreign or continental scenes.'

"This was all I could catch for the present. He, however, afterwards scribbled in a plain hand, these lines:—'The intention of the following pages is to furnish a brief account of the journey and visit to Paris, interspersed with a few opinions and incidental remarks elicited by those new and striking scenes which during his sojourn in the capital of France the writer witnessed.'

"Resolved to watch this sweet youth, and, if possible, to ingratiate myself with him, for fun—*pour passer le temps*, as I found on looking into my dictionary.

"Monsieur, our manager, began to calculate that he had paid four francs for each person at dinner, besides the *garçons* (not *dumb* waiters); and he also thought that sitting down with such a motley set was not quite the thing, and was more than he intended or expected. In short, though he had agreed to pay their travelling expenses, he had no idea that Seymour and Rolandson would have presumed to intrude themselves at the same table with him. The two worthy carpenters kept on a half-intelligible conversation, in which oaths and other imprecations predominated; on the utterance of which our pale, serious, fellow-traveller, the journalist, winced, and looked at them with an eye of indignant pity, which was only returned by Seymour looking in return, and applying his finger to his nose, and shaking the remaining digits, as he had frequently seen Joe Grimaldi do to a pantomime character that had threatened him. The journalist referred, somewhat embarrassed, again to his 'washing book.' He then wrote a description in it. I pretended to be asleep; but peeped as he went on. It ran thus:—'The head-dress of the women in particular attracted my notice, and arrested my observation from its peculiar singularity. The individual native female I noticed wore no bonnet; but in lieu of it a large linen cap, of a conical shape, and expansive magnitude, with huge flaps hanging down each side her face, extending laterally, and diverging longitudinally from the cheek-bone beyond the back of the head, and perpendicularly in height above the pericranium a foot; and downwards, in depth, as low as the shoulders.'

"'Go it, my pippin!' thought I to myself. 'The journal will be

worth something by and by.' The youth then turned to me, and inquired whether I had been in one of their French places of worship? I told him that I had put up at the 'Flying Horse;' and, as it was not Sunday, I had not even a thought of going to church; besides if I had gone he ought to have known that I could not pray in the French language, and of what use would the English be in a foreign country?'

"He stared at me; but continued, 'When I entered the church at Boulogne I found a dozen or two of persons, chiefly of the plebeian order, engaged in their matins, or morning devotions; and the priest genuflecting and gesticulating before a crucifix enchased with silver, in the centre of seven candlesticks of the same metal, and presenting altogether a spectacle exceedingly unseemly, horrible, and pagan, muttering the prayers in a tone utterly inaudible.'

"I bethought me that the young sandy journalist would have probably given, in regard to tone, the preference to that highly-respectable American clergyman, who has been described by a recent traveller in the United States. (*Dialogue.*) 'Jotham Briggs, what the devil's the matter t' other side the river? Some tarnation accident has play'd Tommy with the saw-mill. Do hark, n*a*ow, h*a*ow it grates?'—(*Colonel Briggs, in reply,*) 'You considerable darned idi*i*t, it shows how you attend to the proper calls of religi*i*n and natur'! it's the Rev. Hiram Jenkins a-preaching. He's a p*a*owerful exp*a*ounder, and niver throws away nothin'. Darn'd if you mayn't hear his word half over the state. He's a tarnation good practitioner, and WILL be *heer'd.*'

"On we went, through a number of places of which I cannot remember the names; and if I did, they would not prove of any extraordinary novelty, as so many tourists have been before me. However, they were all down in the 'washing-book' amongst the stockings and collars.

"Columbine and her mamma were wonderfully pleased with the costume of the postilion, and 'sure such a boot was never seen;' a child of three years old might sleep in it. These boots must have descended from generation to generation of postilions, for I never heard that anybody had ever seen a new pair. I am convinced that they are of the identical period of Noah's ark; where, we are told, that *two things of every sort* walked in and out again of that wonderful receptacle together.

"I was told, but I do not know with what truth, that it is contrary to law for one diligence to pass another so long as it continues in motion. As we travelled occasionally at about the rate of four miles an hour, I did not envy the impatience of some Englishmen in the opposition diligence behind us. They had the benefit of all our dust, and we did not kick up a little. They did not know the custom, and execrated the *conducteur* and postilion to the very best of their ability. I have heard much swearing in my day,—for instance, William Barrymore, on the first night of one of his pantomimes, when the scenery stuck, or a trick failed. Oh, dear! I am not very particular; but I never yet discovered that blasphemy relieved a theatrical or any other defect. That Barrymore would swear until the scene-shifters' ears curled up. Well, presently the driver of the hindmost diligence sent the head of one of his fore-horses up to the window where our dear travelling companion, Monsieur Singe, was looking out; and, of all the droll scenes I ever beheld, I think it beat them, for the poor monkey was actually convulsed with fright, and poured forth the most pitiful cries at the sight

of the horse's head, which ever and anon snorted in at the window. The gentleman's want of nerve kept the passengers of both diligences in a roar of laughter. At last he made a bolt off his Italian master's lap, and hid his ugly face in the straw at the bottom. Then Columbine's mamma became alarmed, and lifted up her lower extremities into a position, which was exceedingly perplexing to the inmates of the *intérieur*, particularly to the pale journalist, who tried to look all manner of ways. This little *contre-temps* (dictionary) was overcome by my taking the beast by the *scruff* of the neck, and flinging him again into his master's lap; in doing which Monsieur Singe's tail went flop into Seymour's eye, and made it water all the rest of the journey. Considerable more swearing, and the feelings of the young journalist shocked. About this time we were approaching Beauvais, and Monsieur le Directeur made his objections in strongly-urged French whispers to our Jew interpreter at the idea of the carpenters sitting down with us. Ha! ha! ha! Little did the Parisian manager know of the state of affairs in requesting the harlequin (for such I have before mentioned the Jew-Frenchman was), to ask anything unpleasant of, or to do anything disagreeable to the persons upon whom his pantomimical existence depends. To explain this ignorance on the part of the French Director, I must tell you that when harlequin jumps through a hole, a picture, or a window, he is always caught safely in a carpet at the back of the scene by the carpenters. If these men were to be remiss in their duty, the public would see no more of harlequin for some time, for, from the velocity with which he takes his leap through the aperture — *sans ses amis avec le tapis* (dictionary), he would go to immortal smash!

"So the harlequin was afraid to say anything disagreeable to the stage-carpenters; and he asked me to break the unpleasant business to them. Lord, I didn't care a brass farthing. I, pantaloon, never go through the hole. I always stick in the middle, with my face to the audience. I am not to be caught by the carpenters. So I went to them in the most delicate way I could, and told them that they must not take their meals with us again, but that I would take them to a café, where they would have what was necessary.

"Instead of being sulky about it, they told me they should be very glad to get a place to themselves, and Seymour abused the country where there was an inn without a tap, "that they did not admire restraint by any manner of means whatsomedever." So when we got to Beauvais, I found them out a café in the market-place, where they had plenty of hot coffee, eggs, boiled milk, and bread and butter, for one third of the sum it would have cost at the hotel where the diligence stopped. Crossing the market-place, I saw a perruquier's shop, and crossing my hand on my chin, I said to myself, 'James Barnes, you ought to be shaved.' So I determined to go in. An old gentleman was being operated upon, and, as I was in a hurry, I was going out again, when the barber's lady took me by the arm, seated me in a chair, napkined me almost before I was aware of it, and lathered me well.

"'Good heavens!' thought I, 'what *is* going to happen?' But I was obliged to sit still, and of all the queer sensations I ever felt in my queer life, I never experienced anything like that of being shaved by a female! It was not unpleasant; but it appeared to me unnatural. She touched me up with eau de cologne afterwards. When I returned



to the inn to breakfast, Columbine and her mamma said, 'Lauk! Mr. Barnes, what have you been doing to yourself? We never saw you look so handsome.' And when I told them the fact, mamma would not believe me, and said, 'She was sure that no woman would have been guilty of such a thing.' I drily told her, but without severity, that many women had done worse things in England, such as 'combing the heads of their husbands,' and 'snapping their noses off;' which, God knows, she had done often enough to her poor old husband. Well, down we sat to breakfast, and everything was excellent; fowls, eggs, cutlets, fruit, pigeons, tea, coffee, wine, and a little eau de *veau* to settle *all*, — and then the manager settled the rest. On we went. Sometimes the road was lined with apple-trees, the blossoms of which were just going off. Seeing the trees in the open road made me think of the English boys, how they would be clambering when the fruit was ripe. But though the roads in some places are planted for miles, nobody steals the apples. In eating them, I am told, the stomach-ache exceeds the pleasure!

"Remarks on the road. — No hedges, no divided fields, no cattle grazing; women doing farm labour; horses talked to, and reasoned with, instead of being beaten. If a peasant wants to get on a little faster, he descends from his *roulage*, and runs on before the horse, who immediately sets off after him. No comfortable-looking houses, to which you may suppose Mr. Jenkins, Mr. Smith, or Mr. Higginbotham to have retired, after a life spent in business. No nice little gardens, with monthly-roses, bee-hives, cabbages, onion-beds, in front of the poor man's cottage; no wall-flowers near the door, nor tuft of house-leek over it; nor little patches of sweet-william, nasturtium, strawberry plants, currant and gooseberry bushes. Thinks I to myself, 'You may grumble at home, my boys; but you would be sorry to change with your own class in France, — that is, as far as I saw of it. Lord bless

me!' thought I, 'when you come to see a real French village, and compare it with a scene representing one at a London theatre,—and then a STAGE RURAL BALLET crossed my imagination—*scene*, a beautiful wooded country in France, with a cottage on one side; lively music; Mr. Gilbert comes on as a peasant, in a blue satin jacket with white silk sleeves, tight white breeches, and silk stockings, which prove that he has not been to plough *that* morning, at any rate,—he taps at the cottage door, and Miss Ballin looks out at the window, and, although it is just sunrise, she is up and dressed, with flowers in her hair, with a close-fitting velvet bodice, and gauze petticoat made very full, and quite enough *bustle* to keep up the interest of the ballet. He lifts up his leg as high as he possibly can, and asks her to be so obliging as to come down and dance with him. She says she has no particular objection, and leaves the window to descend the stairs, or ladder, which leads to her cock-loft. The swain now gathers a nosegay, all ready tied up; twirls round several times, to see that he is all right; hears the door of the cottage opening, trips across to give his bouquet to his love, when it is snatched by Miss Ballin's mother (Madame Simon, or old Barnes), who reprehends the conduct of Mr. Gilbert for coming a-courting at that time of day, tells him to go and work for his bread, and not be idling about there. The rustic swain asks the old lady to feel how terribly his heart beats; the mother informs Mr. Gilbert that his head is more likely to feel the beating.

> "Says he, 'at my heart I've a beating;'
> Says I, 'then take one at your back.'"—KENNY.

She drives him off, and then goes to market,—this market being, in all probability, further than that of Covent Garden,—and, the cat away, the young folks intend (like the mice) to have some play. So Mr. Gilbert re-appears, and clapping his hands, eight of his young companions, Messieurs Heath, Sutton, Conway, Burdett, Jones, Northover, Hartland, and Simpson appear. All these are in such an independent state in happy France, that they are enabled to quit their village toil; and the most singular circumstance is, that all eight are accidentally attired exactly alike, with pink vests, straw hats, and light blue smalls, with a black stripe down the seam. (Of these youths the first named is about sixty years of age, and the latter approaching seventy-three, which renders it the more kind of them to come out and fatigue themselves at that time in the morning.) But there appears an excellent reason for this complaisance, because eight young female villagers also dressed alike, (excepting one unfortunate, who has mislaid her white silk shoes, and is obliged to venture out in black prunella, thereby disarranging the uniformity which is so pleasing in well-regulated hamlets,) come now to the rendezvous. Each youthful swain in a moment selects his partner,—and sweet is the love that meets return! Then all the sixteen point simultaneously to the cottage, and then touch their hearts and wedding-ring fingers, and then point to Mr. Gilbert, who shrugs his shoulders, extends his arms widely, and nods. At this period Miss Ballin runs from the cottage-door; Mr. Gilbert is approaching her, when she pretends to be bashful before so many witnesses; so, to hide her blushes, she fetches a spinning-wheel from the cottage, which will not, and never would revolve. Mr. Gilbert, not liking this move, gently leads the spinster forward, and asks her to take a little dance with him. A *pas de deux* then is per-

formed, the main point of which is to show that a villager may have very elegantly shaped legs. When this is over, the sixteen make a bungling sort of shuffling, forming a good contrast with the principals. Just at this very nick of time three more young ladies arrive, rather over-dressed for the inhabitants of a French village (the *coryphées*), Misses Froud, Lane, and Hall. They do not take the slightest notice of their assembled friends, but immediately begin to dance with their backs turned towards them, which is certainly anything but genteel behaviour. But what can you expect from rustics? At the conclusion of this, the old lady returns from market, and is naturally surprised and angry to find the young people kicking their heels about, instead of being at labour. After some threatening, and much entreaty, she forgives the enamoured pair; and Mr. Boulanger arrives most opportunely, as the baillie of the village, joins the hands of the youthful couple, who then dance a matrimonial *pas de deux*, without a single *faux pas*, and this sets the whole party off in a *pas-generale*.

"Now this is not holding the mirror up to nature; for nothing was ever seen in a French village that has a resemblance to this description. But I am rambling. Never mind—I am out on a ramble.

"Arrived in due time at the barriers of Paris. Diligence stopped, and examined by several gensdarmes. Thought of old England, and as to how I should feel if some of the dragoon guards were to poke their heads into a stage-coach at Mile-end turnpike. Comparison in favour of my own country. Frenchmen such tigers, they must have a military government.



"Drove to La Fitte and Company's *bureau des diligences*, surrounded by a host of chattering commissioners. The gensdarmes examining coats, luggage, parcels of all the passengers—very troublesome. The sandy-haired journalist whispered to me, 'that the scene reminded him

forcibly of the notable event recorded in Genesis, of the confusion, and consequent dispersion, which took place amongst the confederated builders of the Tower of Babel, in the plain of Shinar.'

"What the deuce did they think I had about me?"

THE MEETING OF THE DEAD.

It is said that, after twenty years, when Heloïse was buried in the same grave as Abelard, he opened his arms to receive her corpse.

Twenty years!—a hermit lone,
Clad with moisture, girt with stone,
Earth, dim earth, above, around,
By dark roots of ivy-bound
Fir and cypress, bonds that coil
Through the slowly-yielding soil
As it swells to give them room
In their passage from the tomb,
Gathering life from that beneath
Which has drunk the dew of death.

Twenty years!—there came a voice
Piercing through this hideous shade,
Giving to my soul its choice
If 't would be immortal made,
And above the stars rejoice;
Or if, shrunk, confined, and hid
By the heavy coffin lid,
Here it would abide, and dare
Pangs the frame immured must bear—
Loathsome tortures round it cast,
Fearful pains that ling'ring last,—
Stifling, wringing, pressing woes,
Knowing that they will not close
Till the lagging hour shall come
When once more the yawning tomb
Opes its cavern, foul and wide,
To receive a vestal bride.

Twenty years! I 've waited well!
Here I chose, even here, to dwell,
Soul and body, in this cave;
Sentient, free, but yet a slave—
Yes, in faith, hope, *power*, still free,—
Slave to memory and to thee!

Thou liv'dst on — I knew the same
Spirit touch'd us with its flame,—
That the same bright fount supplied
Both our beings from its tide.
All I hoped, believed, and taught,
Lived and flourish'd in thy thought:
What was dim to others' sight,
Gleam'd to thee as purest light.
Once I hoped I could not die,
Leaving thee to *think* alone,—
That each wondrous mystery
Must to each alike be known;
But my baffled human lore
Reach'd its goal, and knew no more.

Twenty years have linger'd on,
And thou wert on earth — alone!
Every thought for ever mine,
In the cell or at the shrine;
Every feeling thrilling yet,
Such as neither could forget,
When our cloister'd walls in vain
Held us both in parted pain.

Thou *could'st* live!—then not despair;
Such as hatred bade us share,
Penance, torture, varied ill,
None of these have power to kill;
Knowledge, science, skill, and power,
All we seek and toil to gain,
Leave but this, when all is o'er,
That our wisdom is in vain;
Passions, wishes, struggles, schemes,
Are but meteors — shadows — dreams.
Love alone, such love as ours,
Gives the soul unwonted powers,
Courage to survive all harm,
Patience and enduring calm;
Thou to live through life for me,
I to live in death for thee!

LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

Note.—"The man who, by his great qualities and his faults, by the boldness of his opinions, the brilliancy of his life, his innate passion for polemics, and the rarest talent of imparting instruction, contributed in the highest degree to cherish and disseminate a taste for study, and urge that intellectual movement from whence, in the thirteenth century, arose the university of Paris — that man was Pierre Abelard.

"Wherever he appeared, an admiring crowd followed his footsteps; a desert, into which he withdrew, became the theatre of an immense auditory. He amazed the schools, he shook the church and the state; and, to add to the singular fame which he acquired, he was beautiful in person, a poet, and a musician. He was loved to adoration by one of the noblest and most exalted of her sex, who loved like St. Theresa, wrote like Seneca, and whose fascinations of mind were found irresistible even by St. Bernard himself, the adversary of Abelard."

Ouvrages Inédits d'Abelard, par M. Victor Cousin.

STANLEY THORN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VALENTINE VOX."

CHAPTER XV.

Stanley dreams of Isabelle, with whose name Amelia thereby becomes acquainted.

STANLEY had no sooner left the house than it struck him that he was bound by every charitable feeling to proceed without delay to the residence of Isabelle. And yet, where did she reside? How could he ascertain? He might perhaps from Madame Poupetier; but how extremely incorrect it would appear if he applied to her then. And if even he did apply, and the application were successful, he could not, with even the semblance of propriety, call at that hour upon Isabelle; and if he did call, and found that she had reached home in safety, he of course would be unable to see her to dissuade her from any desperate act she might contemplate. And if he found that she had not returned, what would he do then? Puzzled by the various promptings of prudence on the one hand, and inclination on the other, he walked to and fro in a state of irresolution the most absolute, until a cab drew towards him, when he entered it mechanically, and at once proceeded home.

Amelia, who would never retire until he returned, had for hours been waiting most anxiously for him. She had been in tears. She had endeavoured to believe that it was wrong to be sad, and that her grief had its origin in selfishness; still she could not help grieving; the tears would continue to flow. The very moment, however, Stanley returned, she hastened to remove everything indicative of sadness, and looked cheerful and happy, and smiled with her wonted sweetness. Nor was this hypocrisy. If even it had been, it might perhaps be held to have been venial; but it was not. She did feel happy on his return; her smile of gladness was sincere; and when she flew at once to meet and to embrace him, she but obeyed the impulse of her heart.

"Have you passed a pleasant evening, my love?" she inquired.

"Yes — yes," replied Stanley; "very pleasant — considering that my Amelia was not with me."

"You wish me to believe that you do not flatter?" said Amelia, with a playful expression. "Well, well, I do believe it. Oh yes; if I did not, I should doubt your sincerity. But why are you not cheerful? I am with you now!"

"I only feel fatigued," replied Stanley, passing his hand languidly over his eyes.

"You must be, I am sure. You shall have some refreshment, and then for a long sweet sleep."

Stanley looked at Amelia, and drew a comparison between her and Isabelle, of which the result was unhappily in favour of the latter. Isabelle was more strikingly beautiful than Amelia. It would indeed have been impossible for her to have been more gentle, more elegant, or more amiable; but her features were more regular, she possessed more beauty, which has in all cases an undue influence when the comparison is merely superficial. This result, however, failed to make a deep impression then. The endearing fondness of Amelia, which was

ever most conspicuous when his spirits were most depressed, caused him to feel that he in reality possessed a jewel which could not be too highly valued. He became therefore speedily reconciled; and, after reproaching himself for having entertained for an instant a wish that he had not been married, he returned those endearments which had been lavished upon him by Amelia, and thus rendered her perfectly happy.

On retiring to rest, the effect of the excitement of the scene he had just quitted was that of inducing immediate sleep; but the circumstances connected with what he considered the chief feature of that scene effectually prevented his sleep being calm. He was haunted by Isabelle. In imagination he saw her before him; now with a phial to her lips, then with a dagger at her heart, and anon upon the brink of a precipice, from which he tried to snatch her in vain. He seemed fixed to the earth—he could not stir. He called to her—she heeded him not. There she stood, looking more lovely than ever, in a position of imminent peril, while he had not the power to move a single step with the view of saving her from destruction. Again he called: she heard him, but shrieked, and disappeared. He felt himself fixed to the earth still; but presently a white mist arose from the gulf into which she had fallen, and when the wind had dispelled it, he saw her upon the verge of the precipice again. He now experienced the same feelings of terror as before, and again she dashed off, and again the mist restored her; yet so desperately intent upon destruction did she appear, that she dashed off again and again, but as often as she did so the mist reinstated her almost instantaneously upon the brink. She seemed unhurt; but his apprehensions for her safety were dreadful, and they increased every time she appeared. And thus throughout the night was he tortured, writhing to break his imaginary bonds, but finding himself utterly unable to move an inch towards her whom he panted to save.

In the morning, therefore, he did not feel greatly refreshed; but he rose at the usual hour, with a vivid recollection of all that he had in imagination seen, and reflected upon each circumstance as gravely as if the whole had in reality occurred. While engaged in these reflections, Amelia watched the peculiar expression of his countenance closely, and while at breakfast said, in a playful manner,

"Who is Isabelle?"

Stanley started at the question, and the blood rushed to his cheeks as he echoed, "Isabelle!"—for he thought it very strange that Amelia should put such a question at such a time, and half suspected that some kind friend had informed her of certain circumstances, of which she might as well have been kept in ignorance. "Isabelle!" he repeated. "What Isabelle?"

"Why, the Isabelle!—the little Isabelle!—the Isabelle whom you so often addressed in your sleep."

"Oh! I recollect!" cried Stanley, smiling; for he really felt very much relieved. "Isabelle!—I remember!—Of course!—I suppose I must introduce you to little Isabelle. Oh! she is such a beautiful creature, if the vision be faithful."

"The vision? But do you not know her?"

"Know her! Why, she is to be my second! The sweetest little dear you ever beheld! Such eyes!—such hair!—such ancles! And yet—no—her dress was too long; I did not see her ancles; but I am

sure they are beautifully turned. And then she loves me so dearly! Oh! I must introduce you to my Isabelle!"

This Stanley thought very ingenious. Had he pretended not to know her, he conceived he might have done it with sufficient *gaucherie* to excite suspicion; but, by affecting to know and to admire her, he imagined that the thing would be regarded as a jest. And he was right in his conjecture—as a jest it was regarded; for the perception of Amelia was so acute, that she felt it to be very unlikely he would make any such acknowledgment if in reality it were so. Whether ladies in general are thus deceived, while priding themselves upon this peculiar acuteness of perception, is a point which has yet to be established; it will be sufficient here to describe this as being the effect upon the mind of Amelia, who believed that Isabelle was a mere creature of the imagination, which was precisely the belief that Stanley wished to inspire. Lest, however, any slight feeling of jealousy should linger, he would not allow the matter to rest even here. He explained to her how ardently he loved Isabelle, dwelt upon the beautiful softness of her lips, lauded the luxuriance of her ringlets, described her figure as being sylph-like in the extreme; indeed he depicted so lovely a creature, and declared his passion for her in terms so warm, that Amelia at length thought it an excellent jest, and the subject became one of infinite merriment.

Breakfast, however, was no sooner at an end than Stanley's thoughts assumed a more serious character. He knew not how to act. Isabelle he believed to be a virtuous good girl, and he was therefore most anxious for her safety. And yet, ought he to ascertain her residence and call upon her? Could he as a man, under the circumstances, justify the pursuit of such a course? She loved him — of that he felt firmly convinced; but what object could he hope to attain by calling? It might increase, but could not diminish, her unhappiness; and what right had he to sport with her feelings? He was bound by every honourable principle to do nothing calculated to augment her wretchedness, and the probability was that neglect would work a cure.

In this strain he argued with himself for some considerable time; and although he felt anxious, most anxious, to ascertain if she were safe, he eventually made up his mind not to call.

CHAPTER XVI.

In which the Widow's designs upon Sir William, and Sir William's designs upon Stanley, are developed.

This being the auspicious day appointed for her party, the widow was excessively busy all the morning; and, as her primary object was to astonish Sir William, everything dazzling in her possession was displayed in a style the most chaste and superb. She scorned, however, to depend upon the display of her wealth solely: her faith in the power of her personal charms was of an extremely high order; and hence, after having arranged the inanimate auxiliaries in the most startling manner possible, and given the most minute and conflicting instructions to the servants, she proceeded to embellish those personal charms, —and perhaps there never was such a job! Everything calculated to add fascination to nature was put in requisition. The taste of her maid was in each particular instance repudiated. In reality the girl had no taste, and such being the afflicting state of things, the widow

had it all her own way; and therefore, when the whole scheme had been accomplished, she certainly did feel, and that strongly, that if in this world any lady ever looked the thing, she did! Characteristically illustrated at each grand point, and jewelled after the fashion she most approved,—" Well, really, now," she observed, as she accosted herself familiarly, " what can be said against the appearance of Lady Wormwell!"—for, however extraordinary it may appear that she should thus continue to harp upon "Lady Wormwell," it is a fact that she felt that the title became her, and that she had been formed to do honour to the title.

It was fortunate, perhaps, that foreseeing that she might on this particular occasion be at her toilet a little longer than usual, she began to dress early; for no sooner had she taken the lingering look alluded to than Sir William arrived. It were folly to attempt to disguise from the world that she did at this moment feel fluttered. It was a moment of deep interest, certainly; and yet, why should she be so tremulous? Why should her heart beat so? Why should she thus catch her breath, and turn faint? She sat down to answer these questions composedly; but, as Sir William's arrival was now officially announced, she started up and took a deep inspiration. All her courage was required, and she promptly summoned all,—directed her carriage to be sent for Stanley and Amelia, which she had deferred expressly, in order that she and Sir William might have half an hour's sweet conversation alone,—took another smiling glance at her peculiarly graceful person,—found matters all right and imposing,—and then at once proceeded to receive Sir William in a style which she felt his heart could not resist. What delight she expressed, what joy she depicted, may be conceived. But how droll were her sensations! She trembled like a foolish little bird! Yet how sweet is the love which a title inspires!—what beautiful feelings it engenders! It is almost as pure and incorruptible as that which is solely created by wealth. Happy widow! She felt this love deeply; and hence, although she had a trembling hand, she displayed a sweet smile, and was moreover *so* fussy? Sir William before conceived that she was aiming at something; but her great design now became palpable. He saw through it all; but he was not by any means displeased. On the contrary, he took it upon himself to seem flattered, and really enjoyed the thing rather than not; for although he was unmarried, and, being comparatively poor, had no great contempt for wealth, he had certainly not the most remote idea of entering into anything like a matrimonial alliance with the widow, albeit it must be confessed that few ladies of large dimensions could have looked more unique. But he humoured her fancy, and made her believe that he was not insensible to her charms, because, among other things, he imagined that she might be made useful, under circumstances of a pecuniary nature, the force of which few men knew much better than himself. He therefore entered into the spirit of the thing, and listened with great attention to the brilliant discourse of the fascinating widow, who was so extremely communicative, and managed to explain the precise character of her position with so much delicacy and tact, that, by the time the carriage drew up with Stanley and Amelia, he had become, unsolicited, master of the whole matter.

"You kept us waiting long enough, I hope!" cried Stanley, as he entered. "I thought that you were not going to send for us at all."

"Upon my word I beg pardon, my dear; but this watch of mine is really a very sad deceiver."

"Why wear it, then? Why not have one that will keep correct time?"

"Well, well, don't be angry, my love. I am sorry it happened. It shall not occur again."

This dialogue, short as it was, discovered to Sir William the true state of the case. He saw Stanley's influence at a glance, and at the moment conceived a project for enriching himself. This project must, however, be left for the present. It was not then even in conception matured; and, as there was plenty of time for its execution, he troubled himself no more about it then, but continued to converse on ephemeral topics with Amelia, (who could not help fancying that when she entered he pressed her hand with rather remarkable warmth,) until dinner was announced.

The dinner passed off very well. It was very *recherché*, and very well managed. Sir William was *Sir* Williamed to his heart's content, and nothing but smiles and good humour prevailed.

A variety of interesting subjects were touched upon slightly; but at length one arose which had reference to the moral tendency of exposing vice. The widow expressed a decided opinion, that virtue alone must be portrayed to induce a high appreciation of virtue; and Sir William, as a matter of courtesy, agreed with her, and contended, that if the vicious were unknown, their example could not be followed, which was certainly much to the point, clear, and very conclusive. Stanley, however, was not content with this, and hence inquired of Sir William if he objected to the system of guarding the virtuous against the practices of the vicious.

"Decidedly not," returned Sir William. "I would guard them at every point, by placing before their eyes constantly and exclusively the beautiful characteristics of virtue."

"Precisely," observed the widow. "Of all guards, virtue is the strongest."

"But by simply doing that," said Stanley, without noticing the widow's remarkable observation, "I apprehend you would leave them unguarded. The inexperienced must be taught what to abhor, as well as what to admire; what to shun, as well as what to embrace. And the beauty of virtue is never so conspicuous as when contrasted with the deformity of vice."

"Teach men to be virtuous," rejoined Sir William, "and they require to know nothing of vice."

"But how are they to avoid the snares laid for them by the vicious?"

"Experience will soon enable them to do that."

"But whose experience? Their own, or the experience of others? We cannot be secure in our own experience, and hence to the inexperienced an exposition of vice is a blessing. Our own experience cannot guide us: we must not be left to it alone. If, for example, a young and lovely creature should fall, ought we not to describe the villainous means by which her fall was accomplished, that others may avoid them? 'No!' exclaims pseudo-morality. That young fallen creature was left to her own experience. Had she been permitted to profit by the experience of others, she might still have been virtuous,—still pure,—still the pride of her home,—a blessing to her family,—the

solace of those whose hearts she may have broken; but having merely her own experience to guide her, she was ensnared, and her experience must, forsooth, not be imparted to others. No; they, in turn, must learn by their own experience too! Society would be wrecked if the virtuous and the honourable were not constantly warned, by the experience of others, against those by whom vice and dishonour are practised. How are we to shun that of which we are unconscious? How are we to frustrate the designs of the villain, if we are kept in utter ignorance of those designs? How are the young, however exemplary and amiable, to avoid the specious deeply-laid schemes of the seducer, if the arts of seduction are kept out of view? They must be warned; and as they can be effectually warned only by the experience of others, the knowledge of that experience should not be withheld. It is the duty of all, whether in private conversation, in moral disquisitions, or in histories which amuse while they instruct, to portray the deformities of vice with the view of rendering more apparent the beauties of virtue."

It certainly did not require all this to convince Sir William Wormwell, that if vice were not exposed, our social system would soon be destroyed; but having taken the opposite side, to please the widow, he felt bound to fight her battle until she was perfectly satisfied, when—perceiving his occupation as her champion gone — he observed, with a smile, that he thought Stanley ought to have been in the Church. This acute observation was very much approved by the widow, who began to think so too; while Amelia was delighted with her Stanley, which is not very marvellous, considering how easily affectionate and intelligent wives are by such means charmed by their husbands. All were therefore well content; and when Sir William had covered his retreat by observing, that the grand point was to describe the career of the vicious, so that none might either sympathise with them, or wish to follow their example, the conversation turned upon the turf.

"Of course you go to Epsom?" said Sir William.

"I scarcely know," replied Stanley. "I have not even given it a thought."

"Then you have no favourite horse in the Derby?"

"I don't even know the name of any one that has been entered. In fact, my knowledge of the turf is exceedingly limited."

"In that case, I should strongly advise you to bet only with friends."

"Would it not be as well," suggested Amelia, "to abstain from betting altogether?"

"Decidedly," replied Sir William. "But men, from the highest to the lowest, who take the slightest interest in a race, will bet. The impulse is irresistible. If even they have nothing at stake, they cannot avoid wishing that a certain horse may win, and that is sufficient to prompt them to back that wish, if they happen to have any one to bet with. It is, however, folly for the inexperienced to bet with any but friends."

"But when are the races?" inquired the widow.

"Next Wednesday is the grand day."

"Oh, I should like to go dearly! I never was at a race in my life. I am sure I should enjoy it above all things. Shouldn't you, my love?"

"I should indeed," returned Amelia. "Papa took me down last

year, and I was *so* much delighted! You can scarcely imagine what a lovely scene it is."

"Well, suppose, then, Stanley were to take us?" said the widow, who, after smiling sweetly at Sir William, added, "you, I presume, are engaged?"

"No; I have no *particular* engagement."

"Oh, it would be so delightful if you would go with us!"

"I assure you that nothing would give me greater pleasure. What say you?" he added, addressing Stanley.

"Oh! *I* am quite agreeable."

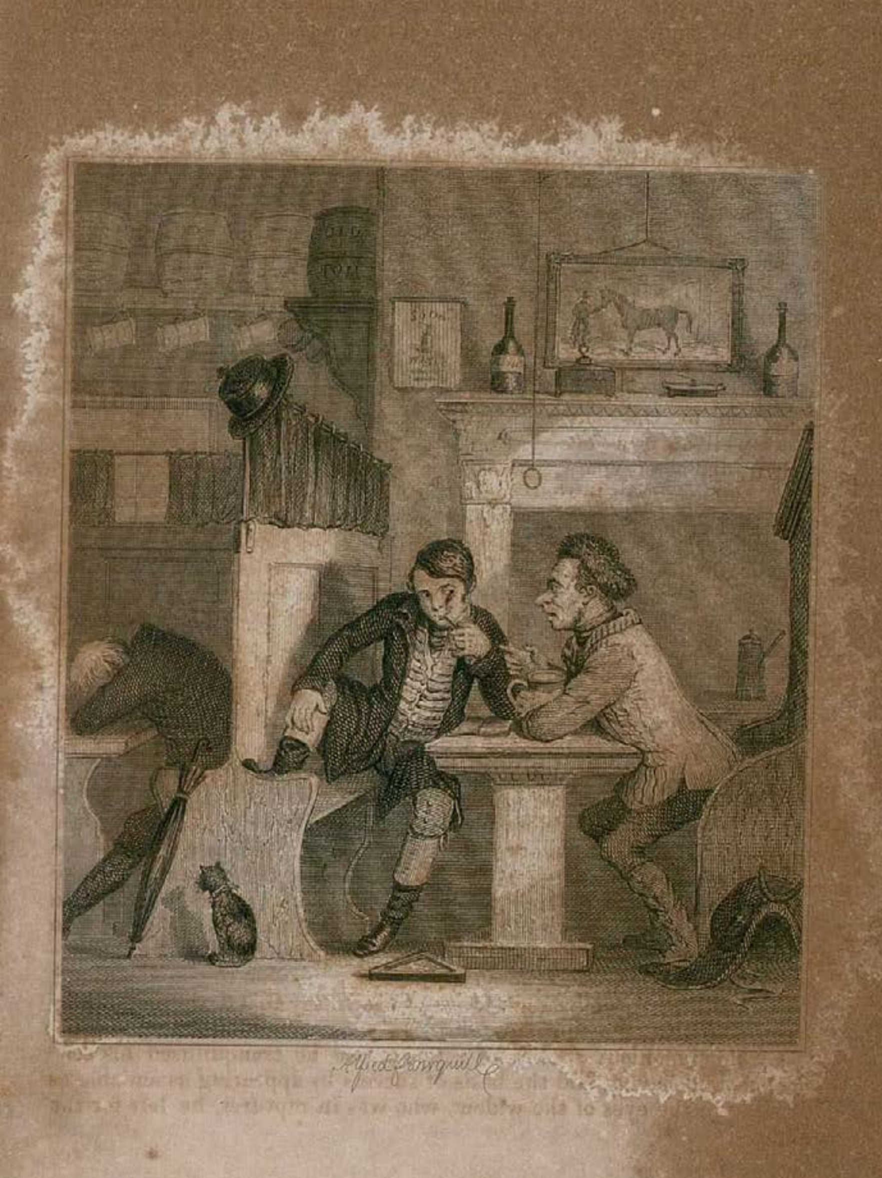
"There's a good creature!" cried Amelia. "We will not be the slightest trouble to you. You can have your own horses down there, as papa and Albert had, and ride about as you please."

"Exactly," said the widow. "You can send them forward, and we can all go down together in my carriage. We shall be so comfortable and so happy!"

It was accordingly thus arranged, and the remainder of the evening was spent most agreeably; but the greatest amount of delight was experienced by the widow, who then felt as certain of being Lady Wormwell as if a formal declaration had already been made. This Sir William, of course, perceived, and took especial care to give strength and depth to that feeling, conceiving it to be essential to the due execution of that scheme of which the outline may as well be explained. He saw that Stanley was on the high-road to ruin; that he derived all the means he had of travelling that road from the widow; and that her wealth would be thereby most sensibly diminished, if, indeed, it were not wholly absorbed. He therefore put it to himself whether he ought to suffer so golden an opportunity to slip. In a pecuniary sense he was not in a good position; but he felt that he might retrieve himself by a little ingenuity, and the only question was,—Could he do it in the way proposed with honour? It was some time before he could answer this question with any degree of satisfaction to himself; but he did so eventually thus:—

"We are the creatures of circumstances: circumstances govern all our actions. Is not therefore non-resistance venial when circumstances surround us in the shape of temptations to acts which in a strict sense partake of the character of dishonour? Besides, the means I propose to employ are means which the world calls "honourable," and none can be disgraced by the employment of those means in the eye of the world. Why, then, should not I, by those "honourable" means enrich myself? If this fortune is to be lost, why should not I win it? I will: and while doing so defy the world to say that I violated in any single instance its own code of honour."

By this ingenious species of ratiocination he tranquillised his conscience, and having laid the basis of success by appearing as amiable as possible in the eyes of the widow, who was in raptures, he left for the night.



Bob makes up his book for the Derby.

CHAPTER XVII.

Bob makes a discovery which is calculated to be highly advantageous.

As it has been already placed on record that, in consequence of Stanley's departure from the park before the friends of the lady whom he had rescued had time to express their gratitude, Bob felt that he had been to a sensible extent victimized, it may now without any impropriety be stated that, as he could not suppress this purely natural feeling, he had been ever since looking out for the old groom with unparalleled sharpness and zeal. His expectation of meeting with that ancient individual had been particularly lively and strong; his object being to impart to the friends of that lady through him the fact that Stanley was the person by whom the gallant action was performed; for, being a pure and faithful servant, he held it to be a pity that they should remain in utter ignorance of him who was justly and so eminently entitled to their thanks.

He had, however, been signally unsuccessful in his search. He had described with artistical fervour the chief characteristics of the animated piece of antiquity in question to every gentleman with whom he had the honour of being acquainted; but, as they were unable to give him any specific clue to the discovery of the ancient, he felt quite at a loss; for he did not conceive it to be strictly correct to advertise him in the Hue and Cry, or, indeed, in any of the public papers, although he would with much willingness have offered a reward of five shillings for his apprehension, to be paid on conviction of his being the same man.

Notwithstanding he had been grievously disappointed in spirit in divers instances in which he had made sure of having the honour to run him down, Bob nobly scorned to give the thing up: he felt perfectly certain that he should have the pleasure of meeting the old gentleman at some period somewhere; and to show the rather extraordinary correctness of this conjecture, it will be necessary to explain that immediately after Stanley and Amelia had started to meet Sir William at the widow's, he miraculously beheld, as he was walking down Regent Street to have an hour's private conversation with a friend, the identical individual on horseback, behind a lady who really looked very much indeed like the one who had been so providentially preserved.

In an instant Bob knew him. He could not be mistaken. He could have sworn conscientiously to his being the same man. But then, what was he to do? They were trotting rather briskly; and the proximity of the groom to his mistress was so remarkable that he really could not speak to him then with any degree of convenience. He could therefore pursue but one course, and that course he did pursue. He started off with the inflexible determination not to lose sight of them, seeing that he felt at least *two* sovereigns all but in his pocket. He had not the smallest doubt that they resided in May-Fair, or its immediate vicinity; and, as they turned up Piccadilly, he darted after them with joy, although he found it excessively hot. They passed Bond-Street and Sackville Street, — which, of course, was just what he expected; but then they dashed up to the Park, — which did by no means meet

his views; and he could not avoid expressing privately to himself an innocent wish that it had been otherwise. There was, however, no help for it, although it was very sultry. He still kept on, resolved not to be beaten; but it cannot be denied that he found the perspiration becoming unpleasantly profuse. It is, however, the spirit which sustains a man under circumstances of an adverse character: it is that which enables him to overcome difficulties, under which he would else of necessity sink. Bob highly appreciated this profound philosophical fact; and hence would not permit his manly spirit to flag. Still he thought it very hard, for he felt very warm and uncomfortable as the conviction flashed vividly across his brain, that, instead of the lady being on her way home, as he had fondly conceived, she had in reality but just come out; and, when he took into calm consideration the character of ladies in the aggregate, he thought it extremely probable that Heaven only knew when she meant to return. He, notwithstanding all this, disdained to lose sight of her, but still kept on running; and, as he ran, an infinite variety of ideas kept darting into his head, and darting out again. There was, however, one which made a short stay, and this was, that if he went back to the gate he should be just as secure as if he ran round the ring. But then, he asked himself how he could, in the nature of things, tell that she would not go out at one of the other gates? This was a question to which he could give no satisfactory answer; and, as at the moment the ghosts of two sovereigns, as if to warn him, flitted grimly before his imagination, he felt strongly that it would not do at all to leave anything to chance, although he had a horrid notion that he should not be able to keep the game alive much longer, seeing that he actually did feel as nearly as possible exhausted.

Having passed Cumberland Gate, the lady, with great consideration, walked her horse, which Bob held to be a blessing, and was very thankful for it. It enabled him to recover his breath a little; when, perceiving that all was quite safe, he took a short cut back, still keeping his eyes fixed with surpassing firmness upon his object, and being prepared to dart after her if she offered to turn; but, happily for him, no such offer was made. Gracefully and deliberately she came along the drive, and at length passed into Piccadilly.

At this point Bob tried to attract the attention of the ancient groom, who happened to be a greater distance behind his mistress than usual; but that gentleman, being absorbed in his own private reflections, failed to notice him; a circumstance which Bob did not care much about; for, in the first place, he was not in a fit state to speak to any one having the slightest pretensions to respectability; in the second, he could not have held any lengthened conversation with him then; and in the third, he imagined that there could not be two strictly rational opinions about his being able now to discover their residence with ease. Under these peculiar circumstances, therefore, he continued to follow them; and, albeit from Park Lane to Burlington Arcade the lady caused him to run with great velocity, he was firmly determined that it never should be said after all that he gave in. From Burlington Arcade to the Circus they proceeded very coolly; but they dashed off again up Regent Street, where several individuals of Bob's acquaintance turned to marvel what on earth it could be which caused him to run at such an ungentlemanly rate. He stopped not, how-

ever, to explain; but kept on with great spirit until the lady cantered calmly over Oxford Street, at which point his heart sank within him.

"Is it possible," thought he, "that she is going to have a turn in the Regent's Park?" As she passed Langham Church he held it to be very possible; but, just as he was putting it to himself—first, whether he was able to hold out; and, second, whether, if even he had the ability, it was worth his while to do so, she stopped before a door, which was immediately opened by a porter, when with the necessary assistance she dismounted, and Bob felt revived. It was all safe, then; but he really felt dreadfully out of breath, and therefore, instead of accosting his old friend at once, he followed him coolly to the stables.

"Whose servant is that, my little buffer?" he inquired of a boy who was cleaning a patent bit, and hissing at it like a young serpent.

"Vot Venerable Joe, in the next stable? Gene'l Johnsonses."

"I'll give you a ha'p'ney," said Bob, "if you'll tell him that a gentleman wants to see him at the tap when he's done."

The lad promised to do so, and took the reward, when Bob went to the tap, and proceeded to restore to some extent the respectability of his appearance.

Venerable Joe, when he heard that a gentleman wished to see him at the tap, did not suffer much time to elapse before he made his appearance. Had his presence been required at the General's residence, it is rational to suppose that he would not have been in quite so much haste; but the tap was a place which he specially favoured, having no tender wife in the hayloft; no lovely little cherubs hanging over the bar to cry, "Mother! oh, look! father's going it again!" He was a man without incumbrance, a perfectly free man, and, therefore, the moment Bob's ambassador had explained the precise object of his mission, he slipped on his easy dress, and started off to obey the summons.

"Ah! my old Scoglivax! Well, and how are you?" cried Bob, as the ancient groom entered.

"Vy, middlin'," said Venerable Joe; "but you've got the adwantage on me, railly."

"What, don't you remember my master the other day dragged off your missus, you know, off that horse?"

"Vell, I thought, some'ow or other, I'd seen yer afore. Vell, 'ow are yer?"

"Oh! hearty. Come drink. But I say though, how did you manage to catch that there bolter?"

"The warmint! He voodn't let me ketch 'im at all. He vorn't brought back till the follerin' mornin', and then p'raps, he vorn't in no state!"

"You went after him, of course?"

"In course I vent arter 'im; but, at my time o' life, yer see, I allus takes things heasy; and so, ven I found I couldn't ketch 'im, yer see I guv 'im up."

"Well, sit down, and make yourself miserable."

"Vait a bit. Von't be a minute. I'll jist git vun o' them 'ere boys there to rub down my 'osses, and kim back ag'in in a instant."

"Well," said Bob to himself in strict confidence when Venerable Joe had departed, "of all the rum things in human nature, the principle of keeping on old files like that in a family is just about the rummest. Why don't they superannuate the bucks? What are they good for? If a horse bolts away they can't catch him. They're just good-for-nothing; and yet they are sent to protect young ladies whose blessed little necks may be in danger a thousand times, without their even attempting to do any good, because they will take things easy. Why don't they pension the old buffers off! That's my sentiments."

Venerable Joe soon returned; and when he did return he duly inquired of Bob how he felt himself by that time, which was very affectionate; and Bob made an appropriate reply, and then went to work in earnest.

"Well," said he, "that was a queer start, though; wasn't it, eh?"

"I believe yer," said Venerable Joe, "it just vos. Your gov'ner must a bin raytber a rummy un to 've cotcht that air warmint, 'cos he ain't no dirt."

"No, he's a decentish sort. But was your misses hurt at all?"

"Not a bit; but werry frightened. Ven she come round she vundered oo it vos. Says she, 'Joseph,' says she, 'd' yer know,' says she, 'that air genelman?'—'No, miss,' says I, 'I carn't say,' says I, 'I know oo he is; but I think,' says I, 'I've see'd 'im afore.' The old General, too, vos werry anxious about 'im; but I couldn't tell oo he vos, 'cos I didn't know."

"My governor, you see, is such a bashful cove. I wanted him to stop; but he cut away as if he was afeard of being thanked, which was not the thing exactly: but do you tell them that it was him. It's a pity they shouldn't know, for it really was very well done."

Venerable Joe quite agreed with Bob, who gave him his master's address, and thus laid the foundation. He then had the pot again replenished, and they became very friendly and very communicative, and entered into each other's views, and conversed on various topics with great eloquence and point; and, in the course of conversation, the ancient explained how many miles he once walked within the hour, how many runs he once scored in one innings, how many sparrows out of eleven he once killed from five traps, how many pins he got down nine times running at skittles, how many quoits he once rang out of a dozen; with a full explanation of an infinite variety of equestrian manœuvres, which never could have been performed by any other man.

"Well," said Bob at length, "and how do you stand for the Darby?"

"Vy, I carn't say as I'm in for much thish 'ear, although I know the 'oss as is to do the trick as vell as his rider as is to 'ave a thousand pun' note ven he vins."

"Well, I don't care much," said Bob, "I'm all safe; but I shouldn't mind standing a drop of anything you like to know that."

"Vy, yer see, I don't know that I can tell yer jist yet, yer see, vithout betraying confidence; and if I do that they'll never tell me nothin' ag'in; but I shall see yer ag'in, no doubt, werry soon, and you shall be the fust to 'ave the office. 'Ave you got a heavyish book thish 'ear?"

"Why, not a very heavy 'un," replied Bob as he produced it. "I always bet wet. Dry bets are so troublesome to get in. Men don't like to fork out dry money; and if you bore 'em, you know, it's a delicate thing, besides, it looks so, when they don't mind paying for what they have part of. I've got—let me see, I've got down forty glasses of brandy-and-water, six-and-twenty of rum-and-water, seventy-two fourpenn'orths of gin-and-water, thirty pots of ale, and eight-and-twenty ditto of half-and-half; and, according to my reckoning, if one horse wins—and I'm quite nuts upon him—I shall win twenty glasses of brandy-and-water, sixteen fourpenn'orths, and twelve pots of ale; and if he loses, let it go how it may, I can't win less than six of brandy-and-water, ten of rum-and-water, four fourpenn'orths, and eight pots of half-and-half."

"But, vether he vins or loses, the whole b'ilin' 's to come in."

"As a matter of course, every drain. Now I'm open to take seven to two against the favourite in anything."

"That don't suit my book," observed Venerable Joe. "I can bet five to two."

"Brandy-and-water?"

"No; aither fourpenn orths or arf-an'-arf."

"Wait a bit," said Bob, who again consulted his book, while the ancient knitted his brows, and looked very mysterious. "Make it brandy-and-water, and I'll take you."

"Werry well, I don't care; but let me adwise yer as a friend not to be too spicy upon the favourite. I on'y mean it, in course, as an 'int."

"Oh! I'm safe enough. Let s see — General Johnsonses Joseph, five to two, brandy-and-water. That's all regular. Now let us see how I stand.'

Bob then proceeded to make up his book, and found himself still in a very fair position; and when they had had another pot of half-and-half he took leave of his antique friend, again impressing upon his mind the implicit character of the faith he had in his promise that he would at once inform the General where Stanley was to be found, and the warm re-assurances of Venerable Joe made him happy.

"The General," thought he, "is now certain to call; and when he does call, of course he'll inquire about me; and, when I see him, I don't see how he can make me a present of less than a sov., and the lady herself can't stand less than another. So that it's not on the whole a bad move by any means!"

Nor was it. As far as the calling of the General was concerned Bob's conjecture was very correct, for the General did call the following morning, and Amelia was delighted to see him. He was a friend of her father—a bosom friend; and therefore, although Stanley was from home at the time, he sent his card up to her, in the full conviction that he was right, for the name of Thorn had been impressed upon his mind by the circumstance of its having been at Richmond made the subject of many bitter puns.

"My poor girl!" he cried, as Amelia approached him. "I hope you are well."

"I thank you," said Amelia, "quite well. Oh! I am so glad to see you. This is indeed kind."

The General explained why he had called, and then shook his head mournfully.

"You would reprove me?" said Amelia.

"No, no, my poor girl! not you — not you; I blame him: but I shouldn't have cared even for that if he had been a good fellow."

"Good, General! What may you mean?"

"Sad dog!—sad dog!—sorry for you—very sorry."

"As far as my Stanley is concerned, upon my word you need not be, for he is one of the kindest creatures that ever breathed."

"Silly girls!—silly girls! it is just like you all. Why, I hear — but, no matter—no matter. I can but regret it."

"If you have heard," said Amelia, "anything at all unfavourable of him, you have heard that which is highly incorrect. They who state that he is not a dear, kind, good, affectionate soul, basely wrong him."

"Well — well," said the General, again taking her hand; "but, tell me, now, candidly,—I know you are all very anxious to conceal the faults of those whom you love,— but come, tell me—it may be better for you, my poor girl, in every way,—is he really, now, what you represent him to be?"

"He is, indeed," replied Amelia fervently. "Believe me he is kind—most kind."

"Then, by Heaven! the Captain shall hold out no longer. I'll make him come round. He shall do it."

"Oh, if you could induce dear papa to forgive us."

"He shall!" exclaimed the General. "A man has no right to be severe without reason!"

"I feel that I have given him great cause to be severe; but do use your kind influence. Do, there's a dear soul! Pray—pray do assure him that his anger is now the only thing which renders our happiness imperfect. Do this, and I will bless you!"

"Depend upon me, my dear girl. "I'll run down to-morrow. I'll make him come round. I thought you had a mad, harum-scarum, rakish rascal for a husband, who delighted in making you wretched; instead of a fine, brave, high-spirited fellow, who, while he knows what is due to himself, can respect the best feelings of others. I know he's a fine fellow. I'm sure of it. If he had not been, he couldn't have saved my poor girl. I respect him. I admire him. Rely upon it, I'll put matters right down at Richmond."

Amelia thanked him, and blessed him, and begged of him to give her dear love to her papa; and to implore in her name his forgiveness. All which the General promised most faithfully to do; and then left her in tears, which were not those of sorrow.

TO THE EDITOR OF BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

My dear Sir,

I have just received the inclosed from Seaforth, in reply to an earnest supplication for news of your great City. You are aware that he has been bit by a mad Poet, and goes without his cravat. What is it all about?

Yours,

Thos. Ingoldsby.

Tappington, May 15.

A ROW IN AN OMNIBUS.

Omnibus hoc vitium cantoribus.—Hor.

Dol-drum the Manager sits in his chair,
With a gloomy brow and dissatisfied air,
And he says as he slaps his hand on his knee,
"I'll have nothing to do with Fiddle-de-dee!"

—"But Fiddle-de-dee sings clear and loud,
And his trills and his quavers astonish the crowd;
Such a singer as he
You'll nowhere see,
They'll all be screaming for Fiddle-de-dee!"

—"Though Fiddle-de-dee sings loud and clear,
And his tones are sweet, yet his terms are dear!
The 'glove won't fit!'
The deuce a bit.
I shall give an engagement to Fal-de-ral-tit!"

The Prompter bow'd, and he went to his stall,
And the green-baize rose at the Prompter's call,
And Fal-de-ral-tit sang fol-de-rol-lol!
But, scarce had he done
When a "row" begun,
Such a noise was never heard under the sun.
"Fiddle-de-dee!
Where is he?
He's the *Artiste* whom we all want to see!—
Dol-drum!—Dol-drum!—
Bid the Manager come!
It's a scandalous thing to exact such a sum
For boxes and gallery, stalls and pit,
And then fob us off with a Fal-de-ral-tit!—
Deuce a bit!
We'll never submit!
Vive Fiddle-de-dee! *à bas* Fal-de-ral-tit!"

Dol-drum the Manager rose from his chair,
With a gloomy brow and dissatisfied air;
But he smooth'd his brow,
As he well knew how,
And he walk'd on, and made a most elegant bow,
And he paused, and he smiled, and advanced to the lights,
In his opera-hat, and his opera-tights;
"Ladies and Gentlemen," then said he,
"Pray what may you please to want with me?"

"Fiddle-de-dee!—
Fiddle-de-dee!"
Folks of all sorts and of every degree,
Snob, and Snip, and haughty Grandee,
Duchesses, Countesses, fresh from their tea,
And Shopmen, who 'd only come there for a spree,
Halloo'd, and hooted, and roar'd with glee
"Fiddle-de-dee!—
None but He!—
Subscribe to his terms, whatever they be!
Agree, agree, or you 'll very soon see
In a brace of shakes we 'll get up an O. P.!"

Dol-drum the Manager, full of care,
With a gloomy brow and dissatisfied air,
Looks distrest,
And he bows his best,
And he puts his right hand on the side of his breast,
And he says,—says he,
"We *can't* agree;
His terms are a vast deal too costly for me.
There 's the rent, and the rates, and the sesses, and taxes—
I can't afford Fiddle-de-dee what he *axes*.
If you 'll only permit
Fal-de-ral-tit——"

The Generous Public cried, "Deuce a bit!
Dol-drum!—Dol-drum!—
We 'll none of us come.
It 's 'No Go!'—it 's 'Gammon!'—it 's 'all a Hum!'—
You 're a miserly Jew!—
'Cock-a-doodle-do!'—
He don't ask too much, as you know—so you do—
It 's a shame—it 's a sin—it 's really too bad—
You ought to be 'shamed of yourself—so you had!"

Dol-drum the Manager never before
In his life-time had heard such a wild uproar.
Dol-drum the Manager turn'd to flee;
But he says—says he,
"*Mort de ma vie!*
I shall *nevare* engage vid dat Fiddle-de-dee!"

Then all the gentlefolks flew in a rage,
And they jump'd from the Omnibus on to the Stage,
Lords, Squires, and Knights, they came down to the lights,
In their opera-hats, and their opera-tights,
Ma'am'selle Cherrytoes
Shook to her very toes,
She couldn't hop on, so hopped off on her merry toes.
And the "evening concluded" with "Three times three!"
"Hip!—hip!—hurrah; for Fiddle-de-dee!"

Dol-drum the Manager, full of care,
With a troubled brow and dissatisfied air,
Saddest of men,
Sat down, and then
Took from his table a Perryan pen,
And he wrote to the "News,"
How MacFuze, and Tregooze,
Lord Tomnoddy, Sir Carnaby Jenks of the Blues,
And the whole of their tail, and the separate crews
Of the Tags, and the Rags, and the No-one-knows-whos,
Had combined Monsieur Fal-de-ral-tit to abuse,
And make Dol-drum agree
With Fiddle-de-dee,
Who was not a bit better singer than he.
Dol-drum declared "he never could see,
For the life of him, yet, why Fiddle-de-dee,
Who, in B flat, or C,
Or whatever the key,
Could never at any time get below G,
Should expect a fee the same in degree
As the great Burlibumbo who sings double D."
Then slyly he added a little N. B.
"If they 'd have him in Paris he 'd not come to me!"

The Manager rings,
And the Prompter springs
To his side in a jiffy, and with him he brings
A set of those odd-looking envelope things,
Where Britannia, (who seems to be crucified,) flings
To her right and her left funny people with wings
Amongst Elephants, Quakers, and Catabaw Kings;
And a taper and wax,
And small Queen's heads, in packs,
Which, when notes are too big, you 're to stick on their backs.
Dol-drum the Manager sealed with care
The letter and copies he 'd written so fair,
And sat himself down with a satisfied air;
Without delay
He sent them away,
In time to appear in "our columns" next day!

Dol-drum the Manager, full of care,
Walk'd on to the stage with an anxious air,
And peep'd through the curtain to see who were there.

There was MacFuze,
And Lieutenant Tregooze,
And there was Sir Carnaby Jenks of the Blues,
And the Tags, and the Rags, and the No-one-knows-whos;
And the green-baize rose at the Prompter's call,
And they all began to hoot, bellow, and bawl,
And cry "Cock-a-doodle," and scream, and squall
"Dol-drum!—Dol-drum!—
Bid the Manager come!"
You 'd have thought, from the tones
Of their hisses and groans,
They were bent upon breaking his (Opera) bones.
And Dol-drum comes, and he says—says he,
"Pray what may you please to want with me?"—
"Fiddle-de-dee!
Fiddle-de-dee!
We 'll have nobody give us *sol fa* but He!"
Manager Dol-drum says—says he—
(And he look'd like an Owl in "a hollow beech tree,")
"Well, since I see
The thing must be,
I 'll sign an engagement with Fiddle-de-dee!"
Then MacFuze, and Tregooze,
And Jenks of the Blues,
And the Tags, and the Rags, and the No-one-knows-whos,
Extremely delighted to hear such good news,
Desist from their shrill "Cock-a-doodle-dos.'
"*Vive* Fiddle-de-dee!
Dol-drum, and He!
They are jolly good fellows as ever need be!
And so 's Burlibumbo, who sings double D!
And whenever they sing, why, we 'll all come and see!"

So, after all
This terrible squall,
Fiddle-de-dee
's at the top of the tree,
And Dol-drum and Fal-de-ral-tit sing small.

Now Fiddle-de-dee sings loud and clear
At I can't tell you how many thousands a year,
And Fal-de-ral-tit is considered "Small Beer;"
And Ma'amselle Cherrytoes
Sports her merry toes,
Dancing away to the fiddles and flutes,
In what the folks call a "Lithuanian" in boots.

So here 's an end to my one, two, and three;
And bless the Queen,—and long live She!
And grant that there never again may be
Such a halliballoo as we 've happened to see
About nothing on earth but "Fiddle-de-dee."

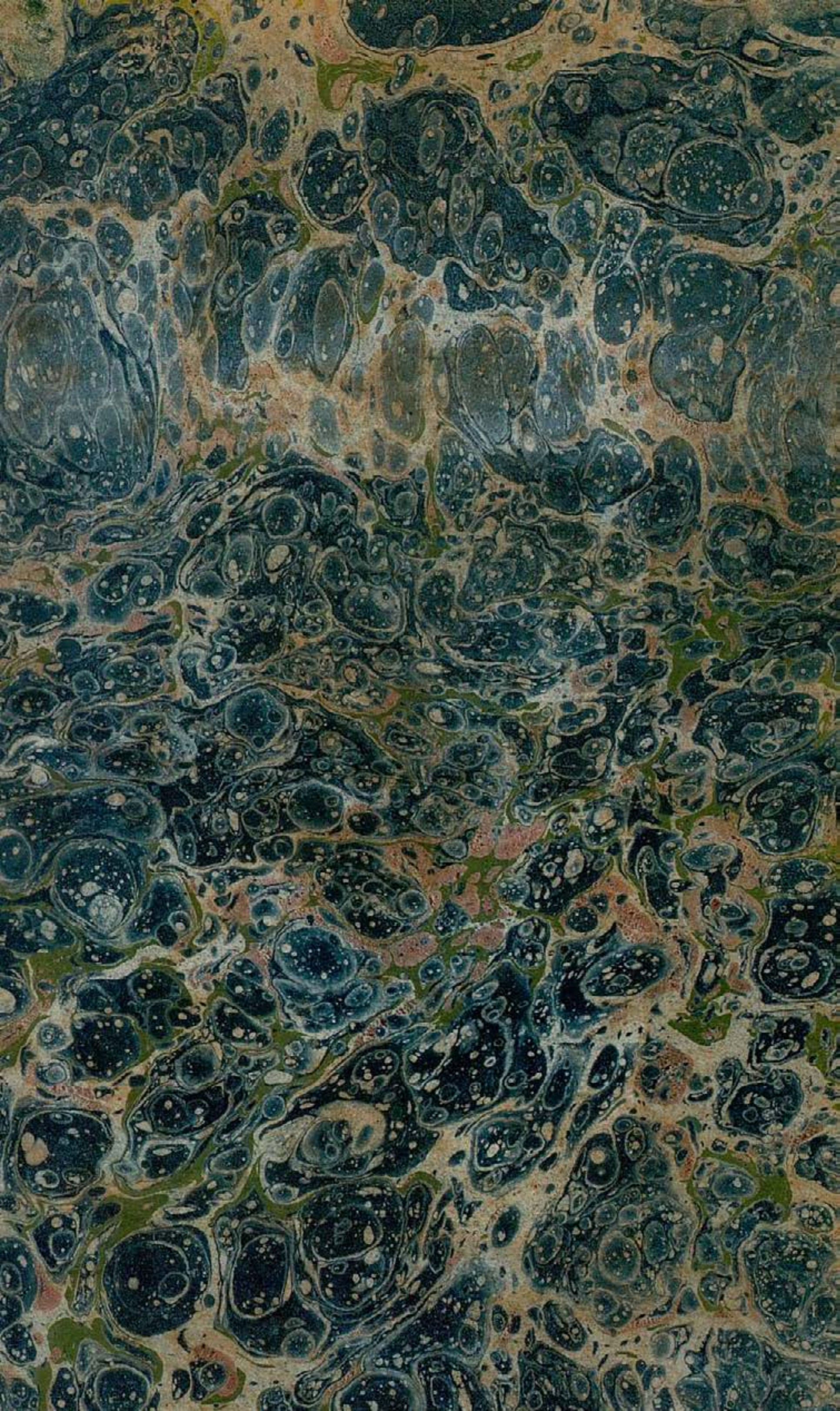
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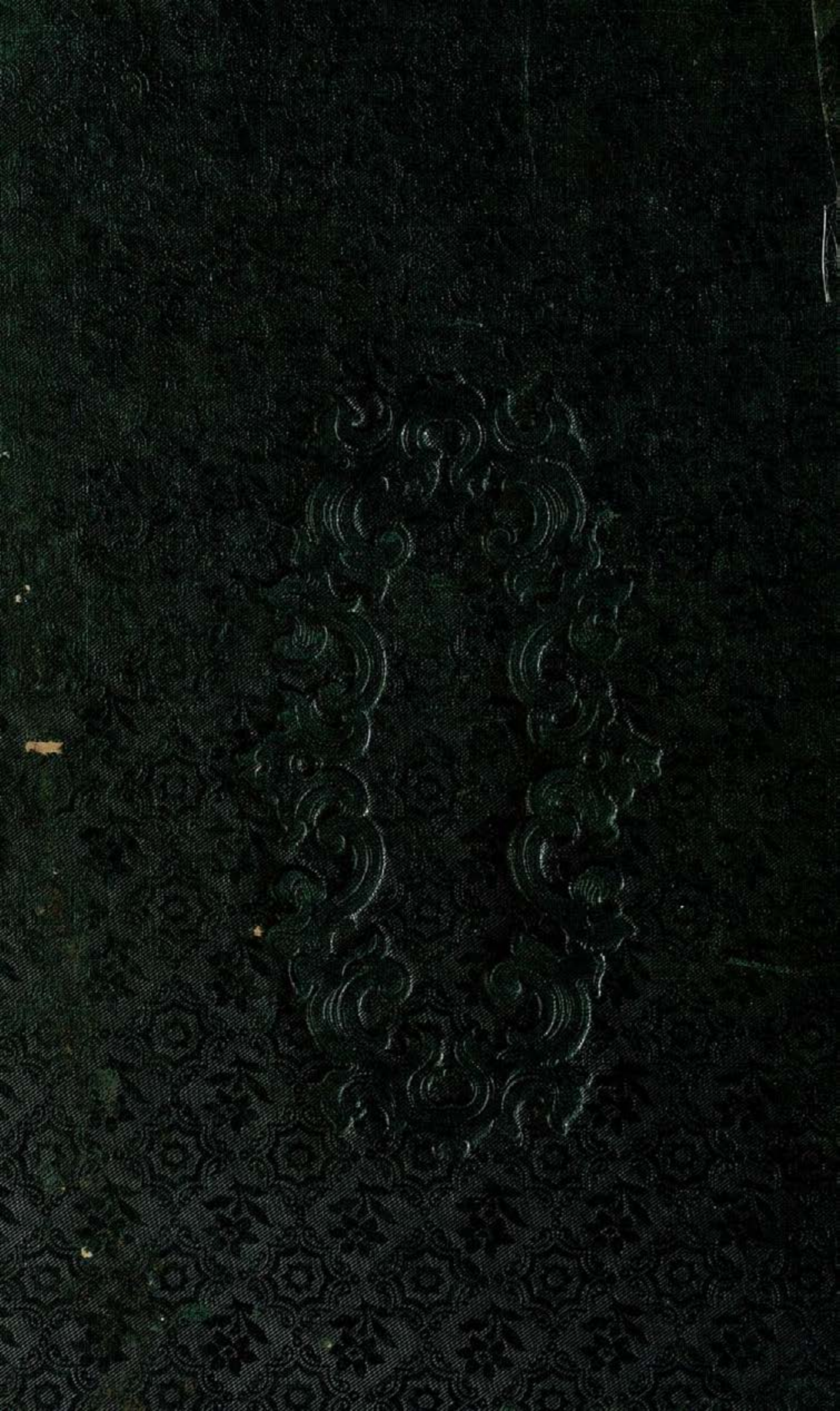
TO THE SEVENTH VOLUME.

END OF THE SEVENTH VOLUME.

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CASINO GADITANO
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BENTLEY'S
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